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THE
NOVELS
OF
SWIFT, BAGE, AND CUMBERLAND;

VIZ.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, BY SWIFT.

MOUNT HENNETH,

BARHAM DOWNS, BY BAGE.

JAMES WALLACE,

HENRY, BY CUMBERLAND.

WITH

PREFATORY NOTICES, &c.

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PREFATORY MEMOIR

TO

JONATHAN SWIFT.

THE History of Swift belongs rather to the list of British Statesmen and patriots, than to that of mere Novelists, as, indeed, the work which places him in the latter class, belongs to the class of political romances, rather than to that which comprehends the lighter effusions of fiction. Perhaps it ought not strictly to have claimed a place in the present collection ; but it possesses such charms, considered merely as a work of imagination, and it is so often read without any farther view, that the Publishers conceived the compilation would have been imperfect, if Gulliver's Travels had been excluded.

It has been so lately the task of the present Editor, to offer to the public a detailed history of Swift's life, with some observations on his writings, that he may be pardoned for here repeating a very few events and data from the former, and extracting from the latter the short commentary on the Travels of Gulliver, to which he finds himself unable to add much that is important or curious.

The celebrated Dean of Saint Patrick's was born in Dublin, on 30th November, 1667. He was of English parentage, and his father dying early, and in poverty, was educated at the expense of Godwin Swift,

his uncle. He passed through Trinity College, Dublin, without being able to attain the usual honours, owing certainly rather to carelessness and impatience of discipline, than to any other insufficiency, since he possessed, during his residence there, the knowledge requisite to plan, and in part execute, his celebrated *Tale of a Tub*.

From college Swift passed to the patronage of Sir William Temple, with whom he resided, with a brief interval, from 1688 to the death of the latter in 1698-9, gradually cultivating and unfolding during the interval the powers which he possessed. He went with Lord Berkley, one of the Lords Justices of Ireland, to that country, in the capacity of his chaplain, and received from him the livings of Agher, Laracor, and Rathbeggan, which, with other small church preferments, made up a moderate income, on which he lived with the strictest economy. His retreat was shared by the unfortunate Stella, or Mrs Johnson, a young lady with whom he had become acquainted in Sir William Temple's family, to whom he became passionately attached, and with whom he lived in the strictest intimacy. But, without seeking her in marriage, he regulated their intercourse with so much caution, that it was impossible to annex to it any suspicion of impropriety. Swift's life, during this period, was varied by several visits to England, where he had now formed an intimacy with several noblemen, chiefly of the Whig party, and with the celebrated Addison, Steele, Henley, and others. The future satirist became distinguished by some political writings, but more particularly by the *Tale of a Tub*, one of the most ingenious, as well as one of the boldest and most singular books, which had yet appeared in religious controversy. Although the author's name was carefully concealed, the public opinion attached the authorship of this work to Swift; and, as religious opinions were treated in the *Tale* with unbecoming levity, (to say the least,) he found it a frequently recurring and insurmountable bar to his attaining the highest rank of ecclesiastical preferment. Swift appears to have been dissatisfied with his Whig friends for not exerting themselves more actively in his behalf; he thought also that their party meditated harm

to the Church of England ; and, although he had hitherto called himself a Whig in politics respecting the state, yet he was equally zealous as a High-churchman, when the rights of his profession were called in question. From a mixture of these motives, he was led to abandon the cause of the Whigs, upon the memorable change of administration in 1710-11, which called to the helm Harley and St John, instead of Godolphin and Somers.

Our author adopted the cause of the Tory ministers with the whole energy of his character, and with very inadequate assistance fought their battle for the four last years of Queen Anne's reign. There is little doubt that he enjoyed, in the greatest degree, the countenance and intimacy both of Oxford and Bolingbroke ; and, upon the dissolution of their connexion, Swift was long the only mutual friend who endeavoured to reconcile them. When a total breach became unavoidable, he manfully and generously adhered to Oxford, who, as the weaker party, was forced to yield a momentary triumph to his late associate, speedily ended by the Queen's unexpected death, which involved both her late ministers in exile or proscription.

Swift, who had his full share of the odium which the successful Whigs attached to the leaders of the defeated Tories, retired to Ireland, where he had obtained the Deanery of Saint Patrick's, the highest preferment which the late Ministry had been able to procure for him.

He was now in a state of adversity, separated from Pope, Arbuthnot, Prior, and other friends of congenial talent, whose intimacy he had enjoyed when in England ; discountenanced by the governors of the country which he inhabited, and unpopular among the inhabitants ; his society limited to a few clergymen, who pretended to some learning ; and his peace of mind harassed by the passions of Miss Vanhomrigh, (the celebrated Vanessa,) who had followed him from London to Ireland.

With this unhappy lady Swift had lived on the same dangerous footing of Platonic intimacy, in which he had indulged with Stella. But the temper of Vanessa was different ; and with whatever degree of

regulated affection Swift, on his own part, may have qualified their intercourse, the return she made was that of active and overpowering passion. The catastrophe is too well known. Obligated to decide upon the claims of two amiable and attached women, Swift is generally supposed to have married Mrs Johnson, and Vanessa is in consequence believed to have died chiefly of a broken heart. But the union of the Dean and Stella created no alteration in their intercourse with each other, which continued as reserved as before ; and such was the mystery observed in the whole circumstances, that we are rather inclined to say, that the evidence predominates in favour of a secret marriage, than that such is actually proved to have taken place. Thus much is certain, that Swift, by affecting towards two beautiful and amiable women a species of intimate intercourse, totally divested of sexual passion, probably shortened both their lives, and certainly embittered his own.

To atone, in some measure, for his domestic misfortunes, an opportunity occurred, of which Swift ably availed himself, not only again to become a man of first-rate consequence in the political world, but to attract to himself a degree of popularity higher than had ever been attained by any individual in Ireland. That fine kingdom it had hitherto been the uniform policy of England to treat as a conquered province. Ireland was, indeed, permitted to have a representation of her own ; but this was an empty boon, while the actual power of legislation was assumed by the Parliament of England, which, guided by an impolitic and narrow-minded spirit of nationality, passed several acts, limiting the sphere, and cramping the exertions, of Irish industry, and tending to reduce that kingdom, in so far as her commerce went, to a state of restriction not very different from absolute slavery. In 1720, Swift dared to propose an association for the use of Irish manufactures, to the exclusion of those of Britain. This excited the vengeance of the government ; but of all passions, the Dean was least accessible to fear. In 1723, he published the well-known Drapier's Letters, in which, while contesting in appearance only the rights of William Wood, a patentee, to whom the King had granted the privilege of coining cop-

per money, designed to circulate in Ireland, the author impugned generally the arbitrary authority exercised by England over her sister kingdom. The publication at once raised Swift to the very summit of popularity, and from that time till the declension of his faculties, the Dean of Saint Patrick's was able, by the weight of his personal character and influence, always to confront, and often successfully to control, the whole power of the Irish government.

It was natural that Swift should, even amid this blaze of popularity, pine to be restored to England, where he had left so many friends of kindred talents, and accordingly he seems to have longed inexpressibly for such a change. He entertained some hopes of accomplishing the desired purpose through the influence of Queen Caroline; but these were frustrated by the opposition of Sir Robert Walpole, who had no desire to bring nearer to his own sphere of administration, an influence which he had seen so powerfully exerted against his delegates in Ireland. This disappointment, which occurred in a visit to England in 1726, doubtless occasioned a few additional touches to the character of Flimnap, the Lord High Treasurer of Lilliput, a personage who figures to little advantage in the *Travels of Gulliver*. This celebrated work appeared upon the Dean's return to Ireland, and we propose to add some observations upon it, when we have finished the present summary of the Dean's life.

From 1726, to about 1736, Dean Swift resided in Ireland, diverting his constitutional melancholy, now augmented by disappointment and by periodical attacks of an afflicting disease, by employing his pen sometimes on political subjects, but oftener on familiar topics, and indulging a vein of poetry always remarkable for wit and humour, sometimes for elegance of panegyric, oftener for pungency of satire, and occasionally for coarseness and indelicacy, both of thought and expression.

In 1736, the mental faculties of this distinguished author began to give way, with intervals, however, of partial recollection, until 1740, when the wit, the poet, and the politician, sunk and disappeared, leaving behind them a miserable specimen of degraded humanity,

which continued to breathe and execute the lower functions of mortality, without again shewing a glimpse of the bright spirit which had animated it, until death closed the scene on 18th October, 1745.

UPON Gulliver's Travels, being the only part of Swift's Works connected with this collection, the Editor begs permission to repeat the sentiments which he has elsewhere expressed.

The celebrated Travels of Gulliver were given to the public under the mystery which usually shadowed Swift's publications. He had been busied with it probably ever since the hint for such a satire had been thrown out in the Club of Martinus Scriblerus, in which Arbuthnot was to have borne a prominent part. The author's friend, Charles Ford, was employed as his agent to convey the manuscript to Motte, the bookseller, whose timidity induced him to adopt some retrenchments, of which Swift heavily complained.

The book was received with the acclamation of unlimited popularity. Perhaps no work ever exhibited such general attractions to all classes. It offered personal and political satire to the readers in high life, low and coarse incident to the vulgar, marvels to the romantic, wit to the young and lively, lessons of morality and policy to the grave, and maxims of deep and bitter misanthropy to neglected age, and disappointed ambition. The plan of the satire varies in the different parts. The Voyage to Lilliput refers chiefly to the court and politics of England, and Sir Robert Walpole is plainly intimated under the character of the premier Flimnap, which he afterwards probably remembered, as he continued uniformly to oppose the Dean's view of leaving Ireland. The factions of High-Heels and Low-Heels express the factions of Tories and Whigs, the Small-Endians and Big-Endians the religious divisions of Papist and Protestant; and when the heir-apparent was described as wearing one heel high and one low, the Prince of Wales,

who at that time divided his favour between the two leading political parties of England, laughed very heartily at the comparison. *Blefuscu* is France, and the ingratitude of the Lilliputian court, which forces Gulliver to take shelter there, rather than have his eyes put out, is an indirect reproach upon that of England, and a vindication of the flight of Ormond and Bolingbroke to Paris. Many other allusions may be traced by those well acquainted with the secret history of the reign of George I. The scandal which Gulliver gave to the empress, by his mode of extinguishing the flames in the royal palace, seems to intimate the author's own disgrace with Queen Anne, founded upon the indecorum of the Tale of a Tub, which was remembered against him as a crime, while the service which it had rendered the cause of the High Church was forgotten. It must also be remarked, that the original institutions of the empire of Lilliput are highly commended, as also their system of public education, while it is intimated, that all the corruptions of the court had been introduced during the three last reigns. This was Swift's opinion concerning the English constitution.

In the Voyage to Brobdingnag the satire is of a more general character; nor is it easy to trace any particular reference to the political events or statesmen of the period. It merely exhibits human actions and sentiments as they might appear in the apprehension of beings of immense strength, and, at the same time, of a cold, reflecting, and philosophical character. The monarch of these sons of Anak is designed to embody Swift's ideas of a patriotic king, indifferent to what was curious, and cold to what was beautiful, feeling only interest in that which was connected with general utility and the public weal. To such a prince, the intrigues, scandals, and stratagems, of an European court, are represented as equally odious in their origin, and contemptible in their progress. A very happy effect was also produced by turning the telescope, and painting Gulliver, who had formerly been a giant among the Lilliputians, as a pigmy amidst this tremendous race. The same ideas are often to be traced, but, as they are reversed in the part which is performed by the narrator, they are rather

illustrated than repeated. Some passages of the court of Brobdingnag were supposed to be intended as an affront upon the maids of honour, for whom, Delany informs us, that Swift had very little respect.

The Voyage to Laputa was disliked by Arbuthnot, who was a man of science, and probably considered it as a ridicule upon the Royal Society; nor can it be denied, that there are some allusions to the most respectable philosophers of the period. An occasional shaft is even said to have been levelled at Sir Isaac Newton. The ardent patriot had not forgot the philosopher's opinion in favour of Wood's halfpence. Under the parable of the tailor, who computed Gulliver's altitude by a quadrant, and took his measure by a mathematical diagram, yet brought him his clothes very ill made and out of shape, by the mistake of a figure in the calculation, Swift is supposed to have alluded to an error of Sir Isaac's printer, who, by carelessly adding a cipher to the astronomer's computation of the distance between the sun and the earth, had increased it to an incalculable amount. Newton published, in the Amsterdam Gazette, a correction of this typographical error, but the circumstance did not escape the malicious acumen of the Dean of St Patrick's. It was also believed by the Dean's friends, that the office of flapper was suggested by the habitual absence of mind of the great philosopher. The Dean told Mr D. Swift, that Sir Isaac was the worst companion in the world, and that, if you asked him a question, "he would revolve it in a circle in his brain, round, and round, and round, (here Swift described a circle on his own forehead,) before he could produce an answer."

But, although Swift may have treated with irreverence the first philosopher of the age, and although it must be owned that he evinces, in many parts of his writings, an undue disrespect for mathematics, yet the satire in Gulliver is rather aimed against the abuse of philosophical science than at its reality. The projectors in the academy of Laputa are described as pretenders, who had acquired a very slight tincture of real mathematical knowledge, and eked out their plans of mechanical improvement by dint of whim and fancy. The age in which

Swift lived had exhibited numerous instances of persons of this description, by whom many of the numerous *bubbles*, as they were emphatically termed, had been set on foot, to the impoverishment of credulous individuals, and the general detriment of the community. In ridiculing this class of projectors, whose character was divided between self-confidence in their own chimeras, and a wish to impose upon others, Swift, who peculiarly hated them, has borrowed several illustrations, and perhaps the general idea, from Rabelais, Book v. cap. xxiii., where Pantagruel inspects the occupations of the courtiers of Quinte-Essence, Queen of Entelechie.

The professors of speculative learning are represented as engaged in prosecution of what was then termed Natural and Mathematical Magic, studies not grounded upon sound principles, or traced out and ascertained by experiment, but hovering between science and mysticism. Such are the renowned pursuits of alchemy ; the composition of brazen images that could speak ; of wooden birds that could fly ; of powders of sympathy, and salves, which were applied, not to the wound, but to the weapon by which it was inflicted ; of vials of essence, which could manure acres of land, and all similar marvels, of which impostors propagated the fame, and which dupes believed to their cost. The machine of the worthy professor of Lagado, for improving speculative knowledge, and composing books on all subjects, without the least assistance from genius or knowledge, seems to be designed in ridicule of the art invented by Raimond Lully, and advanced by his sage commentators ; the mechanical process, namely, by which, according to Cornelius Agrippa, (himself no mean follower of Lully,) “ everye man might plentifullye dispute of what matter he wolde, and with a certain artificial and huge heap of nownes and verbes invente and dispute with ostentation, full of trifling deceites upon both sides.” A reader might have supposed himself transported to the grand academy of Lagado when he read of this “ Brief and great art of invention and demonstration,” which consisted in adjusting the subject to be treated of according to a machine composed of divers circles, fixed

and moveable. The principal circle was fixed, and inscribed with the substances of all things that may be treated of, arranged under general heads, as GOD, ANGEL, EARTH, HEAVEN, MAN, ANIMAL, &c. Another circle was placed within it, which was moveable, bearing inscribed thereon what logicians call the accidents, as QUANTITY, QUALITY, RELATION, &c. Other circles again contained the predicates absolute and relative, &c., and the forms of the questions; and, by turning the circles, so as to bring the various attributes to bear upon the question proposed, there was effected a species of mechanical logic, which, it cannot be doubted, was in Swift's mind when he described the celebrated machine for making books. Various refinements upon this mechanical mode of composition and ratiocination were contrived for the purpose of improving this Art of Arts, as it was termed. Kircher, the teacher of an hundred arts, modernized and refitted the machine of Lully. Knittel, the Jesuit, composed, on the same system, his Royal Road to all sciences and arts; Brunus invented the art of logic on the same mechanical plan; and Kuhlman makes our very hair bristle, by announcing such a machine as should contain, not only the art of knowledge, comprehending a general system of all sciences, but the various arts of acquiring languages, of commentary, of criticism, of history sacred and profane, of biography of every kind, not to mention a library of libraries, comprehending the essence of all the books that ever were written. When it was gravely announced by a learned author, in tolerable Latinity, that all this knowledge was to be acquired by the art of a mechanical instrument, much resembling a child's whirlingig, it was time for the satirist to assume the pen. It was not real science, therefore, which Swift attacked, but those chimerical and spurious studies with which the name has been sometimes disgraced. In the department of the political projectors, we have some glances of his Tory feelings; and when we read the melancholy account of the Struldbrugs, we are affectingly reminded of the author's contempt of life, and the miserable state in which his own was at length prolonged.

The Voyage to the Land of the Houyhnhnms is a composition which

an editor of Swift must ever consider with pain. The source of such a diatribe against human nature could only be, that fierce indignation which he has described in his epitaph as so long gnawing his heart. Dwelling in a land where he considered the human race as divided between petty tyrants and oppressed slaves, and being himself a worshipper of that freedom and independence which he beheld daily trampled upon, the unrestrained violence of his feelings drove him to loathe the very species by whom such iniquity was done and suffered. To this must be added, his personal health, broken and worn down by the recurring attacks of a frightful disorder ; his social comfort destroyed by the death of one beloved object, and the daily decay and peril of another ; his life decayed into autumn, and its remainder, after so many flattering and ambitious prospects, condemned to a country which he disliked, and banished from that in which he had formed his hopes, and left his friendships :—when all these considerations are combined, they form some excuse for that general misanthropy, which never prevented a single deed of individual benevolence. Such apologies are personal to the author, but there are also excuses for the work itself. The picture of the Yahoos, utterly odious and hateful as it is, presents to the reader a moral use. It was never designed as a representation of mankind in the state to which religion, and even the lights of nature, encourage men to aspire, but of that to which our species is degraded by the wilful subservience of mental qualities to the animal instincts of man, such as he may be found in the degraded ranks of every society, when brutalized by ignorance and gross vice. In this view, the more coarse and disgusting the picture, the more impressive is the moral to be derived from it ; since, in proportion as an individual indulges in sensuality, cruelty, or avarice, he approaches in resemblance to the detested Yahoo.

It cannot, however, be denied, that even a moral purpose will not justify the nakedness with which Swift has sketched this horrible outline of mankind degraded to a bestial state ; since a moralist ought to hold, with the Romans, that crimes of atrocity should be exposed

when punished, but those of flagitious impurity concealed. In point of probability, too,—for there are degrees of probability proper even to the wildest fiction,—the fourth part of Gulliver is inferior to the three others. Giants and pigmies the reader can conceive; for, not to mention their being the ordinary machinery of romance, we are accustomed to see, in the inferior orders of creation, a disproportion of size between those of the same generic description, which may parallel (among some reptile tribes at least) even the fiction of Gulliver. But the mind rejects, as utterly impossible, the supposition of a nation of horses, placed in houses which they could not build, fed with corn which they could neither sow, reap, nor save, possessing cows which they could not milk, depositing that milk in vessels which they could not make, and, in short, performing an hundred purposes of rational and social life, for which their external structure altogether unfits them.

But under every objection, whether founded in reason or prejudice, the *Travels of Gulliver* were received with the most universal interest, merited indeed by their novelty, as well as their internal merit. Lucian, Rabelais, More, Bergerac, Alletz, and many other authors, had indeed composed works, in which may be traced such general resemblance as arises from the imaginary voyage of a supposed traveller to ideal realms. But every Utopia which had hitherto been devised, was upon a plan either extravagant from its puerile fictions, or dull from the speculative legislation of which the story was made the vehicle. It was reserved for Swift to enliven the morality of his work with humour; to relieve its absurdity with satire; and to give the most improbable events an appearance of reality, derived from the character and style of the narrator. Even Robinson Crusoe (though detailing events so much more probable) hardly excels Gulliver in gravity and verisimilitude of narrative. The character of the imaginary traveller is exactly that of Dampier, or any other sturdy nautical wanderer of the period, endowed with courage and common sense, who sailed through distant seas, without losing a single English prejudice which he had brought from Portsmouth or Plymouth, and on his return gave a grave and

simple narrative of what he had seen or heard in foreign countries. The character is strictly English, and can be hardly relished by a foreigner. The reflections and observations of Gulliver are never more refined or deeper than might be expected from a plain master of a merchant-man, or surgeon in the Old Jewry; and there was such a reality given to his whole person, that one seaman is said to have sworn he knew Captain Gulliver very well, but he lived at Wapping, not at Rotherhithe. It is the contrast between the natural ease and simplicity of such a style, and the marvels which the volume contains, that forms one great charm of this memorable satire on the imperfections, follies, and vices of mankind. The exact calculations preserved in the first and second part, have also the effect of qualifying the extravagance of the fable. It is said that in natural objects, where proportion is exactly preserved, the marvellous, whether the object be gigantic or diminutive, is lessened in the eyes of the spectator; and it is certain, in general, that proportion forms an essential attribute of truth, and consequently of verisimilitude, or that which renders a narration probable. If the reader is disposed to grant the traveller his postulates as to the existence of the strange people whom he visits, it would be difficult to detect any inconsistency in his narrative. On the contrary, it would seem that Gulliver and they conduct themselves towards each other precisely as must necessarily have happened, in the respective circumstances which the author has supposed. In this point of view, perhaps the highest praise that could have been bestowed on Gulliver's Travels was the censure of a learned Irish prelate, who said the book contained *some* things which he could not prevail upon himself to believe. It is a remarkable point of the author's art, that, in Lilliput and Brobdingnag, Gulliver seems gradually, from the influence of the images by which he was surrounded, to lose his own ideas of comparative size, and to adopt those of the pigmies and giants by whom he was surrounded. And, without farther prolonging these reflections, I would only request the reader to notice the infinite art with which human actions are divided between these two opposite races of

ideal beings, so as to enhance the keenness of the satire. In Lilliput, political intrigue and *tracasserie*, the chief employment of the highest ranks in Europe, are ridiculed by being transferred to a court of creatures about six inches high. But in Brobdingnag, female levities, and the lighter follies of a court, are rendered monstrous and disgusting, by being attributed to a race of such tremendous stature. By these, and a thousand masterly touches of which we feel the effect, though we cannot trace the cause without a long analysis, the genius of Swift converted the sketch of an extravagant fairy tale into a narrative, unequalled for the skill with which it is sustained, and the genuine spirit of satire of which it is made the vehicle.

The renown of Gulliver's travels soon extended into other kingdoms. Voltaire, who was at this time in England, spread their fame among his correspondents in France, and recommended a translation. The Abbé Desfontaines undertook the task, but with so many doubts, apprehensions, and apologies, as make his introduction a curious picture of the mind and opinions of a French man of letters. He admits, that he was conscious of offending against rules; and, while he modestly craves some mercy for the prodigious fictions which he had undertaken to clothe in the French language, he confesses, that there were passages at which his pen escaped his hand, from actual horror and astonishment at the daring violations of all critical decorum: then he becomes alarmed, lest some of Swift's political satire might be applied to the Court of Versailles, and protests, with much circumlocution, that it only concerns the *Toriz* and *Wigts*, as he is pleased to term them, of the factious kingdom of Britain. Lastly, he assures his readers, that not only has he changed many of the incidents, to accommodate them to the French taste, but, moreover, they will not be annoyed, in his translation, with the nautical details, and minute particulars, so offensive in the original. Notwithstanding all this affectation of superior taste and refinement, the French translation is very tolerable. It is true, the Abbé Desfontaines indemnified himself and the French public, by writing a Continuation of the Travels, in a style, as may ea-

sily be conceived, very different from that of the original. Another Continuation (a pretended third volume) was published in England, the most impudent combination of piracy and forgery that ever occurred in the literary world ; for, while the book was affirmed to be written by the author of the genuine Gulliver, it was not even the work of his imitator, being almost entirely stolen from an obscure French work, called, “ *L’Histoire des Severambes*.” Besides these continuations, a work thus completely successful failed not to be attended by imitations, parodies, keys, verses commendatory and defamatory, and the whole accompaniments of a popular triumph, not forgetting a slave in the chariot, whose abuse and ribaldry might remind the exulting author he was still a man. These have been long since in oblivion, but when will the day come when Gulliver’s Travels shall be forgotten or unread !

PREFATORY MEMOIR

TO

ROBERT BAGE.

ROBERT BAGE, a writer of no ordinary merit in the department of fictitious composition, was one of that class of men occurring in Britain alone, who unite successfully the cultivation of letters with the pursuit of professions, which, upon the continent, are considered as incompatible with the character of an author. The professors of letters are, in most nations, apt to form a *caste* of their own, into which they may admit men educated for the learned professions, on condition, generally speaking, that they surrender their pretensions to the lucrative practice of them ; but from which mere burghers, occupied in ordinary commerce, are as severely excluded, as *roturiers* were of old from the society of the *noblesse*. The case of a paper-maker or a printer employing their own art upon their own publications, would be thought uncommon in France or Germany ; yet such were the stations of Bage and Richardson.

The Editor has been obliged by Miss Catherine Hutton, daughter of Mr Hutton of Birmingham, well known as an ingenious and successful antiquary, with a memoir of the few incidents marking the life of Robert Bage, whom a kindred genius, as well as some commercial

intercourse, combined to unite in the bonds of strict friendship The communication is extremely interesting, and the extracts from Bage's letters shew, that amidst the bitterness of political prejudices, the embarrassment of commercial affairs, and all the teasing technicalities of business, the author of *Barham Downs* still maintained the good-humoured gaiety of his natural temper. One would almost think the author must have drawn from his own private letter-book and correspondence, the discriminating touches which mark the men of business in his novels.

The father of Robert Bage was a paper-maker at Darley, a hamlet on the river Derwent, adjoining the town of Derby, and was remarkable only for having had four wives. Robert was the son of the first, and was born at Darley on the 29th of February, 1728. His mother died soon after his birth; and his father, though he retained his mill, and continued to follow his occupation, removed to Derby, where his son received his education at a common school. His attainments here, however, were very uncommon, and such as excited the surprise and admiration of all who knew him. At seven years old, he had made a proficiency in Latin. To a knowledge of the Latin language succeeded a knowledge of the art of making paper, which he acquired under the tuition of his father.

At the age of twenty-three, Robert Bage married a young woman, who possessed beauty, good sense, good temper, and money. It may be presumed, that the first of these was the first forgotten; the two following secured his happiness in domestic life; the last aided him in the manufacture of paper, which he commenced at Elford, four miles from Tamworth, and conducted to the end of his days.

Though no man was more attentive to business, and no one in the country made paper so good of its kind, yet the direction of a manu-

factory, combined with his present literary attainments, did not satisfy the comprehensive mind of Robert Bage. His manufactory, under his eye, went on with the regularity of a machine, and left him leisure to indulge his desire of knowledge. He acquired the French language from books alone, without any instructor ; and his familiarity with it is evinced by his frequent, perhaps too frequent, use of it in the *Fair Syrian*. Nine years after his marriage, he studied mathematics ; and, as he makes one of his characters say, and as he probably thought respecting himself, “ He was obliged to this science for a correct imagination, and a taste for uniformity in the common actions of life.”

In the year 1765, Bage entered into partnership with three persons, in an extensive manufactory of iron, (one of them the celebrated Dr Darwin ;) and, at the end of about fourteen years, when the partnership terminated, he found himself a loser, it is believed, of fifteen hundred pounds. The reason and philosophy of the paper-maker might have struggled long against so considerable a loss ; the man of letters committed his cause to a better champion—literary occupation,—the tried solace of misfortune, want, and imprisonment. He wrote the novel of *Mount Henneth*, in two volumes, which was sold to Lowndes for thirty pounds, and published in 1781. The strong mind, playful fancy, liberal sentiments, and extensive knowledge of the author, are everywhere apparent ; but, as he says himself, “ too great praise is a bad letter of recommendation,” and truth, which he worshipped, demands the acknowledgment, that its sins against decorum are manifest.

The succeeding works of Bage were, *Barham Downs*, two volumes, published 1784 ; *The Fair Syrian*, two volumes, published (about) 1787 ; *James Wallace*, three volumes, published 1788 ; *Man as he is*, four volumes, published 1792 ; *Hermesprong, or, Man as he is not*, three volumes, published 1796. It is, perhaps, without a parallel in the annals of literature, that, of six different works, comprising a period of fifteen years, the last should be, as it unquestionably is, the best. Several of Bage’s novels were translated into German, and published at Frankfurt.

Whoever has read Hayley's *Life of Cowper* will not be sorry that an author should speak for himself, instead of his biographer speaking for him ; on this principle are given some extracts from the letters of Robert Bage to his friend, William Hutton. Hutton purchased nearly all the paper which Bage made during forty-five years ; and, though Bage's letters were letters of business, they were written in a manner peculiarly his own, and friendship was, more or less, interwoven in them ; for trade did not, in him, extinguish, or contract, one finer feeling of the soul. Bage, in his ostensible character of a paper-maker, says,—

“ March 28, 1785.

“ I swear to thee I am one of the most cautious men in the world with regard to the excise ; I constantly interpret against myself in doubtful points ; and, if I knew a place where I was vulnerable, I would arm it with the armour of Achilles. I have already armed myself all over with the armour of righteousness, but that signifies nothing with our people of excise.”

“ August 15, 1787.

“ Oh how I wish thou would'st bend all thy powers to write a History of Excise—with cases—shewing the injustice, the inequality of clauses in acts, and the eternal direction every new one takes towards the oppression of the subject : It might be the most useful book extant. Of whites and blues, blue demy only can come into thy magazine, and that at great risk of contention with the Lords of the Exchequer ; for I know not whether I have understood the sense of people who have seldom the good luck to understand themselves. The paper sent is charged at the lowest price at which a sober paper-maker can live and drink small-beer.”

“ December 10, 1788.

“ Authors, especially when they have acquired a certain degree of reputation, should be candid, and addicted to speak good, as well as

evil, of poor dumb things. The rope paper is too thin, I own ; but why abuse it from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot ? If I have eyes, it has many good qualities, and I hope the good people of Birmingham may find them out. But it is too thin—I am heartily and sincerely concerned for it : But, as I cannot make it thicker, all I can do is to reduce the price. Thou proposest threepence a ream—I agree to it. If thou really believest sixpence ought to be abated, do it. Combine together the qualities of justice and mercy, and to their united influence I leave thee.”

“ February 23, 1789.

“ The certainty that it cannot be afforded at the stipulated price, makes me run my rope paper too thin. Of this fault, however, I must mend, and will mend, whether thou can’st, or can’st not, mend my price. I had rather lose some profit than sink a tolerable name into a bad one.”

“ March 11, 1793.

“ I make no bill-of-parcels. I do not see why I should give myself the trouble to make thee bills-of-parcels, as thou can’st make them thyself ; and, more especially, when it is probable thou wilt make them more to my liking than the issues of my own pen. If the paper is below the standard so far as to oblige thee to lower the price, I am willing to assist in bearing the loss. If the quantity overburthens thee, take off a shilling a-bundle—or take off two ; for thy disposition towards me—I see it with pleasure—is kindly.”

“ June 30, 1795.

“ Everything looks black and malignant upon me.—Men clamouring for wages which I cannot give—women threatening to pull down my mill—rags raised by freight and insurance—Excise-officers depriving me of paper ! Say, if thou can’st, whether these gentlemen of the Excise-office can seize paper after it has left the maker’s possession ?—

after it has been marked ?—stamped ?—signed with the officer's name ?—Excise duty paid ?—Do they these things ?—Am I to hang myself ?”

“ June 6, 1799.

“ Thou can'st not think how teasing the excise-officers are about colour. They had nearly seized a quantity of common cap paper, because it was whitened by the frost. They have an antipathy to anything whiter than sackcloth.”

Bage actually had paper seized by the excise-officers, and the same paper liberated, seized again, and again liberated. If his wisdom and integrity have been manifested in the foregoing extracts, the ignorance and folly of these men, or of their masters, must be obvious.

A few extracts, not so immediately connected with conduct in trade, may not be superfluous.—

“ I swear by Juno, dear William, that one man cannot be more desirous of dealing with another than I am with thee. The chain that connects us cannot be snapped asunder without giving me pain almost to torture. Thou art not so sure of having found the place where Henry the Seventh was lost, as thou might'st have been of finding Elford and a friend.”

“ I received thy pamphlet,* and am not sure whether I have not read it with more pleasure than any of thy former works. It is lively, and the reasoning just. Only remember, it is sometimes against the institutions of juries and county courts that thou hast directed thy satire, which, I think, ought to be confined to the abuses of them. But why abusest thou me ? Did'st thou not know of Mount Henneth, and Barham Downs, before publication ? Yea, thou did'st. I think thou did'st also of the Fair Syrian. Of what, then, dost thou accuse me ?

* Dissertation on Juries.

Be just. And why dost thou call me an infidel? Do I not believe in everything thou sayest? And am I not impatient for thy Derby? I am such a scoundrel as to grumble at paying thirty per cent. *ad valorem*, which I really do, and more, on my boards, as if one could do too much for one's king and country. But I shall be rewarded when thy History of Derby comes forth."

"Miss Hutton was the harbinger of peace and good-will from the Reviewers. I knew she had taste and judgment; I knew also that her encomium would go beyond the just and proper bounds; but I also believed she would not condescend to flatter without some foundation."

"Eat my breakfast quietly, thou varlet! So I do when my house does not smoke, or my wife scold, or the newspapers do not tickle me into an irritation, or my men clamour for another increase of wages. But I must get my bread by eating as little of it as possible; for my Lord Pitt will want all I can screw of overplus. No matter. Ten years* hence, perhaps, I shall not care a farthing."

"Another meeting among my men! Another (the third) raising of wages! What will all this end in? William Pitt seems playing off another of his alarming manœuvres—Invasion—against the meeting of Parliament, to scare us into a quiet parting with our money."

"If thou hast been again into Wales, and hast not expired in ecstasy, I hope to hear from thee soon. In the interim, and always and evermore, I am thine."

"I am afraid thy straggling mode of sending me anybody's bills, and everybody's bills, will subject me often to returned ones. But I

* Bage lived eight months after the date of this letter, which was written Jan, 24, 1801.

have received good at thy hands, and shall I not receive evil? Everything in this finest, freest, best, of all possible countries, grows worse and worse, and why not thou?

“ I looked for the anger thou talked'st of in thy last, but could not find it; and for what would'st thou have been angry, if thou could'st? Turn thy wrath from me, and direct it against the winds and the fogs. In future, I fear it will be directed against the collectors of dirty rags in London and in Germany, where the prices ‘ have increased, are increasing, and ought to be diminished’—but will not be so, because we begin the century by not doing what we ought to do. What we shall do at the end of it I neither know nor care.”

In October 1800, Bage had visited Hutton at Birmingham, where the latter still passed the hours of business, and had taken Bennett's Hill in his way home, to call on Catherine Hutton, the daughter of his friend. Both were alarmed at the alteration in Bage's countenance, which exhibited evident symptoms of declining health. They believed that they should see him no more; and he was probably impressed with the same idea, for, on quitting the house at Birmingham, he cordially shook hands with Samuel Hutton, the grand nephew of his friend, and said, “ Farewell, my dear lad, we shall meet again in Heaven.”

At home, Bage seems to have indulged the hope of another meeting in the present world; for, two months after his letter of January, he says, in a letter to Hutton, “ Tell Miss Hutton that I have thought of her some hundred times since I saw her; insomuch that I feared I was falling in love. I do love her as much as a man seventy-three years of age, and married, ought to love. I like the idea of paying her a visit, and will try to make it reality some time—but not yet.” In April he was scarcely able to write a letter. In June he was again capable of attending to business; but in reply to his friend, who had

mentioned paying him a visit, he said, " I should have been glad and sorry, dear William, to have seen thee at Tamworth." On the first of September, 1801, he died.

Bage had quitted Elford, and, during the last eight years of his life he resided at Tamworth, where he ended his days. His wife survived him, but is since dead. He had three sons, one of whom died as he was approaching manhood, to the severe affliction of his father. Charles, the eldest son, settled at Shrewsbury, where he was the proprietor of a very extensive cotton manufactory. He died in 1822, at the age of seventy. Edward, the younger son, was apprenticed to a surgeon and apothecary at Tamworth, where he afterwards followed his profession. He died many years before his brother. Both possessed a large portion of their father's talents, and equalled him in integrity and moral conduct.

In his person, Robert Bage was rather under the middle size, and rather slender, but well proportioned. His complexion was fair and ruddy ; his hair light and curling ; his countenance intelligent, yet mild and placid. His manners were courteous, and his mind was firm. His integrity, his honour, his devotion to truth, were undeviating and incorruptible ; his humanity, benevolence, and generosity, were not less conspicuous in private life, than they were in the principal characters in his works. He supplied persons he never saw with money, because he heard they were in want. He kept his servants and his horses to old age, and both men and quadrupeds were attached to him. He behaved to his sons with the unremitting affection of a father ; but, as they grew up, he treated them as men and equals, and allowed them that independence of mind and conduct which he claimed for himself.

On the subject of servants, Bage says, in the *Fair Syrian*, " I pity those unhappy masters, who, with unrelenting gravity, damp the effusions of a friendly heart, lest something too familiar for their lordly pride should issue from a servant's lips." Of a parent, he says, in the same work, " Instead of the iron rod of parents, he used only the authority of mild persuasion, and cultivated the affections of his children

by social intercourse, and unremitting tenderness." It matters not into what mouth Robert Bage put these sentiments ; they were his own, his practice was conformable to them, and their good effects were visible on all around him.

The following comparison between Robert Bage and his friend, William Hutton, was written by Charles Bage, son of the former, in a letter to Catharine Hutton, daughter of the latter, October 6th, 1816.

"The contrast between your father's life and mine is curious. Both were distinguished by great natural talents ; both were mild, benevolent, and affectionate, qualities which were impressed on their countenances ; both were indignant at the wantonness of pride and power ; both were industrious, and both had a strong attachment to literature : yet, with these resemblances, their success in life was very different ; my father never had a strong passion for wealth, and he never rose into opulence. Your father's talents were continually excited by contact with ' the busy haunts of men ;' my father's were repressed by a long residence in an unfrequented place, in which he shunned the little society he might have had, because he could not relish the conversation of those whose minds were less cultivated than his own. In time, such was the effect of habit, that, although when young, he was lively and fond of company, he enjoyed nothing but his book and pen, and a pool at quadrille with ladies. He seems, almost always, to have been fonder of the company of ladies than of men."

AFTER this satisfactory account of Bage's life and character, there remains nothing for the Editor but to offer a few critical remarks upon his compositions.

The general object of Robert Bage's compositions, is rather to exhibit character, than to compose a narrative ; rather to extend and in-

fuse his own political and philosophical opinions, in which a man of his character was no doubt sincere, than merely to amuse the reader with the wonders, or melt him with the sorrows, of a fictitious tale. In this respect he resembled Voltaire and Diderot, who made their most formidable assaults on the system of religion and politics which they assailed, by embodying their objections in popular narratives. Even the quaint, facetious, ironical style of this author seems to be copied from the lesser political romances of the French school ; and if Bage falls short of his prototypes in wit, he must be allowed to exhibit, upon several occasions, a rich and truly English vein of humour, which even Voltaire does not possess.

Respecting the tendency and motive of these works, it is not the Editor's purpose to say much. Bage appears, from his peculiar style, to have been educated a Quaker, and he has always painted the individuals of that primitive sect of Christians in amiable colours, when they are introduced as personages into his novels. If this was the case, however, he appears to have wandered from their tenets into the wastes of scepticism ; and a sectary, who had reasoned himself into an infidel, could be friend neither to the Church of England, nor the doctrines which she teaches. His opinions of state affairs were perhaps a little biassed by the frequent visits of the excisemen, who levied taxes on his commodities, for the purpose of maintaining a war which he disapproved of. It was most natural that a person who considered tax-gatherers as extortioners, and the soldiers, who were paid by the taxes, as licensed murderers, should conceive the whole existing state of human affairs to be wrong ; and if he was conscious of talent, and the power of composition, he might, at the same time, naturally fancy that he was called upon to put it to rights. No opinion was so prevalent in France, and none passed more current among the admirers of French philosophy in Britain, as that the power of framing governments, and of administering them, ought to remain with persons of literary attainments ; or, in other words, that those who can most easily and readily

write books, are therefore best qualified to govern states. Whoever peruses the writings of the late ingenious Madame de Stael, will perceive that she (one of the most remarkable women certainly in her time,) lived and died in the belief, that revolutions were to be effected, and countries governed, by a proper succession of clever pamphlets. A nation which has long enjoyed the benefit of a free press, does not furnish so many believers in the omnipotence of literary talent. Men are aware that every case may be argued on both sides, and seldom render their assent to any proposition merely on account of the skill with which it is advocated or illustrated. The editor of this work was never one of those who think that a good cause can suffer much by free discussion, and admits Mr Bage's novels into this collection, as works of talent and genius, though differing entirely both from his political and theological tenets. It is a kind of composition more adapted to confirm those who hold similar opinions with the author, by affording them a triumph at the expense of their opponents, than to convince those who may be disposed calmly to investigate the subject. They who are disposed to burn an obnoxious or unpopular person in effigy, care little how far his dress and external appearance is exaggerated; and, in the same way, it requires little address in an author, to draw broad caricatures of those whom he regards as foes, or to make specious and flattering representations of such as he considers as friends. They who look on the world with an impartial eye, will scarcely be of opinion, that Mr Bage has seized the true features which distinguish either the upper or lower ranks. The highest and the lowest rank in society, are each indeed liable to temptations peculiarly their own, and their relative situation serves to illustrate the wisdom of the prayer, "Give me neither poverty nor riches." But these peculiar propensities, we think, will in life be found considerably different from the attributes ascribed to the higher and lower classes by Mr Bage. In most cases, his great man resembles the giant of the ancient romance of chivalry, whose evil qualities were presumed from his superior sta-

ture, and who was to be tilted at and cut to pieces, merely because he stood a few inches higher than his fellow-mortals. But the very vices and foibles of the higher classes are of a kind different from what Bage has frequently represented them. Men of rank, in the present day, are too indifferent, and too indolent, to indulge any of the stormy passions, and irregular, but vehement desires, which create the petty tyrant, and perhaps formerly animated the feudal oppressor. Their general fault is a want of energy, or, to speak more accurately, an apathy, which is scarcely disturbed even by the feverish risks to which they expose their fortune, for the sole purpose, so far as can be discerned, of enjoying some momentary excitation. Amongst the numbers, both of rank and talent, who lie stranded upon the shores of Spenser's Lake of Idleness, are many who only want sufficient motives for exertion, to attract at once esteem and admiration; and among those, whom we rather despise than pity, a selfish apathy is the predominating attribute.

In like manner, the habits of the lower classes are far from affording, exclusively, that rich fruit of virtue and generosity, which Mr Bage's writings would teach us to expect. On the contrary, they are discontented, not unnaturally, with the hardships of their situation, occupied too often in seizing upon the transient enjoyments which chance throws in their way, and open to temptations which promise to mend their condition in life, at least to extend the circle of their pleasures, at the expense of their morals.

Those, therefore, who weigh equally, will be disposed to think that the state of society most favourable to virtue, will be found amongst those who neither want nor abound, who are neither sufficiently raised above the necessity of labour and industry, to be satiated by the ready gratification of every wild wish as it arises, or so much depressed below the general scale of society, as to be exasperated by struggles against indigence, or seduced by the violence of temptations which that indigence renders it difficult to resist.

Though we have thus endeavoured to draw a broad line of distinc-

tion between the vices proper to the conditions of the rich and the poor, the reader must be cautious to understand these words in a relative sense. For men are not rich or poor in relation to the general amount of their means, but in proportion to their wants and their wishes. He who can adjust his expenses within the limits of his income, how small soever that may be, must escape from the temptations which most easily beset indigence ; and the rich man, who makes it his business, as it is his duty, to attend to the proper distribution of his wealth, shall be equally emancipated from those to which opulence is peculiarly obnoxious.

This misrepresentation of the different classes in society, is not the only speculative error in which Bage has indulged during these poetic narratives. There is in his novels a dangerous tendency to slacken the reins of discipline upon a point, where, perhaps, of all others, society must be benefited by their curbing restraint.

Fielding, Smollet, and other novelists, have, with very indifferent taste, brought forward their heroes as rakes and debauchees, and treated with great lightness those breaches of morals, which are too commonly considered as venial in the male sex ; but Bage has extended, in some instances, that licence to females, and seems at times even to sport with the ties of marriage, which is at once the institution of civil society most favourable to religion and good order, and that which, in its consequences, forms the most marked distinction between man and the lower animals. All the influence which women enjoy in society,—their right to the exercise of that maternal care which forms the first and most indelible species of education ; the wholesome and mitigating restraint which they possess over the passions of mankind ; their power of protecting us when young, and cheering us when old,—depend so entirely upon their personal purity, and the charm which it casts around them, that to insinuate a doubt of its real value, is wilfully to remove the broadest corner-stone on which civil society rests, with all its benefits, and with all its comforts. It is true, we can easily con-

ceive that a female like Miss Ross, in *Barham Downs*, may fall under the arts of a seducer, under circumstances so peculiar as to excite great compassion, nor are we so rigid as to say, that such a person may not be restored to society, when her subsequent conduct shall have effaced recollection of her error. But she must return thither as a humble penitent, and has no title to sue out her pardon as a matter of right, and assume a place as if she had never fallen from her proper sphere. Her disgrace must not be considered as a trivial stain, which may be communicated by a husband as an exceeding good jest to his friend and correspondent; there must be, not penitence and reformation alone, but humiliation and abasement, in the recollection of her errors. This the laws of society demand even from the unfortunate; and to compromise farther, would open a door to the most unbounded licentiousness. With this fault in principle is connected an indelicacy of expression frequently occurring in Bage's novels, but which, though a gross error in point of taste, we consider as a matter of much less consequence than the former. It is in some degree chastened in the present edition, and where it exists must find such shelter as it can, under the faulty example of earlier novelists.

Having adverted to this prominent error in Mr Bage's theory of morals, we are compelled to remark, that his ideas respecting the male sex are not less inaccurate, considered as rules of mental government, than the over-indulgence with which he seems to regard female frailty. Hermsprong, whom he produces as the ideal perfection of humanity, is paraded as a man who, freed from all the nurse and all the priest has taught, steps forward on his path, without any religious or political restraint, as one who derives his own rules of conduct from his own breast, and avoids or resists all temptations of evil passions, because his reason teaches him that they are attended with evil consequences. In the expressive words of our moral poet, Wordsworth, he is

“ A reasoning self-sufficient thing,
An intellectual all-in-all.”

But did such a man ever exist? or are we, in the fair construction of humanity, with all its temptations, its passions, and its frailties, entitled to expect such perfection from the mere force of practical philosophy? Let each reader ask his own bosom, whether it were possible for him to hold an unaltered tenor of moral and virtuous conduct, did he suppose that to himself alone he was responsible, and that his own reason, a judge so peculiarly subject to be bribed, blinded, and imposed upon by the sophistry with which the human mind can gloss over those actions to which human passions so strongly impel us, was the ultimate judge of his actions? Let each reader ask the question at his own conscience, and if he can honestly and conscientiously answer in the affirmative, he is either that faultless monster which the world never saw, or he deceives himself as grossly as the poor devotee, who, referring his course of conduct to the action of some supposed internal inspiration, conceives himself, upon a different ground, incapable of crime, even when he is in the very act of committing it.

We are not treating this subject theologically; the nature of our present work excludes such serious reasoning. But we would remind, even in these slight sketches, those who stand up for the self-sufficient morality of modern philosophy, or rather sophistry, that the experiment has long since been tried on a large scale. Whatever may be the inferiority of the ancients in physical science, it will scarce be denied, that in moral science they possessed all the lights which the unassisted Reason, that is now referred to as the sufficient light of our paths, could possibly attain. Yet, when we survey what their system of Ethics did for the perfection of the human species, we will see that but a very few even of the teachers themselves have left behind them such characters as tend to do honour to their doctrines. Some philosophers there were, who, as instructors in morality, shewed a laudable example to their followers; and we will not invidiously inquire how far these were supported in their self-denial, either by vanity, or the desire of preserving consistency, or the importance annexed to the founder of a sect; although the least of these motives afford great support to tem-

perance, even in cases where it is not rendered easy by advanced age, which of itself calms the more stormy passions. But the satires of Juvenal, of Petronius, and, above all, Lucian, shew what slight effect the doctrines of Zeno, Epictetus, Plato, Socrates, and Epicurus, produced on their avowed followers, and how little influence the beard of the Stoic, the sophistry of the Academician, and the self-denied mortification of the Cynics, had upon the sects which derived their names from these distinguished philosophers. We will find that these pretended despisers of sensual pleasure shared the worst vices of the grossest age of society, and added to them the detestable hypocrisy of pretending, that they were all the while guided by the laws of true wisdom and of right reason.

If, in modern times, they who owned the restraint of philosophical discipline alone have not given way to such gross laxity of conduct, it is because those principles of religion, which they affect to despise, have impressed on the public mind a system of moral feeling unknown till the general prevalence of the Christian religion; but which, since its predominance, has so generally pervaded European society, that no pretender to innovation can directly disavow its influence, though he endeavours to shew that the same results which are recommended from the Christian pulpit, and practised by the Christian community, might be reached by the unassisted efforts of that human reason, to which he counsels us to resign the sole regulation of our morals.

In short, to oppose one authority in the same department to another, the reader is requested to compare the character of the philosophic Square in Tom Jones, with that of Bage's philosophical heroes; and to consider seriously whether a system of Ethics, founding an exclusive and paramount court in a man's own bosom for the regulation of his own conduct, is likely to form a noble, enlightened, and generous character, influencing others by superior energy and faultless example; or whether it is not more likely, as in the observer of the rule of right, to regulate morals according to temptation and to convenience, and to form a selfish, sophistical hypocrite, who, with morality always in his mouth, finds a

perpetual apology for evading the practice of abstinence, when either passion or interest solicit him to indulgence.

We do not mean to say, that, because Bage entertained erroneous notions, he therefore acted viciously. The history of his life, so far as known to us, indicates a contrary course of conduct. It would seem, from his language, as we have already said, that he had been bred among the strict and benevolent sect of Friends; and if their doctrines carried him some length in speculative error, he certainly could derive nothing from them to favour laxity of morals. In his fictitious works, the Quakers are always brought forward in an amiable point of view; and the characters of Arnold, and particularly of Miss Carlile, are admirable pictures of the union of talent, and even wit, with the peculiar manners and sentiments of these interesting and primitive persons. But if not vicious himself, Bage's leading principles are such as, if acted upon, would introduce vice into society; in men of a fiercer mould, they would lead to a very different line of conduct from his own; and, such being the case, it was the Editor's duty to point out the sophistry on which they are founded.

The works of Bage, abstracted from the views which we have endeavoured to point out, are of high and decided merit. It is scarce possible to read him without being amused, and, to a certain degree, instructed. His whole efforts are turned to the developement of human character; and, it must be owned, he possessed a ready key to it. The mere story of the novels seldom possesses much interest—it is the conduct of his personages, as thinking and speaking beings, in which we are interested; and, contrary to the general case, the reader is seldom or never tempted to pass over the dialogue in order to continue the narrative. The author deals occasionally in quick and improbable conversions, as in that of Sir George Osmond, from selfishness and avarice, to generosity and liberality, by the mere loveliness of virtue in his brother and his friends. And he does not appear to have possessed much knowledge of that species of character which is formed by profession or by nationality. His seamen are indifferent; his Irish-

men not beyond those usually brought on the stage ; his Scotchmen still more awkward caricatures, and the language which he puts in their mouths, not similar to any that has been spoken since the days of Babel. It is in detecting the internal working of a powerful understanding, like that of Paracelsus Holman, that Bage's power chiefly consists ; and great that power must be, considering how much more difficult it is to trace those varieties of character which are formed by such working, than merely to point out such as the mind receives from the manners and customs of the country in which it has ripened.

A light, gay, pleasing air, carries us agreeably through Bage's novels, and when we are disposed to be angry at seeing the worse made to appear the better reason, we are reconciled to the author by the ease and good humour of his style. We did not think it proper to reject the works of so eminent an author from this collection, merely on account of speculative errors. We have done our best to place a mark on these ; and, as we are far from being of opinion, that the youngest and most thoughtless derive their serious opinions from works of this nature, we leave them for our reader's amusement, trusting that he will remember that a good jest is no argument ; that a novelist, like the master of a puppet-show, has his drama under his absolute authority ; and that whether the Devil flies away with Punch, or Punch strangles the Devil, forms no real argument as to the comparative power of either one or other, but only indicates the special pleasure of the master of the motion.

PREFATORY MEMOIR
 TO
 RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

THIS author, distinguished in the eighteenth century, survived till the present was considerably advanced, interesting to the public, as well as to private society, not only on account of his own claims to distinction, but as the last of that constellation of genius which the predominating spirit of Johnson had assembled about him, and in which he presided a stern Aristarchus. Cumberland's character and writings are associated with those of Goldsmith, of Burke, of Percy, of Reynolds, names which sound in our ears as those of English classics. He was his own biographer ; and from his own Memoirs we are enabled to trace a brief sketch of his life and labours, as also of his temper and character ; on which latter subjects we have the evidence of contemporaries, and perhaps some recollections of our own.

Richard Cumberland boasted himself, with honest pride, the descendant of parents respectable for their station, eminent in learning, and no less for worth and piety. The celebrated Richard Bentley was his maternal grandfather, a name dreaded as well as respected in literature, and which his descendant, on several occasions, protected with filial respect against those who continued over his grave the insults

which he had received from the wits of Queen Anne's reign. This eminent scholar had one son, the well-known author of *The Wishes*, and two daughters. The second, Joanna, the Phœbe of Byrom's pastoral, married Denison Cumberland, son of an arch-deacon, and grandson of Richard Cumberland, Bishop of Peterborough. Though possessed of some independence, he became Rector of Stanwick, at the instance of his father-in-law, Dr Bentley, and, in course of time, Bishop of Clonfert, and was afterwards translated to the see of Kilmore.

Richard Cumberland, the subject of this memoir, was the second child of this marriage, the eldest being Joanna, a daughter. He was born on the 19th of February, 1732; and, as he naturally delights to record with precision, in an apartment called the Judge's Chamber, of the Master's Lodge of Trinity College, then occupied by his celebrated maternal grandfather—*inter sylvas Academi*. With equal minuteness the grandson of the learned Bentley goes through the course of his earlier studies, and registers his progress under Kinsman of St Edmondsbury, afterwards at Westminster, and finally at Cambridge; in all which seminaries of classical erudition, he highly distinguished himself. At college, he endangered his health by the severity with which he followed his studies, obtained his Bachelor's degree with honour, and passed with triumph a peculiarly difficult examination; the result of which was his being elected to a Fellowship.

Amid his classical pursuits, the cultivation of English letters was not neglected, and Cumberland became the author of many poems of considerable merit. It may be observed, however, that he seldom seems to have struck out an original path for himself, but rather wrote because others had written successfully, and in the manner of which they had set an example, than from the strong impulse of that inward fire, which makes or forces a way for its own coruscations, without respect to the paths of others. Thus Cumberland wrote an Elegy in a Churchyard on Saint Mark's Eve, because Gray had written an Elegy in a Country Churchyard. He wrote a drama on the subject of Elfri-

da, and with a chorus, in imitation of Mason ; he imitated Hammond, and he imitated Spenser, and seems to display a mind full of information and activity, abounding with the natural desire of distinction, but which had not yet attained sufficient confidence in its own resources—a fault from which none of his compositions are perhaps entirely free.

Mr Cumberland's original destiny was to have walked the respectable and retired path by which his ancestors had ascended to church dignity ; and there is every reason to believe, that, as he was their equal in worth and learning, his success in life might have been the same as theirs. But a temptation, difficult to be resisted, turned him from the study of divinity to that of politics.

The Rev. Mr Cumberland, father of the poet, had it in his power to render some important services to the Marquis of Halifax, then distinguished as a public character ; and in recompence or acknowledgment of this, young Richard was withdrawn from the groves of Cam, and the tranquil pursuit of a learned profession, to attend the noble lord in the advantageous and confidential situation of private secretary. Amidst much circumlocution and moral reflection, which Cumberland bestows on this promotion and change of pursuit, the reader may fairly infer, that though he discharged with regularity the ostensible duties of his office, it was not suited to him ; nor did he give the full satisfaction which perhaps he might have done, had a raw academician, his head full, as he says, of Greek and Latin, and little acquainted with the affairs of the existing world, been in the first place introduced for a time to busy life as a spectator, ere called to take an active part in it as a duty. His situation, however, introduced him to the best society, and insured liberal favour and patronage (so far as praise and recommendation went) to the efforts of his muse. In particular, his connexion with Lord Halifax introduced our author to Bubb Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe, of Diary memory, who affected the character of Mæcenas, and was in reality an accomplished man.

It was under the joint auspices of Lords Halifax and Melcombe, that Cumberland executed what he has entitled his first legitimate

drama, *The Banishment of Cicero*—an unhappy subject, which is not redeemed by much powerful writing. This tragedy was recommended to Garrick by the two noble patrons of Cumberland; but, in despite of his deference for great names and high authorities, the manager would not venture on so unpromising a subject of representation. *The Banishment of Cicero* was published by the author, who frankly admits, that in doing so he printed Garrick's vindication.

About this time, as an earnest of future favours, Cumberland obtained, through the influence of Lord Halifax, the office of crown-agent for the province of Nova Scotia, and conceived his fortune sufficiently advanced in the world, to settle himself by marriage. In 1759, therefore, he united himself to Elizabeth, only daughter of George Ridge, of Kilmerton, by Miss Brooke, a niece of Cumberland's grandfather, Bentley. Mrs Cumberland was accomplished and beautiful, and the path of promotion appeared to brighten before the happy bridegroom.

Lord Bute's star was now rising fast in the political horizon, and both the Marquis of Halifax and the versatile Bubb Doddington had determined to worship the influence of this short-lived luminary. The latter obtained a British peerage, a barren honour, which only entitled him to walk in the procession at the coronation, and the former had the Lieutenancy of Ireland. The celebrated Single-Speech Hamilton held the post of Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, while Cumberland, not to his perfect content, was obliged to confine himself to the secondary department of Ulster Secretary. There was wisdom, perhaps, in the selection, though it would have been unreasonable to expect the disappointed private secretary to concur in that opinion. No one ever doubted the acute political and practical talents of William Gerard Hamilton, while Cumberland possessed, perhaps, too much of the poetical temperament to rival him as a man of business. A vivid imagination, eager on its own schemes, and unapt to be stirred by matter of duller import; a sanguine temper, to which hopes too often seem as certainties, joined to a certain portion both of self-opinion, and self-will, although they are delightful, considered as the attributes of

an intimate friend, are inconvenient ingredients in the character of a dependant, whose duty lies in the paths of ordinary business.

Cumberland, however, rendered his principal some effectual service, even in the most worldly application of the phrase—he discovered a number of lapsed patents, the renewal of which, the Lord Lieutenant found a convenient fund of influence. But the Ulster Secretary had no other reward than the empty offer of a baronetcy, which he wisely declined. He was gratified, however, though less directly, by the promotion of his father to the see of Clonfert in Ireland. The new prelate shifted his residence to that kingdom, where his son, with pious duty, spent some considerable part of every year in attendance on him during his life.

Lord Halifax, on his return to England, obtained the seals of Secretary of State, and Cumberland, a candidate for the office of Under Secretary, received the cold answer from his patron, that “he was not fit for every situation ;” a reason scarce rendered more palatable by the special addition, that he did not possess the necessary fluency in the French tongue. Sedgewick, the successful competitor, vacated a situation at the Board of Trade, called Clerk of Reports, and Cumberland became desirous to hold it in his room. As this was in the gift of Lord Hillsborough, the proposal to apply for it was in a manner withdrawing from the patronage of Lord Halifax, who seems to have considered it as such, and there ensued some coldness betwixt the minister and his late private secretary. On looking at these events, we can see that Cumberland was probably no good man of business, as it is called, certainly no good courtier ; for, holding such a confidential situation with Lord Halifax, he must otherwise have rendered himself either too useful, or too agreeable, to be easily parted with.

An attempt of Cumberland’s to fill up the poetical part of an English opera, incurred the jealousy of Bickerstaff, the author of *Love in a Village*, then in possession of that department of dramatic composition. The piece, called the *Summer’s Tale*, succeeded in such a degree, as induced the rival writer to vent his indignation in every species of abuse against the author and the drama. In a much better

spirit, Cumberland ascribed Bickerstaff's hostility to an anxious apprehension for his interest, and generously intimated his intention to interfere no farther with him as a writer of operas. The dispute led to important consequences; for Smith, well known by the deserved appellation of Gentleman Smith, then of Covent-Garden, turned the author's dramatic genius into a better channel, by strongly recommending to him to attempt the legitimate drama. By this encouragement, Mr Cumberland was induced to commence his dramatic career, which he often pursued with success, and almost always with such indefatigable industry, as has no parallel in our theatrical history.

The Brothers was the first fruit of this ample harvest. It was received with applause, and is still on the stock-list of acting plays. The sudden assumption of spirit by Sir Benjamin Dove, like Luke's change from servility to insolence, is one of those incidents which always tell well upon the spectator. The author acknowledges his obligations to Fletcher's *Little French Lawyer*; but the comedy is brought to bear on a point so different, that little is in this instance detracted from its merit.

But the *West Indian*, which succeeded in the following year, raised its author much higher in the class of dramatic writers of the period, and—had Sheridan not been—must have placed Cumberland decidedly at the head of the list. It is a classical comedy; the dialogue spirited and elegant; the characters well conceived, and presenting bold features, though still within the line of probability; and the plot regularly conducted, and happily extricated. The character of Major O'Flaherty, which those who have seen it represented by Irish Johnstone, will always consider as one of the most efficient in the British drama, may have had the additional merit of suggesting that of Sir Lucius O'Trigger; but the latter is a companion, not a copy, of Cumberland's portrait.

Garrick, reconciled with the author by a happy touch of praise, in the prologue to *The Brothers*, contributed an epilogue, and Tom King supported the character of Belcour with that elastic energy, which gave

reality to all the freaks of a child of the sun, whose benevolence seems as instinctive as his passions.

The *Fashionable Lover*, which followed the *West Indian*, was an addition to Cumberland's reputation. There was the same elegance of dialogue, but much less of the *vis comica*. The scenes hang heavy on the stage, and the character of Colin M'Leod, the honest Scotch servant, not being drawn from nature, has little, excepting tameness, to distinguish it from the Gibbies and Sawneys which had hitherto possession of the stage, as the popular representatives of the Scottish nation. The author himself is, doubtless, of a different opinion, and labours hard to place his *Fashionable Lovers* by the side of the *West Indian*, in point of merit; but the critic cannot avoid assenting to the judgment of the audience. The *Cholerick Man* was next acted, and was well received, though now forgotten; and other dramatic sketches, of minor importance, were given by Cumberland to the public, before the production of his *Battle of Hastings*, a tragedy, in which the language, often uncommonly striking, has more merit than the characters or the plot. The latter has the inconvenient fault of being inconsistent with history, which at once affords a hold to every critic of the most ordinary degree of information. It was successful, however, Henderson performing the principal character. Bickerstaffe being off the stage, our author also wrote *Calypso*, and another opera, with the view of serving a meritorious young composer, named Butler.

Neither did these dramatic labours entirely occupy his time. He found leisure to defend the memory of his grandfather, Bentley, in a controversy with Lowth, and to plead the cause of the unhappy Daniel Perreau, over whose fate hangs a veil so mysterious, by drawing up his address to the jury.

The satisfaction which the author must have derived from the success of his various dramatic labours, seems to have been in some degree embittered by the criticisms to which all authors, but especially those who write for the theatre, are exposed. He acknowledges that

he gave too much attention to the calumnies and abuse of the public press, and tells us, that Garrick used to call him the man without a skin. Unquestionably, toughness of hide is necessary on such occasions; but, on the whole, it will be found that they who give least attention to such poisoned arrows, experience least pain from their venom.

There was, indeed, in Cumberland's situation, enough to console him for greater mortifications, than malevolent criticism ought to have had power to inflict. He was happy in his family, consisting of four sons and two daughters. All the former entered the King's service; the first and third as soldiers, the second and fourth in the navy. Besides these domestic blessings, Cumberland stood in the first ranks of literature, and, as a matter of course, in the first ranks in society, to which, in England, literature is a ready passport. His habits and manners qualified him for enjoying this distinguished situation, and his fortune, including the profits of his office, and his literary revenues, seem not to have been inadequate to his maintaining his ground. It was shortly after improved by Lord George Germain, afterwards Lord Sackville, who promoted him in the handsomest manner to the situation of Secretary to the Board of Trade, at which he had hitherto held a subordinate situation. A distant relation also, Decimus Reynolds, constituted Mr Cumberland heir to a considerable property, and placed his will in the hands of his intended successor, in order that he might not be tempted to alter it at a future period. Cumberland was too honourably minded to accept of it, otherwise than as a deposit to be called back at the testator's pleasure. After the course of several years, Mr Reynolds resumed it accordingly. Another remarkable disappointment had in the meanwhile befallen, which, while it closed his farther progress in political life, gave a blow to his private fortune which it never seems to have recovered, and, in the author's own words, "very strongly contrasted and changed the complexion of his latter days from that of the preceding ones."

In the year 1780, hopes were entertained of detaching Spain from

the hostile confederacy by which Britain was all but overwhelmed. That kingdom could not but dread the example held out by the North Americans to their own colonies. It was supposed possible to open a negotiation with the minister, Florida Blanca, and Richard Cumberland was the agent privately entrusted with conducting this political intrigue. He was to proceed in a frigate to Lisbon, under pretence of a voyage for health or pleasure ; and either to go on to Madrid, or to return to Britain, as he should be advised, after communicating with the Abbé Hussey, chaplain to his Catholic Majesty, the secret agent in this important affair. Mrs Cumberland and her daughters accompanied him on this expedition. On the voyage, the envoy had an opportunity, precious to an author and dramatist, of seeing British courage displayed on its own proper element, by an action betwixt the *Milford* and a French frigate, in which the latter was captured. He celebrated this action in a very spirited sea-song, which we remember popular some years afterwards.

There was one point of the utmost consequence in the proposed treaty, which always has been so in negotiations with Spain, and which will again be so whenever she shall regain her place in the European republic. This point respects Gibraltar. There is little doubt that the temptation of recovering this important fortress was the bait which drew the Spanish nation into the American war ; and could this point have been ceded, the Family Compact would not have opposed any insurmountable obstacle to a separate peace with England. But the hearts of the English people were as unalterably fixed on retaining this badge of conquest, as that of Spain upon regaining it ; and in truth its surrender must have been generally regarded at home and abroad as a dereliction of national honour, and a confession of national weakness. Mr Cumberland was therefore instructed not to proceed to Madrid, until he should learn from the Abbé Hussey whether the cession of this important fortress was, or was not, to be made, on the part of Spain, the basis of the proposed negotiation. In the former event, the secret envoy of England was not to advance to Madrid ; but, on

the contrary, to return to Britain. It was to ascertain this point that Hussey went to Madrid ; but unhappily his letters to Cumberland, while they encouraged him to try the event of a negotiation, gave him no assurances whatever upon the point by which his motions were to be regulated. Walpole, the British Minister at Lisbon, seems to have seen through the Abbé's duplicity, who was desirous, perhaps on his own account, that the negotiation should not be broken off ; and he advised Cumberland to conform implicitly to his instructions, and either return home, or at least not to leave Lisbon without fresh orders from England. Unluckily, Mr Cumberland had adopted the idea that delay would be fatal to the success of the treaty, and, sanguine respecting the peaceful dispositions of the Spanish ministry, and confident in the integrity of Hussey, he resolved to proceed to Madrid upon his own responsibility—a temerity against which the event ought to warn all political agents.

The following paragraph of a letter to Lord Hillsborough, shews Mr Cumberland's sense of the risk which he thought it his duty to incur :—

“ I am sensible I have taken a step which exposes me to censure upon failure of success, unless the reasons on which I have acted be weighed with candour, and even with indulgence. In the decision I have taken for entering Spain, I have had no other object but to keep alive a treaty to which any backwardness or evasion on my part would, I am persuaded, be immediate extinction. I know where my danger lies ; but as my endeavours for the public service, and the honour of your administration, are sincere, I have no doubt that I shall obtain your protection.”

From this quotation, to which others might be added, it is evident that, even in Cumberland's own eyes, nothing but his success could entirely vindicate him from the charge of officious temerity ; and the events which were in the meantime occurring in London, removed this

chance to an incalculable distance. When he arrived at Madrid, he found Florida Blanca in full possession of the whole history of the mob termed Lord George Gordon's, and, like foreigners on all such occasions, bent to perceive in the explosion of a popular tumult the downfall of the British monarch and ministry.* A negotiation, of a delicate nature at any rate, and opened under such auspices, could hardly be expected to prosper, although Mr Cumberland did his best to keep it alive. Under a reluctant permission of the British ministry, rather extorted than granted, the envoy resided about twelve months in Madrid, trying earnestly to knit the bonds of amity between ministers, who seem to have had little serious hope or intention of pacification, until at length Cumberland's return was commanded in express terms, on the 18th January, 1781. This was upon the very ground of the cession of Gibraltar. According to Cumberland, the Spaniards only wanted to talk on this subject; and if he had been permitted to have given accommodation in a matter of mere punctilio, the object of a separate treaty might have been accomplished. To this sanguine statement we can give no credit. Spain was at this very moment employed in actively combining the whole strength of her kingdom for the recovery of this fortress, with which she naturally esteemed her national honour peculiarly connected. She was bribed by the promise of the most active and powerful assistance from France; and it is very improbable that they would have sacrificed the high hopes which they entertained of carrying this important place by force of arms, in exchange for anything short of its specific surrender.

Still, however, as Mr Cumberland acted with the most perfect good faith, and with a zeal, the fault of which was only its excess, the reader can scarce be prepared by our account of his errors, for the unworthy treatment to which he was subjected. Our author affirms, and we must presume with perfect accuracy, that when he set out upon this

* Memoirs, vol. II. p. 18.

mission, besides receiving a thousand pounds in hand, he had assurance from the secretary of the treasury, that all bills drawn by Mr Cumberland on his own bank, should be instantly replaced from the treasury ; and he states, that, notwithstanding this positive pledge, accompanied by the naming a very large sum, as placed at his discretion, no one penny was ever so replaced by government ; and that he was obliged to repay from his private fortune, to a ruinous extent, the bankers who had advanced money on his private credit ; for which, by no species of appeal or application, was he ever able to obtain reimbursement.

Whatever may be thought of Mr Cumberland's political prudence in venturing beyond his commission, or of his sanguine disposition, which continued to hope a favourable issue to a desperate negotiation, there can be no doubt that he was suffered to remain at Madrid, a British agent, recognized as such by the ministry, in constant correspondence with the Secretary of State, and receiving from him directions respecting his residence at, or departure from, Madrid. There seems, therefore, to have been neither justice nor humanity in refusing the payment of his drafts, and subjecting him to such wants and difficulties, that, after having declined the liberal offer of the Spanish monarch to defray his expenses, the British agent was only extricated from the situation of a penniless bankrupt, by the compassion of a private friend, who advanced him a seasonable loan of five hundred pounds. The state of the balance due to him was indeed considerable, being no less than four thousand five hundred pounds ; and it may be thought, that, as Mr Cumberland's situation was ostensibly that of a private gentleman, travelling for health, much expense could not—at least ought not—to have attended his establishment. But his wife and daughters were in family with him ; and we must allow for domestic comfort, and even some sort of splendour, in an individual, who was to hold communication with the principal servants of the Spanish crown. Besides, he had been promised an ample allowance for secret service-money, out of a sum placed at his own discretion. The truth seems to

be, that Lord North's administration thought a thousand pounds was enough to have lost on an unsuccessful negotiation ; and as Cumberland had certainly made himself in some degree responsible for the event, the same ministers, who, doubtless, would have had no objection to avow the issue of his intrigues had they been successful, chose, in the contrary event, to disown them.

To encounter the unexpected losses to which he was thus subjected, Mr Cumberland was under the necessity of parting with his paternal property at an unfavourable season, and when its value could not be obtained. Shortly after followed the dissolution of the Board of Trade ; and the situation of Secretary fell under Burke's economical pruning-knife—a compensation amounting only to one half the value being appointed to the holder. Thus unpleasingly relieved from official and political duties, Mr Cumberland adopted the prudent resolution of relinquishing his town residence, and settling himself and his family at Tunbridge, where he continued to live in retirement, yet not without the exercise of an elegant hospitality, till the final close of his long life.

The *Anecdotes of Eminent Painters in Spain*, in two volumes, together with a Catalogue of the Pictures which adorn the Escorial, suffered to be made by the King of Spain's express permission, were the principal fruits of our author's visit to the continent. Yet we ought to except the very pretty story of Nicolas Pedrosa, an excellent imitation of Le Sage, which appeared in the *Connoisseur*, a periodical paper, which Cumberland edited with considerable success. It was one of the literary enterprizes in which the author, from his acquaintance with men and manners, as well as his taste and learning, was well qualified to excel, and the work continues to afford amusement both to the general reader and the scholar. The latter is deeply interested in the curious and classical account which the *Connoisseur* contains of the early Greek drama. In this department, Cumberland has acknowledged his debts to the celebrated Bentley, his grandfather, and to his less known, but scarce less ingenious relation, Richard Bentley, son of the celebrated scholar, and author of the comedy or farce termed

The Wishes. The aid of the former was derived from the notes which Cumberland possessed, but that of Richard Bentley was more direct.

This learned and ingenious, but rather eccentric person, was the friend of Horace Walpole, who, as his nephew Cumberland complains with some justice, exercised the rights of patronage rather unmercifully. The humour of *The Wishes* was such as could scarcely be understood by a vulgar audience, for much of it turned on the absurd structure of the ancient drama, and the peculiar stoicism with which the Chorus, supposed to be spectators of the scene, deduce moral lessons of the justice of the gods from the atrocities which the action exhibits, but never stir a finger to interfere or to prevent them. In ridicule of this absurdity, the Chorus in *The Wishes* are informed that a madman has just broken his way into the cellars, with a torch in his hand, to set fire to a magazine of gunpowder; on which, instead of using any means of prevention or escape, they began, in strophe and antistrophe, to lament their own condition, and exclaim against the thrice-unhappy madman—or rather the thrice-unhappy friends of the madman, who had not taken measures of securing him—or rather upon the six-times unhappy fate of themselves, thus exposed to the madman's fury. All this is a good jest to those who remember the stoicism with which the Choruses of Æschylus and Euripides view and comment upon the horrors which they witness on the stage, but it might have been esteemed caviare to the British audience in general; yet the entertainment was well received until the extravagant incident of hanging Harlequin on the stage. The author was so sensible of the absurdity of this exhibition, that he whispered to his nephew, Cumberland, during the representation,—“If they do not damn this, they deserve to be damned themselves;” and, as he spoke, the condemnation of the piece was complete. It is much to be wished that this singular performance were given to the public in print.—The notice of Richard Bentley has led us something from our purpose, which only called on us to remark, that he furnished Cumberland with those splendid translations from the Greek dramatists which adorn *The Connoisseur*. The au-

thor, however, claims for himself the praise due to a version of the *Clouds* of Aristophanes, afterwards incorporated with this periodical work.

The modern characters introduced by Cumberland in his *Connoisseur*, were his own; and that of the benevolent Israelite, Abraham Abrahams, was, he informs us, written upon principle, in behalf of a persecuted race. He followed up this kind intention in a popular comedy, entitled, "*The Jew*." The dramatic character of Sheva, combining the extremes of habitual parsimony and native philanthropy, was written in the same spirit of benevolence as that of Abrahams, and was excellently performed by Jack Bannister. The public prints gave the Jews credit for acknowledging their gratitude in a very substantial form. The author, in his *Memoirs*, does not disguise his wish, that they had flattered him with some token of the debt which he conceives them to have owed. We think, however, that a prior token of regard should have been bestowed on the author of *Joshua*, in the tale of *Count Fathom*; and, moreover, we cannot be surprised that the people in question felt a portrait in which they were made ludicrous as well as interesting, to be something between an affront and a compliment. Few of the better class of the Jewish persuasion would, we believe, be disposed to admit either Abraham or Sheva as fitting representatives of their tribe.

In his retreat at Tunbridge, labouring in the bosom of his family, and making their common sitting-room his place of study, Cumberland continued to compose a number of dramatic pieces, of which he himself seems almost to have forgotten the names, and of which a modern reader can trace very few. We have subjoined, however, a list of them, with his other works, taken from the Index of his *Memoirs*. Several were successful; several unfortunate; many never performed at all; but the spirit of the author continued unwearied and undismayed. *The Arab*, *The Walloons*, and many other plays, are forgotten; but the character of Penruddock, in the *Wheel of Fortune*, well conceived in itself, and admirably supported by Kemble, and since by Charles

Young, continues to command attention and applause. *The Carmelite*, a tragedy, on the regular tragic plan, attracted much attention, as the inimitable Siddons played the part of the Lady of Saint Valois, and Kemble that of Montgomeri. The plot, however, had that fault which, after all, clings to many of Cumberland's pieces—there was a want of originality. The spectator, or reader, was by the story irresistibly reminded of *Douglas*, and there was more taste than genius in the dialogue. The language was better than the sentiments ; but the grace of the one could not always disguise that the other wanted novelty. *The Brothers*, *The West Indian*, and the *Wheel of Fortune*, stand high in the list of acting plays, and we are assured, by a very competent judge, that *First Love*, which we have not ourselves lately seen, is an excellent comedy, and maintains possession of the stage. The drama must have been Cumberland's favourite style of composition, for he went on shooting shaft after shaft at the mark, which he did not always hit, and often effacing by failures the memory of triumphant successes. His plays at last amounted to upwards of fifty, and intercession and flattery were sometimes necessary to force their way to the stage. On these occasions, the Green-room traditions avow that the veteran bard did not hesitate to bestow the most copious praises on the company who were to bring forward a new piece, at the expense of their rivals of the other house, who had his tribute of commendation in their turn, when their acceptance of a play put them in his good graces. It was also said, that when many of the dramatic authors united in a complaint to the Lord Chancellor against the late Mr Sheridan, then manager of Drury-Lane, he prevented Cumberland from joining the confederacy, by offering to bring out any manuscript play which he should select for performance. But selection was not an easy task to an author to whom all the offspring of his genius were equally dear. After much nervous hesitation, he trusted the chance to fortune ; and out of a dozen of manuscript plays which lay by him, is said to have reached the manager the first which came to hand, without reading the title. Yet if Cumberland had the fond-

ness of an author for his own productions, it must be owned he had also the fortitude to submit, without murmuring, to the decision of the public. "I have had my full share of success, and I trust I have paid my tax for it," he says, good-humouredly, "always without mutiny, and very generally without murmuring. I have never irritated the town by making a sturdy stand against their opposition, when they have been pleased to point it against any one of my productions. I never failed to withdraw myself on the very first intimation that I was unwelcome; and the only offence that I have been guilty of, is, that I have not always thought the worse of a composition, only because the public did not think well of it."*

The Sacred Muse shared with her dramatic sisters in Cumberland's worship. In his poem of *Calvary*, he treated of a subject which, notwithstanding Klopstock's success, may be termed too lofty and too awful to be the subject of verse. He also wrote, in a literary partnership with Sir James Bland Burgess, (well known as the author of *Richard Cœur de Lion*, and other compositions,) *The Exodiad*, an epic poem, founded on sacred history. By *Calvary* the author sustained the inconvenient loss of an hundred pounds, and *The Exodiad* did not prove generally successful.

The author also undertook the task of compiling his own Memoirs; and the well-known Mr Richard Sharpe, equally beloved for his virtues, and admired for the extent of his information, and the grace with which he communicates it, by encouraging Mr Cumberland to become his own biographer, has performed a most acceptable service to the public. It is indeed one of the author's most pleasing works, and conveys a very accurate idea of his own talents, feelings, and character, with many powerful sketches of the age which has passed away. It is impossible to read, without deep interest, Cumberland's account of the theatre in Goodmans Fields, where Garrick, in the flower of his youth, and all the energy of genius, bounded on the stage as Lothario, and

* Memoirs, vol. I. p. 269.

pointed out to ridicule the wittol husband and the heavy-paced Horatio ; while in the last character, Mr Quin, contrasting the old with the modern dramatic manner, surly and solemn, in a dark-green coat, profusely embroidered, an enormous periwig, rolled stockings, and high-heeled, square-toed shoes, mouthed out his heroics in a deep, full, unvaried tone of declamation, accompanied by a kind of sawing action, which had more of the senate than the stage. Several characters of distinguished individuals were also drawn in the Memoirs with much force ; particularly those of Doddington, Lord Halifax, Lord Sackville, George Selwyn, and others of the past age. There are some traits of satire and ridicule which are perhaps a little overcharged. This work was to have remained in manuscript until the author's death, when certainly such a publication appears with a better grace than while the auto-biographer still treads the stage. But Mr Cumberland, notwithstanding his indefatigable labours, had never been in easy circumstances since his unlucky negotiation in Spain ; and in the work itself, he makes the affecting confession, that circumstances, paramount to prudence and propriety, urged him to anticipate the date of publication. The Memoirs were bought by Lackington's house for L.500, and passed speedily from a quarto to an octavo shape.

We have yet to mention another undertaking of this unwearied author, at a period of life advanced beyond the ordinary date of humanity. The *Edinburgh Review* was now in possession of a full tide of popularity, and the *Quarterly Review* was just commenced, or about to commence, when Mr Cumberland undertook the conduct of a critical work, which he entitled *The London Review*, on an entirely new plan, inasmuch, as each article was to be published with the author's name annexed. He was supported by assistants of very considerable talents ; but, after two or three numbers, the scheme became abortive. In fact, though the plan contained an appearance of more boldness and fairness than the ordinary scheme of anonymous criticism, yet it involved certain inconveniences, which its author did not foresee. It is true, that no one believes that, because the imposing personal plural *We* is adopted, it therefore warrants our supposing, that the various pieces

in a work of periodical criticism, are subjected to the revision of a board of literary judges, and that each article is the production of their joint wisdom. Still, however, the use of the first person plural is so far legitimate, that in every well-governed publication of the kind, the articles, by whomsoever written, are, at least, revised by the competent person selected as editor, which affords a better warrant to the public for candour and caution, than if each were to rest on the separate responsibility of the individual writer. It is even more important to remark, that the anonymous character of periodical criticism has a tendency to give freedom to literary discussion, and, at the same time, to soften the animosities to which it might otherwise give rise; and, in that respect, the peculiar language which members of the senate hold towards each other, and which is for that reason called parliamentary, resembles the ordinary style of critical discussion. An author who is severely criticized in a review, can hardly be entitled, in the ordinary case, to take notice of it otherwise than as a literary question; whereas a direct and immediate collision, with a particular individual, seems to tend either, on the one hand, to limit the freedom of criticism, by placing it under the regulation of a timid complaisance, or, on the other, to render it (which is, to say the least, needless) of a fiercer and more personal cast, and thereby endanger the decorum, and perhaps the peace of society. Besides this, there will always be a greater authority ascribed by the generality of readers to the oracular opinion issued from the cloudy sanctuary of an invisible body, than to the mere *dictum* of a man with a Christian name and surname, which do not sound much better than those of the author over whom he predominates. In the far-famed Secret Tribunal of Germany, it was the invisibility of the judges which gave them all their awful jurisdiction.

So numerous were Cumberland's publications, that, having hurried through the greater part of them, we have yet to mention his novels, though it is as a writer of fictitious history he is here introduced. They were three in number, *Arundel*, *Henry*, and *John de Lancaster*. The two first were deservedly well received by the public; the last

was a labour of old age, and was less fortunate. It would be altogether unfair to dwell upon it, as forming a part of those productions on which the author's literary reputation must permanently rest.

Arundel, the first of these novels, was hastily written during the residence of a few weeks at Brighthelmstone, and sent to the press by detached parcels. It shewed at the first glance what is seldom to be found in novels, the certainty that the author had been well acquainted with schools, with courts, and with fashionable life, and knew the topics on which he was employing his pen. The style, also, was easy and clear, and the characters boldly and firmly sketched. Cumberland, in describing Arundel's feelings at exchanging his college society, and the pursuits of learning, to become secretary to the Earl of G., unquestionably remembered the alteration of his own destination in early life. But there is no reason to think that in the darker shades of the Earl of G. he had any intention to satirize his patron, the Earl of Halifax, whom he paints in his *Memoirs* in much more agreeable colours.

The success which this work obtained, without labour, induced the author to write *Henry*, on which he bestowed his utmost attention. He formed it upon Fielding's model, and employed two years in polishing and correcting the style. Perhaps it does not, after all, claim such great precedence over *Arundel* as the labour of the author induced him to aspire to. Yet it would be unjust to deny *Henry* the praise of an excellent novel. There is much beauty of description, and considerable display of acquaintance with English life in the lower ranks; indeed Cumberland's clowns, sketched from his favourite men of Kent, amongst whom he spent his life, may be placed by the side of similar portraits by the first masters.

Above all, the character of Ezekiel Daw, though the outline must have been suggested by that of Abraham Adams, is so well distinguished by original and spirited conception, that it may pass for an excellent original. The Methodists, as they abhor the lighter arts of literature, and perhaps condemn those which are more serious, have, as

might have been expected, met much rough usage at the hands of novelists and dramatic authors, who generally represent them either as idiots or hypocrites. A very different feeling is due to many, perhaps to most, of this enthusiastic sect ; nor is it rashly to be inferred, that he who makes religion the general object of his life, is for that sole reason to be held either a fool or an impostor. The professions of strict piety are inconsistent with open vice, and therefore must, in the general case, lead men to avoid the secret practice of what, openly known, must be attended with loss of character ; and thus the Methodists, and other rigid sectaries, oppose at least the strong barriers of interest and habitual restraint, to the temptations which beset them, in addition to those restrictions which religion and morality impose on all men. It is also a species of religion peculiarly calculated, as affecting the feelings, to operate upon the millions of ignorant poor, whose understandings the most learned divines would in vain address by mere force of argument ; and, doubtless, many such simple enthusiasts as Ezekiel Daw, by their well-meant and indefatigable exertions amongst the stubborn and ignorant, have been the instruments of Providence to call such men from a state of degrading and brutal profligacy, to a life more worthy of rational beings, and of the name of Christians. Thus thinking, we are of opinion that the character of Ezekiel Daw, which shews the Methodist preacher in his strength and in his weakness, bold and fervent when in discharge of his mission, simple, well-meaning, and even absurd, in the ordinary affairs of life, is not only an exquisite, but a just portrait.

Cumberland seems to have been less happy in some of the incidents of low life which he has introduced. He forced, as we have some reason to suspect, his own elegance of ideas, into an imitation of Fielding's scenes of this nature ; and, as bashful men sometimes become impudent in trying to be easy, our ingenious author has occasionally, in his descriptions of Zachary Cawdle and his spouse, become disgusting, when he meant to be humorous.

Cumberland piqued himself particularly on the conduct of the story,

but we confess ourselves unable to discover much sufficient reason. His skein is neither more artfully perplexed, nor more happily disentangled, than in many tales of the same kind; there is the usual, perhaps we should call it the necessary, degree of improbability, for which the reader must make the usual and necessary allowance, and little can be said in this respect, either to praise or censure the author. But there is one series of incidents, connected with a train of sentiment rather peculiar to Cumberland, which may be traced through several of his dramas, and which appears in *Arundel*, and makes a principal part of the interest in *Henry*. He had a peculiar taste in love affairs, which induced him to reverse the usual, and natural practice of courtship, and to throw upon the softer sex the task of wooing, which is more gracefully, as well as naturally, the province of the man. In *Henry*, he has carried this farther, and endowed his hero with all the self-denial of the Hebrew patriarch, while he has placed him within the influence of a seductive being, much more fascinating in her address, than the frail Egyptian matron. In this point, Cumberland either did not copy his master, Fielding, at all, or, what cannot be conceived of an author so acute, he mistook for serious that author's ironical account of the continence of Joseph Andrews. We do not desire to bestow many words on this topic, but we are afraid, such is the universal inaccuracy of moral feeling in this age, that a more judicious author would not have striven against the stream, by holding up his hero as an example of what is likely to create more ridicule than imitation.

It might be also justly urged against the author, that the situations in which Henry is placed with Susan May, exceed the decent licence permitted to modern writers; and certainly they do so. But Cumberland himself entertained a different opinion, and concludes with this apology;—"If, in my zeal to exhibit virtue triumphant over the most tempting allurements, I have painted those allurements in too vivid colours, I am sorry, and ask pardon of all those who think the moral did not heal the mischief."

Another peculiarity of our author's plots, is, that an affair of ho-

nour, a duel either designed or actually fought, forms an ordinary part of them. This may be expected in fictitious history, as a frequent incident, since the remains of the Gothic customs survive in that particular only, and since the indulgence which it affords to the angry passions affords an opportunity, valuable to the novelist, of stepping beyond the limits prescribed by the ordinary rules of society, and introducing scenes of violence, without incurring the charge of improbability. But Cumberland himself had something of a chivalrous disposition. His mind was nurtured in sentiments of honour, and in the necessity of maintaining reputation with the hazard of life; in which he resembled another dramatic poet, the celebrated author of *Douglas*, who was also an enthusiast on the point of honour. In private life, Cumberland had proved his courage; and in his *Memoirs* he mentions, with some complacency, his having extorted from a "rough and boisterous captain of the sea" an apology for some expressions reflecting on his friend and patron, Lord Sackville. In his *Memoirs*, he dwells with pleasure on the attachment shewn to him by two companies of Volunteers, raised in the town of Tunbridge, and attaches considerable importance to the commission of Commandant, with which their choice had invested him. They presented their commander with a sword, and, when their pay was withdrawn, offered to continue their service, gratuitously, under him.

The long and active literary life of this amiable man and ingenious author, was concluded on the 7th May 1811, in his eightieth year, at the house of Mr Henry Fry, in Bedford Place, Russel Square, and he was interred in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey.

His literary executors were Mr Richard Sharpe, already mentioned, Mr Rogers, the distinguished author of *The Pleasures of Memory*, and Sir James Bland Burgess; but we have seen none of his posthumous works, except *Retrospection*, a poem in blank verse, which appeared in 1812, and which appears to have been wrought up out of the ideas which had suggested themselves, while he was engaged in writing his *Memoirs*.

Mr Cumberland had the misfortune to outlive his lady and several of his family. His surviving offspring were Charles, who, we believe, held high rank in the army, and William, a post-captain in the navy. His eldest daughter, Elizabeth, married Lord Edward Bentinck, son of the Duke of Portland; his second, Sophia, was less happily wedded to William Badcock, Esq., who died in the prime of life, and left a family of four grand-children, whom Chancery awarded to the care of Mr Cumberland. His third surviving daughter was Frances Marianne, born during his unlucky embassy to Spain. To her the author affectionately inscribed his Memoirs, as having found, in her filial affection, all the comforts that the best of friends could give, and derived, from her talents and understanding, all the enjoyments that the most pleasing of companions could communicate.

In youth, Mr Cumberland must have been handsome; in age, he possessed a pleasing external appearance, and the polite ease of a gentleman, accustomed to the best company. In society, he was eloquent, well-informed, and full of anecdote; a willing dealer in the commerce of praise, or—for he took no great pains to ascertain its sincerity—we should rather say, of flattery. His conversation often shewed the author in his strong and in his weak points. The foibles are well known which Sheridan embodied on the stage, in the character of Sir Fretful Plagiary. But it is not from a caricature that a just picture can be drawn, and in the little pettish sub-acidity of temper which Cumberland sometimes exhibited, there was more of humorous sadness, than of ill-will, either to his critics or his contemporaries. He certainly, like most poets, was little disposed to yield to the assaults of the former, and often, like a gallant commander, drew all his forces together, to defend the point which was least tenable. Neither can it be denied, that while he was stoutly combatting for the cause of legitimate comedy and the regular novel, he manifested something of personal feeling in his zeal against those contemporaries who had found new roads, or by-paths, as he thought them, to fame and popularity, and forestalled such as were scrupulously treading the beaten high-way,

without turning to the right or to the left. These imperfections, arising, perhaps, from natural temper, from a sense of unmerited neglect, or from the keen spirit of rivalry proper to men of an ardent disposition, rendered irritable by the eagerness of a contest for public applause, are the foibles rather of the profession than the individual; and though the man of letters might have been more happy had he been able entirely to subdue them, they detract nothing from the character of the man of worth, the scholar, and the gentleman.

We believe Cumberland's character to have been justly, as well as affectionately, summed up in the sermon preached on occasion of his funeral, by his venerable friend, Dr Vincent, then Dean of Westminster. "The person you now see deposited, is Richard Cumberland, an author of no small merit; his writings were chiefly for the stage, but of strict moral tendency—they were not without their faults, but these were not of a gross description. He wrote as much as any, and few wrote better; and his works will be held in the highest estimation, so long as the English language is understood. He considered the theatre as a school for moral improvement, and his remains are truly worthy of mingling with the illustrious dead which surround us. In his subjects on Divinity, you find the true Christian spirit; and may God, in his mercy, assign him the true Christian reward!"

CATALOGUE OF CUMBERLAND'S WORKS,

FROM THE

INDEX TO HIS MEMOIRS.

Epic.
CALVARY.
EXODIAD.

Dramatic.
ARAB.
BANISHMENT OF CICERO.
BATTLE OF HASTINGS.
BRUTUS THE ELDER.
BOX-LOBBY CHALLENGE.

BROTHERS.
CHOLERIC MAN.
COUNTRY ATTORNEY.
CALYPSO.
CARACTACUS.
CARMELITE.
CLOUDS, FROM THE GREEK OF
ARISTOPHANES.
DEPENDANT.
DAYS OF GERI.

DON PEDRO.
 ECCENTRIC LOVER.
 FASHIONABLE LOVER.
 FALSE DEMETRIUS.
 FALSE IMPRESSIONS.
 FIRST LOVE.
 HINT TO HUSBANDS.
 IMPOSTOR.
 JEW.
 JOANNA OF MONTFAUCON; A DRAMATIC ROMANCE.
 LAST OF THE FAMILY.
 MYSTERIOUS HUSBAND.
 NATURAL SON.
 NOTE OF HAND.
 SAILOR'S DAUGHTER.
 SHAKESPEARE IN THE SHADES.
 TIMON OF ATHENS.
 TORRENDAL.
 WALLOONS.
 WAT TYLER.
 WEST INDIAN.
 WHEEL OF FORTUNE.
 WIDOW OF DELPHI.
 WORD FOR NATURE.

Fugitive Pieces.

AFFECTIONATION.
 LINES TO PRINCESS AMELIA.
 AVARICE.
 DREAMS.
 ENVY.
 EPILOGUE TO THE ARAB.
 FRAGMENT.
 HAMLET.
 HAMMOND.
 HUMILITY.

JUDGES.
 VERSES TO DR JAMES.
 ——— LORD MANSFIELD.
 ——— ON NELSON'S DEATH.
 ODE TO THE SUN.
 LINES ADDRESSED TO PITT.
 ——— ON PRIDE.
 ——— ON PRUDERY.
 ——— TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.
 ——— TO ROMNEY THE PAINTER.
 ELEGY ON ST MARK'S EVE.
 TRANSLATIONS FROM THE TROADES.
 ——— FROM VIRGIL.

Prose Publications.

CURTIUS REDEEMED FROM THE GULPH.
 EVIDENCES OF THE CHRISTIAN REVELATION.
 CONTROVERSY WITH LOWTH ON THE SUBJECT OF DR BENTLEY.

Miscellaneous.

ANECDOTES OF EMINENT PAINTERS IN SPAIN.
 CATALOGUE OF PAINTINGS IN THE KING OF SPAIN'S PALACE.
 SERMONS.
 PERIODICAL PAPERS IN THE OBSERVER.
 TRANSLATION OF THE PSALMS.
 MEMOIRS.

Novels.

ARUNDEL.
 HENRY.
 JOHN DE LANCASTER.

To this formidable list there remain yet to be added the critical papers written by the author for the London Review; *Retrospection*, a poem, in blank verse, on the author's own past life; and perhaps other publications, unknown to the Editor.

TRAVELS

INTO SEVERAL REMOTE NATIONS OF THE WORLD.

BY

LEMUEL GULLIVER,

FIRST A SURGEON, AND THEN A CAPTAIN OF SEVERAL SHIPS.

IN FOUR PARTS.

I. A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT.

II. A VOYAGE TO BROBDINGNAG.

III. A VOYAGE TO LAPUTA, BALNIBARBI, LUGGNAGG, GLUBDUBDRIB, AND JAPAN.

IV. A VOYAGE TO THE COUNTRY OF THE HOUYHNHNMS.

Splendide Mendax.—Hor.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

THE author of these Travels, Mr Lemuel Gulliver, is my ancient and intimate friend ; there is likewise some relation between us on the mother's side. About three years ago, Mr Gulliver, growing weary of the concourse of curious people coming to him at his house in Redriff, made a small purchase of land, with a convenient house, near Newark, in Nottinghamshire, his native country, where he now lives retired, yet in good esteem among his neighbours.

Although Mr Gulliver was born in Nottinghamshire, where his father dwelt, yet I have heard him say his family came from Oxfordshire ; to confirm which, I have observed in the church-yard at Banbury, in that county, several tombs and monuments of the Gullivers.

Before he quitted Redriff, he left the custody of the following papers in my hands, with the liberty to dispose of them as I should think fit. I have carefully perused them three times. The style is very plain and simple ; and the only fault I find is, that the author, after the manner of travellers, is a little too circumstantial. There is an air of truth apparent through the whole ; and, indeed, the author was so distinguished for his veracity, that it became a sort of proverb among his neighbours at Redriff, when any one affirmed a thing, to say, it was as true as if Mr Gulliver had spoken it.

By the advice of several worthy persons, to whom, with the author's permission, I communicated these papers, I now venture to send them into the world, hoping they may be, at least for some time, a better entertainment to our young noblemen, than the common scribbles of politics and party.

This volume would have been at least twice as large, if I had not made bold to strike out innumerable passages relating to the winds and tides, as well as to the variations and bearings in the several voyages, together with the minute descriptions of the management of the ship in storms, in the style of sailors ; likewise the account of longitudes and latitudes ; wherein I have reason to apprehend that Mr Gulliver may be a little dissatisfied ; but I was resolved to fit the work as much as possible to the general capacity of readers. However, if my own ignorance in sea affairs shall have led me to commit some mistakes, I alone am answerable for them : And if any traveller has a curiosity to see the whole work at large, as it came from the hands of the author, I will be ready to gratify him.

As for any farther particulars relating to the author, the reader will receive satisfaction from the first pages of the book.

RICHARD SYMPSON.

A LETTER

FROM

CAPTAIN GULLIVER TO HIS COUSIN SYMPSON.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1727.

I HOPE you will be ready to own publicly, whenever you shall be called to it, that, by your great and frequent urgency, you prevailed on me to publish a very loose and incorrect account of my travels, with direction to hire some young gentleman of either university to put them in order, and correct the style, as my cousin Dampier did, by my advice, in his book called *A Voyage Round the World*. But I do not remember I gave you power to consent that anything should be omitted, and much less that anything should be inserted : Therefore, as to the latter, I do here renounce everything of that kind, particularly a paragraph about her Majesty Queen Anne, of most pious and glorious memory, although I did reverence and esteem her more than any of the human species. But you, or your interpolator, ought to have considered, that as it was not my inclination, so was it not decent, to praise any animal of our composition before my master *Houyhnhnm* : and, besides, the fact was altogether false ; for to my knowledge, being in England during some part of her majesty's reign, she did govern by a chief minister ; nay, even by two successively ; the first whereof was the lord of Godolphin, and the second the lord of Oxford ; so that you have made me say the thing that was not. Likewise, in the account of the academy of projectors, and several passages of my discourse to my master *Houyhnhnm*, you have either omitted some material circumstances, or minced or changed them in such a manner, that I do hardly know my own work. When I formerly hinted to you something of this in a letter, you were pleased to answer, " That you were afraid of giving offence : that people in power were very watchful over the press, and apt not only to interpret, but to punish everything which looked like an innuendo," (as I think you call it.) But, pray, how could that which I spoke so many years ago, and at above five thousand leagues' distance, in another reign, be applied to any of the *Yahoos* who now are said to govern the herd ; especially at a time when I little thought or feared the unhappiness of living under them ? Have not I the most reason to complain, when I see these very *Yahoos* carried by *Houyhnhnms* in a vehicle, as if these were brutes, and those the rational creatures ? And, indeed, to avoid so monstrous and detestable a sight was one principal motive of my retirement hither.

Thus much I thought proper to tell you in relation to yourself, and to the trust I reposed in you.

I do, in the next place, complain of my own great want of judgment, in being prevailed upon, by the entreaties and false reasonings of you and some others, very much against my own opinion, to suffer my travels to be published. Pray bring to your mind how often I desired you to consider, when you insisted on the motive of public good, that the *Yahoos* were a species of animals utterly incapable of amendment by precepts or example : and so

it has proved ; for, instead of seeing a full stop put to all abuses and corruptions, at least in this little island, as I had reason to expect,—behold, after about six months' warning, I cannot learn that my book has produced one single effect according to my intentions. I desired you would let me know, by a letter, when party and faction were extinguished ; judges learned and upright ; pleaders honest and modest, with some tincture of common sense, and Smithfield blazing with pyramids of law books ; the young nobility's education entirely changed ; the physicians banished ; the female *Yahoos* abounding in virtue, honour, truth, and good sense ; courts and levees of great ministers thoroughly weeded and swept ; wit, merit, and learning rewarded ; all disgracers of the press, in prose and verse, condemned to eat nothing but their own cotton, and quench their thirst with their own ink. These, and a thousand other reformations, I firmly counted upon by your encouragement ; as, indeed, they were plainly deducible from the precepts delivered in my book. And it must be owned, that seven months were a sufficient time to correct every vice and folly to which *Yahoos* are subject, if their natures had been capable of the least disposition to virtue or wisdom. Yet, so far have you been from answering my expectation in any of your letters, that, on the contrary, you are loading our carrier every week with libels, and keys, and reflections, and memoirs, and second parts ; wherein I see myself accused of reflecting upon great state folks ; of degrading human nature, (for so they have still the confidence to style it,) and of abusing the female sex. I find, likewise, that the writers of those bundles are not agreed among themselves ; for some of them will not allow me to be the author of my own travels, and others make me author of books to which I am wholly a stranger.

I find, likewise, that your printer has been so careless as to confound the times, and mistake the dates, of my several voyages and returns ; neither assigning the true year, nor the true month, nor the day of the month : and I hear the original manuscript is all destroyed since the publication of my book ; neither have I any copy left. However, I have sent you some corrections, which you may insert, if ever there should be a second edition : and yet I cannot stand to them, but shall leave that matter to my judicious and candid readers, to adjust it as they please.

I hear some of our sea *Yahoos* find fault with my sea language, as not proper in many parts, nor now in use. I cannot help it. In my first voyages, while I was young, I was instructed by the oldest mariners, and learned to speak as they did. But I have since found that the sea *Yahoos* are apt, like the land ones, to become new-fangled in their words, which the latter change every year ; insomuch, as I remember, upon each return to my own country, their old dialect was so altered, that I could hardly understand the new. And I observe, when any *Yahoos* come from London, out of curiosity, to visit me at my house, we neither of us are able to deliver our conceptions in a manner intelligible to the other.

If the censure of the *Yahoos* could anyway affect me, I should have great reason to complain that some of them are so bold as to think my book of travels a mere fiction out of mine own brain ; and have gone so far as to drop hints, that the *Houyhnhnms* and *Yahoos* have no more existence than the inhabitants of Utopia.

Indeed I must confess, that as to the people of *Lilliput*, *Brobdingnag* (for so the word should have been spelt, and not erroneously, *Brobdingnag*,) and *Laputa*, I have never yet heard of any *Yahoo* so presumptuous as to dispute their being, or the facts I have related concerning them ; because the truth immediately strikes every reader with conviction. And is there less probability in my account of the *Houyhnhnms* or *Yahoos*, when it is manifest, as to the latter, there are so many thousands, even in this country, who only differ from their brother brutes in *Houyhnhnm-land*, because they use a sort of jabber, and do not go naked ? I wrote for their amendment, and not their approbation. The united praise of the whole race would be of less consequence to me than the neighing of these two degenerate *Houyhnhnms* I keep in my stable ; because from these, degenerate as they are, I still improve in some virtues, without any mixture of vice.

Do these miserable animals presume to think that I am so degenerated as to defend my veracity ? *Yahoo* as I am, it is well known through all *Houyhnhnm-land*, that by the instructions and example of my illustrious master, I was able, in the compass of two years,

(although, I confess, with the utmost difficulty,) to remove that infernal habit of lying, shuffling, deceiving, and equivocating, so deeply rooted in the very souls of all my species, especially the Europeans.

I have other complaints to make upon this vexatious occasion ; but I forbear troubling myself or you any farther. I must freely confess, that, since my last, some corruptions of my *Yahoo* nature have revived in me, by conversing with a few of your species, and particularly those of my own family, by an unavoidable necessity ; else I should never have attempted so absurd a project as that of reforming the *Yahoo* race in this kingdom : but I have now done with all such visionary schemes for ever.

April 2, 1727.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

PART I.

A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT.

CHAP. I.

The Author gives some Account of Himself and Family. His first Inducements to Travel. He is Shipwrecked, and swims for his Life. Gets safe on Shore in the Country of Lilliput. Is made a Prisoner, and carried up the Country.

My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire: I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emanuel College in Cambridge, at fourteen years old, where I resided three years, and applied myself close to my studies; but the charge of maintaining me, although I had a very scanty allowance, being too great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to Mr James Bates, an eminent surgeon in London, with whom I continued four years; and my father now and then sending me small sums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation, and other parts of the mathematics useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would be, some time or other, my fortune to do. When I left Mr Bates, I went down to my father, where, by the assistance of him and my uncle John, and some other relations, I got forty pounds, and a promise of thirty pounds a-year, to maintain me at Leyden: There I studied physic two years and seven months, knowing it would be useful in long voyages.

Soon after my return from Leyden, I was recommended by my good master, Mr Bates, to be surgeon to the Swallow, Captain Abraham Pannell, commander; with whom I continued three years and a half, making a voyage or two into the Levant, and some other parts. When I came back, I resolved to settle in London; to which Mr Bates my master encouraged me; and by him I was recommended to several patients. I took part of a small house in the Old

Jewry; and, being advised to alter my condition, I married Mrs Mary Burton, second daughter to Mr Edmund Burton, hosier, in Newgate Street, with whom I received four hundred pounds for a portion.

But my good master Bates dying in two years after, and I having few friends, my business began to fail; for my conscience would not suffer me to imitate the bad practice of too many among my brethren. Having therefore consulted with my wife and some of my acquaintance, I determined to go again to sea. I was surgeon successively in two ships, and made several voyages, for six years, to the East and West Indies, by which I got some addition to my fortune. My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern, being always provided with a good number of books; and when I was a-shore, in observing the manners and dispositions of the people, as well as learning their language; wherein I had a great facility, by the strength of my memory.

The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate, I grew weary of the sea, and intended to stay at home with my wife and family. I removed from the Old Jewry to Fetter-lane, and from thence to Wapping, hoping to get business among the sailors; but it would not turn to account. After three years' expectation that things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from Captain William Prichard, master of the Antelope, who was making a voyage to the South Sea. We set sail from Bristol, May 4, 1699, and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas; let it suffice to inform him, that, in our passage from thence to the East Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the north-west of Van Diemen's Land. By an observation, we found ourselves in the latitude of 30 degrees 2 minutes south. Twelve of

our crew were dead by immoderate labour and ill food : the rest were in a very weak condition. On the 5th of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship ; but the wind was so strong, that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labour while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves ; and in about half an hour the boat was overset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell, but conclude they were all lost. For my own part, I swam as Fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom ; but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth : and by this time the storm was much abated. The declivity was so small, that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants ; at least I was in so weak a condition that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired ; and with that, and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours ; for when I awaked it was just day-light. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir ; for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground, and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my arm-pits to my thighs. I could only look upwards : the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me, but, in the posture I lay, could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which, advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin ; when, bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the meantime, I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud, that they all ran back in a fright ;

and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned ; and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out, in a shrill but distinct voice, *Hekinah degul* : the others repeated the same words several times ; but I then knew not what they meant. I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness. At length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground ; for, by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and, at the same time, with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them ; whereupon there was a great shout, in a very shrill accent, and, after it ceased, I heard one of them cry aloud, *Tolgo phonac* ; when, in an instant, I felt above a hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles ; and, besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body, (though I felt them not,) and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a-groaning with grief and pain ; and then, striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley, larger than the first, and some of them attempted, with spears, to stick me in the sides ; but by good luck I had on me a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still ; and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself : and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw. But fortune disposed otherwise of me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows ; but, by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased : and about four yards from me, over-against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work ; when, turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it : from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable. But I should have mentioned, that, before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three times, *Langro dehul san* ; (these words and the former were afterwards repeated and

explained to me;) whereupon, immediately, about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him who was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him; whereof one was a page, that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator; and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness. I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness: and being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me, that I could not forbear shewing my impatience, (perhaps against the strict rules of decency,) by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food. The *hurgo* (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learnt) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above a hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I eat them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket-bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could, shewing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign, that I wanted drink. They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me; and, being a most ingenious people, they slung up, with great dexterity, one of their largest hog-heads, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top: I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hog-head, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times, as they did at first, *Hekinah degul*. They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hog-heads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud *Borach mevolah*; and when they saw the vessels in the air, there was a universal shout of *Hekinah degul*. I confess I

was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honour I made them,—for so I interpreted my submissive behaviour,—soon drove out those imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them. After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his imperial majesty. His excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue; and producing his credentials, under the signet-royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determinate resolution; often pointing forwards; which, as I afterwards found, was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant; whither it was agreed by his majesty in council that I must be conveyed. I answered in few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other, (but over his excellency's head, for fear of hurting him or his train,) and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty. It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hand in a posture to shew that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs, to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Whereupon, I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds; but again, when I felt the smart of their arrows upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, and observing likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let them know that they might do with me as they pleased. Upon this, the *hurgo* and his train withdrew, with much civility and cheerful countenances. Soon after, I heard a general shout, with frequent repetitions of the words *Peblom selam*; and I felt great numbers of people on my left side, relaxing the cords to such a degree, that I was able to turn upon my right, and to ease myself with making water; which I very plentifully did, to the great astonishment of the people; who, conjecturing by my motion, what I was going to do, immediately opened to the right and left on that side, to avoid the torrent

which fell with much noise and violence from me. But before this they had daubed my face and both my hands with a sort of ointment, very pleasant to the smell, which, in a few minutes, removed all the smart of their arrows. These circumstances, added to the refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourishing, disposed me to sleep. I slept about eight hours, as I was afterwards assured; and it was no wonder, for the physicians, by the emperor's orders, had mingled a sleepy potion in the hogsheads of wine.

It seems, that upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground, after my landing, the emperor had early notice of it by an express, and determined in council, that I should be tied in the manner I have related, (which was done in the night, while I slept;) that plenty of meat and drink should be sent me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city.

This resolution, perhaps, may appear very bold and dangerous, and I am confident would not be imitated by any prince in Europe, on the like occasion. However, in my opinion, it was extremely prudent, as well as generous; for, supposing these people had endeavoured to kill me with their spears and arrows while I was asleep, I should certainly have awaked with the first sense of smart, which might so far have roused my rage and strength, as to have enabled me to break the strings wherewith I was tied; after which, as they were not able to make resistance, so they could expect no mercy.

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics, by the countenance and encouragement of the emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince has several machines fixed on wheels, for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men of war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines, three or four hundred yards, to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long, and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which, it seems, set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords, of the bigness of pack-thread, were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords, by many pulleys fastened on the poles; and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised

and slung into the engine, and there tied fast. All this I was told; for, while the operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me towards the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopt awhile to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep; they climbed up into the engine, and advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the guards, put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently; whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my waking so suddenly. We made a long march the remaining part of the day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches, and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sunrise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The emperor, and all his court, came out to meet us, but his great officers would by no means suffer his majesty to endanger his person, by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped, there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom; which, having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked upon as profane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate fronting to the north was about four feet high, and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground: into that on the left side, the king's smith conveyed fourscore and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with six-and-thirty padlocks. Over against this temple, on the other side of the great highway, at twenty feet distance, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the emperor ascended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above a hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and, in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand at several times, who mounted my body by the help of ladders.

But a proclamation was soon issued, to forbid it upon pain of death. When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up, with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people, at seeing me rise and walk, are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a semicircle, but, being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in, and lie at my full length in the temple.

CHAP. II.

The Emperor of Lilliput, attended by several of the Nobility, comes to see the Author in his Confinement. The Emperor's Person and Habit described. Learned men appointed to teach the Author their Language. He gains Favour by his mild Disposition. His Pockets are searched, and his Sword and Pistols taken from him.

WHEN I found myself on my feet, I looked about me, and must confess I never beheld a more entertaining prospect. The country around appeared like a continued garden, and the enclosed fields, which were generally forty feet square, resembled so many beds of flowers. These fields were intermingled with woods of half a *stang*, (sixteen feet and a half,) and the tallest trees, as I could judge, appeared to be seven feet high. I viewed the town on my left hand, which looked like the painted scene of a city in a theatre.

I had been for some hours extremely pressed by the necessities of nature; which was no wonder, it being almost two days since I had last disburdened myself. I was under the greatest difficulties between urgency and shame. The best expedient I could think on, was to creep into my house, which I accordingly did; and, shutting the gate after me, I went as far as the length of my chain would suffer, and discharged my body of that uneasy load. But this was the only time I was ever guilty of so uncleanly an action; for which I cannot but hope the candid reader will give some allowance, after he has maturely and impartially considered my case, and the distress I was in. From this time my constant practice was, as soon as I rose, to perform that business in open air, at the full extent of my chain; and due care was taken every morning before company came, that the offensive matter should be carried off in wheelbarrows, by two servants appointed for that purpose. I would not have dwelt so long upon a circumstance, that perhaps at first sight may appear not very momentous, if I had not thought it necessary to justify my

character, in point of cleanliness, to the world; which, I am told, some of my maligners have been pleased, upon this and other occasions, to call in question.

When this adventure was at an end, I came back out of my house, having occasion for fresh air. The emperor was already descending from the tower, and advancing on horseback towards me, which had like to have cost him dear; for the beast, though very well trained, yet wholly unused to such a sight, which appeared as if a mountain moved before him, reared up on his hinder feet: but that prince, who is an excellent horseman, kept his seat, till his attendants ran in, and held the bridle, while his majesty had time to dismount. When he alighted, he surveyed me round with great admiration; but kept beyond the length of my chain. He ordered his cooks and butlers, who were already prepared, to give me victuals and drink, which they pushed forward in a sort of vehicle upon wheels, till I could reach them. I took these vehicles, and soon emptied them all; twenty of them were filled with meat, and ten with liquor; each of the former afforded me two or three good mouthfuls; and I emptied the liquor of ten vessels, which was contained in earthen vials, into one vehicle, drinking it off at a draught; and so I did with the rest. The empress, and young princes of the blood, of both sexes, attended by many ladies, sat at some distance in their chairs; but upon the accident that happened to the emperor's horse, they alighted, and came near his person, which I am now going to describe. He is taller, by almost the breadth of my nail, than any of his court; which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip and arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three quarters old, of which he had reigned about seven in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him, I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off: however, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in the description. His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European: but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand to defend himself, if I should happen to break loose; it was almost three inches long; the hilt and scabbard were gold enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate; and I could distinctly hear it when I stood up. The ladies and courtiers were all most magnificently clad; so that the spot they stood upon seemed to resemble a petticoat spread on the ground, em-

broidered with figures of gold and silver. His imperial majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers: but neither of us could understand a syllable. There were several of his priests and lawyers present, (as I conjectured by their habits,) who were commanded to address themselves to me; and I spoke to them in as many languages as I had the least smattering of, which were High and Low Dutch, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and Lingua Franca, but all to no purpose. After about two hours the court retired, and I was left with a strong guard, to prevent the impertinence, and probably the malice of the rabble, who were very impatient to crowd about me, as near as they durst; and some of them had the impudence to shoot their arrows at me, as I sat on the ground by the door of my house, whereof one very narrowly missed my left eye. But the colonel ordered six of the ringleaders to be seized, and thought no punishment so proper, as to deliver them bound into my hands; which some of the soldiers accordingly did, pushing them forwards with the butt-ends of their pikes into my reach. I took them all in my right hand, put five of them into my coat-pocket, and as to the sixth, I made a countenance as if I would eat him alive. The poor man squalled terribly, and the colonel and his officers were in much pain, especially when they saw me take out my pen-knife: but I soon put them out of fear; for, looking mildly, and immediately cutting the strings he was bound with, I set him gently on the ground, and away he ran. I treated the rest in the same manner, taking them one by one, out of my pocket; and I observed both the soldiers and people were highly delighted at this mark of my clemency, which was represented very much to my advantage at court.

Towards night I got with some difficulty into my house, where I lay on the ground, and continued to do so about a fortnight; during which time the emperor gave orders to have a bed prepared for me. Six hundred beds of the common measure were brought in carriages, and worked up in my house; a hundred and fifty of their beds, sewn together, made up the breadth and length; and these were four double; which, however, kept me but very indifferently from the hardness of the floor, that was of smooth stone. By the same computation they provided me with sheets, blankets, and coverlets, tolerable enough for one who had been so long inured to hardships.

As the news of my arrival spread through the kingdom, it brought prodigious numbers of rich, idle, and curious people to see me; so that the villages were almost emptied; and great neglect of tillage and household affairs must have ensued, if his imperial majesty had not provided, by several proclamations and orders of state, against this inconvenience. He directed, that those who had already beheld me, should return home,

and not presume to come within fifty yards of my house, without licence from the court; whereby the secretaries of state got considerable fees.

In the meantime the emperor held frequent councils, to debate what course should be taken with me; and I was afterwards assured by a particular friend, a person of great quality, who was as much in the secret as any, that the court was under many difficulties concerning me. They apprehended my breaking loose; that my diet would be very expensive, and might cause a famine. Sometimes they determined to starve me, or at least to shoot me in the face and hands with poisoned arrows, which would soon dispatch me; but again they considered, that the stench of so large a carcase might produce a plague in the metropolis, and probably spread through the whole kingdom. In the midst of these consultations, several officers of the army went to the door of the great council-chamber, and two of them being admitted, gave an account of my behaviour to the six criminals above mentioned, which made so favourable an impression in the breast of his majesty and the whole board, in my behalf, that an imperial commission was issued out, obliging all the villages, nine hundred yards round the city, to deliver in every morning six beeves, forty sheep, and other victuals for my sustenance; together with a proportionable quantity of bread, and wine, and other liquors; for the due payment of which, his majesty gave assignments upon his treasury:—for this prince lives chiefly upon his own demesnes; seldom, except upon great occasions, raising any subsidies upon his subjects, who are bound to attend him in his wars at their own expense. An establishment was also made of six hundred persons to be my domestics, who had board wages allowed for their maintenance, and tents built for them, very conveniently, on each side of my door. It was likewise ordered, that three hundred tailors should make me a suit of clothes, after the fashion of the country; that six of his majesty's greatest scholars should be employed to instruct me in their language; and lastly, that the emperor's horses, and those of the nobility, and troops of guards, should be frequently exercised in my sight, to accustom themselves to me. All these orders were duly put in execution; and in about three weeks I made a great progress in learning their language; during which time the emperor frequently honoured me with his visits, and was pleased to assist my masters in teaching me. We began already to converse together in some sort: and the first words I learnt, were to express my desire, that he would please to give me my liberty; which I every day repeated on my knees. His answer, as I could apprehend it, was, that this must be a work of time, not to be thought on without the advice of his council, and that first I must *lumos kelmin pesso desmar lon emposo*; that is, swear a peace with him and

his kingdom. However, that I should be used with all kindness. And he advised me to acquire, by my patience and discreet behaviour, the good opinion of himself and his subjects. He desired I would not take it ill, if he gave orders to certain proper officers to search me; for probably I might carry about me several weapons, which must needs be dangerous things, if they answered the bulk of so prodigious a person.—I said, his majesty should be satisfied; for I was ready to strip myself, and turn up my pockets before him.—This I delivered, part in words and part in signs. He replied, that by the laws of the kingdom, I must be searched by two of his officers; that he knew this could not be done without my consent and assistance; and he had so good an opinion of my generosity and justice, as to trust their persons in my hands; that whatever they took from me, should be returned when I left the country, or paid for at the rate which I would set upon them.—I took up the two officers in my hands, put them first into my coat-pockets, and then into every other pocket about me, except my two fobs, and another secret pocket, which I had no mind should be searched, wherein I had some little necessities that were of no consequence to any but myself. In one of my fobs there was a silver watch, and in the other a small quantity of gold in a purse. These gentlemen, having pen, ink, and paper, about them, made an exact inventory of everything they saw; and when they had done, desired I would set them down, that they might deliver it to the emperor. This inventory I afterwards translated into English, and is, word for word, as follows:—

“*Imprimis*, In the right coat-pocket of the great-man-mountain. (forso I interpret the words *quibus flestrin*,) after the strictest search, we found only one great piece of coarse cloth, large enough to be a foot-cloth for your majesty's chief room of state. In the left pocket we saw a huge silver chest, with a cover of the same metal, which we the searchers were not able to lift. We desired it should be opened, and one of us stepping into it, found himself up to the mid-leg in a sort of dust, some part whereof flying up to our faces, set us both a-sneezing for several times together. In his right waistcoat-pocket, we found a prodigious bundle of white thin substances, folded one over another, about the bigness of three men, tied with a strong cable, and marked with black figures, which we humbly conceive to be writings, every letter almost half as large as the palm of our hands. In the left there was a sort of engine, from the back of which were extended twenty long poles, resembling the palisadoes before your majesty's court; wherewith we conjecture the man-mountain combs his head; for we did not always trouble him with questions, because we found it a great difficulty to make him understand us. In the large pocket, on

the right side of his middle cover, (so I translated the word *ranfulo*, by which they meant my breeches,) we saw a hollow pillar of iron, about the length of a man, fastened to a strong piece of timber larger than the pillar; and upon one side of the pillar were huge pieces of iron sticking out, cut into strange figures, which we know not what to make of. In the left pocket, another engine of the same kind. In the smaller pocket, on the right side, were several round flat pieces of white and red metal, of different bulk; some of the white, which seemed to be silver, were so large and heavy, that my comrade and I could hardly lift them. In the left pocket were two black pillars irregularly shaped: we could not, without difficulty, reach the top of them, as we stood at the bottom of his pocket. One of them was covered and seemed all of a piece; but at the upper end of the other there appeared a white round substance, about twice the bigness of our heads. Within each of these was enclosed a prodigious plate of steel; which, by our orders, we obliged him to shew us, because we apprehended they might be dangerous engines. He took them out of their cases, and told us, that, in his own country, his practice was to shave his beard with one of these, and cut his meat with the other. There were two pockets which we could not enter; these he called his fobs; they were two large slits cut into the top of his middle cover, but squeezed close by the pressure of his belly. Out of the right fob hung a great silver chain, with a wonderful kind of engine at the bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was at the end of that chain, which appeared to be a globe, half silver, and half of some transparent metal; for, on the transparent side, we saw certain strange figures circularly drawn, and thought we could touch them, till we found our fingers stopped by that lucid substance. He put this engine to our ears, which made an incessant noise, like that of a water-mill: and we conjecture it is either some unknown animal, or the god that he worships; but we are more inclined to the latter opinion, because he assured us, (if we understood him right, for he expressed himself very imperfectly,) that he seldom did anything without consulting it. He called it his oracle, and said, it pointed out the time for every action of his life. From the left fob he took out a net, almost large enough for a fisherman, but contrived to open and shut like a purse, and served him for the same use: we found therein several massy pieces of yellow metal, which, if they be real gold, must be of immense value.

“Having thus, in obedience to your majesty's commands diligently searched all his pockets, we observed a girdle about his waist, made of the hide of some prodigious animal, from which, on the left side, hung a sword of the length of five men; and on the right, a bag or pouch divided into two cells, each cell capable of holding

three of your majesty's subjects. In one of these cells were several globes or balls, of a most ponderous metal, about the bigness of our heads, and required a strong hand to lift them : the other cell contained a heap of certain black grains, but of no great bulk or weight, for we could hold about fifty of them in the palm of our hands.

" This is an exact inventory of what we found about the body of the man-mountain, who used us with great civility, and due respect to your majesty's commission. Signed and sealed on the fourth day of the eighty-ninth moon of your majesty's auspicious reign.

" CLEFRIN FRELOCK, MARSJ FRELOCK."

When this inventory was read over to the emperor, he directed me, although in very gentle terms, to deliver up the several particulars. He first called for my scymitar, which I took out scabbard and all. In the meantime he ordered three thousand of his choicest troops, (who then attended him,) to surround me at a distance, with their bows and arrows just ready to discharge ; but I did not observe it, for mine eyes were wholly fixed upon his majesty. He then desired me to draw my scymitar, which, although it had got some rust by the sea-water, was in most parts exceeding bright. I did so, and immediately all the troops gave a shout between terror and surprise : for the sun shone clear, and the reflection dazzled their eyes, as I waved the scymitar out and fro in my hand. His majesty, who is a most magnanimous prince, was less daunted than I could expect : he ordered me to return it into the scabbard, and cast it on the ground as gently as I could, about six feet from the end of my chain. The next thing he demanded was one of the hollow iron pillars : by which he meant my pocket pistols. I drew it out, and at his desire, as well as I could, expressed to him the use of it ; and charging it only with powder, which, by the closeness of my pouch, happened to escape wetting in the sea, (an inconvenience against which all prudent mariners take special care to provide,) I first cautioned the emperor not to be afraid, and then I let it off in the air. The astonishment here was much greater than at the sight of the scymitar. Hundreds fell down as if they had been struck dead ; and even the emperor, although he stood his ground, could not recover himself for some time. I delivered up both my pistols in the same manner as I had done my scymitar, and then my pouch of powder and bullets ; begging him that the former might be kept from fire, for it would kindle with the smallest spark, and blow up his imperial palace into the air. I likewise delivered up my watch, which the emperor was very curious to see, and commanded two of his tallest yeomen of the guards to bear it on a pole upon their shoulders, as draymen in England do a barrel of ale. He was amazed at the continual noise it made, and the motion of the minute

hand, which he could easily discern ; for their sight is much more acute than ours : he asked the opinions of his learned men about it, which were various and remote, as the reader may well imagine without my repeating ; although indeed I could not very perfectly understand them. I then gave up my silver and copper money, my purse with nine large pieces of gold, and some smaller ones ; my knife and razor, my comb and silver snuff-box, my handkerchief and journal-book. My scymitar, pistols, and pouch, were conveyed in carriages to his majesty's stores ; but the rest of my goods were returned me.

I had, as I observed before, one private pocket, which escaped their search, wherein there was a pair of spectacles, (which I sometimes use for the weakness of mine eyes,) a pocket perspective, and some other little conveniences ; which being of no consequence to the emperor, I did not think myself bound in honour to discover, and I apprehended they might be lost or spoiled if I ventured them out of my possession.

CHAP. III.

The Author diverts the Emperor, and his Nobility of both Sexes, in a very uncommon Manner. The Diversions of the Court of Lilliput described. The Author has his Liberty granted him upon certain Conditions.

My gentleness and good behaviour had gained so far on the emperor and his court, and indeed upon the army and people in general, that I began to conceive hopes of getting my liberty in a short time. I took all possible methods to cultivate this favourable disposition. The natives came, by degrees, to be less apprehensive of any danger from me. I would sometimes lie down, and let five or six of them dance on my hand ; and at last the boys and girls would venture to come and play at hide-and-seek in my hair. I had now made a good progress in understanding and speaking the language. The emperor had a mind one day to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceed all nations I have known, both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers, performed upon a slender white thread, extended about two feet, and ten inches from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practised by those persons, who are candidates for great employments, and high favour at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth, or liberal education. When a great office is vacant, either by death or disgrace, (which often happens,) five or six of those candidates petition the emperor to entertain his ma-

jesty and the court with a dance on the rope ; and whoever jumps the highest without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to shew their skill, and to convince the emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope, at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the summer-set several times together, upon a trencher fixed on a rope, which is no thicker than a common packthread in England. My friend Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, is, in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer ; the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater, when the ministers themselves are commanded to shew their dexterity ; for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far, that there is hardly one of them who has not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured, that, a year or two before my arrival, Flimnap would infallibly have broke his neck, if one of the king's cushions, that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.

There is likewise another diversion, which is only shewn before the emperor and the empress, and first minister, upon particular occasions. The emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads of six inches long ; one is blue, the other red, and the third green. These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the emperor has a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favour. The ceremony is performed in his majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity, very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country of the new or old world. The emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates advancing, one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes creep under it, backward and forward, several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the emperor holds one end of the stick, and the first minister the other ; sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping or creeping, is rewarded with the blue-coloured silk ; the red is given to the next, and the green to the third, which they all wear girt twice round about the middle ; and you see few great persons about the court who are not adorned with one of these girdles.

The horses of the army, and those of the royal stables, having been daily led before me, were no longer shy, but would come up to my

very feet without starting. The riders would leap them over my hand, as I held it on the ground ; and one of the emperor's huntsmen, upon a large courser, took my foot, shoe and all ; which indeed was a prodigious leap. I had the good fortune to divert the emperor one day after a very extraordinary manner. I desired he would order several sticks of two feet high, and the thickness of an ordinary cane, to be brought me ; whereupon his majesty commanded the master of his woods to give directions accordingly ; and the next morning six woodmen arrived with as many carriages, drawn by eight horses to each. I took nine of these sticks, and fixing them firmly in the ground in a quadrangular figure, two feet and a half square, I took four other sticks, and tied them parallel at each corner, about two feet from the ground ; then I fastened my handkerchief to the nine sticks that stood erect, and extended it on all sides, till it was tight as the top of a drum ; and the four parallel sticks, rising about five inches higher than the handkerchief, served as ledges on each side. When I had finished my work, I desired the emperor to let a troop of the best horse, twenty-four in number, come and exercise upon this plain. His majesty approved of the proposal, and I took them up, one by one, in my hands, ready mounted and armed, with the proper officers to exercise them. As soon as they got into order, they divided into two parties, performed mock skirmishes, discharged blunt arrows, drew their swords, fled and pursued, attacked and retired, and, in short, discovered the best military discipline I ever beheld. The parallel sticks secured them and their horses from falling over the stage ; and the emperor was so much delighted, that he ordered this entertainment to be repeated several days, and once was pleased to be lifted up and give the word of command ; and with great difficulty persuaded even the empress herself to let me hold her in her close chair within two yards of the stage, when she was able to take a full view of the whole performance. It was my good fortune, that no ill accident happened in these entertainments ; only once a fiery horse, that belonged to one of the captains, pawing with his hoof, struck a hole in my handkerchief, and his foot slipping, he overthrew his rider and himself ; but I immediately relieved them both, and covering the hole with one hand, I set down the troop with the other, in the same manner as I took them up. The horse that fell was strained in the left shoulder, but the rider got no hurt ; and I repaired my handkerchief as well as I could : however, I would not trust to the strength of it any more in such dangerous enterprizes.

About two or three days before I was set at liberty, as I was entertaining the court with this kind of feats, there arrived an express to inform his majesty, that some of his subjects, riding near the place where I was first taken up, had

seen a great black substance lying on the ground, very oddly shaped, extending its edges round, as wide as his majesty's bed-chamber, and rising up in the middle as high as a man; that it was no living creature, as they at first apprehended, for it lay on the grass without motion; and some of them had walked round it several times; that, by mounting upon each other's shoulders, they had got to the top, which was flat and even, and stamping upon it, they found that it was hollow within; that they humbly conceived it might be something belonging to the man-mountain; and, if his majesty pleased, they would undertake to bring it with only five horses. I presently knew what they meant, and was glad at heart to receive this intelligence. It seems, upon my first reaching the shore after our shipwreck, I was in such confusion, that, before I came to the place where I went to sleep, my hat, which I had fastened with a string to my head while I was rowing, and had stuck on all the time I was swimming, fell off after I came to land; the string, as I conjecture, breaking by some accident, which I never observed, but thought my hat had been lost at sea. I entreated his imperial majesty to give orders it might be brought to me as soon as possible, describing to him the use and the nature of it: and the next day the waggoners arrived with it, but not in a very good condition; they had bored two holes in the brim, within an inch and a half of the edge, and fastened two hooks in the holes; these hooks were tied by a long cord to the harness, and thus my hat was dragged along for above half an English mile; but the ground in that country being extremely smooth and level, it received less damage than I expected.

Two days after this adventure, the emperor, having ordered that part of his army which quarters in and about his metropolis to be in readiness, took a fancy of diverting himself in a very singular manner. He desired I would stand like a Colossus, with my legs as far asunder as I conveniently could. He then commanded his general (who was an old experienced leader, and a great patron of mine) to draw up the troops in close order, and march them under me; the foot by twenty-four in a breast, and the horse by sixteen, with drums beating, colours flying, and pikes advanced. This body consisted of three thousand foot, and a thousand horse. His majesty gave orders, upon pain of death, that every soldier in his march should observe the strictest decency with regard to my person; which, however, could not prevent some of the younger officers from turning up their eyes, as they passed under me; and to confess the truth, my breeches were at that time in so ill a condition, that they afforded some opportunities for laughter and admiration.

I had sent so many memorials and petitions for my liberty, that his majesty at length men-

tioned the matter, first in the cabinet, and then in a full council; where it was opposed by none, except Skyresh Bolgolam, who was pleased, without any provocation, to be my mortal enemy. But it was carried against him by the whole board, and confirmed by the emperor. That minister was *galbet*, or admiral of the realm, very much in his master's confidence, and a person well versed in affairs, but of a morose and sour complexion. However, he was at length persuaded to comply; but prevailed that the articles and conditions upon which I should be set free, and to which I must swear, should be drawn up by himself. These articles were brought to me by Skyresh Bolgolam in person, attended by two under-secretaries, and several persons of distinction. After they were read, I was demanded to swear to the performance of them: first in the manner of my own country, and afterwards in the method prescribed by their laws; which was, to hold my right foot in my left hand, and to place the middle finger of my right hand on the crown of my head, and my thumb on the tip of my right ear. But because the reader may be curious to have some idea of the style and manner of expression peculiar to that people, as well as to know the articles upon which I recovered my liberty, I have made a translation of the whole instrument, word for word, as near as I was able, which I here offer to the public.

"Golbasto Momarem Evlame Gurdilo Shefin Mully Uly Gue, most mighty Emperor of Lilliput, delight and terror of the universe, whose dominions extend five thousand *blustrugs*, (about twelve miles in circumference,) to the extremities of the globe; monarch of all monarchs; taller than the sons of men; whose feet press down to the centre, and whose head strikes against the sun, at whose nod the princes of the earth shake their knees; pleasant as the spring, comfortable as the summer, fruitful as autumn, dreadful as winter. His most sublime majesty proposes to the man-mountain, lately arrived at our celestial dominions, the following articles, which, by a solemn oath, he shall be obliged to perform:—

"1st, The man-mountain shall not depart from our dominions, without our licence under our great seal.

"2d, He shall not presume to come into our metropolis without our express order; at which time, the inhabitants shall have two hours warning to keep within doors.

"3d, The said man-mountain shall confine his walks to our principal high roads, and not offer to walk, or lie down, in a meadow or field of corn.

"4th, As he walks the said roads, he shall take the utmost care not to trample upon the

bodies of any of our loving subjects, their horses, or carriages, nor take any of our subjects into his hands without their own consent.

"5th, If an express requires extraordinary dispatch, the man-mountain shall be obliged to carry in his pocket the messenger and horse a six days' journey, once in every moon, and return the said messenger back (if so required) safe to our imperial presence.

"6th, He shall be our ally against our enemies in the island of Blefuscu, and do his utmost to destroy their fleet, which is now preparing to invade us.

"7th, That the said man-mountain shall, at his time of leisure, be aiding and assisting to our workmen, in helping to raise certain great stones, towards covering the wall of the principal park, and other our royal buildings.

"8th, That the said man-mountain shall, in two moons time, deliver an exact survey of the circumference of our dominions, by a computation of his own paces round the coast.

"Lastly, That, upon his solemn oath to observe all the above articles, the said man-mountain shall have a daily allowance of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 of our subjects, with free access to our royal person, and other marks of our favour. Given at our palace at Belfaborac, the twelfth day of the ninety-first moon of our reign."

I swore and subscribed to these articles with great cheerfulness and content, although some of them were not so honourable as I could have wished; which proceeded wholly from the malice of Skyresh Bolgolam, the high-admiral; whereupon my chains were immediately unlocked, and I was at full liberty. The emperor himself, in person, did me the honour to be by at the whole ceremony. I made my acknowledgments by prostrating myself at his majesty's feet: but he commanded me to rise; and after many gracious expressions, which, to avoid the censure of vanity, I shall not repeat, he added, that he hoped I should prove a useful servant, and well deserve all the favours he had already conferred upon me, or might do for the future.

The reader may please to observe, that, in the last article of the recovery of my liberty, the emperor stipulates to allow me a quantity of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 Lilliputians. Some time after, asking a friend at court, how they came to fix on that determined number, he told me that his majesty's mathematicians, having taken the height of my body by the help of a quadrant, and finding it to exceed theirs in the proportion of twelve to one, they concluded, from the similarity of their bodies, that mine must contain at least 1724 of theirs, and consequently would require as much food as was necessary to support that number of Lilliputians. By which the reader may conceive

an idea of the ingenuity of that people, as well as the prudent and exact economy of so great a prince.

CHAP. IV.

Mildendo, the Metropolis of Lilliput, described, together with the Emperor's Palace. A Conversation between the Author and a principal Secretary, concerning the Affairs of that Empire. The Author's Offers to serve the Emperor in his Wars.

THE first request I made, after I had obtained my liberty, was, that I might have licence to see Mildendo, the metropolis; which the emperor easily granted me, but with a special charge to do no hurt either to the inhabitants or their houses. The people had notice, by proclamation, of my design to visit the town. The wall, which encompassed it, is two feet and a half high, and at least eleven inches broad, so that a coach and horses may be driven very safely round it; and it is flanked with strong towers at ten feet distance. I stept over the great western gate, and passed very gently and sidelong through the two principal streets, only in my short waistcoat, for fear of damaging the roofs and eaves of the houses with the skirts of my coat. I walked with the utmost circumspection, to avoid treading on any stragglers who might remain on the streets; although the orders were very strict, that all people should keep in their houses, at their own peril. The garret windows and tops of houses were so crowded with spectators, that I thought in all my travels I had not seen a more populous place. The city is an exact square, each side of the wall being five hundred feet long. The two great streets, which run across, and divide it into four quarters, are five feet wide. The lanes and alleys, which I could not enter, but only viewed them as I passed, are from twelve to eighteen inches. The town is capable of holding five hundred thousand souls: the houses are from three to five stories: the shops and markets well provided.

The emperor's palace is in the centre of the city, where the two great streets meet. It is enclosed by a wall of two feet high, and twenty feet distance from the buildings. I had his majesty's permission to step over this wall; and the space being so wide between that and the palace, I could easily view it on every side. The outward court is a square of forty feet, and includes two other courts: in the inmost are the royal apartments, which I was very desirous to see, but found it extremely difficult; for the great gates from one square into another, were but eighteen inches high, and seven inches wide. Now the buildings of the outer court were at least five feet high, and it was impossible for me to stride over them without infinite damage to

the pile, though the walls were strongly built of hewn stone, and four inches thick. At the same time, the emperor had a great desire that I should see the magnificence of his palace; but this I was not able to do till three days after, which I spent in cutting down with my knife some of the largest trees in the royal park, about a hundred yards distance from the city. Of these trees I made two stools, each about three feet high, and strong enough to bear my weight. The people, having received notice a second time, I went again through the city to the palace with my two stools in my hands. When I came to the side of the outer court, I stood upon one stool, and took the other in my hand; this I lifted over the roof, and gently set it down on the space between the first and second court, which was eight feet wide. I then step'd over the building very conveniently from one stool to the other, and drew up the first after me with a hooked stick. By this contrivance I got into the inmost court; and, lying down upon my side, I applied my face to the windows of the middle stories, which were left open on purpose, and discovered the most splendid apartments that can be imagined. There I saw the empress and the young princes, in their several lodgings, with their chief attendants about them. Her imperial majesty was pleased to smile very graciously upon me, and gave me out of the window her hand to kiss.

But I shall not anticipate the reader with farther descriptions of this kind, because I reserve them for a greater work, which is now almost ready for the press; containing a general description of this empire, from its first erection, through a long series of princes, with a particular account of their wars and politics, laws, learning, and religion; their plants and animals, their peculiar manners and customs, with other matters very curious and useful; my chief design at present being only to relate such events and transactions as happened to the public or to myself during a residence of about nine months in that empire.

One morning, about a fortnight after I had obtained my liberty, Reldresal, principal secretary (as they style him) for private affairs, came to my house, attended only by one servant. He ordered his coach to wait at a distance, and desired I would give him an hour's audience; which I readily consented to, on account of his quality and personal merits, as well as of the many good offices he had done me during my solicitations at court. I offered to lie down, that he might the more conveniently reach my ear; but he chose rather to let me hold him in my hand during our conversation. He began with compliments on my liberty; said, he might pretend to some merit in it; but, however, added, that if it had not been for the present situation of things at court, perhaps I might not have obtained it so soon. For, said he, as flourishing a condition as we may appear to be in to foreigners, we labour

under two mighty evils; a violent faction at home, and the danger of an invasion, by a most potent enemy, from abroad. As to the first, you are to understand, that for above seventy moons past, there have been two struggling parties in this empire, under the names of *Tramecksan* and *Slamecksan*, from the high and low heels of their shoes, by which they distinguish themselves. It is alleged, indeed, that the high heels are most agreeable to our ancient constitution; but, however this be, his majesty has determined to make use only of low heels in the administration of the government, and all offices in the gift of the crown, as you cannot but observe; and particularly that his majesty's imperial heels are lower at least by a *drurr*, than any of his court: (*drurr* is a measure about the fourteenth part of an inch.) The animosities between these two parties run so high, that they will neither eat, nor drink, nor talk with each other. We compute the *Tramecksan*, or high heels, to exceed us in number; but the power is wholly on our side. We apprehend his imperial highness, the heir to the crown, to have some tendency towards the high heels; at least we can plainly discover that one of his heels is higher than the other, which gives him a hobble in his gait. Now, in the midst of these intestine disquiets, we are threatened with an invasion from the island of *Blefuscu*, which is the other great empire of the universe, almost as large and powerful as this of his majesty. For, as to what we have heard you affirm, that there are other kingdoms and states, in the world, inhabited by human creatures as large as yourself, our philosophers are in much doubt, and would rather conjecture that you dropped from the moon or one of the stars; because it is certain, that a hundred mortals of your bulk would in a short time destroy all the fruits and cattle of his majesty's dominions: besides, our histories of six thousand moons make no mention of any other regions than the two great empires of *Lilliput* and *Blefuscu*; which two mighty powers have, as I was going to tell you, been engaged in a most obstinate war for six-and-thirty moons past. It began upon the following occasion: It is allowed on all hands, that the primitive way of breaking eggs, before we eat them, was upon the larger end; but his present majesty's grandfather, while he was a boy, going to eat an egg, and breaking it according to the ancient practice, happened to cut one of his fingers; whereupon, the emperor his father published an edict, commanding all his subjects, upon great penalties, to break the smaller ends of their eggs. The people so highly resented this law, that our histories tell us, there have been six rebellions raised on that account; wherein one emperor lost his life, and another his crown. These civil commotions were constantly fomented by the monarchs of *Blefuscu*; and when they were quelled, the exiles always fled for refuge to that em-

pire. It is computed that eleven thousand persons have at several times suffered death, rather than submit to break their eggs at the smaller end. Many hundred large volumes have been published upon this controversy; but the books of the Big-endians have been long forbidden, and the whole party rendered incapable by law of holding employments. During the course of those troubles, the emperors of Blefuscu did frequently expostulate by their ambassadors, accusing us of making a schism in religion, by offending against a fundamental doctrine of our great prophet Lustrog, in the fifty-fourth chapter of the Blundecral, (which is their Alcoran.) This, however, is thought to be a mere strain upon the text; for the words are these: that all true believers break their eggs at the convenient end. And which is the convenient end, seems, in my humble opinion, to be left to every man's conscience, or at least in the power of the chief magistrate to determine. Now, the Big-endian exiles have found so much credit in the emperor of Blefuscu's court, and so much private assistance and encouragement from their party here at home, that a bloody war has been carried on between the two empires for six-and-thirty moons, with various success; during which time we have lost forty capital ships, and a much greater number of smaller vessels, together with thirty thousand of our best seamen and soldiers; and the damage received by the enemy is reckoned to be somewhat greater than ours. However, they have now equipped a numerous fleet, and are just preparing to make a descent upon us; and his imperial majesty, placing great confidence in your valour and strength, has commanded me to lay this account of his affairs before you.

I desired the secretary to present my humble duty to the emperor; and to let him know, that I thought it would not become me, who was a foreigner, to interfere with parties; but I was ready, with the hazard of my life, to defend his person and state against all invaders.

CHAP. V.

The Author, by an extraordinary Stratagem, prevents an Invasion. A high Title of Honour is conferred upon him. Ambassadors arrive from the Emperor of Blefuscu, and sue for Peace. The Empress's Apartment on Fire by Accident; the Author instrumental in saving the rest of the Palace.

THE empire of Blefuscu is an island, situated to the north-east of Lilliput, from which it is parted only by a channel of eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet seen it, and upon this notice of an intended invasion, I avoided appearing on that side of the coast, for fear of being discovered by some of the enemy's ships, who had received no

intelligence of me; all intercourse between the two empires having been strictly forbidden during the war, upon pain of death, and an embargo laid by our emperor upon all vessels whatsoever. I communicated to his Majesty a project I had formed, of seizing the enemy's whole fleet; which, as our scouts assured us, lay at anchor in the harbour, ready to sail with the first fair wind. I consulted the most experienced seamen upon the depth of the channel, which they had often plumbed; who told me, that in the middle at high water it was seventy *glumgluffs* deep, which is about six feet of European measure; and the rest of it fifty *glumgluffs* at most. I walked towards the north-east coast, over-against Blefuscu, where, lying down behind a hillock, I took out my small perspective glass, and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor, consisting of about fifty men-of-war, and a great number of transports: I then came back to my house, and gave orders (for which I had a warrant) for a great quantity of the strongest cable and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as packthread, and the bars of the length and size of a knitting-needle. I trebled the cable to make it stronger, and for the same reason I twisted three of the iron bars together, bending the extremities into a hook. Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the north-east coast, and, putting off my coat, shoes, and stockings, walked into the sea, in my leathern jerkin, about half an hour before high-water. I waded with what haste I could, and swam in the middle about thirty yards, till I felt ground. I arrived at the fleet in less than half an hour. The enemy was so frightened when they saw me, that they leaped out of their ships, and swam to shore, where there could not be fewer than thirty thousand souls: I then took my tackling, and, fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each, I tied all the cords together at the end. While I was thus employed, the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face; and besides the excessive smart, gave me much disturbance in my work. My greatest apprehension was for mine eyes, which I should have infallibly lost, if I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I kept, among other little necessities, a pair of spectacles in a private pocket, which, as I observed before, had escaped the emperor's searchers. These I took out, and fastened as strongly as I could upon my nose, and thus armed, went on boldly with my work, in spite of the enemy's arrows; many of which struck against the glasses of my spectacles, but without any other effect, farther than a little to discompose them. I had now fastened all the hooks, and, taking the knot in my hand, began to pull; but not a ship would stir, for they were all too fast held by their anchors, so that the boldest part of my enterprize remained. I therefore let go the cord, and, leaving the hooks fixed to the ships, I resolutely cut with my

knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving about two hundred shots in my face and hands; then I took up the knotted end of the cables, to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men-of-war after me.

The Blefuscudians, who had not the least imagination of what I intended, were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables, and thought my design was only to let the ships run a-drift, or fall foul on each other; but when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and saw me pulling at the end, they set up such a scream of grief and despair, as it is almost impossible to describe or conceive. When I had got out of danger, I stopped a while to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face; and rubbed on some of the same ointment that was given me at my first arrival, as I have formerly mentioned. I then took off my spectacles, and waiting about an hour, till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput.

The emperor and his whole court stood on the shore, expecting the issue of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, who was up to my breast in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel, they were yet more in pain, because I was under water to my neck. The emperor concluded me to be drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in a hostile manner: but he was soon eased of his fears; for the channel growing shallower every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing, and holding up the end of the cable, by which the fleet was fastened, I cried in a loud voice, Long live the most puissant King of Lilliput! This great prince received me at my landing with all possible encomiums, and created me a *nardac* upon the spot, which is the highest title of honour among them.

His Majesty desired I would take some other opportunity of bringing all the rest of his enemy's ships into his ports. And so unmeasurable is the ambition of princes, that he seemed to think of nothing less than reducing the whole empire of Blefuscu into a province, and governing it by a viceroy; of destroying the Big-endian exiles, and compelling that people to break the smaller end of their eggs, by which he would remain the sole monarch of the whole world. But I endeavoured to divert him from this design, by many arguments drawn from the topics of policy as well as justice; and I plainly protested, that I would never be an instrument of bringing a free and brave people into slavery. And, when the matter was debated in council, the wisest part of the ministry were of my opinion.

This open bold declaration of mine was so opposite to the schemes and politics of his im-

perial majesty, that he could never forgive me. He mentioned it in a very artful manner at council, where I was told that some of the wisest appeared at least, by their silence, to be of my opinion; but others, who were my secret enemies, could not forbear some expressions which, by a side-wind, reflected on me. And from this time began an intrigue between his majesty, and a junto of ministers, maliciously bent against me, which broke out in less than two months, and had like to have ended in my utter destruction. Of so little weight are the greatest services to princes when put into the balance with a refusal to gratify their passions.

About three weeks after this exploit, there arrived a solemn embassy from Blefuscu, with humble offers of a peace; which was soon concluded, upon conditions very advantageous to our emperor, wherewith I shall not trouble the reader. There were six ambassadors, with a train of about five hundred persons: and their entry was very magnificent, suitable to the grandeur of their master, and the importance of their business. When their treaty was finished, wherein I did them several good offices by the credit I now had, or at least appeared to have, at court, their excellencies, who were privately told how much I had been their friend, made me a visit in form. They began with many compliments upon my valour and generosity, invited me to that kingdom in the emperor their master's name, and desired me to shew them some proofs of my prodigious strength, of which they had heard so many wonders; wherein I readily obliged them, but shall not trouble the reader with the particulars.

When I had for some time entertained their excellencies, to their infinite satisfaction and surprise, I desired they would do me the honour to present my most humble respects to the emperor their master, the renown of whose virtues had so justly filled the whole world with admiration, and whose royal person I resolved to attend, before I returned to my own country. Accordingly, the next time I had the honour to see our emperor, I desired his general licence to wait on the Blefuscudian monarch, which he was pleased to grant me, as I could perceive, in a very cold manner; but could not guess the reason, till I had a whisper from a certain person, that Flimnap and Bolgolam had represented my intercourse with those ambassadors as a mark of disaffection; from which I am sure my heart was wholly free. And this was the first time I began to conceive some imperfect idea of courts and ministers.

It is to be observed, that these ambassadors spoke to me by an interpreter, the languages of both empires differing as much from each other as any two in Europe, and each nation priding itself upon the antiquity, beauty, and energy of their own tongues, with an avowed contempt for that of their neighbour: yet our emperor, stand-

ing upon the advantage he had got by the seizure of their fleet, obliged them to deliver their credentials, and make their speech, in the Lilliputian tongue. And it must be confessed, that, from the great intercourse of trade and commerce between both realms from the continual reception of exiles, which is mutual among them, and from the custom, in each empire, to send their young nobility and richer gentry to the other, in order to polish themselves by seeing the world, and understanding men and manners, there are few persons of distinction, or merchants, or seamen, who dwell in the maritime parts, but what can hold conversation in both tongues; as I found some weeks after, when I went to pay my respects to the Emperor of Blefuscu, which, in the midst of great misfortunes, through the malice of my enemies, proved a very happy adventure to me, as I shall relate in its proper place.

The reader may remember, that when I signed those articles upon which I recovered my liberty, there were some which I disliked, upon account of their being too servile; neither could anything but an extreme necessity have forced me to submit. But being now a *nardac* of the highest rank in that empire, such offices were looked upon as below my dignity, and the emperor (to do him justice) never once mentioned them to me. However, it was not long before I had an opportunity of doing his majesty, at least as I then thought, a most signal service. I was alarmed at midnight with the cries of many hundred people at my door; by which being suddenly awaked, I was in some kind of terror. I heard the word *burghum* repeated incessantly; several of the emperor's court making their way through the crowd, entreated me to come immediately to the palace, where her imperial majesty's apartment was on fire, by the carelessness of a maid of honour, who fell asleep while she was reading a romance. I got up in an instant; and orders being given to clear the way before me, and it being likewise a moonshine night, I made a shift to get to the palace without trampling on any of the people. I found they had already applied ladders to the walls of the apartment, and were well provided with buckets, but the water was at some distance. These buckets were about the size of a large thimble, and the poor people supplied me with them as fast as they could; but the flame was so violent, that they did little good. I might easily have stifled it with my coat, which I unfortunately left behind me for haste, and came away only in my leathern jerkin. The case seemed wholly desperate and deplorable; and this magnificent palace would have infallibly been burnt down to the ground, if, by a presence of mind unusual to me, I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I had, the evening before, drunk plentifully of a most delicious wine called *glumigrim*, (the Blefuscians call it *flunec*, but ours is esteemed the

better sort,) which is very diuretic. By the luckiest chance in the world, I had not discharged myself of any part of it. The heat I had contracted by coming very near the flames, and by labouring to quench them, made the wine begin to operate by urine; which I voided in such a quantity, and applied so well to the proper places, that in three minutes the fire was wholly extinguished, and the rest of that noble pile, which had cost so many ages in erecting, preserved from destruction.

It was now daylight, and I returned to my house without waiting to congratulate with the emperor; because, although I had done a very eminent piece of service, yet I could not tell how his majesty might resent the manner by which I had performed it: for, by the fundamental laws of the realm, it is capital in any person, of what quality soever, to make water within the precincts of the palace. But I was a little comforted by a message from his majesty, that he would give orders to the grand justiciary for passing my pardon in form; which, however, I could not obtain. And I was privately assured, that the empress, conceiving the greatest abhorrence of what I had done, removed to the most distant side of the court, firmly resolved that those buildings should never be repaired for her use; and, in the presence of her chief confidants, could not forbear vowing revenge.

CHAP. VI.

Of the Inhabitants of Lilliput; their Learning, Laws, and Customs; the Manner of Educating their Children. The Author's way of Living in that Country. His vindication of a great Lady.

ALTHOUGH I intend to leave the description of this empire to a particular treatise, yet, in the meantime, I am content to gratify the curious reader with some general ideas. As the common size of the natives is somewhat under six inches high, so there is an exact proportion in all other animals, as well as plants and trees: for instance, the tallest horses and oxen are between four and five inches in height, the sheep an inch and half, more or less; their geese about the bigness of a sparrow, and so the several gradations downwards, till you come to the smallest, which, to my sight, were almost invisible; but nature has adapted the eyes of the Lilliputians to all objects proper to their view: they see with great exactness, but at no great distance. And, to shew the sharpness of their sight towards objects that are near, I have been much pleased with observing a cook pulling a lark, which was not so large as a common fly: and a young girl threading an invisible needle with invisible silk. Their tallest trees are about seven feet high; I mean some of those in the great royal park, the

tops whereof I could but just reach with my fist clenched. The other vegetables are in the same proportion; but this I leave to the reader's imagination.

I shall say but little at present of their learning, which for many ages has flourished in all its branches among them: but their manner of writing is very peculiar, being neither from the left to the right, like the Europeans; nor from the right to the left, like the Arabians; nor from up to down like the Chinese; but aslant from one corner of the paper to the other, like ladies in England.

They bury their dead with their heads directly downwards, because they hold an opinion, that in eleven thousand moons they are all to rise again; in which period the earth (which they conceive to be flat) will turn upside down, and by this means they shall at their resurrection be found ready standing on their feet. The learned among them confess the absurdity of this doctrine; but the practice still continues, in compliance to the vulgar.

There are some laws and customs in this empire very peculiar; and if they were not so directly contrary to those of my own dear country, I should be tempted to say a little in their justification. It is only to be wished they were as well executed. The first I shall mention, relates to informers. All crimes against the state are punished here with the utmost severity; but, if the person accused makes his innocence plainly to appear upon his trial, the accuser is immediately put to an ignominious death: and out of his goods or lands the innocent person is quadruply recompensed for the loss of his time, for the danger he underwent, for the hardship of his imprisonment, and for all the charges he has been at in making his defence. Or, if that fund be deficient, it is largely supplied by the crown. The emperor also confers on him some public mark of his favour, and proclamation is made of his innocence through the whole city.

They look upon fraud as a greater crime than theft, and therefore seldom fail to punish it with death; for they allege, that care and vigilance, with a very common understanding, may preserve a man's goods from thieves, but honesty has no fence against superior cunning; and, since it is necessary that there should be a perpetual intercourse of buying and selling, and dealing upon credit, where fraud is permitted and connived at, or has no law to punish it, the honest dealer is always undone, and the knave gets the advantage. I remember, when I was once interceding with the king for a criminal who had wronged his master of a great sum of money, which he had received by order, and ran away with; and happening to tell his majesty by way of extenuation, that it was only a breach of trust, the emperor thought it monstrous in me to offer as a defence the greatest aggravation of the crime; and truly I had little

to say in return, farther than the common answer, that different nations had different customs; for, I confess, I was heartily ashamed.

Although we usually call reward and punishment the two hinges upon which all government turns, yet I could never observe this maxim to be put in practice by any nation, except that of Lilliput. Whoever can there bring sufficient proof, that he has strictly observed the laws of his country for seventy-three moons, has a claim to certain privileges, according to his quality or condition of life, with a proportionable sum of money, out of a fund appropriated for that use; he likewise acquires the title of *snitpall*, or legal, which is added to his name, but does not descend to his posterity. And these people thought it a prodigious defect of policy among us, when I told them that our laws were enforced only by penalties, without any mention of reward. It is upon this account that the image of Justice, in their courts of judicature, is formed with six eyes, two before, as many behind, and on each side one, to signify circumspection; with a bag of gold open in her right hand, and a sword sheathed in her left, to shew she is more disposed to reward than to punish.

In choosing persons for all employments, they have more regard to good morals than to great abilities; for, since government is necessary to mankind, they believe that the common size of human understanding is fitted to some station or other; and that Providence never intended to make the management of public affairs a mystery to be comprehended only by a few persons of sublime genius, of which there seldom are three born in an age: but they suppose truth, justice, temperance, and the like, to be in every man's power; the practice of which virtues, assisted by experience and a good intention, would qualify any man for the service of his country, except where a course of study is required. But they thought the want of moral virtues was so far from being supplied by superior endowments of the mind, that employments could never be put into such dangerous hands as those of persons so qualified; and at least, that the mistakes committed by ignorance, in a virtuous disposition, would never be of such fatal consequence to the public weal, as the practices of a man whose inclinations led him to be corrupt, and who had great abilities to manage, to multiply, and defend, his corruptions.

In like manner, the disbelief of a Divine Providence renders a man incapable of holding any public station; for, since kings avow themselves to be the deputies of Providence, the Lilliputians think nothing can be more absurd than for a prince to employ such men as disown the authority under which he acts.

In relating these and the following laws, I would only be understood to mean the original institutions, and not the most scandalous corruptions, into which these people are fallen by

the degenerate nature of man. For, as to that infamous practice of acquiring great employments by dancing on the ropes, or badges of favour and distinction, by leaping over sticks and creeping under them, the reader is to observe, that they were first introduced by the grandfather of the emperor now reigning, and grew to the present height by the gradual increase of party and faction.

Ingratitude is among them a capital crime, as we read it to have been in some other countries; for they reason thus, that whoever makes ill returns to his benefactor, must needs be a common enemy to the rest of mankind, from whom he has received no obligation, and therefore such a man is not fit to live.

Their notions relating to the duties of parents and children, differ extremely from ours. For, since the conjunction of male and female is founded upon the great law of nature, in order to propagate and continue the species, the Lilliputians will needs have it, that men and women are joined together, like other animals, by the motives of concupiscence; and that their tenderness towards their young proceeds from the like natural principle: for which reason, they will never allow that a child is under any obligation to his father for begetting him, or to his mother for bringing him into the world; which, considering the miseries of human life, was neither a benefit in itself, nor intended so by his parents, whose thoughts, in their love encounters, were otherwise employed. Upon these and the like reasonings, their opinion is, that parents are the last of all others to be trusted with the education of their own children: and therefore they have in every town public nurseries, where all parents, except cottagers and labourers, are obliged to send their infants of both sexes to be reared and educated, when they come to the age of twenty moons, at which time they are supposed to have some rudiments of docility. These schools are of several kinds, suited to different qualities, and both sexes.—They have certain professors, well skilled in preparing children for such a condition of life as befits the rank of their parents, and their own capacities, as well as inclinations. I shall first say something of the male nurseries, and then of the female.

The nurseries for males of noble or eminent birth, are provided with grave and learned professors, and their several deputies. The clothes and food of the children are plain and simple. They are bred up in the principles of honour, justice, courage, modesty, clemency, religion, and love of their country; they are always employed in some business, except in the times of eating and sleeping, which are very short, and two hours for diversions consisting of bodily exercises.—They are dressed by men till four years of age, and then are obliged to dress themselves, although their quality be ever so great; and the women

attendants, who are aged proportionably to ours at fifty, perform only the most menial offices. They are never suffered to converse with servants, but go together in smaller or greater numbers to take their diversions, and always in the presence of a professor, or one of his deputies; whereby they avoid those early bad impressions of folly and vice, to which our children are subject. Their parents are suffered to see them only twice a-year; the visit is to last but an hour; they are allowed to kiss the child at meeting and parting; but a professor, who always stands by on those occasions, will not suffer them to whisper, or use any fondling expressions, or bring any presents of toys, sweetmeats, and the like.

The pension from each family for the education and entertainment of a child, upon failure of due payment, is levied by the emperor's officers.

The nurseries for children of ordinary gentlemen, merchants, traders, and handicrafts, are managed proportionably after the same manner; only those designed for trades are put out apprentices at eleven years old; whereas those of persons of quality continue in their exercises till fifteen, which answers to twenty-one with us: but the confinement is gradually lessened for the last three years.

In the female nurseries, the young girls of quality are educated much like the males, only they are dressed by orderly servants of their own sex; but always in the presence of a professor or deputy, till they come to dress themselves, which is at five years old. And if it be found, that these nurses ever presume to entertain the girls with frightful or foolish stories, or the common follies practised by chamber-maids among us, they are publicly whipped thrice about the city, imprisoned for a year, and banished for life to the most desolate part of the country. Thus the young ladies there are as much ashamed of being cowards and fools as the men; and despise all personal ornaments, beyond decency and cleanliness: neither did I perceive any difference in their education, made by their difference of sex, only that the exercises of the females were not altogether so robust; and that some rules were given them relating to domestic life, and a smaller compass of learning was enjoined them: for their maxim is, that among people of quality, a wife should be always a reasonable and agreeable companion, because she cannot always be young. When the girls are twelve years old, which among them is the marriageable age, their parents or guardians take them home, with great expressions of gratitude to the professors, and seldom without tears of the young lady and her companions.

In the nurseries of females of the meaner sort, the children are instructed in all kinds of works proper for their sex, and their several degrees: those intended for apprentices are dismissed at seven years old, the rest are kept to eleven.

The meaner families, who have children at

these nurseries, are obliged, besides their annual pension, which is as low as possible, to return to the steward of the nursery a small monthly share of their gettings, to be a portion for the child; and therefore all parents are limited in their expenses by the law. For the Lilliputians think nothing can be more unjust, than for people, in subservience to their own appetites, to bring children into the world, and leave the burden of supporting them on the public. As to persons of quality, they give security to appropriate a certain sum for each child, suitable to their condition; and these funds are always managed with good husbandry, and the most exact justice.

The cottagers and labourers keep their children at home, their business being only to till and cultivate the earth, and therefore their education is of little consequence to the public: but the old and diseased among them are supported by hospitals; for begging is a trade unknown in this empire.

And here it may perhaps divert the curious reader, to give some account of my domestics, and my manner of living in this country, during a residence of nine months and thirteen days. Having a head mechanically turned, and being likewise forced by necessity, I had made for myself a table and chair convenient enough, out of the largest trees in the royal park. Two hundred sempstresses were employed to make me shirts, and linen for my bed and table, all of the strongest and coarsest kind they could get; which, however, they were forced to quilt together in several folds, for the thickest was some degrees finer than lawn. Their linen is usually three inches wide, and three feet make a piece. The sempstresses took my measure as I lay on the ground, one standing at my neck, and another at my mid-leg, with a strong cord extended, that each held by the end, while a third measured the length of the cord with a rule of an inch long. Then they measured my right thumb, and desired no more; for, by a mathematical computation, that twicround the thumb is once round the wrist, and so on to the neck and the waist, and by the help of my old shirt, which I displayed on the ground before them for a pattern, they fitted me exactly. Three hundred tailors were employed in the same manner to make me clothes; but they had another contrivance for taking my measure. I kneeled down, and they raised a ladder from the ground to my neck; upon this ladder one of them mounted, and let fall a plumb-line from my collar to the floor, which just answered the length of my coat: but my waist and arms I measured myself. When my clothes were finished, which was done in my house, (for the largest of theirs would not have been able to hold them,) they looked like the patch-work made by the ladies in England, only that mine were all of a colour.

I had three hundred cooks to dress my victuals, in little convenient huts built about my house, where they and their families lived, and prepared me two dishes a-piece. I took up twenty waiters in my hands, and placed them on the table: a hundred more attended below on the ground, some with dishes of meat, and some with barrels of wine and other liquors slung on their shoulders; all which the waiters above drew up, as I wanted, in a very ingenious manner, by certain cords, as we draw the bucket up a well in Europe. A dish of their meat was a good mouthful, and a barrel of their liquor a reasonable draught. Their mutton yields to ours, but their beef is excellent. I have had a sirloin so large, that I have been forced to make three bites of it: but this is rare. My servants were astonished to see me eat it, bones and all, as in our country we do the leg of a lark. Their geese and turkeys I usually eat at a mouthful, and I confess they far exceed ours. Of their smaller fowl I could take up twenty or thirty at the end of my knife.

One day his imperial majesty, being informed of my way of living, desired that himself and his royal consort, with the young princes of the blood of both sexes, might have the happiness, as he was pleased to call it, of dining with me. They came accordingly, and I placed them in chairs of state, upon my table, just over against me, with their guards about them. Flinnap the lord high treasurer, attended there likewise with his white staff; and I observed he often looked on me with a sour countenance, which I would not seem to regard, but eat more than usual, in honour to my dear country, as well as to fill the court with admiration. I have some private reasons to believe, that this visit from his majesty gave Flinnap an opportunity of doing me ill offices to his master. That minister had always been my secret enemy, though he outwardly caressed me more than was usual to the moroseness of his nature. He represented to the emperor the low condition of his treasury; that he was forced to take up money at a great discount; that exchequer bills would not circulate under nine per cent below par; that I had cost his majesty above a million and a half of *sprugs*, (their greatest gold coin, about the bigness of a spangle;) and, upon the whole, that it would be advisable in the emperor to take the first fair occasion of dismissing me.

I am here obliged to vindicate the reputation of an excellent lady, who was an innocent sufferer upon my account. The treasurer took a fancy to be jealous of his wife, from the malice of some evil tongues, who informed him that her grace had taken a violent affection for my person; and the court scandal ran for some time, that she once came privately to my lodging.—This I solemnly declare to be a most infamous falsehood, without any grounds, farther than that her grace was pleased to treat me with all innocent

marks of freedom and friendship. I own she came often to my house, but always publicly, nor ever without three more in the coach, who were usually her sister and young daughter, and some particular acquaintance: but this was common to many other ladies of the court. And I still appeal to my servants round, whether they at any time saw a coach at my door, without knowing what persons were in it. On those occasions, when a servant had given me notice, my custom was to go immediately to the door; and, after paying my respects, to take up the coach and two horses very carefully in my hands, (for if there were six horses, the postilion always unharnessed four,) and placed them on a table, where I had fixed a movable rim quite round, of five inches high, to prevent accidents. And I have often had four coaches and horses at once on my table, full of company, while I sat in my chair, leaning my face towards them; and when I was engaged with one set, the coachmen would gently drive the others round my table. I have passed many an afternoon very agreeably in these conversations. But I defy the treasurer, or his two informers, (I will name them, and let them make the best of it,) Clustril and Drunlo, to prove that any person ever came to me *incognito*, except the secretary Reldresal, who was sent by express command of his imperial majesty, as I have before related. I should not have dwelt so long upon this particular, if it had not been a point wherein the reputation of a great lady is so nearly concerned, to say nothing of my own; though I then had the honour to be a *nardae*, which the treasurer himself is not; for all the world knows, that he is only a *glumglum*, a title inferior by one degree, as that of a marquis is to a duke in England; yet I allow he preceded me in right of his post.—These false informations, which I afterwards came to the knowledge of by an accident not proper to mention, made the treasurer shew his lady for some time an ill countenance, and me a worse; and although he was at last undeceived and reconciled to her, yet I lost all credit with him, and found my interest decline very fast with the emperor himself, who was indeed too much governed by that favourite.

CHAP. VII.

The Author, being informed of a Design to accuse him of High-Treason, makes his Escape to Blefuscu. His Reception there.

BEFORE I proceed to give an account of my leaving this kingdom, it may be proper to inform the reader of a private intrigue, which had been for two months forming against me.

I had been hitherto, all my life, a stranger to courts, for which I was unqualified by the meanness of my condition. I had indeed heard

and read enough of the dispositions of great princes and ministers; but never expected to have found such terrible effects of them, in so remote a country, governed, as I thought, by very different maxims from those in Europe.

When I was just preparing to pay my attendance on the emperor of Blefuscu, a considerable person at court (to whom I had been very serviceable, at a time when he lay under the highest displeasure of his imperial majesty) came to my house very privately at night, in a close chair, and, without sending his name, desired admittance. The chairmen were dismissed; I put the chair, with his lordship in it, into my coat-pocket; and, giving orders to a trusty servant, to say I was indisposed and gone to sleep, I fastened the door of my house, placed the chair on the table, according to my usual custom, and sat down by it. After the common salutations were over, observing his lordship's countenance full of concern, and inquiring into the reason, he desired I would hear him with patience, in a matter that highly concerned my honour and my life. His speech was to the following effect, for I took notes of it as soon as he left me:—

“You are to know,” said he, “that several committees of council have been lately called, in the most private manner, on your account; and it is but two days since his majesty came to a full resolution.

“You are very sensible that Skyresh Bolgoglam (*galbet*, or high admiral) has been your mortal enemy, almost since your arrival. His original reasons I know not; but his hatred is increased since your great success against Blefuscu, by which his glory as admiral is much obscured. This lord, in conjunction with Flimnap the high treasurer, whose enmity against you is notorious on account of his lady, Limtoc the general, Lalcon the chamberlain, and Balmuff the grand justiciary, have prepared articles of impeachment against you, for treason and other capital crimes.”

This preface made me so impatient, being conscious of my own merits and innocence, that I was going to interrupt him, when he entreated me to be silent, and thus proceeded:—

“Out of gratitude for the favours you have done me, I procured information of the whole proceedings, and a copy of the articles; wherein I ventured my head for your service.

“*Articles of Impeachment against Quinbus Flestrin, The Man Mountain.*

“*Article 1.*—Whereas, by a statute made in the reign of his imperial majesty Calin Deffar Plune, it is enacted, that whoever shall make water within the precincts of the royal palace, shall be liable to the pains and penalties of high-treason; notwithstanding, the said Quinbus Flestrin, in open breach of the said law, under colour of extinguishing the fire kindled in the

apartment of his Majesty's most dear imperial consort, did maliciously, traitorously, and devilishly, by discharge of his urine, put out the said fire kindled in the said apartment, lying and being within the precincts of the said royal palace, against the statute in that case provided, *etc.* against the duty, *etc.*

"Article 2.—That the said Quinbus Flestrin, having brought the imperial fleet of Blefuscu into the royal port, and being afterwards commanded by his imperial majesty to seize all the other ships of the said empire of Blefuscu, and reduce that empire to a province, to be governed by a viceroy from hence, and to destroy and put to death, not only all the Big-endian exiles, but likewise all the people of that empire who would not immediately forsake the Big-endian heresy; he, the said Flestrin, like a false traitor against his most auspicious, serene, imperial majesty, did petition to be excused from the said service, upon pretence of unwillingness to force the consciences, or destroy the liberties and lives of an innocent people.

"Article 3.—That, whereas certain ambassadors arrived from the court of Blefuscu, to sue for peace in his majesty's court; he, the said Flestrin, did, like a false traitor, aid, abet, comfort, and divert the said ambassadors, although he knew them to be servants to a prince who was lately an open enemy to his imperial majesty, and in an open war against his said majesty.

"Article 4.—That the said Quinbus Flestrin, contrary to the duty of a faithful subject, is now preparing to make a voyage to the court and empire of Blefuscu, for which he has received only verbal licence from his imperial majesty; and, under colour of the said licence, does falsely and traitorously intend to take the said voyage, and thereby to aid, comfort, and abet the Emperor of Blefuscu, so lately an enemy, and in open war with his imperial majesty aforesaid.

"There are some other articles; but these are the most important, of which I have read you an abstract.

"In the several debates upon this impeachment, it must be confessed that his majesty gave many marks of his great lenity; often urging the services you had done him, and endeavouring to extenuate your crimes. The treasurer and admiral insisted that you should be put to the most painful and ignominious death, by setting fire to your house at night; and the general was to attend with twenty thousand men, armed with poisoned arrows, to shoot you on the face and hands. Some of your servants were to have private orders to strew a poisonous juice on your shirts and sheets, which would soon make you tear your own flesh, and die in the utmost torture. The general came into the same opinion; so that for a long time there was a majority against you; but his majesty resol-

ving, if possible, to spare your life, at last brought off the chamberlain.

"Upon this incident, Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, who always approved himself your true friend, was commanded by the emperor to deliver his opinion, which he accordingly did; and therein justified the good thoughts you have of him. He allowed your crimes to be great, but that still there was room for mercy, the most commendable virtue in a prince, and for which his majesty was so justly celebrated. He said, the friendship between you and him was so well known to the world, that perhaps the most honourable board might think him partial; however, in obedience to the command he had received, he would freely offer his sentiments. That if his majesty, in consideration of your services, and pursuant to his own merciful disposition, would please to spare your life, and only give orders to put out both your eyes, he humbly conceived that, by this expedient, justice might in some measure be satisfied, and all the world would applaud the lenity of the emperor, as well as the fair and generous proceedings of those who have the honour to be his counsellors. That the loss of your eyes would be no impediment to your bodily strength, by which you might still be useful to his majesty; that blindness is an addition to courage, by concealing dangers from us; that the fear you had for your eyes was the greatest difficulty in bringing over the enemy's fleet; and it would be sufficient for you to see by the eyes of the ministers, since the greatest princes do no more.

"This proposal was received with the utmost disapprobation by the whole board. Bolgolam, the admiral, could not preserve his temper; but, rising up in a fury, said, he wondered how the secretary durst presume to give his opinion for preserving the life of a traitor; that the services you had performed were, by all true reasons of state, the great aggravation of your crimes; that you, who was able to extinguish the fire by discharge of urine in her majesty's apartment, (which he mentioned with horror,) might, at another time, raise an inundation by the same means to drown the whole palace; and the same strength, which enabled you to bring over the enemy's fleet, might serve, upon the first discontent, to carry it back; that he had good reasons to think you were a Big-endian in your heart; and, as treason begins in the heart, before it appears in overt acts, so he accused you as a traitor on that account, and therefore insisted you should be put to death.

"The treasurer was of the same opinion. He shewed to what straits his majesty's revenue was reduced, by the charge of maintaining you, which would soon grow insupportable; that the secretary's expedient of putting out your eyes was so far from being a remedy against this evil, that it would probably increase it, as is manifest from

the common practice of blinding some kind of fowls, after which they fed the faster, and grew sooner fat; that his sacred majesty and the council, who are your judges, were in their own consciences fully convinced of your guilt, which was a sufficient argument to condemn you to death, without the formal proofs required by the strict letter of the law.

"But his imperial majesty, fully determined against capital punishment, was graciously pleased to say, that since the council thought the loss of your eyes too easy a censure, some other may be inflicted hereafter. And your friend the secretary, humbly desiring to be heard again, in answer to what the treasurer had objected, concerning the great charge his majesty was at in maintaining you, said, that his excellency, who had the sole disposal of the emperor's revenue, might easily provide against that evil, by gradually lessening your establishment; by which, for want of sufficient food, you will grow weak and faint, and lose your appetite, and consume in a few months. Neither would the stench of your carcase be then so dangerous, when it should become more than half diminished; and, immediately upon your death, five or six thousand of his majesty's subjects might, in two or three days, cut your flesh from your bones, take it away by cart-loads, and bury it in distant parts, to prevent infection, leaving the skeleton as a monument of admiration to posterity.

"Thus, by the great friendship of the secretary, the whole affair was compromised. It was strictly enjoined, that the project of starving you by degrees should be kept a secret; but the sentence of putting out your eyes was entered on the books; none dissenting except Bolgolam, the admiral, who, being a creature of the empress, was perpetually instigated by her majesty to insist upon your death, she having borne perpetual malice against you on account of that infamous and illegal method you took to extinguish the fire in her apartment.

"In three days your friend the secretary will be directed to come to your house, and read before you the articles of impeachment; and then to signify the great lenity and favour of his majesty and council, whereby you are only condemned to the loss of your eyes, which his majesty does not question you will gratefully and humbly submit to; and twenty of his majesty's surgeons will attend, in order to see the operation well performed, by discharging very sharp pointed arrows into the balls of your eyes, as you lie on the ground.

"I leave to your prudence what measures you will take; and, to avoid suspicion, I must immediately return, in as private a manner as I can."

His lordship did so; and I remained alone, under many doubts and perplexities of mind.

It was a custom introduced by this prince and his ministry,—very different, as I have been as-

sured, from the practice of former times,—that after the court had decreed any cruel execution, either to gratify the monarch's resentment, or the malice of a favourite, the emperor always made a speech to his whole council, expressing his great lenity and tenderness, as qualities known and confessed by all the world. This speech was immediately published throughout the kingdom; nor did anything terrify the people so much, as those encomiums on his majesty's mercy; because it was observed, that the more these praises were enlarged and insisted on, the more inhuman was the punishment, and the sufferer more innocent. Yet, as to myself, I must confess, having never been designed for a courtier, either by my birth or education, I was so ill a judge of things, that I could not discover the lenity and favour of this sentence, but conceived it (perhaps erroneously) rather to be rigorous than gentle. I sometimes thought of standing my trial; for, although I could not deny the facts alleged in the several articles, yet I hoped they would admit of some extenuation. But, having in my life perused many state trials, which I ever observed to terminate as the judges thought fit to direct, I durst not rely on so dangerous a decision, in so critical a juncture, and against such powerful enemies. Once I was strongly bent upon resistance; for while I had liberty, the whole strength of that empire could hardly subdue me, and I might easily with stones pelt the metropolis to pieces; but I soon rejected that project with horror, by remembering the oath I had made to the emperor, the favours I received from him, and the high title of *nardac* he conferred upon me. Neither had I so soon learned the gratitude of courtiers, to persuade myself that his majesty's present severities acquitted me of all past obligations.

At last, I fixed upon a resolution, for which it is probable I may incur some censure, and not unjustly; for I confess I owe the preserving of mine eyes, and consequently my liberty, to my own great rashness and want of experience; because, if I had then known the nature of princes and ministers, which I have since observed in many other courts, and their methods of treating criminals less obnoxious than myself, I should, with great alacrity and readiness, have submitted to so easy a punishment. But, hurried on by the precipitancy of youth, and having his imperial majesty's licence to pay my attendance upon the Emperor of Blefuscu, I took this opportunity, before the three days were elapsed, to send a letter to my friend the secretary, signifying my resolution of setting out that morning for Blefuscu, pursuant to the leave I had got; and, without waiting for an answer, I went to that side of the island where our fleet lay. I seized a large man-of-war, tied a cable to the prow, and, lifting up the anchors, I stripped myself, put my clothes (together with my coverlet, which I carried under my arm) into the vessel,

and, drawing it after me, between wading and swimming, arrived at the royal port of Blefuscu, where the people had long expected me: they lent me two guides to direct me to the capital city, which is of the same name. I held them in my hands, till I came within two hundred yards of the gate, and desired them to signify my arrival to one of the secretaries, and let him know I there waited his majesty's command. I had an answer in about an hour, that his majesty, attended by the royal family, and great officers of the court, was coming out to receive me. I advanced a hundred yards. The emperor and his train alighted from their horses, the empress and ladies from their coaches; and I did not perceive they were in any fright or concern. I lay on the ground to kiss his majesty's and the empress's hands. I told his majesty, that I was come, according to my promise, and with the licence of the emperor my master, to have the honour of seeing so mighty a monarch, and to offer him any service in my power, consistent with my duty to my own prince; not mentioning a word of my disgrace, because I had hitherto no regular information of it, and might suppose myself wholly ignorant of any such design; neither could I reasonably conceive that the emperor would discover the secret, while I was out of his power; wherein, however, it soon appeared I was deceived.

I shall not trouble the reader with the particular account of my reception at this court, which was suitable to the generosity of so great a prince; nor of the difficulties I was in for want of a house and bed, being forced to lie on the ground, wrapped up in my coverlet.

CHAP. VIII.

The Author, by a lucky Accident, finds Means to leave Blefuscu; and, after some Difficulties, returns safe to his Native Country.

THREE days after my arrival, walking out of curiosity to the north-east coast of the island, I observed, about half a league off in the sea, something that looked like a boat overturned. I pulled off my shoes and stockings, and, wading two or three hundred yards, I found the object to approach nearer by force of the tide; and then plainly saw it to be a real boat, which I supposed might by some tempest have been driven from a ship: whereupon I returned immediately towards the city, and desired his imperial majesty to lend me twenty of the tallest vessels he had left, after the loss of his fleet, and three thousand seamen, under the command of his vice-admiral. This fleet sailed round, while I went back the shortest way to the coast, where I first discovered the boat. I found the tide had driven it still nearer. The seamen were all provided with cordage, which I had beforehand

twisted to a sufficient strength. When the ships came up, I stripped myself, and waded till I came within a hundred yards of the boat, after which I was forced to swim till I got up to it. The seamen threw me the end of the cord, which I fastened to a hole in the fore-part of the boat, and the other end to a man-of-war; but I found all my labour to little purpose; for, being out of my depth, I was not able to work. In this necessity, I was forced to swim behind, and push the boat forward, as often as I could, with one of my hands; and the tide favouring me, I advanced so far, that I could just hold up my chin and feel the ground. I rested two or three minutes, and then gave the boat another shove, and so on, till the sea was no higher than my arm-pits; and now, the most laborious part being over, I took out my other cables, which were stowed in one of the ships, and fastened them first to the boat, and then to nine of the vessels that attended me; the wind being favourable, the seamen towed and I shoved, until we arrived within forty yards of the shore; and, waiting till the tide was out, I got dry to the boat, and, by the assistance of two thousand men, with ropes and engines, I made a shift to turn it on its bottom, and found it was but little damaged.

I shall not trouble the reader with the difficulties I was under, by the help of certain paddles, which cost me ten days making, to get my boat to the royal port of Blefuscu, where a mighty concourse of people appeared upon my arrival, full of wonder at the sight of so prodigious a vessel. I told the emperor, that my good fortune had thrown this boat in my way to carry me to some place whence I might return into my native country; and begged his majesty's orders for getting materials to fit it up, together with his licence to depart; which, after some kind expostulations, he was pleased to grant.

I did very much wonder, in all this time, not to have heard of any express relating to me from our emperor to the court of Blefuscu. But I was afterwards given privately to understand, that his imperial majesty, never imagining I had the least notice of his designs, believed I was only gone to Blefuscu in performance of my promise, according to the licence he had given me, which was well known at our court, and would return in a few days, when the ceremony was ended. But he was at last in pain at my long absence; and, after consulting with the treasurer and the rest of that cabal, a person of quality was dispatched with the copy of the articles against me. This envoy had instructions to represent to the monarch of Blefuscu, the great lenity of his master, who was content to punish me no farther than with the loss of mine eyes; that I had fled from justice; and if I did not return in two hours, I should be deprived of my title of *nardac*, and declared a traitor. The envoy farther added, that, in order to maintain the peace and

amity between both empires, his master expected, that his brother of Blefuscu would give orders to have me sent back to Lilliput, bound hand and foot, to be punished as a traitor.

The Emperor of Blefuscu, having taken three days to consult, returned an answer consisting of many civilities and excuses. He said, that as for sending me bound, his brother knew it was impossible; that although I had deprived him of his fleet, yet he owed great obligations to me for many good offices I had done him in making the peace. That, however, both their majesties would soon be made easy; for I had found a prodigious vessel on the shore, able to carry me on the sea, which he had given orders to fit up, with my own assistance and direction; and he hoped, in a few weeks, both empires would be freed from so insupportable an incumbrance.

With this answer the envoy returned to Lilliput; and the monarch of Blefuscu related to me all that had past; offering me, at the same time, (but under the strictest confidence,) his gracious protection, if I would continue in his service: wherein although I believed him sincere, yet I resolved never more to put any confidence in princes or ministers, where I could possibly avoid it; and therefore, with all due acknowledgments for his favourable intentions, I humbly begged to be excused. I told him, that since fortune, whether good or evil, had thrown a vessel in my way, I was resolved to venture myself on the ocean, rather than be an occasion of difference between two such mighty monarchs. Neither did I find the emperor at all displeased; and I discovered, by a certain accident, that he was very glad of my resolution, and so were most of his ministers.

These considerations moved me to hasten my departure somewhat sooner than I intended; to which the court, impatient to have me gone, very readily contributed. Five hundred workmen were employed to make two sails to my boat, according to my directions, by quilting thirteen folds of the strongest linen together. I was at the pains of making ropes and cables, by twisting ten, twenty, or thirty, of the thickest and strongest of theirs. A great stone that I happened to find, after a long search, by the seashore, served me for an anchor. I had the tallof of three hundred cows, for greasing my boat, and other uses. I was at incredible pains in cutting down some of the largest timber-trees, for oars and masts; wherein I was, however, much assisted by his majesty's ship-carpenters, who helped me in smoothing them, after I had done the rough work.

In about a month, when all was prepared, I sent to receive his majesty's commands, and to take my leave. The emperor and royal family came out of the palace: I lay down on my face to kiss his hand, which he very graciously gave me: so did the empress and young princes of the blood. His majesty presented me with fifty

purses of two hundred *sprugs* a-piece, together with his picture at full length, which I put immediately into one of my gloves, to keep it from being hurt. The ceremonies at my departure were too many to trouble the reader with at this time.

I stored the boat with the carcasses of a hundred oxen and three hundred sheep, with bread and drink proportionable, and as much meat ready dressed as four hundred cooks could provide. I took with me six cows and two bulls alive, with as many ewes and rams, intending to carry them into my own country, and propagate the breed. And, to feed them on board, I had a good bundle of hay and a bag of corn. I would gladly have taken a dozen of the natives, but this was a thing the emperor would by no means permit; and, besides a diligent search into my pockets, his majesty engaged my honour not to carry away any of his subjects, although with their own consent and desire.

Having thus prepared all things as well as I was able, I set sail on the twenty-fourth day of September, 1701, at six in the morning; and when I had gone about four leagues to the northward, the wind being at south-east, at six in the evening I descried a small island, about half a league to the north-west. I advanced forward, and cast anchor on the lee-side of the island, which seemed to be uninhabited. I then took some refreshment, and went to my rest. I slept well, and, as I conjecture, at least six hours, for I found the day broke in two hours after I awaked. It was a clear night. I eat my breakfast before the sun was up; and heaving anchor, the wind being favourable, I steered the same course that I had done the day before, wherein I was directed by my pocket compass. My intention was to reach, if possible, one of those islands which I had reason to believe lay to the north-east of Van Diemen's Land. I discovered nothing all that day; but upon the next, about three in the afternoon, when I had, by my computation, made twenty-four leagues from Blefuscu, I descried a sail steering to the south-east; my course was due east. I hailed her, but could get no answer; yet I found I gained upon her, for the wind slackened. I made all the sail I could, and in half an hour she espied me, then hung out her ancient, and discharged a gun. It is not easy to express the joy I was in, upon the unexpected hope of once more seeing my beloved country, and the dear pledges I left in it. The ship slackened her sails, and I came up with her between five and six in the evening, September 26th; but my heart leapt within me to see her English colours. I put my cows and sheep into my coat-pockets, and got on board with all my little cargo of provisions. The vessel was an English merchantman, returning from Japan by the North and South Seas; the captain, Mr John Biddel of Deptford, a very civil man, and an excellent sailor. We were now in the latitude

of 30 degrees south ; there were about fifty men in the ship : and here I met an old comrade of mine, one Peter Williams, who gave me a good character to the captain. This gentleman treated me with kindness, and desired I would let him know what place I came from last, and whither I was bound ; which I did in a few words, but he thought I was raving, and that the dangers I had underwent had disturbed my head ; whereupon I took my black cattle and sheep out of my pocket, which, after great astonishment, clearly convinced him of my veracity. I then shewed him the gold given me by the Emperor of Blefuscu, together with his majesty's picture at full length, and some other rarities of that country. I gave him two purses of two hundred *sprugs* each, and promised, when we arrived in England, to make him a present of a cow and a sheep big with young.

I shall not trouble the reader with a particular account of this voyage, which was very prosperous for the most part. We arrived in the Downs on the 13th of April, 1702. I had only one misfortune, that the rats on board carried away one of my sheep ; I found her bones in a hole, picked clean from the flesh. The rest of my cattle I got safe ashore, and set them a-grazing in a bowling green at Greenwich, where the fineness of the grass made them feed very heartily, though I had always feared the contrary : neither could I possibly have preserved them in so long a voyage, if the captain had not allowed me some of his best biscuit, which, rubbed to powder, and mingled with water, was their constant food. The

short time I continued in England, I made a considerable profit by shewing my cattle to many persons of quality and others : and, before I began my second voyage, I sold them for six hundred pounds. Since my last return I find the breed is considerably increased, especially the sheep, which I hope will prove much to the advantage of the woollen manufacture, by the fineness of the fleeces.

I stayed but two months with my wife and family ; for my insatiable desire of seeing foreign countries would suffer me to continue no longer. I left fifteen hundred pounds with my wife, and fixed her in a good house at Redriff. My remaining stock I carried with me, part in money, and part in goods, in hopes to improve my fortune. My eldest uncle John had left me an estate in land, near Epping, of about thirty pounds a-year ; and I had a long lease of the Black Bull in Fetter-lane, which yielded me as much more ; so that I was not in any danger of leaving my family upon the parish. My son Johnny, named so after his uncle, was at the grammar-school, and a towardly child. My daughter Betty (who is now well married, and has children) was then at her needle-work. I took my leave of my wife, and boy and girl, with tears on both sides, and went on board the *Adventure*, a merchant ship of three hundred tons, bound for Surat, Captain John Nicholas, of Liverpool, commander. But my account of this voyage must be referred to the second part of my travels.

PART II.

A VOYAGE TO BROBDINGNAG.

CHAP. I.

A great Storm described; the Long-boat sent to fetch Water, the Author goes with it to discover the Country. He is left on Shore, is seized by one of the Natives, and carried to a Farmer's House. His reception, with several Accidents that happened there. A Description of the Inhabitants.

HAVING been condemned, by nature and fortune, to an active and restless life, in two months after my return, I again left my native country, and took shipping in the Downs, on the 20th day of June, 1702, in the Adventure, Captain John Nicholas, a Cornish man, commander, bound for Surat. We had a very prosperous gale, till we arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, where we landed for fresh water; but, discovering a leak, we unshipped our goods, and wintered there; for the captain falling sick of an ague, we could not leave the Cape till the end of March. We then set sail, and had a good voyage till we passed the Straits of Madagascar; but having got northward of that island, and to about five degrees south latitude, the winds, which in those seas are observed to blow a constant equal gale between the north and west, from the beginning of December to the beginning of May, on the 19th of April began to blow with much greater violence, and more westerly than usual, continuing so for twenty days together; during which time we were driven a little to the east of the Molucca Islands, and about three degrees northward of the line, as our captain found by an observation he took the 2d of May, at which time the wind ceased, and it was a perfect calm, whereat I was not a little rejoiced. But he, being a man well experienced in the navigation of those seas, bid us all prepare against a storm, which accordingly happened the day following: for the southern wind, called the southern monsoon, began to set in.

Finding it was likely to overblow, we took in our sprit-sail, and stood by to hand the fore-sail; but, making foul weather, we looked the guns were all fast and handed the mizen. The ship lay very broad off, so we thought it better spooning before the sea, than trying or hulling. We reefed the fore-sail, and set him, and hauled aft the fore-sheet; the helm was hard a-weather. The ship wore bravely. We belayed the fore downhaul; but the sail was split, and we hauled down the yard, and got the sail into the ship, and unbound all the things clear of it. It was a very fierce storm; the sea broke strange and dangerous. We hauled off upon the laniard of the whipstaff, and helped the man at the helm. We would not get down our top-mast, but let all stand, because she scudded before the sea very well, and we knew that the top-mast being aloft the ship was the wholesomer, and made better way through the sea, seeing we had sea-room. When the storm was over, we set fore-sail and main-sail, and brought the ship to. Then we set the mizen, main-top-sail, and the fore-top-sail. Our course was east-north-east, the wind was at south-west. We got the starboard tacks aboard, we cast off our weather-braces and lifts; we set in the lee-braces, and hauled forward by the weather bowlings, and hauled them tight, and belayed them tight, and hauled over the mizen-tack to windward, and kept her full and by as near as she would lie.

During this storm, which was followed by a strong wind west-south-west, we were carried, by my computation, about five hundred leagues to the east, so that the oldest sailor on board could not tell in what part of the world we were. Our provisions held out well, our ship was staunch, and our crew all in good health; but we lay in the utmost distress for water. We thought it best to hold on the same course, rather than turn more northerly, which might have brought us to the north-west part of Great Tartary, and into the Frozen Sea.

On the 16th day of June, 1703, a boy on the top-mast discovered land. On the 17th, we came

in full view of a great island, or continent, (for we knew not whether,) on the south side whereof was a small neck of land jutting out into the sea, and a creek too shallow to hold a ship of above one hundred tons. We cast anchor within a league of this creek, and our captain sent a dozen of his men well armed in the long-boat, with vessels for water, if any could be found. I desired his leave to go with them, that I might see the country, and make what discoveries I could. When we came to land, we saw no river or spring, nor any sign of inhabitants. Our men therefore wandered on the shore to find out some fresh water near the sea, and I walked alone about a mile on the other side, where I observed the country all barren and rocky. I now began to be weary, and, seeing nothing to entertain my curiosity, I returned gently down towards the creek; and the sea being full in my view, I saw our men already got into the boat, and rowing for life to the ship. I was going to holla after them, although it had been to little purpose, when I observed a huge creature walking after them in the sea, as fast as he could: he waded not much deeper than his knees, and took prodigious strides; but our men had the start of him half a league, and the sea thereabouts being full of sharp-pointed rocks, the monster was not able to overtake the boat. This I was afterwards told, for I durst not stay to see the issue of the adventure; but ran as fast as I could the way I first went, and then climbed up a steep hill, which gave me some prospect of the country. I found it fully cultivated; but that which first surprised me was the length of the grass, which, in those grounds that seemed to be kept for hay, was about twenty feet high.

I fell into a high road, for so I took it to be, though it served to the inhabitants only as a foot-path through a field of barley. Here I walked on for some time, but could see little on either side, it being now near harvest, and the corn rising at least forty feet. I was an hour walking to the end of this field, which was fenced in with a hedge of at least one hundred and twenty feet high, and the trees so lofty that I could make no computation of their altitude. There was a stile to pass from this field into the next. It had four steps, and a stone to cross over when you came to the uppermost. It was impossible for me to climb this stile, because every step was six feet high, and the upper stone about twenty. I was endeavouring to find some gap in the hedge, when I discovered one of the inhabitants in the next field, advancing towards the stile, of the same size with him whom I saw in the sea pursuing our boat. He appeared as tall as an ordinary spire steeple, and took about ten yards at every stride, as near as I could guess. I was struck with the utmost fear and astonishment, and ran to hide myself in the corn, whence I saw him at the top of the stile, looking back into the next field on the right hand, and heard him call

in a voice many degrees louder than a speaking-trumpet; but the noise was so high in the air, that at first I certainly thought it was thunder. Whereupon seven monsters, like himself, came towards him with reaping hooks in their hands, each hook about the largeness of six scythes. These people were not so well clad as the first, whose servants or labourers they seemed to be; for, upon some words he spoke, they went to reap the corn in the field where I lay. I kept from them at as great a distance as I could, but was forced to move with extreme difficulty, for the stalks of the corn were sometimes not above a foot distant, so that I could hardly squeeze my body betwixt them. However I made a shift to go forward till I came to a part of the field where the corn had been laid by the rain and wind. Here it was impossible for me to advance a step; for the stalks were so interwoven that I could not creep through, and the beards of the fallen ears so strong and pointed, that they pierced through my clothes into my flesh. At the same time I heard the reapers not above a hundred yards behind me. Being quite dispirited with toil, and wholly overcome by grief and despair, I lay down between two ridges, and heartily wished I might there end my days. I bemoaned my desolate widow and fatherless children. I lamented my own folly and wilfulness, in attempting a second voyage, against the advice of all my friends and relations. In this terrible agitation of mind, I could not forbear thinking of Lilliput, whose inhabitants looked upon me as the greatest prodigy that ever appeared in the world; where I was able to draw an imperial fleet in my hand, and perform those other actions which will be recorded for ever in the chronicles of that empire, while posterity shall hardly believe them, although attested by millions. I reflected what a mortification it must prove to me, to appear as inconsiderable in this nation as one single Lilliputian would be among us. But this I conceived was to be the least of my misfortunes; for, as human creatures are observed to be more savage and cruel in proportion to their bulk, what could I expect but to be a morsel in the mouth of the first among these enormous barbarians that should happen to seize me? Undoubtedly philosophers are in the right, when they tell us that nothing is great or little otherwise than by comparison. It might have pleased fortune to have let the Lilliputians find some nation, where the people were as diminutive with respect to them, as they were to me. And who knows but that even this prodigious race of mortals might be equally overmatched in some distant part of the world, whereof we have yet no discovery.

Scared and confounded as I was, I could not forbear going on with these reflections, when one of the reapers, approaching within ten yards of the ridge where I lay, made me apprehend that with the next step I should be squashed to death

under his foot, or cut in two with his reaping-hook. And therefore when he was again about to move, I screamed as loud as fear could make me; whereupon the huge creature trod short, and, looking round about under him for some time, at last espied me as I lay on the ground. He considered awhile, with the caution of one who endeavours to lay hold on a small dangerous animal in such a manner that it shall not be able either to scratch or to bite him, as I myself have sometimes done with a weasel in England. At length he ventured to take me behind, by the middle, between his fore-finger and thumb, and brought me within three yards of his eyes, that he might behold my shape more perfectly. I guessed his meaning, and my good fortune gave me so much presence of mind, that I resolved not to struggle in the least as he held me in the air above sixty feet from the ground, although he grievously pinched my sides, for fear I should slip through his fingers. All I ventured was to raise mine eyes toward the sun, and place my hands together in a supplicating posture, and to speak some words in a humble melancholy tone, suitable to the condition I then was in: for I apprehended every moment that he would dash me against the ground, as we usually do any little hateful animal which we have a mind to destroy. But my good star would have it, that he appeared pleased with my voice and gestures, and began to look upon me as a curiosity, much wondering to hear me pronounce articulate words, although he could not understand them. In the meantime I was not able to forbear groaning and shedding tears, and turning my head towards my sides; letting him know, as well as I could, how cruelly I was hurt by the pressure of his thumb and finger. He seemed to apprehend my meaning; for, lifting up the lappet of his coat, he put me gently into it, and immediately ran along with me to his master, who was a substantial farmer, and the same person I had first seen in the field.

The farmer having (as I suppose by their talk) received such an account of me as his servant could give him, took a piece of a small straw, about the size of a walking staff, and therewith lifted up the lappets of my coat; which, it seems, he thought to be some kind of covering that nature had given me. He blew my hairs aside to take a better view of my face. He called his hinds about him, and asked them, as I afterwards learned, Whether they had ever seen in the fields any little creature that resembled me?—He then placed me softly on the ground upon all four, but I got immediately up, and walked slowly backward and forward, to let those people see I had no intent to run away. They all sat down in a circle about me, the better to observe my motions. I pulled off my hat, and made a low bow towards the farmer. I fell on my knees, and lifted up my hands and eyes, and spoke several words as loud as I could; I took a purse

of gold out of my pocket, and humbly presented it to him. He received it on the palm of his hand, then applied it close to his eye to see what it was, and afterwards turned it several times with the point of a pin, (which he took out of his sleeve,) but could make nothing of it. Whereupon I made a sign that he should place his hand on the ground. I then took the purse, and opening it, poured all the gold into his palm. There were six Spanish pieces of four pistoles each, beside twenty or thirty smaller coins. I saw him wet the tip of his little finger upon his tongue, and take up one of my largest pieces, and then another; but he seemed to be wholly ignorant what they were. He made me a sign to put them again into my purse, and the purse again into my pocket, which, after offering it to him several times, I thought it best to do.

The farmer, by this time, was convinced I must be a rational creature. He spoke often to me; but the sound of his voice pierced my ears like that of a water-mill, yet his words were articulate enough. I answered as loud as I could in several languages, and he often laid his ear within two yards of me; but all in vain, for we were wholly unintelligible to each other. He then sent his servants to their work, and taking his handkerchief out of his pocket, he doubled, and spread it on his left hand, which he placed flat on the ground, with the palm upward, making me a sign to step into it, as I could easily do, for it was not above a foot in thickness. I thought it my part to obey; and for fear of falling, laid myself at full length upon the handkerchief, with the remainder of which he lapped me up to the head for farther security, and in this manner carried me home to his house. There he called his wife, and shewed me to her; but she screamed and ran back, as women in England do at the sight of a toad or a spider. However, when she had awhile seen my behaviour, and how well I observed the signs her husband made, she was soon reconciled, and by degrees grew extremely tender of me.

It was about twelve at noon, and a servant brought in dinner. It was only one substantial dish of meat, (fit for the plain condition of a husbandman,) in a dish of about four-and-twenty feet diameter. The company were, the farmer and his wife, three children, and an old grandmother. When they were set down, the farmer placed me at some distance from him on the table, which was thirty feet high from the floor. I was in a terrible fright, and kept as far as I could from the edge, for fear of falling. The wife minced a bit of meat, then crumbled some bread on a trencher, and placed it before me. I made her a low bow, took out my knife and fork, and fell to eat, which gave them exceeding delight. The mistress sent her maid for a small dram-cup, which held about two gallons, and filled it with drink; I took up the vessel with much difficulty in both hands, and in a most

respectful manner drank to her ladyship's health, expressing the words as loud as I could in English, which made the company laugh so heartily, that I was almost deafened with the noise. This liquor tasted like a small cyder, and was not unpleasant. Then the master made me a sign to come to his trencher side; but as I walked on the table, being in great surprise all the time, as the indulgent reader will easily conceive and excuse, I happened to stumble against a crust, and fell flat on my face, but received no hurt. I got up immediately, and observing the good people to be in much concern, I took my hat, (which I held under my arm out of good manners,) and waving it over my head, made three huzzas, to shew I had got no mischief by my fall. But advancing forward towards my master, (as I shall henceforth call him,) his youngest son, who sat next to him, an arch boy of about ten years old, took me up by the legs, and held me so high in the air, that I trembled every limb; but his father snatched me from him, and at the same time gave him such a box on the left ear, as would have felled an European troop of horse to the earth, ordering him to be taken from the table. But, being afraid the boy might owe me a spite, and well remembering how mischievous all children among us naturally are to sparrows, rabbits, young kittens, and puppy-dogs, I fell on my knees, and, pointing to the boy, made my master to understand, as well as I could, that I desired his son might be pardoned. The father complied, and the lad took his seat again, whereupon I went to him, and kissed his hand, which my master took, and made him stroke me gently with it.

In the midst of dinner, my mistress's favourite cat leaped into her lap. I heard a noise behind me like that of a dozen stocking-weavers at work; and turning my head I found it proceeded from the purring of that animal, who seemed to be three times larger than an ox, as I computed by the view of her head, and one of her paws, while her mistress was feeding and stroking her. The fierceness of this creature's countenance altogether discomposed me; though I stood at the farther end of the table, above fifty feet off; and although my mistress held her fast, for fear she might give a spring, and seize me in her talons. But it happened there was no danger; for the cat took not the least notice of me when my master placed me within three yards of her. And, as I have been always told, and found true by experience in my travels, that flying or discovering fear before a fierce animal, is a certain way to make it pursue or attack you, so I resolved, in this dangerous juncture, to shew no manner of concern. I walked with intrepidity five or six times before the very head of the cat, and came within half a yard of her; whereupon she drew herself back, as if she were more afraid of me. I had less apprehension concerning the dogs, whereof three or four came into the

room as it is usual in farmers' houses; one of which was a mastiff, equal in bulk to four elephants, and a greyhound, somewhat taller than the mastiff, but not so large.

When dinner was almost done, the nurse came in with a child of a year old in her arms, who immediately spied me, and began a squall that you might have heard from London-Bridge to Chelsea, after the usual oratory of infants, to get me for a plaything. The mother, out of pure indulgence, took me up, and put me towards the child, who presently seized me by the middle, and got my head into his mouth, where I roared so loud that the urchin was frightened, and let me drop, and I should infallibly have broke my neck, if the mother had not held her apron under me. The nurse, to quiet her babe, made use of a rattle, which was a kind of hollow vessel filled with great stones, and fastened by a cable to the child's waist; but all in vain, so that she was forced to apply the last remedy by giving it suck. I must confess no object ever disgusted me so much as the sight of her monstrous breast, which I cannot tell what to compare with, so as to give the curious reader an idea of its bulk, shape, and colour. It stood prominent six feet, and could not be less than sixteen in circumference. The nipple was about half the bigness of my head, and the hue, both of that and the dug, so varied with spots, pimples and freckles, that nothing could appear more nauseous: for I had a near sight of her, she sitting down, the more conveniently to give suck, and I standing on the table. This made me reflect upon the fair skins of our English ladies, who appear so beautiful to us, only because they are of our own size, and their defects not to be seen but through a magnifying glass; where we find by experiment, that the smoothest and whitest skins look rough, and coarse, and ill-coloured.

I remember when I was at Lilliput, the complexions of those diminutive people appeared to me the fairest in the world; and talking upon this subject with a person of learning there, who was an intimate friend of mine, he said that my face appeared much fairer and smoother when he looked on me from the ground, than it did upon a nearer view, when I took him up in my hand, and brought him close, which he confessed was at first a very shocking sight. He said, he could discover great holes in my skin; that the stumps of my beard were ten times stronger than the bristles of a boar, and my complexion made up of several colours altogether disagreeable: although I must beg leave to say for myself, that I am as fair as most of my sex and country, and very little sun-burnt by all my travels. On the other side, discoursing of the ladies in that emperor's court, he used to tell me one had freckles, another too wide a mouth, a third too large a nose; nothing of which I was able to distinguish. I confess, this

reflection was obvious enough ; which, however, I could not forbear, lest the reader might think those vast creatures were actually deformed : for I must do them the justice to say, they are a comely race of people ; and particularly the features of my master's countenance, although he were but a farmer, when I beheld him from a height of sixty feet, appeared very well proportioned.

When dinner was done, my master went out to his labourers, and, as I could discover by his voice and gesture, gave his wife a strict charge to take care of me. I was very much tired, and disposed to sleep, which my mistress perceiving, she put me on her own bed, and covered me with a clean white handkerchief, but larger and coarser than the main-sail of a man-of-war.

I slept about two hours, and dreamt I was at home with my wife and children, which aggravated my sorrows when I awaked, and found myself alone in a vast room, between two and three hundred feet wide, and above two hundred high, lying in a bed twenty yards wide. My mistress was gone about her household affairs, and had locked me in. The bed was eight yards from the floor. Some natural necessities required me to get down : I durst not presume to call ; and if I had, it would have been in vain, with such a voice as mine, at so great a distance as from the room where I lay to the kitchen where the family kept. While I was under these circumstances, two rats crept up the curtains, and ran smelling backwards and forwards on the bed. One of them came up almost to my face, whereupon I rose in a fright, and drew out my hanger to defend myself. These horrible animals had the boldness to attack me on both sides, and one of them held his fore-feet at my collar ; but I had the good fortune to rip up his belly, before he could do me any mischief. He fell down at my feet ; and the other, seeing the fate of his comrade, made his escape, but not without one good wound on the back, which I gave him as he fled, and made the blood run trickling from him. After this exploit, I walked gently to and fro on the bed, to recover my breath and loss of spirits. These creatures were of the size of a large mastiff, but infinitely more nimble and fierce ; so that, if I had taken off my belt, before I went to sleep, I must have infallibly been torn to pieces and devoured. I measured the tail of the dead rat, and found it to be two yards long, wanting an inch ; but it went against my stomach to drag the carcass off the bed, where it lay still bleeding ; I observed it had yet some life, but with a strong slash cross the neck, I thoroughly dispatched it.

Soon after my mistress came into the room, who, seeing me all bloody, ran and took me up in her hand. I pointed to the dead rat, smiling, and making other signs to shew I was not hurt ; whereat she was extremely rejoiced, call-

ing the maid to take up the dead rat with a pair of tongs, and throw it out of the window. Then she set me on a table, where I shewed her my hanger all bloody, and, wiping it on the lappet of my coat, returned it to the scabbard. I was pressed to do more than one thing which another could not do for me, and therefore endeavoured to make my mistress understand, that I desired to be set down on the floor ; which, after she had done, my bashfulness would not suffer me to express myself farther, than by pointing to the door, and bowing several times. The good woman, with much difficulty, at last perceived what I would be at, and, taking me up again in her hand, walked into the garden, where she set me down. I went on one side about two hundred yards, and beckoning to her not to look or to follow me, I hid myself between two leaves of sorrel, and there discharged the necessities of nature.

I hope the gentle reader will excuse me for dwelling on these and the like particulars, which, however insignificant they may appear to grovelling vulgar minds, yet will certainly help a philosopher to enlarge his thoughts and imagination, and apply them to the benefit of public as well as private life, which was my sole design in presenting this and other accounts of my travels to the world ; wherein I have been chiefly studious of truth, without affecting any ornaments of learning or of style. But the whole scene of this voyage made so strong an impression on my mind, and is so deeply fixed in my memory, that, in committing it to paper, I did not omit one material circumstance : however, upon a strict review, I blotted out several passages of less moment, which were in my first copy, for fear of being censured as tedious and trifling, whereof travellers are often, perhaps not without justice, accused.

CHAP. II.

A Description of the Farmer's Daughter. The Author carried to a Market-Town, and then to the Metropolis. The Particulars of his Journey.

My mistress had a daughter of nine years old, a child of towardsly parts for her age, very dexterous at her needle, and skilful in dressing her baby. Her mother and she contrived to fit up the baby's cradle for me against night : the cradle was put into a small drawer of a cabinet, and the drawer placed upon a hanging shelf for fear of the rats. This was my bed all the time I staid with those people, though made more convenient by degrees, as I began to learn their language, and make my wants known. This young girl was so handy, that, after I had once or twice pulled off my clothes before her, she was able to dress and undress me, though I ne-

ver gave her that trouble when she would let me do either myself. She made me seven shirts and some other linen, of as fine cloth as could be got, which indeed was coarser than sack-cloth; and these she constantly washed for me with her own hands. She was likewise my schoolmistress, to teach me the language: when I pointed to anything, she told me the name of it in her own tongue, so that in a few days I was able to call for whatever I had a mind to. She was very good-natured, and not above forty feet high, being little for her age. She gave me the name of *Grildrig*, which the family took up, and afterwards the whole kingdom. The word imports what the Latins call *nanunculus*, the Italians *homuncelino*, and the English *mannikin*. To her I chiefly owe my preservation in that country: we never parted while I was there; I called her my *Glumdalclitch*, or little nurse, and should be guilty of great ingratitude if I omitted this honourable mention of her care and affection towards me, which I heartily wish it lay in my power to requite as she deserves, instead of being the innocent, but unhappy instrument of her disgrace, as I have too much reason to fear.

It now began to be known and talked of in the neighbourhood, that my master had found a strange animal in the field, about the bigness of a *splacnuck*, but exactly shaped in every part like a human creature; which it likewise imitated in all its actions; seemed to speak in a little language of its own, had already learned several words of theirs, went erect upon two legs, was tame and gentle, would come when it was called, do whatever it was bid, had the finest limbs in the world, and a complexion fairer than a nobleman's daughter of three years old. Another farmer, who lived hard by, and was a particular friend of my master, came on a visit on purpose to inquire into the truth of this story. I was immediately produced, and placed upon a table, where I walked as I was commanded, drew my hanger, put it up again, made my reverence to my master's guest, asked him in his own language, how he did, and told him *he was welcome*, just as my little nurse had instructed me. This man, who was old and dim-sighted, put on his spectacles to behold me better, at which I could not forbear laughing very heartily, for his eyes appeared like the full moon shining into a chamber at two windows. Our people, who discovered the cause of my mirth, bore me company in laughing, at which the old fellow was fool enough to be angry and out of countenance. He had the character of a great miser; and, to my misfortune, he well deserved it, by the cursed advice he gave my master, to shew me as a sight upon a market day in the next town, which was half an hour's riding, about two-and-twenty miles from our house. I guessed there was some mischief contriving, when I observed my master and his friend whis-

pering long together, sometimes pointing at me; and my fears made me fancy that I overheard and understood some of their words. But the next morning Glumdalclitch, my little nurse, told me the whole matter, which she had cunningly picked out from her mother. The poor girl laid me on her bosom, and fell a-weeping with shame and grief. She apprehended some mischief would happen to me from rude vulgar folks, who might squeeze me to death, or break one of my limbs by taking me in their hands. She had also observed how modest I was in my nature, how nicely I regarded my honour, and what an indignity I should conceive it, to be exposed for money as a public spectacle to the meanest of the people. She said, her papa and mamma had promised that Grildrig should be hers; but now she found they meant to serve her as they did last year, when they pretended to give her a lamb, and yet, as soon as it was fat, sold it to a butcher. For my own part, I may truly affirm, that I was less concerned than my nurse. I had a strong hope, which never left me, that I should one day recover my liberty; and, as to the ignominy of being carried about for a monster, I considered myself to be a perfect stranger in the country, and that such a misfortune could never be charged upon me as a reproach, if ever I should return to England; since the King of Great Britain himself, in my condition, must have undergone the same distress.

My master, pursuant to the advice of his friend, carried me in a box the next market-day to the neighbouring town, and took along with him his little daughter, my nurse, upon a pillow behind him. The box was close on every side, with a little door for me to go in and out, and a few gimlet holes to let in air. The girl had been so careful as to put the quilt of her baby's bed into it, for me to lie down on. However, I was terribly shaken and discomposed in this journey, though it were but of half an hour: for the horse went about forty feet at every step, and trotted so high, that the agitation was equal to the rising and falling of a ship in a great storm, but much more frequent. Our journey was somewhat farther than from London to St Alban's. My master alighted at an inn which he used to frequent; and after consulting awhile with the inn-keeper, and making some necessary preparations, he hired the *grultrud*, or crier, to give notice through the town of a strange creature to be seen at the sign of the Green Eagle, not so big as a *splacnuck*, (an animal in that country, very finely shaped, about six feet long,) and in every part of the body resembling a human creature; could speak several words, and perform a hundred diverting tricks.

I was placed upon a table in the largest room of the inn, which might be near three hundred feet square. My little nurse stood on a low stool close to the table, to take care of me, and

direct what I should do. My master, to avoid a crowd, would suffer only thirty people at a time to see me. I walked on the table as the girl commanded: she asked me questions, as far as she knew my understanding of the language reached, and I answered them as loud as I could. I turned about several times to the company, paid my humble respects, said *they were welcome*, and used some other speeches I had been taught. I took up a thimble filled with liquor, which Glumdalclitch had given me for a cup, and drank their health. I drew out my hanger, and flourished with it after the manner of fencers in England. My nurse gave me a part of a straw, which I exercised as a pike, having learnt the art in my youth. I was that day shewn to twelve sets of company, and as often forced to act over again the same fopperies, till I was half dead with weariness and vexation: for those who had seen me made such wonderful reports, that the people were ready to break down the doors to come in. My master, for his own interest, would not suffer any one to touch me except my nurse: and, to prevent danger, benches were set round the table, at such a distance as to put me out of everybody's reach. However, an unlucky school-boy aimed a hazelnut directly at my head, which very narrowly missed me; otherwise it came with so much violence, that it would have infallibly knocked out my brains, for it was almost as large as a small pumpkin; but I had the satisfaction to see the young rogue well beaten and turned out of the room.

My master gave public notice that he would shew me again the next market-day; and in the meantime he prepared a more convenient vehicle for me, which he had reason enough to do; for I was so tired with my first journey, and with entertaining company for eight hours together, that I could hardly stand upon my legs, or speak a word. It was at least three days before I recovered my strength; and, that I might have no rest at home, all the neighbouring gentlemen for a hundred miles round, hearing of my fame, came to see me at my master's own house. There could not be fewer than thirty persons, with their wives and children; (for the country is very populous;) and my master demanded the rate of a full room whenever he shewed me at home, although it were only to a single family: so that for some time I had but little ease every day of the week, (except Wednesday, which is their sabbath,) although I were not carried to the town.

My master, finding how profitable I was likely to be, resolved to carry me to the most considerable cities of the kingdom. Having therefore provided himself with all things necessary for a long journey, and settled his affairs at home, he took leave of his wife, and upon the 17th of August, 1703, about two months after my arrival, we set out for the metropolis, situ-

ate near the middle of that empire, and about three thousand miles distance from our house. My master made his daughter Glumdalclitch ride behind him. She carried me on her lap, in a box tied about her waist. The girl had lined it on all sides with the softest cloth she could get, well quilted underneath, furnished it with her baby's bed, provided me with linen and other necessities, and made everything as convenient as she could. We had no other company but a boy of the house, who rode after us with the luggage.

My master's design was to shew me in all the towns by the way, and to step out of the road for fifty or a hundred miles, to any village or person of quality's house, where he might expect custom. We made easy journeys, of not above seven or eight score miles a-day: for Glumdalclitch, on purpose to spare me, complained she was tired with the trotting of the horse. She often took me out of my box, at my own desire, to give me air, and to shew me the country, but always held me fast, by a leading string. We passed over five or six rivers, many degrees broader and deeper than the Nile or the Ganges; and there was hardly a rivulet so small as the Thames at London-Bridge. We were ten weeks in our journey, and I was shewn in eighteen large towns, besides many villages and private families.

On the 26th day of October, we arrived at the metropolis, called in their language *Lorbrulgrud*, or Pride of the Universe. My master took a lodging in the principal street of the city, not far from the royal palace, and put out bills in the usual form, containing an exact description of my person and parts. He hired a large room between three and four hundred feet wide. He provided a table sixty feet in diameter, upon which I was to act my part, and pallisadoed it round three feet from the edge, and as many high, to prevent my falling over. I was shewn ten times a-day, to the wonder and satisfaction of all people. I could now speak the language tolerably well, and perfectly understood every word that was spoken to me. Besides, I had learnt their alphabet, and could make a shift to explain a sentence here and there; for Glumdalclitch had been my instructor while we were at home, and at leisure hours during our journey. She carried a little book in her pocket, not much larger than a Sanson's Atlas; it was a common treatise for the use of young girls, giving a short account of their religion; out of this she taught me my letters, and interpreted the words.

CHAP. III.

The Author is sent for to Court. The Queen buys him of his Master the Farmer, and pre-

sents him to the King. He disputes with his Majesty's great Scholars. An Apartment at Court provided for the Author. He is in high Favour with the Queen. He stands up for the Honour of his own Country. His Quarrels with the Queen's Dwarf.

THE frequent labours I underwent every day, made, in a few weeks, a very considerable change in my health: the more my master got by me, the more insatiable he grew. I had quite lost my stomach, and was almost reduced to a skeleton. The farmer observed it, and concluding I must soon die, resolved to make as good a hand of me as he could. While he was thus reasoning and resolving with himself, a *sardral*, or gentleman-usher, came from court, commanding my master to carry me immediately thither for the diversion of the queen and her ladies. Some of the latter had already been to see me, and reported strange things of my beauty, behaviour, and good sense. Her majesty, and those who attended her, were beyond measure delighted with my demeanour. I fell on my knees, and begged the honour of kissing her imperial foot; but this gracious princess held out her little finger towards me, after I was set on the table, which I embraced in both my arms, and put the tip of it with the utmost respect to my lip. She made me some general questions about my country and my travels, which I answered as distinctly, and in as few words as I could. She asked, Whether I would be content to live at court?—I bowed down to the board of the table, and humbly answered, That I was my master's slave; but, if I were at my own disposal, I should be proud to devote my life to her majesty's service.—She then asked my master, Whether he was willing to sell me at a good price?—He, who apprehended I could not live a month, was ready enough to part with me, and demanded a thousand pieces of gold, which were ordered him on the spot, each piece being about the bigness of eight hundred moidores, but, allowing for the proportion of all things between that country and Europe, and the high price of gold among them, was hardly so great a sum as a thousand guineas would be in England. I then said to the queen, Since I was now her majesty's most humble creature and vassal, I must beg the favour, that Glumdalclitch, who had always tended me with so much care and kindness, and understood to do it so well, might be admitted into her service, and continue to be my nurse and instructor.

Her majesty agreed to my petition, and easily got the farmer's consent, who was glad enough to have his daughter preferred at court, and the poor girl herself was not able to hide her joy. My late master withdrew, bidding me farewell, and saying he had left me in a good service: to which I replied not a word, only making him a slight bow.

The queen observed my coldness, and, when the farmer was gone out of the apartment, asked me the reason. I made bold to tell her majesty, That I owed no other obligation to my late master, than his not dashing out the brains of a poor harmless creature, found by chance in his fields; which obligation was amply recompensed by the gain he had made in shewing me through half the kingdom, and the price he had now sold me for; that the life I had since led was laborious enough to kill an animal of ten times my strength; that my health was much impaired by the continual drudgery of entertaining the rabble every hour of the day; and that, if my master had not thought my life in danger, her majesty would not have got so cheap a bargain. But as I was out of all fear of being ill-treated, under the protection of so great and good an empress, the ornament of nature, the darling of the world, the delight of her subjects, the phoenix of the creation; so, I hoped my late master's apprehensions would appear to be groundless; for I already found my spirits revive by the influence of her most august presence.

This was the sum of my speech, delivered with great improprieties and hesitation. The latter part was altogether framed in the style peculiar to that people, whereof I learned some phrases from Glumdalclitch while she was carrying me to court.

The queen, giving great allowance for my defectiveness in speaking, was, however, surprised at so much wit and good sense in so diminutive an animal. She took me in her own hand, and carried me to the king, who was then retired to his cabinet. His majesty, a prince of much gravity and austere countenance, not well observing my shape at first view, asked the queen after a cold manner, How long it was since she grew fond of a *splacnuck*? for such, it seems, he took me to be, as I lay upon my breast in her majesty's right hand. But this princess, who has an infinite deal of wit and humour, set me gently on my feet upon the scrutoire, and commanded me to give his majesty an account of myself, which I did in a very few words; and Glumdalclitch, who attended at the cabinet door, and could not endure I should be out of her sight, being admitted, confirmed all that had passed from my arrival at her father's house.

The king, although he be as learned a person as any in his dominions, had been educated in the study of philosophy, and particularly mathematics; yet, when he observed my shape exactly, and saw me walk erect, before I began to speak, conceived I might be a piece of clock-work, (which is in that country arrived to a very great perfection,) contrived by some ingenious artist. But, when he heard my voice, and found what I delivered to be regular and rational, he could not conceal his astonishment. He was by no means satisfied with the relation I gave him of the manner I came into his kingdom, but thought

it a story concerted between Glumdalclitch and her father, who had taught me a set of words, to make me sell at a better price. Upon this imagination, he put several other questions to me, and still received rational answers, no otherwise defective, than by a foreign accent, and an imperfect knowledge in the language, with some rustic phrases which I had learned at the farmer's house, and did not suit the polite style of a court.

His majesty sent for three great scholars, who were then in their weekly waiting, according to the custom in that country. These gentlemen, after they had awhile examined my shape with much nicety, were of different opinions concerning me. They all agreed that I could not be produced according to the regular laws of nature, because I was not framed with a capacity of preserving my life, either by swiftness, or climbing of trees, or digging holes in the earth. They observed by my teeth, which they viewed with great exactness, that I was a carnivorous animal; yet, most quadrupeds being an overmatch for me, and field-mice, with some others, too nimble, they could not imagine how I should be able to support myself, unless I fed upon snails and other insects, which they offered, by many learned arguments, to evince that I could not possibly do. One of these virtuosi seemed to think that I might be an embryo, or abortive birth. But this opinion was rejected by the other two, who observed my limbs to be perfect and finished; and that I had lived several years, as it was manifest from my beard, the stumps whereof they plainly discovered through a magnifying glass. They would not allow me to be a dwarf, because my littleness was beyond all degrees of comparison; for the queen's favourite dwarf, the smallest ever known in that kingdom, was near thirty feet high. After much debate, they concluded unanimously, that I was only *replum scalclath*, which is interpreted literally *lusus naturæ*; a determination exactly agreeable to the modern philosophy of Europe, whose professors, disdaining the old evasion of occult causes, whereby the followers of Aristotle endeavoured in vain to disguise their ignorance, have invented this wonderful solution of all difficulties, to the unspeakable advancement of human knowledge.

After this decisive conclusion, I entreated to be heard a word or two. I applied myself to the king, and assured his majesty, that I came from a country which abounded with several millions of both sexes, and of my own stature; where the animals, trees, and houses, were all in proportion, and where, by consequence, I might be as able to defend myself, and to find sustenance, as any of his majesty's subjects could do here; which I took for a full answer to those gentlemen's arguments. To this they only replied with a smile of contempt, saying, that the farmer had instructed me very well in my lesson. The king,

who had a much better understanding, dismissing his learned men, sent for the farmer, who, by good fortune, was not yet gone out of town. Having, therefore, first examined him privately, and then confronted him with me and the young girl, his majesty began to think that what we told him might possibly be true. He desired the queen to order that a particular care should be taken of me; and was of opinion that Glumdalclitch should still continue in her office of tending me, because he observed we had a great affection for each other. A convenient apartment was provided for her at court: she had a sort of governess appointed to take care of her education, a maid to dress her, and two other servants for menial offices; but the care of me was wholly appropriated to herself. The queen commanded her own cabinet-maker to contrive a box, that might serve me for a bed-chamber, after the model that Glumdalclitch and I should agree upon. This man was a most ingenious artist, and, according to my direction, in three weeks, finished for me a wooden chamber, of sixteen feet square, and twelve high, with sash-windows, a door, and two closets, like a London bed-chamber. The board that made the ceiling, was to be lifted up and down by two hinges, to put in a bed, ready furnished by her majesty's upholsterer, which Glumdalclitch took out every day to air, made it with her own hands, and letting it down at night, locked up the roof over me. A nice workman, who was famous for little curiosities, undertook to make me two chairs, with backs and frames, of a substance not unlike ivory, and two tables, with a cabinet to put my things in. The room was quilted on all sides, as well as the floor and the ceiling, to prevent any accident from the carelessness of those who carried me, and to break the force of a jolt, when I went in a coach. I desired a lock for my door, to prevent rats and mice from coming in. The smith, after several attempts, made the smallest that ever was seen among them, for I have known a larger at the gate of a gentleman's house in England. I made a shift to keep the key in a pocket of my own, fearing Glumdalclitch might lose it. The queen likewise ordered the thinnest silks that could be gotten, to make me clothes, not much thicker than an English blanket, very cumbersome till I was accustomed to them. They were after the fashion of the kingdom, partly resembling the Persian, and partly the Chinese, and are a very grave and decent habit.

The queen became so fond of my company, that she could not dine without me. I had a table placed upon the same at which her majesty eat, just at her elbow, and a chair to sit on. Glumdalclitch stood on a stool on the floor near my table, to assist and take care of me. I had an entire set of silver dishes and plates, and other necessaries, which, in proportion to those of the queen, were not much bigger than what

I have seen in a London toy-shop, for the furniture of a baby-house: these my little nurse kept in her pocket in a silver box, and gave me at meals as I wanted them, always cleaning them herself. No person dined with the queen but the two princesses royal, the elder sixteen years old, and the younger at that time thirteen and a month. Her majesty used to put a bit of meat upon one of my dishes, out of which I carved for myself, and her diversion was to see me eat in miniature; for the queen (who had, indeed, but a weak stomach) took up, at one mouthful, as much as a dozen English farmers could eat at a meal; which to me was, for some time, a very nauseous sight. She would craunch the wing of a lark, bones and all, between her teeth, although it were nine times as large as that of a full-grown turkey; and put a bit of bread in her mouth as big as two twelve-penny loaves. She drank out of a golden cup, above a hogshead at a draught. Her knives were twice as long as a scythe, set straight upon the handle. The spoons, forks, and other instruments, were all in the same proportion. I remember when Glumdalclitch carried me, out of curiosity, to see some of the tables at court, where ten or a dozen of those enormous knives and forks were lifted up together, I thought I had never, till then, beheld so terrible a sight.

It is the custom, that every Wednesday (which, as I have observed, is their sabbath) the king and queen, with the royal issue of both sexes, dine together in the apartment of his majesty, to whom I was now become a great favourite; and at these times, my little chair and table were placed at his left hand, before one of the salt-cellar. This prince took a pleasure in conversing with me, inquiring into the manners, religion, laws, government, and learning, of Europe; wherein I gave him the best account I was able. His apprehension was so clear, and his judgment so exact, that he made very wise reflections and observations upon all I said. But, I confess, that, after I had been a little too copious in talking of my own beloved country, of our trade, and wars by sea and land, of our schisms in religion, and parties in the state, the prejudices of his education prevailed so far, that he could not forbear taking me up in his right hand, and stroking me gently with the other, after a hearty fit of laughing, asked me, Whether I was a whig or tory? Then turning to his first minister, who waited behind him with a white staff, near as tall as the main-mast of the Royal Sovereign, he observed, How contemptible a thing was human grandeur, which could be mimicked by such diminutive insects as I: and yet, says he, I dare engage, these creatures have their titles and distinctions of honour; they contrive little nests and burrows, that they call houses and cities; they make a figure in dress and equipage; they love, they fight, they dispute, they cheat, they betray!—And thus he

continued on, while my colour came and went several times, with indignation, to hear our noble country, the mistress of arts and arms, the scourge of France, the arbitress of Europe, the seat of virtue, piety, honour, and truth, the pride and envy of the world, so contemptuously treated.

But as I was not in a condition to resent injuries, so, upon mature thoughts, I began to doubt whether I was injured or no. For, after having been accustomed several months to the sight and converse of this people, and observed every object upon which I cast mine eyes to be of proportionable magnitude, the horror I had at first conceived from their bulk and aspect was so far worn off, that, if I had then beheld a company of English lords and ladies in their finery and birth-day clothes, acting their several parts in the most courtly manner of strutting, and bowing, and prating; to say the truth, I should have been strongly tempted to laugh as much at them as the king and his grantees did at me. Neither, indeed, could I forbear smiling at myself, when the queen used to place me upon her hand towards a looking-glass, by which both our persons appeared before me in full view together; and there could be nothing more ridiculous than the comparison: so that I really began to imagine myself dwindled many degrees below my usual size.

Nothing angered and mortified me so much as the queen's dwarf; who, being of the lowest stature that was ever in that country, (for I verily think he was not full thirty feet high,) became so insolent at seeing a creature so much beneath him, that he would always affect to swagger and look big as he passed by me in the queen's antichamber, while I was standing on some table, talking with the lords or ladies of the court, and he seldom failed of a smart word or two upon my *littleness*; against which I could only revenge myself by calling him *brother*, challenging him to wrestle, and such repartees as are usually in the mouths of court pages. One day, at dinner, this malicious little cub was so nettled with something I had said to him, that, raising himself upon the frame of her majesty's chair, he took me up by the middle, as I was sitting down, not thinking any harm, and let me drop into a large silver bowl of cream, and then ran away as fast as he could. I fell over head and ears, and, if I had not been a good swimmer, it might have gone very hard with me; for Glumdalclitch in that instant happened to be at the other end of the room, and the queen was in such a fright, that she wanted presence of mind to assist me. But my little nurse ran to my relief, and took me out, after I had swallowed above a quart of cream. I was put to bed; however, I received no other damage than the loss of a suit of clothes, which was utterly spoiled. The dwarf was soundly whipped, and, as a farther punishment, forced to drink up the bowl

of cream into which he had thrown me: neither was he ever restored to favour; for soon after the queen bestowed him on a lady of high quality; so that I saw him no more, to my very great satisfaction; for I could not tell to what extremity such a malicious urchin might have carried his resentment.

He had before served me a scurvy trick, which set the queen a-laughing, although at the same time she was heartily vexed, and would have immediately cashiered him, if I had not been so generous as to intercede. Her majesty had taken a marrow-bone upon her plate, and, after knocking out the marrow, placed the bone again in the dish erect, as it stood before; the dwarf, watching his opportunity while Glumdalclitch was gone to the sideboard, mounted the stool that she stood on to take care of me at meals, took me up in both hands, and squeezing my legs together, wedged them into the marrow-bone above my waist, where I stuck for some time, and made a very ridiculous figure. I believe it was near a minute before any one knew what was become of me; for I thought it below me to cry out. But, as princes seldom get their meat hot, my legs were not scalded, only my stockings and breeches in a sad condition. The dwarf, at my entreaty, had no other punishment than a sound whipping.

I was frequently rallied by the queen upon account of my fearfulness; and she used to ask me whether the people of my country were as great cowards as myself? The occasion was this: The kingdom is much pestered with flies in summer; and these odious insects, each of them as big as a Dunstable lark, hardly gave me any rest while I sat at dinner, with their continual humming and buzzing about mine ears. They would sometimes alight upon my victuals, and leave their loathsome excrement or spawn behind, which to me was very visible, though not to the natives of that country, whose large optics were not so acute as mine in viewing smaller objects. Sometimes they would fix upon my nose or forehead, where they stung me to the quick, smelling very offensively; and I could easily trace that viscous matter, which, our naturalists tell us, enables those creatures to walk with their feet upwards upon a ceiling. I had much ado to defend myself against these detestable animals, and could not forbear starting when they came on my face. It was the common practice of the dwarf, to catch a number of these insects in his hand, as school-boys do among us, and let them out suddenly under my nose, on purpose to frighten me and divert the queen. My remedy was to cut them in pieces with my knife, as they flew in the air, wherein my dexterity was much admired.

I remember, one morning, when Glumdalclitch had set me in my box upon a window, as she usually did in fair days, to give me air, (for I durst not venture to let the box be hung on a

nail out of the window, as we do with cages in England,) after I had lifted up one of my sashes, and sat down at my table to eat a piece of sweet cake for my breakfast, above twenty wasps, allured by the smell, came flying into the room, humming louder than the drones of as many bagpipes. Some of them seized my cake, and carried it piecemeal away; others flew about my head and face, confounding me with the noise, and putting me in the utmost terror of their stings. However, I had the courage to rise and draw my hanger, and attack them in the air. I dispatched four of them, but the rest got away, and I presently shut my window. These insects were as large as partridges: I took out their stings, found them an inch and a half long, and as sharp as needles. I carefully preserved them all; and having since shewn them, with some other curiosities, in several parts of Europe, upon my return to England I gave three of them to Gresham College, and kept the fourth for myself.

CHAP. IV.

The Country described. A Proposal for correcting modern Maps. The King's Palace, and some Account of the Metropolis. The Author's Way of Travelling. The chief Temple described.

I now intend to give the reader a short description of this country, as far as I travelled in it, which was not above two thousand miles round Lorbbrugrud the metropolis; for the queen, whom I always attended, never went farther when she accompanied the king in his progresses, and there staid till his majesty returned from viewing his frontiers. The whole extent of this prince's dominions reaches about six thousand miles in length, and from three to five in breadth: whence, I cannot but conclude, that our geographers of Europe are in a great error, by supposing nothing but sea between Japan and California; for, it was ever my opinion, that there must be a balance of earth to counterpoise the great continent of Tartary; and, therefore, they ought to correct their maps and charts, by joining this vast tract of land to the north-west parts of America, wherein I shall be ready to lend them my assistance.

The kingdom is a peninsula, terminated to the north-east by a ridge of mountains thirty miles high, which are altogether impassable, by reason of the volcanoes upon the tops: neither do the most learned know what sort of mortals inhabit beyond those mountains, or whether they be inhabited at all. On the three other sides it is bounded by the ocean. There is not one sea-port in the whole kingdom: and those parts of the coasts into which the rivers issue, are so full of pointed rocks, and the sea generally so

rough, that there is no venturing with the smallest of their boats; so that these people are wholly excluded from any commerce with the rest of the world. But the large rivers are full of vessels, and abound with excellent fish; for they seldom get any from the sea, because the sea-fish are of the same size with those in Europe, and consequently not worth catching; whereby it is manifest, that nature, in the production of plants and animals of so extraordinary a bulk, is wholly confined to this continent, of which I leave the reasons to be determined by philosophers. However, now and then they take a whale that happens to be dashed against the rocks, which the common people feed on heartily. These whales I have known so large, that a man could hardly carry one upon his shoulders; and sometimes, for curiosity, they are brought in hampers to Lorbrulgrud: I saw one of them in a dish at the king's table, which passed for a rarity, but I did not observe he was fond of it; for I think, indeed, the bigness disgusted him, although I have seen one somewhat larger in Greenland.

The country is well inhabited, for it contains fifty-one cities, near a hundred walled towns, and a great number of villages. To satisfy my curious reader, it may be sufficient to describe Lorbrulgrud. This city stands upon almost two equal parts, on each side the river that passes through. It contains above eighty thousand houses, and about six hundred thousand inhabitants. It is in length three *glomglungs*, (which make about fifty-four English miles,) and two and a half in breadth; as I measured it myself in the royal map, made by the king's order, which was laid on the ground on purpose for me, and extended a hundred feet: I paced the diameter and circumference several times barefoot, and, computing by the scale, measured it pretty exactly.

The king's palace is no regular edifice, but a heap of building, about seven miles round: the chief rooms are generally two hundred and forty feet high, and broad and long in proportion. A coach was allowed to Glumdalclitch and me, wherein her governess frequently took her out to see the town, or go among the shops; and I was always of the party, carried in my box; although the girl, at my own desire, would often take me out and hold me in her hand, that I might more conveniently view the houses and the people, as we passed along the streets. I reckoned our coach to be about a square of Westminster-hall, but not altogether so high; however, I cannot be very exact. One day the governess ordered our coachman to stop at several shops, where the beggars, watching their opportunity, crowded to the sides of the coach, and gave me the most horrible spectacle that ever a European eye beheld. There was a woman with a cancer in her breast, swelled to a monstrous size,

full of holes, in two or three of which I could have easily crept, and covered my whole body. There was a fellow with a wen in his neck, larger than five woolpacks; and another with a couple of wooden legs, each about twenty feet high. But the most hateful sight of all, was the lice crawling on their clothes. I could see distinctly the limbs of those vermin with my naked eye, much better than those of an European louse through a microscope, and their snouts, with which they rooted like swine. They were the first I had ever beheld, and I should have been curious enough to dissect one of them, if I had had proper instruments, which I unluckily left behind me in the ship, although, indeed, the sight was so nauseous, that it perfectly turned my stomach.

Besides the large box in which I was usually carried, the queen ordered a smaller one to be made for me, of about twelve feet square, and ten high, for the convenience of travelling: because the other was somewhat too large for Glumdalclitch's lap, and cumbersome in the coach; it was made by the same artist, whom I directed in the whole contrivance. This travelling-closet was an exact square, with a window in the middle of three of the squares, and each window was latticed with iron wire on the outside, to prevent accidents in long journeys. On the fourth side, which had no window, two strong staples were fixed, through which the person that carried me, when I had a mind to be on horseback, put a leathern belt, and buckled it about his waist. This was always the office of some grave, trusty servant in whom I could confide, whether I attended the king and queen in their progresses, or were disposed to see the gardens, or pay a visit to some great lady or minister of state in the court, when Glumdalclitch happened to be out of order; for I soon began to be known and esteemed among the greatest officers; I suppose more upon the account of their majesties' favour, than any merit of my own. In journeys, when I was weary of the coach, a servant on horseback would buckle on my box, and place it upon a cushion before him; and there I had a full prospect of the country on three sides, from my three windows. I had, in this closet, a field-bed and a hammock hung from the ceiling, two chairs and a table, neatly screwed to the floor, to prevent being tossed about by the agitation of the horse or the coach. And having been long used to sea voyages, those motions, although sometimes very violent, did not much discompose me.

Whenever I had a mind to see the town, it was always in my travelling closet; which Glumdalclitch held in her lap in a kind of open sedan, after the fashion of the country, borne by four men, and attended by two others in the queen's livery. The people, who had often heard of me, were very curious to crowd about the se-

dan, and the girl was complaisant enough to make the bearers stop, and to take me in her hand, that I might be more conveniently seen.

I was very desirous to see the chief temple, and particularly the tower belonging to it, which is reckoned the highest in the kingdom. Accordingly one day my nurse carried me thither, but I may truly say I came back disappointed; for the height is not above three thousand feet, reckoning from the ground to the highest pinnacle top; which, allowing for the difference between the size of those people and us in Europe, is no great matter for admiration, nor at all equal in proportion (if I rightly remember) to Salisbury steeple. But, not to detract from a nation, to which, during my life, I shall acknowledge myself extremely obliged, it must be allowed, that whatever this famous tower wants in height, is amply made up in beauty and strength. For the walls are near a hundred feet thick, built of hewn stone, whereof each is about forty feet square, and adorned on all sides with statues of gods and emperors, cut in marble larger than the life, placed in their several niches. I measured a little finger which had fallen down from one of these statues, and lay unperceived among some rubbish, and found it exactly four feet and an inch in length. Glumdalclitch wrapped it up in her handkerchief, and carried it home in her pocket, to keep among other trinkets, of which the girl was very fond, as children at her age usually are.

The king's kitchen is indeed a noble building, vaulted at top, and about six hundred feet high. The great oven is not so wide, by ten paces, as the cupola at St Paul's: for I measured the latter on purpose, after my return. But if I should describe the kitchen-grate, the prodigious pots and kettles, the joints of meat turning on the spits, with many other particulars, perhaps I should be hardly believed; at least a severe critic would be apt to think I enlarged a little, as travellers are often suspected to do. To avoid which censure, I fear I have run too much into the other extreme; and that, if this treatise should happen to be translated into the language of Brobdingnag, (which is the general name of that kingdom,) and transmitted thither, the king and his people would have reason to complain that I had done them an injury, by a false and diminutive representation.

His majesty seldom keeps above six hundred horses in his stables: they are generally from fifty-four to sixty feet high. But, when he goes abroad on solemn days, he is attended, for state, by a militia guard of five hundred horse, which indeed I thought was the most splendid sight that could be ever beheld, till I saw part of his army in batalia, whereof I shall find another occasion to speak.

CHAP. V.

Several Adventures that happened to the Author. The Execution of a Criminal. The Author shews his Skill in Navigation.

I SHOULD have lived happy enough in that country, if my littleness had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents; some of which I shall venture to relate. Glumdalclitch often carried me into the gardens of the court in my smaller box, and would sometimes take me out of it, and hold me in her hand, or set me down to walk. I remember, before the dwarf left the queen, he followed us one day into those gardens, and my nurse having set me down, he and I being close together, near some dwarf apple-trees, I must needs shew my wit, by a silly allusion between him and the trees, which happens to hold in their language as it does in ours. Whereupon, the malicious rogue, watching his opportunity, when I was walking under one of them, shook it directly over my head, by which a dozen apples, each of them near as large as a Bristol barrel, came tumbling about my ears; one of them hit me on the back as I chanced to stoop, and knocked me down flat on my face; but I received no other hurt, and the dwarf was pardoned at my desire, because I had given the provocation.

Another day Glumdalclitch left me on a smooth grass-plot to divert myself, while she walked at some distance with her governess. In the meantime there suddenly fell such a violent shower of hail, that I was immediately, by the force of it, struck to the ground: and when I was down, the hailstones gave me such cruel bangs all over the body, as if I had been pelted with tennis-balls; however, I made a shift to creep on all four, and shelter myself, by lying flat on my face, on the lee-side of a border of lemon-thyme; but so bruised from head to foot, that I could not go abroad in ten days. Neither is that at all to be wondered at, because nature, in that country, observing the same proportion through all her operations, a hailstone is near eighteen hundred times as large as one in Europe; which I can assert upon experience, having been so curious to weigh and measure them.

But a more dangerous accident happened to me in the same garden, when my little nurse, believing she had put me in a secure place, (which I often entreated her to do, that I might enjoy my own thoughts,) and having left my box at home, to avoid the trouble of carrying it, went to another part of the garden, with her governess and some ladies of her acquaintance. While she was absent, and out of hearing, a small white spaniel, that belonged to one of the chief gardeners, having got by accident into the

garden, happened to range near the place where I lay; the dog following the scent, came directly up, and taking me in his mouth, ran straight to his master, wagging his tail, and set me gently on the ground. By good fortune he had been so well taught, that I was carried between his teeth without the least hurt, or even tearing my clothes. But the poor gardener, who knew me well, and had a great kindness for me, was in a terrible fright: he gently took me up in both his hands, and asked me how I did? but I was so amazed and out of breath, that I could not speak a word. In a few minutes I came to myself, and he carried me safe to my little nurse, who by this time had returned to the place where she left me, and was in cruel agonies when I did not appear, nor answer when she called. She severely reprimanded the gardener on account of his dog. But the thing was hushed up, and never known at court, for the girl was afraid of the queen's anger; and truly, as to myself, I thought it would not be for my reputation that such a story should go about.

This accident absolutely determined Glumdalclitch never to trust me abroad for the future, out of her sight. I had been long afraid of this resolution, and therefore concealed from her some little unlucky adventures, that happened in those times when I was left by myself. Once a kite hovering over the garden, made a stoop at me, and if I had not resolutely drawn my hanger, and run under a thick espalier, he would have certainly carried me away in his talons. Another time, walking to the top of a fresh molehill, I fell to my neck in the hole, through which that animal had cast up the earth, and coined some lie, not worth remembering, to excuse myself for spoiling my clothes. I likewise broke my right shin against the shell of a snail, which I happened to stumble over, as I was walking alone, and thinking on poor England.

I cannot tell whether I were more pleased or mortified to observe, in those solitary walks, that the smaller birds did not appear to be at all afraid of me, but would hop about within a yard's distance, looking for worms and other food, with as much indifference and security as if no creature at all were near them. I remember, a thrush had the confidence to snatch out of my hand, with his bill, a piece of cake that Glumdalclitch had just given me for my breakfast. When I attempted to catch any of these birds, they would boldly turn against me, endeavouring to peck my fingers, which I durst not venture within their reach; and then they would hop back unconcerned, to hunt for worms or snails, as they did before. But one day, I took a thick cudgel, and threw it with all my strength so luckily at a linnet, that I knocked him down, and, seizing him by the neck with both my hands, ran with him in triumph to my nurse. However, the bird, who had only been stunned, recovering himself, gave me so many boxes with his wings

on both sides of my head and body, though I held him at arm's length, and was out of the reach of his claws, that I was twenty times thinking to let him go. But I was soon relieved by one of our servants, who wrung off the bird's neck, and I had him next day for dinner, by the queen's command. This linnet, as near as I can remember, seemed to be somewhat larger than an English swan.

The maids of honour often invited Glumdalclitch to their apartments, and desired she would bring me along with her, on purpose to have the pleasure of seeing and touching me. They would often strip me naked from top to toe, and lay me at full length in their bosoms; wherewith I was much disgusted; because, to say the truth, a very offensive smell came from their skins; which I do not mention, or intend, to the disadvantage of those excellent ladies, for whom I have all manner of respect; but I conceive that my sense was more acute in proportion to my littleness, and that those illustrious persons were no more disagreeable to their lovers, or to each other, than people of the same quality are with us in England. And, after all, I found their natural smell was much more supportable than when they used perfumes, under which I immediately swooned away. I cannot forget, that an intimate friend of mine in Lilliput, took the freedom in a warm day, when I had used a good deal of exercise, to complain of a strong smell about me, although I am as little faulty that way as most of my sex: but I suppose his faculty of smelling was as nice with regard to me, as mine was to that of this people. Upon this point, I cannot forbear doing justice to the queen my mistress, and Glumdalclitch my nurse, whose persons were as sweet as those of any lady in England.

That which gave me most uneasiness among these maids of honour, (when my nurse carried me to visit them,) was, to see them use me without any manner of ceremony, like a creature who had no sort of consequence: for they would strip themselves to the skin, and put their smocks on in my presence, while I was placed on their toilet, directly before their naked bodies, which I am sure to me was very far from being a tempting sight, or from giving me any other emotions than those of horror and disgust: their skins appeared so coarse and uneven, so variously coloured, when I saw them near, with a mole here and there as broad as a trencher, and hairs hanging from it thicker than packthreads, to say nothing farther concerning the rest of their persons. Neither did they at all scruple, while I was by, to discharge what they had drank, to the quantity of at least two hogsheds, in a vessel that held above three tuns. The handsomest among these maids of honour, a pleasant, frolicsome girl of sixteen, would sometimes set me astride upon one of her nipples, with many other tricks, wherein the reader will excuse me for not being over particular. But I was so much displeased,

that I entreated Glumdalclitch to contrive some excuse for not seeing that young lady any more.

One day, a young gentleman, who was nephew to my nurse's governess, came and pressed them both to see an execution. It was of a man who had murdered one of that gentleman's intimate acquaintance. Glumdalclitch was prevailed on to be of the company, very much against her inclination, for she was naturally tender-hearted: and as for myself, although I abhorred such kind of spectacles, yet my curiosity tempted me to see something that I thought must be extraordinary. The malefactor was fixed on a chair upon a scaffold erected for that purpose, and his head cut off at one blow, with a sword of about forty feet long. The veins and arteries spouted up such a prodigious quantity of blood, and so high in the air, that the great *jet-d'eau* at Versailles was not equal for the time it lasted; and the head, when it fell on the scaffold floor, gave such a bounce as made me start, although I were at least half an English mile distant.

The queen, who often used to hear me talk of my sea-voyages, and took all occasions to divert me when I was melancholy, asked me whether I understood how to handle a sail or an oar, and whether a little exercise of rowing might not be convenient for my health?—I answered, that I understood both very well: for although my proper employment had been to be surgeon or doctor to the ship, yet often upon a pinch, I was forced to work like a common mariner. But I could not see how this could be done in their country, where the smallest wherry was equal to a first-rate man of war among us: and such a boat as I could manage would never live in any of their rivers.—Her majesty said, if I would contrive a boat, her own joiner should make it, and she would provide a place for me to sail in. The fellow was an ingenious workman, and by my instructions, in ten days finished a pleasure-boat, with all its tackling, able conveniently to hold eight Europeans. When it was finished, the queen was so delighted, that she ran with it in her lap to the king, who ordered it to be put into a cistern full of water, with me in it, by way of trial, where I could not manage my two sculls, or little oars, for want of room. But the queen had before contrived another project. She ordered the joiner to make a wooden trough of three hundred feet long, fifty broad, and eight deep; which, being well pitched, to prevent leaking, was placed on the floor, along the wall, in an outer room of the palace. It had a cock near the bottom to let out the water, when it began to grow stale; and two servants could easily fill it in half an hour. Here I often used to row for my own diversion, as well as that of the queen and her ladies, who thought themselves well entertained with my skill and agility. Sometimes I would put up my sail, and then my business was only to steer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans; and, when they were weary, some of

their pages would blow my sail forward with their breath, while I shewed my art by steering starboard or larboard as I pleased. When I had done, Glumdalclitch always carried back my boat into her closet, and hung it on a nail to dry.

In this exercise, I once met an accident, which had like to have cost me my life; for, one of the pages having put my boat into the trough, the governess who attended Glumdalclitch very officiously lifted me up, to place me in the boat; but I happened to slip through her fingers, and should infallibly have fallen down forty feet, upon the floor, if, by the luckiest chance in the world, I had not been stopped by a corking-pin that stuck in the good gentlewoman's stomacher; the head of the pin passed between my shirt and the waistband of my breeches, and thus I was held by the middle in the air, till Glumdalclitch ran to my relief.

Another time, one of the servants, whose office it was to fill my trough every third day with fresh water, was so careless as to let a huge frog (not perceiving it) slip out of his pail. The frog lay concealed till I was put into my boat, but then, seeing a resting-place, climbed up, and made it lean so much on one side, that I was forced to balance it with all my weight on the other, to prevent overturning. When the frog was got in, it hopped at once half the length of the boat, and then over my head, backward and forward, daubing my face and clothes with its odious slime. The largeness of its features made it appear the most deformed animal that can be conceived. However, I desired Glumdalclitch to let me deal with it alone. I banged it a good while with one of my sculls, and at last forced it to leap out of the boat.

But the greatest danger I ever underwent in that kingdom, was from a monkey, who belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked me up in her closet, while she went somewhere upon business or a visit. The weather being very warm, the closet-window was left open, as well as the windows and the door of my bigger box, in which I usually lived, because of its largeness and conveniency. As I sat quietly meditating at my table, I heard something bounce in at the closet window, and skip about from one side to the other: whereat although I was much alarmed, yet I ventured to look out, but not stirring from my seat; and then I saw this frolicsome animal frisking and leaping up and down, till at last he came to my box, which he seemed to view with great pleasure and curiosity, peeping in at the door and every window. I retreated to the farther corner of my room, or box; but the monkey, looking in at every side, put me into such a fright, that I wanted presence of mind to conceal myself under the bed, as I might easily have done. After some time spent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at last espied me; and reaching one of his paws in at the door, as a cat does when

she plays with a mouse, although I often shifted place to avoid him, he at length seized the lappet of my coat, (which, being made of that country silk, was very thick and strong,) and dragged me out. He took me up in his right fore-foot, and held me as a nurse does a child she is going to suckle, just as I have seen the same sort of creature do with a kitten in Europe; and when I offered to struggle, he squeezed me so hard, that I thought it more prudent to submit. I have good reason to believe, that he took me for a young one of his own species, by his often stroking my face very gently with his other paw. In these diversions he was interrupted by a noise at the closet door, as if somebody were opening it: whereupon he suddenly leapt up to the window, at which he had come in, and thence upon the leads and gutters, walking upon three legs, and holding me in the fourth, till he clambered up to a roof that was next to ours. I heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek at the moment he was carrying me out. The poor girl was almost distracted; that quarter of the palace was all in an uproar: the servants ran for ladders; the monkey was seen by hundreds in the court, sitting upon the ridge of a building, holding me like a baby in one of his fore-paws, and feeding me with the other, by cramming into my mouth some victuals he had squeezed out of the bag on one side of his chaps, and patting me when I would not eat; whereat many of the rabble below could not forbear laughing; neither do I think they justly ought to be blamed, for without question the sight was ridiculous enough to everybody but myself. Some of the people threw up stones, hoping to drive the monkey down; but this was strictly forbidden, or else, very probably, my brains had been dashed out.

The ladders were now applied, and mounted by several men; which the monkey observing, and finding himself almost encompassed, not being able to make speed enough with his three legs, let me drop on a ridge tile, and made his escape. Here I sat for some time, five hundred yards from the ground, expecting every moment to be blown down by the wind, or to fall by my own giddiness, and come tumbling over and over from the ridge to the eaves: but an honest lad, one of my nurse's footmen, climbed up, and, putting me into his breeches-pocket, brought me down safe.

I was almost choked with the filthy stuff the monkey had crammed down my throat: but my dear little nurse picked it out of my mouth with a small needle, and then I fell a-vomiting, which gave me great relief. Yet I was so weak and bruised in the sides with the squeezes given me by this odious animal, that I was forced to keep my bed a fortnight. The king, queen, and all the court, sent every day to inquire after my health; and her majesty made me several visits during my sickness. The monkey was

killed, and an order made, that no such animal should be kept about the palace.

When I attended the king after my recovery, to return him thanks for his favours, he was pleased to rally me a good deal upon this adventure. He asked me, what my thoughts and speculations were, while I lay in the monkey's paw; how I liked the victuals he gave me; his manner of feeding; and whether the fresh air on the roof had sharpened my stomach? He desired to know, what I would have done upon such an occasion in my own country:—I told his majesty that in Europe we had no monkeys, except such as were brought for curiosities from other places, and so small, that I could deal with a dozen of them together, if they presumed to attack me. And as for that monstrous animal, with whom I was so lately engaged, (it was indeed as large as an elephant,) if my fears had suffered me to think so far as to make use of my hanger, (looking fiercely, and clapping my hand upon the hilt, as I spoke,) when he poked his paw into my chamber, perhaps I should have given him such a wound, as would have made him glad to withdraw it, with more haste than he put it in. This I delivered in a firm tone, like a person who was jealous lest his courage should be called in question. However, my speech produced nothing else besides a loud laughter, which all the respect due to his majesty from those about him, could not make them contain. This made me reflect how vain an attempt it is, for a man to endeavour to do himself honour among those who are out of all degree of equality or comparison with him. And yet I have seen the moral of my own behaviour very frequent in England since my return; where a little contemptible varlet, without the least title to birth, person, wit, or common sense, shall presume to look with importance, and put himself upon a foot with the greatest persons of the kingdom.

I was every day furnishing the court with some ridiculous story; and Glumdalclitch, although she loved me to excess, yet was arch enough to inform the queen, whenever I committed any folly that she thought would be diverting to her majesty. The girl, who had been out of order, was carried by her governess to take the air about an hour's distance, or thirty miles from town. They alighted out of the coach near a small foot-path in a field, and Glumdalclitch, setting down my travelling box, I went out of it to walk. There was a cow-dung in the path, and I must needs try my activity by attempting to leap over it. I took a run, but unfortunately jumped short, and found myself just in the middle, up to my knees. I waded through with difficulty, and one of the footmen wiped me as clean as he could with his handkerchief, for I was filthily bemired; and my nurse confined me to my box

till we returned home ; where the queen was soon informed of what had passed, and the footmen spread it about the court ; so that all the mirth for some days was at my expense.

CHAP. VI.

Several Contrivances of the Author to please the King and Queen. He shews his Skill in Music. The King inquires into the State of England, which the Author relates to him. The King's Observations thereon.

I USED to attend the king's levee once or twice a-week, and had often seen him under the barber's hand, which, indeed, was at first very terrible to behold ; for the razor was almost twice as long as an ordinary scythe. His majesty, according to the custom of the country, was only shaved twice a-week. I once prevailed on the barber to give me some of the suds or lather, out of which I picked forty or fifty of the strongest stumps of hair. I then took a piece of fine wood, and cut it like the back of a comb, making several holes in it, at equal distances, with as small a needle as I could get from Glumdalclitch. I fixed in the stumps so artificially, scraping and sloping them with my knife toward the points, that I made a very tolerable comb ; which was a seasonable supply, my own being so much broken in the teeth, that it was almost useless : neither did I know any artist in that country so nice and exact, as would undertake to make me another.

And this puts me in mind of an amusement, wherein I spent many of my leisure hours. I desired the queen's woman to save for me the combings of her majesty's hair, whereof in time I got a good quantity ; and consulting with my friend the cabinet-maker, who had received general orders to do little jobs for me, I directed him to make two chair-frames, no larger than those I had in my box, and to bore little holes with a fine awl round those parts where I designed the backs and seats : through these holes I wove the strongest hairs I could pick out, just after the manner of cane chairs in England. When they were finished, I made a present of them to her majesty, who kept them in her cabinet, and used to shew them for curiosities, as indeed they were the wonder of every one that beheld them. The queen would have had me sit upon one of these chairs, but I absolutely refused to obey her, protesting I would rather die a thousand deaths, than place a dishonourable part of my body on those precious hairs that once adorned her majesty's head. Of these hairs, (as I had always a mechanical genius,) I likewise made a neat little purse, about five feet long, with her majesty's name decyphered in gold letters, which I gave to Glumdalclitch by the queen's consent. To say the truth, it

was more for show than use, being not of strength to bear the weight of the larger coins, and therefore she kept nothing in it but some little toys that girls are fond of.

The king, who delighted in music, had frequent concerts at court, to which I was sometimes carried, and set in my box on a table to hear them : but the noise was so great that I could hardly distinguish the tunes. I am confident that all the drums and trumpets of a royal army, beating and sounding together just at your ears, could not equal it. My practice was to have my box removed from the place where the performers sat, as far as I could, then to shut the doors and windows of it, and draw the window-curtains ; after which I found their music not disagreeable.

I had learned in my youth to play a little upon the spinet. Glumdalclitch kept one in her chamber, and a master attended twice a-week to teach her : I called it a spinet, because it somewhat resembled that instrument, and was played upon in the same manner. A fancy came into my head, that I would entertain the king and queen with an English tune upon this instrument. But this appeared extremely difficult : for the spinet was near sixty feet long, each key being almost a foot wide, so that with my arms extended I could not reach to above five keys, and to press them down required a good smart stroke with my fist, which would be too great a labour, and to no purpose. The method I contrived was this : I prepared two round sticks about the bigness of common cudgels ; they were thicker at one end than the other, and I covered the thicker ends with pieces of a mouse's skin, that by rapping on them I might neither damage the tops of the keys, nor interrupt the sound. Before the spinet a bench was placed, about four feet below the keys, and I was put upon the bench. I ran sideling upon it, that way and this, as fast as I could, banging the proper keys with my two sticks, and made a shift to play a jig, to the great satisfaction of both their majesties ; but it was the most violent exercise I ever underwent ; and yet I could not strike above sixteen keys, nor consequently play the bass and treble together, as other artists do ; which was a great disadvantage to my performance.

The king, who, as I before observed, was a prince of excellent understanding, would frequently order that I should be brought in my box, and set upon the table in his closet : he would then command me to bring one of my chairs out of the box, and sit down within three yards distance upon the top of the cabinet, which brought me almost to a level with his face. In this manner I had several conversations with him. I one day took the freedom to tell his majesty, that the contempt he discovered towards Europe, and the rest of the world, did not seem answerable to those excellent qualities of mind

that he was master of; that reason did not extend itself with the bulk of the body: on the contrary, we observed in our country, that the tallest persons were usually the least provided with it; that among other animals, bees and ants had the reputation of more industry, art, and sagacity, than many of the larger kinds; and that, as inconsiderable as he took me to be, I hoped I might live to do his majesty some signal service. The king heard me with attention, and began to conceive a much better opinion of me than he had ever before. He desired I would give him as exact an account of the government of England as I possibly could; because, as fond as princes commonly are of their own customs, (for so he conjectured of other monarchs by my former discourses,) he should be glad to hear of anything that might deserve imitation.

Imagine with thyself, courteous reader, how often I then wished for the tongue of Demosthenes or Cicero, that might have enabled me to celebrate the praise of my own dear native country, in a style equal to its merits and felicity.

I began my discourse by informing his majesty, that our dominions consisted of two islands, which composed three mighty kingdoms, under one sovereign, besides our plantations in America. I dwelt long upon the fertility of our soil, and the temperature of our climate. I then spoke at large upon the constitution of an English parliament; partly made up of an illustrious body, called the House of Peers; persons of the noblest blood, and of the most ancient and ample patrimonies. I described that extraordinary care always taken of their education in arts and arms, to qualify them for being counsellors both to the king and kingdom; to have a share in the legislature; to be members of the highest court of judicature, whence there can be no appeal; and to be champions always ready for the defence of their prince and country, by their valour, conduct, and fidelity. That these were the ornament and bulwark of the kingdom, worthy followers of their most renowned ancestors, whose honour had been the reward of their virtue, from which their posterity were never once known to degenerate. To these were joined several holy persons, as part of that assembly, under the title of bishops; whose peculiar business it is to take care of religion, and of those who instruct the people therein. These were searched and sought out through the whole nation, by the prince and his wisest counsellors, among such of the priesthood as were most deservedly distinguished by the sanctity of their lives, and the depth of their erudition; who were indeed the spiritual fathers of the clergy and the people.

That the other part of the parliament consisted of an assembly, called the House of Commons, who were all principal gentlemen, freely picked and culled out by the people themselves, for

their great abilities and love of their country, to represent the wisdom of the whole nation. And that these two bodies made up the most august assembly in Europe; to whom, in conjunction with the prince, the whole legislature is committed.

I then descended to the courts of justice; over which the judges, those venerable sages and interpreters of the law, presided, for determining the disputed rights and properties of men, as well as for the punishment of vice, and protection of innocence. I mentioned the prudent management of our treasury; the valour and achievements of our forces, by sea and land. I computed the number of our people, by reckoning how many millions there might be of each religious sect, or political party, among us. I did not omit even our sports and pastimes, or any other particular which I thought might redound to the honour of my country. And I finished all with a brief historical account of affairs and events in England for about a hundred years past.

This conversation was not ended under five audiences, each of several hours; and the king heard the whole with great attention, frequently taking notes of what I spoke, as well as memorandums of what questions he intended to ask me.

When I had put an end to these long discourses, his majesty, in a sixth audience, consulting his notes, proposed many doubts, queries, and objections, upon every article. He asked, What methods were used to cultivate the minds and bodies of our young nobility, and in what kind of business they commonly spent the first and teachable part of their lives? What course was taken to supply that assembly, when any noble family became extinct? What qualifications were necessary in those who are to be created new lords; whether the humour of the prince, a sum of money to a court lady, or a design of strengthening a party opposite to the public interest, ever happened to be the motives in those advancements? What share of knowledge these lords had in the laws of their country, and how they came by it, so as to enable them to decide the properties of their fellow-subjects in the last resort? Whether they were always so free from avarice, partialities, or want, that a bribe, or some other sinister view, could have no place among them? Whether those holy lords I spoke of were always promoted to that rank upon account of their knowledge in religious matters, and the sanctity of their lives; had never been compliers with the times, while they were common priests; or slavish prostitute chaplains to some nobleman, whose opinions they continued servilely to follow, after they were admitted into that assembly?

He then desired to know, What arts were practised in electing those whom I called commoners; whether a stranger, with a strong purse,

might not influence the vulgar voters, to choose him before their own landlord, or the most considerable gentleman in the neighbourhood? How it came to pass, that people were so violently bent upon getting into this assembly, which I allowed to be a great trouble and expense, often to the ruin of their families, without any salary or pension; because this appeared such an exalted strain of virtue and public spirit, that his majesty seemed to doubt it might possibly not be always sincere? And he desired to know, Whether such zealous gentlemen could have any views of refunding themselves for the charges and trouble they were at, by sacrificing the public good to the designs of a weak and vicious prince, in conjunction with a corrupted ministry? He multiplied his questions, and sifted me thoroughly upon every part of this head, proposing numberless inquiries and objections, which I think it not prudent or convenient to repeat.

Upon what I said in relation to our courts of justice, his majesty desired to be satisfied in several points: and this I was the better able to do, having been formerly almost ruined by a long suit in Chancery, which was decreed for me, with costs. He asked, What time was usually spent in determining between right and wrong, and what degree of expense? Whether advocates and orators had liberty to plead in causes manifestly known to be unjust, vexatious, or oppressive? Whether party, in religion or politics, were observed to be of any weight in the scale of justice? Whether those pleading orators were persons educated in the general knowledge of equity, or only in provincial, national, and other local customs? Whether they or their judges had any part in penning those laws, which they assumed the liberty of interpreting and glossing upon at their pleasure? Whether they had ever, at different times, pleaded for and against the same cause, and cited precedents to prove contrary opinions? Whether they were a rich or a poor corporation? Whether they received any pecuniary reward for pleading or delivering their opinions? And particularly, Whether they were ever admitted as members in the lower senate?

He fell next upon the management of our treasury; and said, he thought my memory had failed me, because I computed our taxes at about five or six millions a-year, and when I came to mention the issues, he found they sometimes amounted to more than double; for the notes he had taken were very particular in this point, because he hoped, as he told me, that the knowledge of our conduct might be useful to him, and he could not be deceived in his calculations. But, if what I told him were true, he was still at a loss how a kingdom could run out of its estate, like a private person. He asked me, Who were our creditors, and where we found money to pay them? He wondered to hear me talk of such chargeable and expensive wars; That cer-

tainly we must be a quarrelsome people, or live among very bad neighbours, and that our generals must needs be richer than our kings. He asked, What business we had out of our own islands, unless upon the score of trade, or treaty, or to defend the coasts with our fleet? Above all, he was amazed to hear me talk of a mercenary standing army, in the midst of peace, and among a free people. He said, if we were governed by our own consent, in the persons of our representatives, he could not imagine of whom we were afraid, or against whom we were to fight; and would hear my opinion, whether a private man's house might not better be defended by himself, his children, and family, than by half a dozen rascals, picked up at a venture in the streets for small wages, who might get a hundred times more by cutting their throats?

He laughed at my odd kind of arithmetic, as he was pleased to call it, in reckoning the numbers of our people, by a computation drawn from the several sects among us in religion and politics. He said, he knew no reason why those who entertain opinions prejudicial to the public should be obliged to change, or should not be obliged to conceal them. And, as it was tyranny in any government to require the first, so it was weakness not to enforce the second; for a man may be allowed to keep poisons in his closet, but not to vend them about for cordials.

He observed, That, among the diversions of our nobility and gentry, I had mentioned gaming: he desired to know at what age this entertainment was usually taken up, and when it was laid down; how much of their time it employed; whether it ever went so high as to affect their fortunes; whether mean, vicious people, by their dexterity in that art, might not arrive at great riches, and sometimes keep our very nobles in dependence, as well as habituate them to vile companions; wholly take them from the improvement of their minds, and force them, by the losses they received, to learn and practise that infamous dexterity upon others?

He was perfectly astonished with the historical account I gave him of our affairs during the last century; protesting, it was only a heap of conspiracies, rebellions, murders, massacres, revolutions, banishments, the very worst effects that avarice, faction, hypocrisy, perfidiousness, cruelty, rage, madness, hatred, envy, lust, malice, and ambition, could produce.

His majesty, in another audience, was at the pains to recapitulate the sum of all I had spoken; compared the questions he made with the answers I had given; then, taking me into his hands, and stroking me gently, delivered himself in these words, which I shall never forget, nor the manner he spoke them in: My little friend Gildrig, you have made a most admirable panegyric upon your country; you have clearly proved, that ignorance, idleness, and vice, are

the proper ingredients for qualifying a legislator ; that laws are best explained, interpreted, and applied, by those whose interest and abilities lie in perverting, confounding, and eluding them. I observe among you some lines of an institution, which, in its original, might have been tolerable, but these half erased, and the rest wholly blurred and blotted by corruptions. It does not appear, from all you have said, how any one perfection is required, toward the procurement of any one station among you ; much less, that men are ennobled on account of their virtue ; that priests are advanced for their piety or learning ; soldiers, for their conduct or valour ; judges, for their integrity ; senators, for the love of their country ; or counsellors, for their wisdom. As for yourself, continued the king, who have spent the greatest part of your life in travelling, I am well disposed to hope you may hitherto have escaped many vices of your country. But, by what I have gathered from your own relation, and the answers I have with much pains wringed and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin, that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth.

CHAP. VII.

The Author's Love of his Country. He makes a Proposal of much Advantage to the King, which is rejected. The King's great Ignorance in Politics. The Learning of that Country very imperfect and confined. The Laws, and Military Affairs, and Parties in the State.

NOTHING but an extreme love of truth could have hindered me from concealing this part of my story. It was in vain to discover my resentments, which were always turned into ridicule ; and I was forced to rest with patience, while my noble and beloved country was so injuriously treated. I am as heartily sorry as any of my readers can possibly be, that such an occasion was given : but this prince happened to be so curious and inquisitive upon every particular, that it could not consist either with gratitude or good manners, to refuse giving him what satisfaction I was able. Yet thus much I may be allowed to say in my own vindication, that I artfully eluded many of his questions, and gave to every point a more favourable turn, by many degrees, than the strictness of truth would allow ; for I have always borne that laudable partiality to my own country, which Dionysius Halicarnassensis, with so much justice, recommends to an historian : I would hide the frailties and deformities of my political mother, and place her virtues and beauties in the most advantageous light. This was my sincere endeavour, in those

many discourses I had with that monarch, although it unfortunately failed of success.

But great allowances should be given to a king, who lives wholly secluded from the rest of the world, and must, therefore, be altogether unacquainted with the manners and customs that most prevail in other nations : the want of which knowledge will ever produce many prejudices, and a certain narrowness of thinking, from which we, and the politer countries of Europe, are wholly exempted ; and it would be hard, indeed, if so remote a prince's notions of virtue and vice were to be offered as a standard for all mankind.

To confirm what I have now said, and farther to shew the miserable effects of a confined education, I shall here insert a passage, which will hardly obtain belief. In hopes to ingratiate myself farther into his majesty's favour, I told him of an invention, discovered between three and four hundred years ago, to make a certain powder, into a heap of which, the smallest spark of fire falling, would kindle the whole in a moment, although it were as big as a mountain, and make it all fly up in the air together, with a noise and agitation greater than thunder. That a proper quantity of this powder, rammed into a hollow tube of brass or iron, according to its bigness, would drive a ball of iron or lead with such violence and speed as nothing was able to sustain its force. That the largest balls, thus discharged, would not only destroy whole ranks of an army at once, but batter the strongest walls to the ground, sink down ships, with a thousand men in each, to the bottom of the sea ; and, when linked together by a chain, would cut through masts and rigging, divide hundreds of bodies in the middle, and lay all waste before them. That we often put this powder into large hollow balls of iron, and discharged them by an engine into some city we were besieging, which would rip up the pavements, tear the houses to pieces, burst and throw splinters on every side, dashing out the brains of all who came near. That I knew the ingredients very well, which were cheap and common ; I understood the manner of compounding them, and could direct his workmen how to make those tubes, of a size proportionable to all other things in his majesty's kingdom, and the largest need not be above a hundred feet long ; twenty or thirty of which tubes, charged with the proper quantity of powder and balls, would batter down the walls of the strongest town in his dominions in a few hours, or destroy the whole metropolis, if ever it should pretend to dispute his absolute commands. This I humbly offered to his majesty, as a small tribute of acknowledgment, in return of so many marks that I had received of his royal favour and protection.

The king was struck with horror at the description I had given of these terrible engines, and the proposal I had made. He was amazed

how so impotent and grovelling an insect as I, (these were his expressions,) could entertain such inhuman ideas, and in so familiar a manner, as to appear wholly unmoved at all the scenes of blood and desolation which I had painted, as the common effects of those destructive machines: whereof, he said, some evil genius, enemy to mankind, must have been the first contriver. As for himself, he protested, that although few things delighted him so much as new discoveries in art or in nature, yet he would rather lose half his kingdom than be privy to such a secret; which he commanded me, as I valued my life, never to mention any more.

A strange effect of narrow principles and views! that a prince, possessed of every quality which procures veneration, love, and esteem; of strong parts, great wisdom, and profound learning, endued with admirable talents, and almost adored by his subjects, should, from a nice, unnecessary scruple, whereof in Europe we can have no conception, let slip an opportunity put into his hands, that would have made him absolute master of the lives, the liberties, and the fortunes, of his people! Neither do I say this with the least intention to detract from the many virtues of that excellent king, whose character, I am sensible, will, on this account, be very much lessened in the opinion of an English reader: but I take this defect among them to have risen from their ignorance, by not having hitherto reduced politics into a science, as the more acute wits of Europe have done. For, I remember very well, in a discourse one day with the king, when I happened to say, there were several thousand books among us written upon the art of government, it gave him (directly contrary to my intention) a very mean opinion of our understandings. He professed both to abominate and despise all mystery, refinement, and intrigue, either in a prince or a minister. He could not tell what I meant by secrets of state, where an enemy, or some rival nation, were not in the case. He confined the knowledge of governing within very narrow bounds, to common sense and reason, to justice and lenity, to the speedy determination of civil and criminal causes; with some other obvious topics, which are not worth considering. And, he gave it for his opinion, That, whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.

The learning of this people is very defective; consisting only in morality, history, poetry, and mathematics, wherein they must be allowed to excel. But the last of these is wholly applied to what may be useful in life, to the improvement of agriculture, and all mechanical arts; so that, among us, it would be little esteemed. And, as to ideas, entitics, abstractions, and transcend-

entals, I could never drive the least conception into their heads.

No law of that country must exceed in words the number of letters in their alphabet, which consists only of two-and-twenty. But, indeed, few of them extend even to that length. They are expressed in the most plain and simple terms, wherein those people are not mercurial enough to discover above one interpretation: and to write a comment upon any law is a capital crime. As to the decision of civil causes, or proceedings against criminals, their precedents are so few, that they have little reason to boast of any extraordinary skill in either.

They have had the art of printing, as well as the Chinese, time out of mind: but their libraries are not very large; for that of the king, which is reckoned the largest, does not amount to above a thousand volumes, placed in a gallery of twelve hundred feet long, whence I had liberty to borrow what books I pleased. The queen's joiner had contrived, in one of Glumdalclitch's rooms, a kind of wooden machine, five-and-twenty feet high, formed like a standing ladder: the steps were each fifty feet long: it was indeed a moveable pair of stairs, the lowest end placed at ten feet distance from the wall of the chamber. The book I had a mind to read was put up leaning against the wall: I first mounted to the upper step of the ladder, and turning my face towards the book, began at the top of the page, and so walking to the right and left about eight or ten paces, according to the length of the lines, till I had gotten a little below the level of mine eyes, and then descending gradually till I came to the bottom; after which I mounted again, and began the other page in the same manner, and so turned over the leaf, which I could easily do with both my hands, for it was as thick and stiff as a paste-board, and in the largest folios not above eighteen or twenty feet long.

Their style is clear, masculine, and smooth, but not florid; for they avoid nothing more than multiplying unnecessary words, or using various expressions. I have perused many of their books, especially those in history and morality. Among the rest, I was much diverted with a little old treatise, which always lay in Glumdalclitch's bed-chamber, and belonged to her governess, a grave elderly gentlewoman, who dealt in writings of morality and devotion. The book treats of the weakness of human kind, and is in little esteem, except among the women and the vulgar. However, I was curious to see what an author of that country could say upon such a subject. This writer went through all the usual topics of European moralists, shewing, "how diminutive, contemptible, and helpless an animal was man in his own nature; how unable to defend himself from inclemencies of the air, or the fury of wild beasts; how much he was excelled by one creature in strength, by another

in speed, by a third in foresight, by a fourth in industry.' He added, "that nature was degenerated in these latter declining ages of the world, and could now produce only small abortive births, in comparison of those of ancient times." He said, "it was very reasonable to think, not only that the species of men were originally much larger, but also that there must have been giants in former ages; which, as it is asserted by history and tradition, so it has been confirmed by huge bones and skulls, casually dug up in several parts of the kingdom, far exceeding the common dwindled race of men in our days." He argued, "that the very laws of nature absolutely required we should have been made, in the beginning, of a size more large and robust; not so liable to destruction from every little accident, of a tile falling from a house, or a stone cast from the hand of a boy, or being drowned in a little brook." From this way of reasoning, the author drew several moral applications, useful in the conduct of life, but needless here to repeat. For my own part, I could not avoid reflecting how universally this talent was spread, of drawing lectures on morality, or indeed rather matter of discontent and repining, from the quarrels we raise with nature. And I believe, upon a strict inquiry, those quarrels might be shewn as ill-grounded among us as they are among that people.

As to their military affairs, they boast that the king's army consists of a hundred and seventy-six thousand foot, and thirty-two thousand horse: if that may be called an army, which is made up of tradesmen in the several cities, and farmers in the country, whose commanders are only the nobility and gentry, without pay or reward. They are indeed perfect enough in their exercises, and under very good discipline, wherein I saw no great merit; for how should it be otherwise, where every farmer is under the command of his own landlord, and every citizen under that of the principal men in his own city, chosen, after the manner of Venice, by ballot?

I have often seen the militia of Lorbrulgrud drawn out to exercise in a great field near the city, of twenty miles square. They were in all not above twenty-five thousand foot, and six thousand horse; but it was impossible for me to compute their number, considering the space of ground they took up. A cavalier, mounted on a large steed, might be about ninety feet high. I have seen this whole body of horse, upon a word of command, draw their swords at once, and brandish them in the air. Imagination can figure nothing so grand, so surprising, and so astonishing! it looked as if ten thousand flashes of lightning were darting at the same time from every quarter of the sky.

I was curious to know how this prince, to whose dominions there is no access from any other country, came to think of armies, or to teach his people the practice of military disci-

pline. But I was soon informed, both by conversation, and reading their histories; for, in the course of many ages, they have been troubled with the same disease to which the whole race of mankind is subject; the nobility often contending for power, the people for liberty, and the king for absolute dominion. All which, however happily tempered by the laws of that kingdom, have been sometimes violated by each of the three parties, and have more than once occasioned civil wars; the last whereof was happily put an end to, by this prince's grandfather, in a general composition; and the militia, then settled with common consent, has been ever since kept in the strictest duty.

CHAP. VIII.

The King and Queen make a Progress to the Frontiers. The Author attends them. The Manner in which he leaves the Country very particularly related. He returns to England.

I HAD always a strong impulse, that I should some time recover my liberty, though it was impossible to conjecture by what means, or to form any project with the least hope of succeeding. The ship in which I sailed was the first known to be driven within sight of that coast, and the king had given strict orders, that if at any time another appeared, it should be taken ashore, and, with all its crew and passengers, brought in a tumbrel to Lorbrulgrud. He was strongly bent to get me a woman of my own size, by whom I might propagate the breed: but I think I should rather have died than undergone the disgrace of leaving a posterity to be kept in cages, like tame canary birds, and perhaps, in time, sold about the kingdom, to persons of quality, for curiosities. I was indeed treated with much kindness; I was the favourite of a great king and queen, and the delight of the whole court; but it was upon such a foot as ill became the dignity of human kind. I could never forget those domestic pledges I had left behind me. I wanted to be among people with whom I could converse upon even terms, and walk about the streets and fields without being afraid of being trod to death like a frog or a young puppy. But my deliverance came sooner than I expected, and in a manner not very common; the whole story and circumstances of which I shall faithfully relate.

I had now been two years in the country; and about the beginning of the third, Glumdalclitch and I attended the king and the queen, in a progress to the south coast of the kingdom. I was carried, as usual, in my travelling box, which, as I have already described, was a very convenient closet of twelve feet wide. And I had ordered a hammock to be fixed, by silken

ropes, from the four corners at the top, to break the jolts when a servant carried me before him on horseback, as I sometimes desired; and would often sleep in my hammock, while we were upon the road. On the roof of my closet, not directly over the middle of the hammock, I ordered the joiner to cut out a hole of a foot square, to give me air in hot weather, as I slept; which hole I shut at pleasure with a board that drew backward and forward through a groove.

When we came to our journey's end, the king thought proper to pass a few days at a palace he has near Flanflasnic, a city within eighteen English miles of the sea-side. Glumdalclitch and I were much fatigued: I had gotten a small cold, but the poor girl was so ill as to be confined to her chamber. I longed to see the ocean, which must be the only scene of my escape, if ever it should happen. I pretended to be worse than I really was, and desired leave to take the fresh air of the sea, with a page whom I was very fond of, and who had been sometimes trusted with me. I shall never forget with what unwillingness Glumdalclitch consented, nor the strict charge she gave the page to be careful of me, bursting at the same time into a flood of tears, as if she had some foreboding of what was to happen. The boy took me out in my box, about half an hour's walk from the palace, towards the rocks on the seashore. I ordered him to set me down, and lifting up one of my sashes, cast many a wistful melancholy look towards the sea. I found myself not very well, and told the page that I had a mind to take a nap in my hammock, which I hoped would do me good. I got in, and the boy shut the window close down, to keep out the cold. I soon fell asleep, and all I conjecture is, while I slept, the page, thinking no danger could happen, went among the rocks to look for birds' eggs, having before observed him from my window, searching about, and picking up one or two in the clefts. Be that as it will, I found myself suddenly awakened with a violent pull upon the ring, which was fastened at the top of my box for the convenience of carriage. I felt my box raised very high in the air, and then borne forward with prodigious speed. The first jolt had like to have shaken me out of my hammock, but afterward the motion was easy enough. I called out several times, as loud as I could raise my voice, but all to no purpose. I looked towards my windows, and could see nothing but the clouds and sky. I heard a noise just over my head, like the clapping of wings, and then began to perceive the woful condition I was in; that some eagle had got the ring of my box in his beak, with an intent to let it fall on a rock, like a tortoise in a shell, and then pick out my body, and devour it: for the sagacity and smell of this bird enabled him to discover his quarry at a great distance, though better concealed than I could be within a two-inch board.

In a little time, I observed the noise and flut-

ter of wings to increase very fast, and my box was tossed up and down, like a sign in a windy day. I heard several bangs or buffets, as I thought, given to the eagle, (for such, I am certain, it must have been that held the ring of my box in his beak,) and then, all on a sudden, felt myself falling perpendicularly down, for above a minute, and with such incredible swiftness, that I almost lost my breath. My fall was stopped by a terrible squash, that sounded louder to my ears, than the cataract of Niagara; after which I was quite in the dark for another minute, and then my box began to rise so high, that I could see light from the tops of the windows. I now perceived I was fallen into the sea. My box, by the weight of my body, the goods that were in, and the broad plates of iron fixed for strength at the four corners of the top and bottom, floated above five feet deep in water. I did then, and do now suppose, that the eagle, which flew away with my box, was pursued by two or three others, and forced to let me drop, while he defended himself against the rest, who hoped to share in the prey. The plates of iron fastened at the bottom of the box (for those were the strongest) preserved the balance while it fell, and hindered it from being broken on the surface of the water. Every joint of it was well grooved; and the door did not move on hinges, but up and down like a sash, which kept my closet so tight, that very little water came in. I got, with much difficulty, out of my hammock, having first ventured to draw back the slip-board on the roof already mentioned, contrived on purpose to let in air, for want of which, I found myself almost stifled.

How often did I then wish myself with my dear Glumdalclitch, from whom one single hour had so far divided me! And I may say with truth, that, in the midst of my own misfortunes, I could not forbear lamenting my poor nurse, the grief she would suffer for my loss, the displeasure of the queen, and the ruin of her fortune. Perhaps many travellers have not been under greater difficulties and distress than I was at this juncture, expecting every moment to see my box dashed to pieces, or, at least, upset by the first violent blast, or rising wave. A breach in one single pane of glass, would have been immediate death: nor could anything have preserved the windows, but the strong lattice wires placed on the outside, against accidents in travelling. I saw the water ooze in at several cranies, although the leaks were not considerable, and I endeavoured to stop them as well as I could. I was not able to lift up the roof of my closet, which otherwise I certainly should have done, and sat on the top of it; where I might at least preserve myself some hours longer, than by being shut up (as I may call it) in the hold. Or, if I escaped these dangers for a day or two, what could I expect, but a miserable death of cold and hunger? I was for four hours under

these circumstances, expecting, and, indeed, wishing, every moment to be my last.

I have already told the reader, that there were two strong staples fixed upon that side of my box which had no window, and into which the servant, who used to carry me on horseback, would put a leathern belt, and buckle it about his waist. Being in this disconsolate state, I heard, or, at least, thought I heard, some kind of grating noise on that side of my box where the staples were fixed; and soon after I began to fancy, that the box was pulled or towed along the sea; for I now and then felt a sort of tugging, which made the waves rise near the tops of my windows, leaving me almost in the dark. This gave me some faint hopes of relief, although I was not able to imagine how it could be brought about. I ventured to unscrew one of my chairs, which were always fastened to the floor; and having made a hard shift to screw it down again, directly under the slipping-board that I had lately opened, I mounted on the chair, and, putting my mouth as near as I could to the hole, I called for help in a loud voice, and in all the languages I understood. I then fastened my handkerchief to a stick I usually carried, and, thrusting it up the hole, waved it several times in the air, that, if any boat or ship were near, the seamen might conjecture some unhappy mortal to be shut up in the box. I found no effect from all I could do, but plainly perceived my closet to be moved along; and in the space of an hour, or better, that side of the box where the staples were, and had no windows, struck against something that was hard. I apprehended it to be a rock, and found myself tossed more than ever. I plainly heard a noise upon the cover of my closet, like that of a cable, and the grating of it as it passed through the ring. I then found myself hoisted up, by degrees, at least three feet higher than I was before. Whereupon I again thrust up my stick and handkerchief, calling for help till I was almost hoarse. In return to which, I heard a great shout repeated three times, giving me such transports of joy as are not to be conceived but by those who feel them. I now heard a trampling over my head, and somebody calling through the hole with a loud voice, in the English tongue, If there be anybody below, let them speak. I answered, I was an Englishman, drawn, by ill fortune, into the greatest calamity that ever any creature underwent, and begged, by all that was moving, to be delivered out of the dungeon I was in. The voice replied, I was safe, for my box was fastened to their ship, and the carpenter should immediately come and saw a hole in the cover, large enough to pull me out. I answered, that was needless, and would take up too much time; for there was no more to be done, but let one of the crew put his finger into the ring, and take the box out of the sea into the ship, and so into the captain's cabin. Some of

them, upon hearing me talk so wildly, thought I was mad; others laughed; for indeed it never came into my head that I was now got among people of my own stature and strength. The carpenter came, and, in a few minutes, saw a passage about four feet square, then let down a small ladder, upon which I mounted, and thence was taken into the ship in a very weak condition.

The sailors were all in amazement, and asked me a thousand questions, which I had no inclination to answer. I was equally confounded at the sight of so many pigmies, for such I took them to be, after having so long accustomed mine eyes to the monstrous objects I had left. But the captain, Mr Thomas Wilcocks, an honest worthy Shropshireman, observing I was ready to faint, took me into his cabin, gave me a cordial to comfort me, and made me turn in upon his own bed, advising me to take a little rest, of which I had great need. Before I went to sleep, I gave him to understand, that I had some valuable furniture in my box, too good to be lost; a fine hammock—a handsome field bed—two chairs—a table—and a cabinet. That my closet was hung on all sides, or rather quilted, with silk and cotton: that, if he would let one of the crew bring my closet into his cabin, I would open it there before him, and shew him my goods. The captain, hearing me utter these absurdities, concluded I was raving; however, (I suppose to pacify me,) he promised to give order as I desired, and going upon deck, sent some of his men down into my closet, whence (as I afterwards found) they drew up all my goods, and stripped off the quilting; but the chairs, cabinet, and bedstead, being screwed to the floor, were much damaged by the ignorance of the seamen, who tore them up by force. Then, they knocked off some of the boards for the use of the ship, and, when they had got all they had a mind for, let the hull drop into the sea, which, by reason of many breaches made in the bottom and sides, sunk to rights. And, indeed, I was glad not to have been a spectator of the havoc they made, because I am confident it would have sensibly touched me, by bringing former passages into my mind, which I would rather have forgot.

I slept some hours, but perpetually disturbed with dreams of the place I had left, and the dangers I had escaped. However, upon waking, I found myself much recovered. It was now about eight o'clock at night, and the captain ordered supper immediately, thinking I had already fasted too long. He entertained me with great kindness, observing me not to look wildly, or talk inconsistently; and, when we were left alone, desired I would give him a relation of my travels, and by what accident I came to be set adrift in that monstrous wooden chest. He said, That about twelve o'clock at noon, as he was looking through his glass, he spied it at a distance, and thought it was a sail, which he had a mind to make, being not much out of his

course, in hopes of buying some biscuit, his own beginning to fall short. That, upon coming nearer, and finding his error, he sent out his long-boat to discover what it was ; that his men came back in a fright, swearing they had seen a swimming house. That he laughed at their folly, and went himself in the boat, ordering his men to take a strong cable along with them. That the weather being calm, he rowed round me several times, observed my windows, and wire lattices that defended them. That he discovered two staples upon one side, which was all of boards, without any passage for light. He then commanded his men to row up to that side, and fastening a cable to one of the staples, ordered them to tow my chest, as they called it, toward the ship. When it was there, he gave directions to fasten another cable to the ring fixed in the cover, and to raise up my chest with pulleys, which all the sailors were not able to do above two or three feet. He said, they saw my stick and handkerchief thrust out of the hole, and concluded that some unhappy man must be shut up in the cavity. I asked, Whether he or the crew had seen any prodigious birds in the air, about the time he first discovered me ? To which he answered, That discoursing this matter with the sailors while I was asleep, one of them said, he had observed three eagles flying towards the north, but remarked nothing of their being larger than the usual size ; which, I suppose, must be imputed to the great height they were at ; and he could not guess the reason of my question. I then asked the captain, How far off he reckoned we might be from land ? He said, By the best computation he could make, we were, at least, a hundred leagues. I assured him, That he must be mistaken by almost half, for I had not left the country whence I came, above two hours before I dropped into the sea. Whereupon, he began again to think that my brain was disturbed, of which he gave me a hint, and advised me to go to bed in a cabin he had provided. I assured him, I was well refreshed with his good entertainment and company, and as much in my senses as ever I was in my life. He then grew serious, and desired to ask me freely, Whether I were not troubled in my mind by the consciousness of some enormous crime, for which I was punished, at the command of some prince, by exposing me in that chest ; as great criminals, in other countries, have been forced to sea in a leaky vessel, without provisions : for, although he should be sorry to have taken so ill a man into his ship, yet, he would engage his word to set me safe ashore, in the first port where he arrived. He added, That his suspicions were much increased, by some very absurd speeches I had delivered at first to his sailors, and afterwards to himself, in relation to my closet or chest, as well as by my odd looks and behaviour, while I was at supper.

I begged his patience to hear me tell my story, which I faithfully did, from the last time I left England, to the moment he first discovered me. And, as truth always forces its way into rational minds, so this honest worthy gentleman, who had some tincture of learning, and very good sense, was immediately convinced of my candour and veracity. But, farther to confirm all I had said, I entreated him to give order that my cabinet should be brought, of which I had the key in my pocket ; for he had already informed me how the seamen disposed of my closet. I opened it in his own presence, and shewed him the small collection of rarities I made in the country from which I had been so strangely delivered. There was the comb I had contrived out of the stumps of the king's beard, and another of the same materials, but fixed into a pair of her majesty's thumb-nail, which served for the back. There was a collection of needles and pins, from a foot to half a yard long ; four wasps' stings, like joiners' tacks ; some combings of the queen's hair ; a gold ring, which one day she made me a present of, in a most obliging manner, taking it from her little finger, and throwing it over my head like a collar. I desired the captain would please to accept this ring in return of his civilities, which he absolutely refused. I shewed him a corn that I had cut off, with my own hand, from a maid of honour's toe ; it was about the bigness of a Kentish pip-pin, and grown so hard, that, when I returned to England, I got it hollowed into a cup, and set in silver. Lastly, I desired him to see the breeches I had then on, which were made of a mouse's skin.

I could force nothing on him but a footman's tooth, which I observed him to examine with great curiosity, and found he had a fancy for it. He received it with abundance of thanks, more than such a trifle could deserve. It was drawn by an unskilful surgeon, in a mistake, from one of Glumdaleclitch's men, who was afflicted with the tooth-ach, but it was as sound as any in his head. I got it cleaned, and put into my cabinet. It was about a foot long, and four inches in diameter.

The captain was very well satisfied with this plain relation I had given him, and said, He hoped, when we returned to England, I would oblige the world by putting it on paper and making it public. My answer was, That I thought we were overstocked with books of travels : that nothing could now pass which was not extraordinary ; wherein I doubted some authors less consulted truth than their own vanity, or interest, or the diversion of ignorant readers : that my story could contain little beside common events, without those ornamental descriptions of strange plants, trees, birds, and other animals ; or of the barbarous customs and idolatry of savage people, with which most writers

abound. However, I thanked him for his good opinion, and promised to take the matter into my thoughts.

He said, He wondered at one thing very much, which was, to hear me speak so loud ; asking me, Whether the king or queen of that country were thick of hearing ? I told him, It was what I had been used to for above two years past, and that I admired as much at the voices of him and his men, who seemed to me only to whisper, and yet I could hear them well enough. But, when I spoke in that country, it was like a man talking in the streets to another looking out from the top of a steeple, unless when I was placed on a table, or held in any person's hand. I told him I had likewise observed another thing, that, when I first got into the ship, and the sailors stood all about me, I thought they were the most contemptible little creatures I had ever beheld. For indeed, while I was in that prince's country, I could never endure to look in a glass after mine eyes had been accustomed to such prodigious objects, because the comparison gave me so despicable a conceit of myself. The captain said, That, while we were at supper, he observed me to look at everything with a sort of wonder, and that I often seemed hardly able to contain my laughter, which he knew not well how to take, but imputed it to some disorder in my brain. I answered, It was very true: and I wondered how I could forbear, when I saw his dishes of the size of a silver threepence, a leg of pork hardly a mouthful, a cup not so big as a nut-shell ; and so I went on, describing the rest of his household-stuff and provisions, after the same manner. For, although the queen had ordered a little equipage of all things necessary for me, while I was in her service, yet my ideas were wholly taken up with what I saw on every side of me, and I winked at my own littleness, as people do at their own faults. The captain understood my railery very well, and merrily replied with the old English proverb, That he doubted mine eyes were bigger than my belly, for he did not observe my stomach so good, although I had fasted all day ; and, continuing in his mirth, protested, He would have gladly given a hundred pounds, to have seen my closet in the eagle's bill, and afterwards in its fall from so great a height into the sea ; which would certainly have been a most astonishing object, worthy to have the description of it transmitted to future ages : and the comparison of Phaëton was so obvious, that he could not forbear applying it, although I did not much admire the conceit.

The captain, having been at Tonquin, was, in his return to England, driven north-eastward to

the latitude of 44 degrees, and longitude of 143. But meeting a trade-wind two days after I came on board him, we sailed southward a long time, and coasting New-Holland, kept our course west-south-west, and then south-south-west, till we doubled the Cape of Good Hope. Our voyage was very prosperous, but I shall not trouble the reader with a journal of it. The captain called in at one or two ports, and sent in his long-boat for provisions and fresh water ; but I never went out of the ship till we came into the Downs, which was on the third day of June, 1706, about nine months after my escape. I offered to leave my goods in security for payment of my freight ; but the captain protested he would not receive one farthing. We took a kind leave of each other, and I made him promise he would come to see me at my house in Redriff. I hired a horse and guide for five shillings, which I borrowed of the captain.

As I was on the road, observing the littleness of the houses, the trees, the cattle, and the people, I began to think myself in Lilliput. I was afraid of trampling on every traveller I met, and often called aloud to have them stand out of the way, so that I had like to have gotten one or two broken heads for my impertinence.

When I came to my own house, for which I was forced to inquire, one of the servants opening the door, I bent down to go in, (like a goose under a gate,) for fear of striking my head. My wife ran out to embrace me, but I stooped lower than her knees, thinking she could otherwise never be able to reach my mouth. My daughter kneeled to ask my blessing, but I could not see her till she arose, having been so long used to stand with my head and eyes erect to above sixty feet ; and then I went to take her up with one hand by the waist. I looked down upon the servants, and one or two friends who were in the house, as if they had been pigmies and I a giant. I told my wife, she had been too thrifty, for I found she had starved herself and her daughter to nothing. In short, I behaved myself so unaccountably, that they were all of the captain's opinion when he first saw me, and concluded I had lost my wits. This I mention as an instance of the great power of habit and prejudice.

In a little time, I and my family and friends came to a right understanding ; but my wife protested, I should never go to sea any more ; although my evil destiny so ordered, that she had not power to hinder me, as the reader may know hereafter. In the meantime, I here conclude the second part of my unfortunate voyages.

PART III.

A VOYAGE TO LAPUTA, BALNIBARBI, LUGGNAG,
GLUBBDUBDRIB, AND JAPAN.

CHAP. I.

The Author sets out on his Third Voyage. Is taken by Pirates. The Malice of a Dutchman. His Arrival at an Island. He is received into Laputa.

I HAD not been at home above ten days, when Captain William Robinson, a Cornish man, commander of the Hopewell, a stout ship of three hundred tons, came to my house. I had formerly been surgeon of another ship, where he was master and a fourth part owner, in a voyage to the Levant. He had always treated me more like a brother than an inferior officer; and, hearing of my arrival, made me a visit, as I apprehended, only out of friendship, for nothing passed more than what is usual after long absences. But, repeating his visits often, expressing his joy to find me in good health, asking, Whether I were now settled for life? adding, That he intended a voyage to the East Indies in two months; at last he plainly invited me, though with some apologies, to be surgeon of the ship; that I should have another surgeon under me, beside our two mates; that my salary should be double to the usual pay; and that having experienced my knowledge in sea affairs, to be at least equal to his, he would enter into any engagement to follow my advice, as much as if I had shared in the command.

He said so many other obliging things, and I knew him to be so honest a man, that I could not reject his proposal; the thirst I had of seeing the world, notwithstanding my past misfortunes, continuing as violent as ever. The only difficulty that remained, was to persuade my wife, whose consent, however, I at last obtained, by the prospect of advantage she proposed to her children.

We set out on the 5th day of August, 1706, and arrived at Fort St George the 11th of April, 1707. We staid there three weeks to refresh our crew, many of whom were sick. From thence we went to Tonquin, where the captain resolved to continue some time, because many of the goods he intended to buy were not ready, nor could he expect to be dispatched in several months. Therefore, in hopes to defray some of the charges he must be at, he bought a sloop, loaded it with several sorts of goods, wherewith the Tonquinese usually trade to the neighbouring islands, and putting fourteen men on board, whereof three were of the country, he appointed me master of the sloop, and gave me power to traffic, while he transacted his affairs at Tonquin.

We had not sailed above three days, when a great storm arising, we were driven five days to the north-north-east, and then to the east; after which we had fair weather, but still with a pretty strong gale from the west. Upon the tenth day we were chased by two pirates, who soon overtook us; for my sloop was so deep laden, that she sailed very slow, neither were we in a condition to defend ourselves.

We were boarded about the same time by both the pirates, who entered furiously at the head of their men; but, finding us all prostrate upon our faces, (for so I gave order,) they pinioned us with strong ropes, and, setting a guard upon us, went to search the sloop.

I observed among them, a Dutchman, who seemed to be of some authority, though he was not commander of either ship. He knew us by our countenances to be Englishmen, and, jabbering to us in his own language, swore we should be tied back to back, and thrown into the sea. I spoke Dutch tolerably well; I told him who we were, and begged him, in consideration of our being Christians and Protestants, of neighbouring countries in strict alliance, that he would

move the captains to take some pity on us. This inflamed his rage; he repeated his threatenings, and, turning to his companions, spoke with great vehemence in the Japanese language, as I suppose, often using the word *Christianos*.

The largest of the two pirate ships was commanded by a Japanese captain, who spoke a little Dutch, but very imperfectly. He came up to me, and, after several questions, which I answered in great humility, he said, We should not die. I made the captain a very low bow, and then, turning to the Dutchman, said, I was sorry to find more mercy in a heathen than in a brother Christian. But I had soon reason to repent those foolish words; for that malicious reprobate, having often endeavoured in vain to persuade both the captains that I might be thrown into the sea, (which they would not yield to, after the promise made me that I should not die,) however, prevailed so far, as to have a punishment inflicted on me, worse, in all human appearance, than death itself. My men were sent by an equal division into both the pirate ships, and my sloop new manned. As to myself, it was determined that I should be set adrift in a small canoe, with paddles and a sail, and four days' provisions; which last the Japanese captain was so kind as double out of his own stores, and would permit no man to search me. I got down into the canoe, while the Dutchman, standing upon the deck, loaded me with all the curses and injurious terms his language could afford.

About an hour before we saw the pirates, I had taken an observation, and found we were in the latitude of 46 N. and longitude of 183. When I was at some distance from the pirates, I discovered, by my pocket-glass, several islands to the south-east. I set up my sail, the wind being fair, with a design to reach the nearest of those islands, which I made a shift to do in about three hours. It was all rocky: however, I got many birds' eggs; and, striking fire, I kindled some heath and dry sea-weed, by which I roasted my eggs. I eat no other supper, being resolved to spare my provisions as much as I could. I passed the night under the shelter of a rock, strewing some heath under me, and slept pretty well.

The next day I sailed to another island, and thence to a third and fourth, sometimes using a sail, and sometimes my paddles. But not to trouble the reader with a particular account of my distresses, let it suffice, that on the fifth day I arrived at the last island in my sight, which lay south-south-east to the former.

This island was at a greater distance than I expected, and I did not reach it in less than five hours. I encompassed it almost round, before I could find a convenient place to land in; which was a small creek, about three times the wideness of my canoe. I found the island to be all rocky, only a little intermingled with tufts of grass, and sweet-smelling herbs. I took out my

small provisions, and, after having refreshed myself, I secured the remainder in a cave, whereof there were great numbers; I gathered plenty of eggs upon the rocks, and got a quantity of dry sea-weed and parched grass, which I designed to kindle the next day, and roast my eggs as well as I could; for I had about me my flint, steel, match, and burning-glass. I lay all night in the cave where I had lodged my provisions. My bed was the same dry grass and sea-weed which I intended for fuel. I slept very little, for the disquiet of my mind prevailed over my weariness, and kept me awake. I considered how impossible it was to preserve my life in so desolate a place, and how miserable my end must be. Yet found myself so listless and desponding, that I had not the heart to rise: and, before I could get spirits enough to creep out of my cave, the day was far advanced. I walked a while among the rocks: the sky was perfectly clear, and the sun so hot, that I was forced to turn my face from it; when, all on a sudden, it became obscure, as I thought, in a manner very different from what happens by the interposition of a cloud. I turned back, and perceived a vast opaque body between me and the sun, moving forwards towards the island: it seemed to be about two miles high, and hid the sun six or seven minutes; but I did not observe the air to be much colder, or the sky more darkened, than if I had stood under the shade of a mountain. As it approached nearer over the place where I was, it appeared to be a firm substance, the bottom flat, smooth, and shining very bright, from the reflection of the sea below. I stood upon a height about two hundred yards from the shore, and saw this vast body descending almost to a parallel with me, at less than an English mile distance. I took out my pocket perspective, and could plainly discover numbers of people moving up and down the sides of it, which appeared to be sloping: but what those people were doing, I was not able to distinguish.

The natural love of life gave me some inward motion of joy, and I was ready to entertain a hope, that this adventure might, some way or other, help to deliver me from the desolate place and condition I was in. But, at the same time, the reader can hardly conceive my astonishment to behold an island in the air, inhabited by men, who were able (as it should seem) to rise or sink, or put it into progressive motion, as they pleased. But not being at that time in a disposition to philosophize upon this phenomenon, I rather chose to observe what course the island would take, because it seemed for a while to stand still. Yet, soon after, it advanced nearer, and I could see the sides of it encompassed with several gradations of galleries and stairs, at certain intervals, to descend from one to the other. In the lowest gallery, I beheld some people fishing with long angling rods, and others looking on. I waved my cap, (for my hat was long since

worn out,) and my handkerchief, towards the island; and upon its nearer approach, I called and shouted with the utmost strength of my voice; and then looking circumspectly, I beheld a crowd gather to that side which was most in my view. I found by their pointing toward me, and to each other, that they plainly discovered me, although they made no return to my shouting. But I could see four or five men, running in great haste up the stairs, to the top of the island, who then disappeared. I happened rightly to conjecture, that these were sent for orders, to some person in authority, upon this occasion.

The number of people increased, and in less than half an hour, the island was moved and raised in such a manner, that the lowest gallery appeared in a parallel of less than a hundred yards distance from the height where I stood. I then put myself in the most supplicating postures and spoke in the humblest accent, but received no answer. Those who stood nearest over against me seemed to be persons of distinction, as I supposed by their habit. They conferred earnestly with each other, looking often upon me. At length, one of them called out in a clear, polite, smooth dialect, not unlike in sound to the Italian; and, therefore, I returned an answer in that language, hoping, at least, that the cadence might be more agreeable to his ears. Although neither of us understood the other, yet my meaning was easily known, for the people saw the distress I was in.

They made signs for me to come down from the rock, and go towards the shore, which I accordingly did; and the flying island being raised to a convenient height, the verge directly over me, a chain was let down from the lowest gallery, with a seat fastened to the bottom, to which I fixed myself, and was drawn up by pulleys.

CHAP. II.

The Humours and Dispositions of the Laputians described. An Account of their Learning. Of the King and his Court. The Author's Reception there. The Inhabitants subject to Fear and Disquietudes. An Account of the Women.

AT my alighting, I was surrounded with a crowd of people, but those who stood nearest, seemed to be of better quality. They beheld me with all the marks and circumstances of wonder; neither, indeed, was I much in their debt, having never till then seen a race of mortals so singular in their shapes, habits and countenances. Their heads were all inclined either to the right or the left; one of their eyes turned inward, and the other directly up to the zenith. Their outward garments were adorned with the figures of suns, moons, and stars; interwoven with those of fiddles, flutes, harps, and trum-

pets, guitars, harpsichords, and many other instruments of music, unknown to us in Europe. I observed, here and there, many in the habit of servants, with a blown bladder fastened like a flail to the end of a stick, which they carried in their hands. In each bladder was a small quantity of dried peas, or little pebbles, as I was afterwards informed. With these bladders, they now and then flapped the mouths and ears of those who stood near them, of which practice I could not then conceive the meaning. It seems the minds of these people are so taken up with intense speculations, that they neither can speak, nor attend to the discourses of others, without being roused by some external action upon the organs of speech and hearing; for which reason, those persons who are able to afford it, always keep a flapper, (the original is *climenole*,) in their family, as one of their domestics; nor ever walk abroad, or make visits, without him. And the business of this officer is, when two, three, or more persons are in company, gently to strike with his bladder the mouth of him who is to speak, and the right ear of him or them to whom the speaker addresses himself. This flapper is likewise employed diligently to attend his master in his walks, and upon occasion to give him a soft slap on his eyes; because he is always so wrapped up in cogitation, that he is in manifest danger of falling down every precipice, and bouncing his head against every post; and in the streets of justling others, or being justled himself, into the kennel.

It was necessary to give the reader this information, without which he would be at the same loss with me to understand the proceedings of these people, as they conducted me up the stairs to the top of the island, and from thence to the royal palace. While we were ascending, they forgot several times what they were about, and left me to myself, till their memories were again roused by their flappers; for they appeared altogether unmoved by the sight of my foreign habit and countenance, and by the shouts of the vulgar, whose thoughts and minds were more disengaged.

At last we entered the palace, and proceeded into the chamber of presence, where I saw the king seated on his throne, attended on each side by persons of prime quality. Before the throne, was a large table filled with globes and spheres, and mathematical instruments of all kinds. His majesty took not the least notice of us, although our entrance was not without sufficient noise, by the concourse of all persons belonging to the court. But he was then deep in a problem; and we attended at least an hour before he could solve it. There stood by him on each side, a young page with flaps in their hands, and when they saw he was at leisure, one of them gently struck his mouth, and the other his right ear; at which he startled like one awaked on the sudden, and looking towards me and the company

I was in, recollected the occasion of our coming, whereof he had been informed before. He spoke some words, whereupon immediately a young man with a flap came up to my side, and flapped me gently on the right ear; but I made signs, as well as I could, that I had no occasion for such an instrument; which, as I afterwards found, gave his majesty, and the whole court, a very mean opinion of my understanding. The king, as far as I could conjecture, asked me several questions, and I addressed myself to him in all the languages I had. When it was found I could neither understand nor be understood, I was conducted by his order to an apartment in his palace, (this prince being distinguished above all his predecessors for his hospitality to strangers,) where two servants were appointed to attend me. My dinner was brought, and four persons of quality, whom I remembered to have seen very near the king's person, did me the honour to dine with me. We had two courses, of three dishes each. In the first course, there was a shoulder of mutton cut into an equilateral triangle, a piece of beef into a rhomboides, and a pudding into a cycloid. The second course was two ducks trussed up in the form of fiddles; sausages and puddings, resembling flutes and hautboys, and a breast of veal in the shape of a harp. The servants cut our bread into cones, cylinders, parallelograms, and several other mathematical figures.

While we were at dinner, I made bold to ask the names of several things in their language, and those noble persons, by the assistance of their flappers, delighted to give me answers, hoping to raise my admiration of their great abilities, if I could be brought to converse with them. I was soon able to call for bread and drink, or whatever else I wanted.

After dinner my company withdrew, and a person was sent to me by the king's order, attended by a flapper. He brought with him pen, ink, and paper, and three or four books, giving me to understand by signs, that he was sent to teach me the language. We sat together four hours, in which time I wrote down a great number of words in columns, with the translations over against them; I likewise made a shift to learn several short sentences. For my tutor would order one of my servants to fetch something, to turn about, to make a bow, to sit, or to stand, or walk, and the like. Then I took down the sentence in writing. He shewed me also, in one of his books, the figures of the sun, moon, and stars, the zodiac, the tropics, and polar circles, together with the denominations of many planes and solids. He gave me the names and descriptions of all the musical instruments, and the general terms of art in playing on each of them. After he had left me, I placed all my words, with their interpretation, in alphabetical order. And thus, in a few days,

by the help of a very faithful memory, I got some insight into their language.

The word, which I interpret the flying or floating island, is in the original *Laputa*, whereof I could never learn the true etymology. *Lap*, in the old obsolete language, signifies high; and *untuh*, a governor; from which, they say, by corruption, was derived *Laputa*, from *La-puntuh*. But I do not approve of this derivation, which seems to be a little strained. I ventured to offer to the learned among them, a conjecture of my own, that *Laputa* was *quasi lap outed*; *lap* signifying properly, the dancing of the sun-beams in the sea, and *outed*, a wing, which, however, I shall not obtrude, but submit to the judicious reader.

Those to whom the king had intrusted me, observing how ill I was clad, ordered a tailor to come next morning, and take measure for a suit of clothes. This operator did his office after a very different manner from those of his trade in Europe. He first took my altitude by a quadrant, and then, with rule and compasses, described the dimensions and outlines of my whole body, all which he entered upon paper; and, in six days, brought my clothes very ill made, and quite out of shape, by happening to mistake a figure in the calculation. But my comfort was, that I observed such accidents very frequent, and little regarded.

During my confinement for want of clothes, and by an indisposition that held me some days longer, I much enlarged my dictionary; and when I went next to court, was able to understand many things the king spoke, and to return him some kind of answers. His majesty had given orders, that the island should move north-east and by east, to the vertical point over Lagado, the metropolis of the whole kingdom below, upon the firm earth. It was about ninety leagues distant, and our voyage lasted four days and a half. I was not in the least sensible of the progressive motion made in the air by the island. On the second morning, about eleven o'clock, the king himself in person, attended by his nobility, courtiers, and officers, having prepared all their musical instruments, played on them for three hours without intermission, so that I was quite stunned with the noise; neither could I possibly guess the meaning, till my tutor informed me. He said, That the people of their island had their ears always adapted to hear the music of the spheres, which always played at certain periods, and the court was now prepared to bear their part, in whatever instrument they most excelled.

In our journey towards Lagado, the capital city, his majesty ordered that the island should stop over certain towns and villages, from whence he might receive the petitions of his subjects. And, to this purpose, several pack-threads were let down, with small weights at

the bottom. On these packthreads the people strung their petitions, which mounted up directly, like the scraps of paper fastened by school-boys at the end of the string that holds their kite. Sometimes we received wine and victuals from below, which were drawn up by pulleys.

The knowledge I had in mathematics gave me great assistance in acquiring their phraseology, which depended much upon that science, and music; and in the latter I was not unskilled. Their ideas are perpetually conversant in lines and figures. If they would, for example, praise the beauty of a woman, or any other animal, they describe it by rhombs, circles, parallelograms, ellipses, and other geometrical terms, or by words of art drawn from music, needless here to repeat. I observed, in the king's kitchen, all sorts of mathematical and musical instruments, after the figures of which they cut up the joints that were served to his majesty's table.

Their houses are very ill built, the walls bevel, without one right angle in any apartment; and this defect arises from the contempt they bear to practical geometry, which they despise as vulgar and mechanic; those instructions they give being too refined for the intellects of their workmen, which occasions perpetual mistakes. And although they are dexterous enough upon a piece of paper, in the management of the rule, the pencil, and the divider, yet, in the common actions and behaviour of life, I have not seen a more clumsy, awkward, and unhandy people, nor so slow and perplexed in their conceptions upon all other subjects, except those of mathematics and music. They are very bad reasoners, and vehemently given to opposition, unless when they happen to be of the right opinion, which is seldom their case. Imagination, fancy, and invention, they are wholly strangers to, nor have any words in their language by which those ideas can be expressed; the whole compass of their thoughts and mind being shut up within the two fore-mentioned sciences.

Most of them, and especially those who deal in the astronomical part, have great faith in judicial astrology, although they are ashamed to own it publicly. But what I chiefly admired, and thought altogether unaccountable, was the strong disposition I observed in them towards news and politics, perpetually inquiring into public affairs, giving their judgments in matters of state, and passionately disputing every inch of a party opinion. I have indeed observed the same disposition among most of the mathematicians I have known in Europe, although I could never discover the least analogy between the two sciences; unless those people suppose, that because the smallest circle has as many degrees as the largest, therefore the regulation and management of the world require no more abilities, than the handling and turning of a globe;

but I rather take this quality to spring from a very common infirmity of human nature, inclining us to be most curious and conceited in matters where we have least concern, and for which we are least adapted by study or nature.

These people are under continual disquietudes, never enjoying a minute's peace of mind; and their disturbances proceed from causes which very little affect the rest of mortals. Their apprehensions arise from several changes they dread in the celestial bodies. For instance, that the earth, by the continual approaches of the sun towards it, must, in course of time, be absorbed, or swallowed up. That the face of the sun, will, by degrees, be incrustated with its own effluvia, and give no more light to the world. That the earth very narrowly escaped a brush from the tail of the last comet, which would have infallibly reduced it to ashes; and that the next, which they have calculated for one-and-thirty years hence, will probably destroy us. For if, in its perihelion, it should approach within a certain degree of the sun, (as by their calculations they have reason to dread,) it will receive a degree of heat, ten thousand times more intense than that of red-hot glowing iron; and, in its absence from the sun, carry a blazing tail, ten hundred thousand and fourteen miles long; through which, if the earth should pass at the distance of one hundred thousand miles from the nucleus, or main body of the comet, it must, in its passage, be set on fire, and reduced to ashes. That the sun, daily spending its rays, without any nutriment to supply them, will at last be wholly consumed and annihilated; which must be attended with the destruction of this earth, and of all the planets that receive their light from it.

They are so perpetually alarmed with the apprehensions of these, and the like impending dangers, that they can neither sleep quietly in their beds, nor have any relish for the common pleasures and amusements of life. When they meet an acquaintance in the morning, the first question is about the sun's health, how he looked at his setting and rising, and what hopes they have to avoid the stroke of the approaching comet. This conversation they are apt to run into with the same temper that boys discover in delighting to hear terrible stories of spirits and hobgoblins, which they greedily listen to, and dare not go to bed for fear.

The women of the island have abundance of vivacity; they contemn their husbands, and are exceedingly fond of strangers, whereof there is always a considerable number from the continent below, attending at court, either upon affairs of the several towns and corporations, or their own particular occasions; but are much despised, because they want the same endowments.—Among these, the ladies choose their gallants; but the vexation is, that they act with too much ease and security; for the husband is always

so rapt in speculation, that the mistress and lover may proceed to the greatest familiarities before his face, if he be but provided with paper and implements, and without his flapper at his side.

The wives and daughters lament their confinement to the island, although I think it the most delicious spot of ground in the world; and although they live here in the greatest plenty and magnificence, and are allowed to do whatever they please, they long to see the world, and take the diversions of the metropolis, which they are not allowed to do without a particular licence from the king; and this is not easy to be obtained, because the people of quality have found, by frequent experience, how hard it is to persuade their women to return from below. I was told, that a great court lady, who had several children, is married to the prime minister, the richest subject in the kingdom, a very graceful person, extremely fond of her, and lives in the finest palace of the island,—went down to Lagado on the pretence of health, there hid herself for several months, till the king sent a warrant to search for her; and she was found in an obscure eating-house, all in rags, having pawned her clothes to maintain an old deformed footman, who beat her every day, and in whose company she was taken, much against her will. And, although her husband received her with all possible kindness, and without the least reproach, she soon after contrived to steal down again with all her jewels, to the same gallant, and has not been heard of since.

This may, perhaps, pass with the reader rather for an European or English story, than for one of a country so remote. But he may please to consider, that the caprices of womenkind are not limited by any climate or nation, and that they are much more uniform than can be easily imagined.

In about a month's time, I had made a tolerable proficiency in their language, and was able to answer most of the king's questions, when I had the honour to attend him. His majesty discovered not the least curiosity to inquire into the laws, government, history, religion, or manners of the countries where I had been; but confined his questions to the state of mathematics, and received the account I gave him, with great contempt and indifference, though often roused by his flapper on each side.

CHAP. III.

A Phenomenon solved by modern Philosophy and Astronomy. The Laputians' great Improvements in the latter. The King's Method of suppressing Insurrections.

I DESIRED leave of this prince to see the curiosities of the island, which he was graciously pleased to grant, and ordered my tutor to at-

tend me. I chiefly wanted to know, to what cause in art or nature it owed its several motions, whereof I will now give a philosophical account to the reader.

The Flying, or Floating Island, is exactly circular, its diameter 7837 yards, or about four miles and a half, and consequently contains ten thousand acres. It is three hundred yards thick. The bottom, or under-surface, which appears to those who view it below, is one even regular plate of adamant, shooting up to the height of about two hundred yards. Above it lie the several minerals, in their usual order, and over all is a coat of rich mould, ten or twelve feet deep. The declivity of the upper-surface, from the circumference to the centre, is the natural cause why all the dews and rains, which fall upon the island, are conveyed in small rivulets towards the middle, where they are emptied into four large basins, each of about half a mile in circuit, and two hundred yards distant from the centre. From these basins the water is continually exhaled by the sun in the day-time, which effectually prevents their overflowing. Besides, as it is in the power of the monarch to raise the island above the region of clouds and vapours, he can prevent the falling of dews and rain whenever he pleases. For the highest clouds cannot rise above two miles, as naturalists agree, at least they were never known to do so in that country.

At the centre of the island there is a chasm, about fifty yards in diameter, whence the astronomers descend into a large dome, which is therefore called *flandona gagnole*, or the astronomer's cave, situated at the depth of a hundred yards beneath the upper-surface of the adamant. In this cave are twenty lamps continually burning, which, from the reflection of the adamant, cast a strong light into every part. The place is stored with great variety of sextants, quadrants, telescopes, astrolabes, and other astronomical instruments. But the greatest curiosity, upon which the fate of the island depends, is a loadstone of a prodigious size, in shape resembling a weaver's shuttle. It is in length six yards, and in the thickest part at least three yards over. This magnet is sustained by a very strong axle of adamant passing through its middle, upon which it plays, and is poised so exactly, that the weakest hand can turn it. It is hooped round with a hollow cylinder of adamant, four feet deep, as many thick, and twelve yards in diameter, placed horizontally, and supported by eight adamantine feet, each six yards high. In the middle of the concave side, there is a groove twelve inches deep, in which the extremities of the axle are lodged, and turned round as there is occasion.

The stone cannot be moved from its place by any force, because the hoop and its feet are one continued piece with that body of adamant which constitutes the bottom of the island.

By means of this loadstone, the island is made to rise and fall, and move from one place to another. For, with respect to that part of the earth over which the monarch presides, the stone is endued at one of its sides with an attractive power, and at the other with a repulsive. Upon placing the magnet erect, with its attracting end towards the earth, the island descends; but, when the repelling extremity points downwards, the island mounts directly upwards. When the position of the stone is oblique, the motion of the island is so too; for, in this magnet, the forces always act in lines parallel to its direction.

By this oblique motion, the island is conveyed to different parts of the monarch's dominions. To explain the manner of its progress, let *A B* represent a line drawn cross the dominions of Balnibarbi, let the line *c d* represent the loadstone, of which let *d* be the repelling end, and *c* the attracting end, the island being over *C*: let the stone be placed in the position *c d*, with its repelling end downwards; then the island will be driven upwards obliquely towards *D*. When it is arrived at *D*, let the stone be turned upon its axle, till its attracting end points towards *E*, and then the island will be carried obliquely towards *E*; where, if the stone be again turned upon its axle, till it stands in the position *E F*, with its repelling point downwards, the island will rise obliquely towards *F*, where, by directing the attracting end towards *G*, the island may be carried to *G*, and from *G* to *H*, by turning the stone, so as to make its repelling extremity point directly downward. And thus, by changing the situation of the stone, as often as there is occasion, the island is made to rise and fall by turns in an oblique direction, and by those alternate risings and fallings, (the obliquity being not considerable,) is conveyed from one part of the dominions to the other.

But it must be observed, that this island cannot move beyond the extent of the dominions below, nor can it rise above the height of four miles. For which, the astronomers (who have written large systems concerning the stone) assign the following reason: that the magnetic virtue does not extend beyond the distance of four miles, and that the mineral, which acts upon the stone in the bowels of the earth, and in the sea about six leagues distant from the shore, is not diffused through the whole globe, but terminated with the limits of the king's dominions; and it was easy, from the great advantage of such a superior situation, for a prince to bring under his obedience whatever country lay within the attraction of that magnet.

When the stone is put parallel to the plane of the horizon, the island stands still; for, in that case, the extremities of it being at equal distance from the earth, act with equal force, the one in drawing downwards, the other in push-

ing upwards, and consequently no motion can ensue.

This loadstone is under the care of certain astronomers, who, from time to time, give it such positions as the monarch directs. They spend the greatest part of their lives in observing the celestial bodies, which they do by the assistance of glasses, far excelling ours in goodness. For, although their largest telescopes do not exceed three feet, they magnify much more than those of a hundred with us, and shew the stars with greater clearness. This advantage has enabled them to extend their discoveries much farther than our astronomers in Europe: for they have made a catalogue of ten thousand fixed stars, whereas the largest of ours do not contain above one-third part of that number. They have likewise discovered two lesser stars, or satellites, which revolve about Mars; whereof the innermost is distant from the centre of the primary planet exactly three of his diameters, and the outermost, five; the former revolves in the space of ten hours, and the latter in twenty-one and a half; so that the squares of their periodical times are very near in the same proportion with the cubes of their distance, from the centre of Mars; which evidently shews them to be governed by the same law of gravitation that influences the other heavenly bodies.

They have observed ninety-three different comets, and settled their periods with great exactness. If this be true, (and they affirm it with great confidence,) it is much to be wished that their observations were made public, whereby the theory of comets, which at present is very lame and defective, might be brought to the same perfection with other parts of astronomy.

The king would be the most absolute prince in the universe, if he could but prevail on a ministry to join with him; but these having their estates below on the continent, and considering that the office of a favourite has a very uncertain tenure, would never consent to the enslaving of their country.

If any town should engage in rebellion or mutiny, fall into violent factions, or refuse to pay the usual tribute, the king has two methods of reducing them to obedience. The first, and the mildest course is, by keeping the island hovering over such a town, and the lands about it, whereby he can deprive them of the benefit of the sun and the rain, and consequently afflict the inhabitants with dearth and diseases. And if the crime deserve it, they are at the same time pelted from above with great stones, against which they have no defence but by creeping into cellars or caves, while the roofs of their houses are beaten to pieces. But if they still continue obstinate, or offer to raise insurrections, he proceeds to the last remedy, by letting the island drop directly upon their heads, which makes an universal destruction both of houses and men. However,

this is an extremity to which the prince is seldom driven, neither, indeed, is he willing to put it in execution; nor dare his ministers advise him to an action, which, as it would render them odious to the people, so it would be a great damage to their own estates, which lie all below; for the island is the king's demesne.

But there is still indeed a more weighty reason, why the kings of this country have been always averse from executing so terrible an action, unless upon the utmost necessity. For, if the town intended to be destroyed should have in it any tall rocks, as it generally falls out in the larger cities, a situation probably chosen at first with a view to prevent such a catastrophe; or if it abound in high spires, or pillars of stone, a sudden fall might endanger the bottom or under surface of the island, which, although it consists, as I have said, of one entire adamant two hundred yards thick, might happen to crack by too great a shock, or burst, by approaching too near the fires from the houses below, as the backs both of iron and stone will often do in our chimneys. Of all this the people are well apprized, and understand how far to carry their obstinacy, where their liberty or property is concerned. And the king, when he is highest provoked, and most determined to press a city to rubbish, orders the island to descend with great gentleness, out of a pretence of tenderness to his people, but indeed for fear of breaking the adamant bottom; in which case, it is the opinion of all their philosophers, that the loadstone could no longer hold it up, and the whole mass would fall to the ground.

By a fundamental law of this realm, neither the king, nor either of his two elder sons, are permitted to leave the island; nor the queen, till she is past child-bearing.

CHAP. IV.

The Author leaves Laputa, is conveyed to Balnibarbi, arrives at the Metropolis. A Description of the Metropolis and the Country adjoining. The Author hospitably received by a great Lord. His Conversation with that Lord.

ALTHOUGH I cannot say that I was ill treated in this island, yet I must confess I thought myself too much neglected, not without some degree of contempt. For neither prince nor people appeared to be curious in any part of knowledge, except mathematics and music, wherein I was far their inferior, and upon that account very little regarded.

On the other side, after having seen all the curiosities of the island, I was very desirous to leave it, being heartily weary of those people. They were indeed excellent in two sciences, for

which I have great esteem, and wherein I am not unversed; but, at the same time, so abstracted and involved in speculation, that I never met with such disagreeable companions. I conversed only with women, tradesmen, flappers, and court-pages, during two months of my abode there; by which at last I rendered myself extremely contemptible; yet these were the only people from whom I could ever receive a reasonable answer.

I had obtained, by hard study, a good degree of knowledge in their language: I was weary of being confined to an island where I received so little countenance, and resolved to leave it with the first opportunity.

There was a great lord at court, nearly related to the king, and for that reason alone, used with respect. He was universally reckoned the most ignorant and stupid person among them. He had performed many eminent services for the crown, had great natural and acquired parts, adorned with integrity and honour; but so ill an ear for music, that his detractors reported that he had been often known to beat time in the wrong place; neither could his tutors, without extreme difficulty, teach him to demonstrate the most easy proposition in the mathematics. He was pleased to shew me many marks of favour, often did me the honour of a visit, desired to be informed in the affairs of Europe, the laws and customs, the manners and learning of the several countries where I had travelled. He listened to me with great attention, and made very wise observations on all I spoke. He had two flappers attending him for state, but never made use of them, except at court, and in visits of ceremony; and would always command them to withdraw when we were alone together.

I entreated this illustrious person to intercede in my behalf with his majesty, for leave to depart, which he accordingly did, as he was pleased to tell me, with regret; for, indeed, he had made me several offers very advantageous, which, however, I refused, with expressions of the highest acknowledgment.

On the 16th of February I took leave of his majesty and the court. The king made me a present to the value of about two hundred pounds English, and my protector, his kinsman, as much more; together with a letter of recommendation to a friend of his in Lagado, the metropolis: the island being then hovering over a mountain about two miles from it, I was let down from the lowest gallery, in the same manner as I had been taken up.

The continent, as far as it is subject to the monarch of the Flying Island, passes under the general name of *Balnibarbi*; and the metropolis, as I said before, is called *Lagado*. I felt some little satisfaction in finding myself on firm ground. I walked to the city without any concern, being clad like one of the natives, and suf-

ficiently instructed to converse with them. I soon found out the person's house to whom I was recommended, presented my letter from his friend the grandee in the island, and was received with much kindness. This great lord, whose name was Munodi, ordered me an apartment in his own house, where I continued during my stay, and was entertained in a most hospitable manner.

The next morning after my arrival, he took me in his chariot to see the town, which is about half the bigness of London; but the houses very strangely built, and most of them out of repair. The people in the streets walked fast, looked wild, their eyes fixed, and were generally in rags. We passed through one of the town gates, and went about three miles into the country, where I saw many labourers working with several sorts of tools in the ground, but was not able to conjecture what they were about; neither did I observe any expectation either of corn or grass, although the soil appeared to be excellent. I could not forbear admiring at these odd appearances, both in town and country; and I made bold to desire my conductor, that he would be pleased to explain to me, what could be meant by so many busy heads, hands, and faces, both in the streets and the fields, because I did not discover any good effects they produced; but, on the contrary, I never knew a soil so unhappily cultivated, houses so ill contrived and so ruinous, or a people whose countenances and habit expressed so much misery and want.

This lord Munodi was a person of the first rank, and had been some years governor of Lagado; but, by a cabal of ministers, was discharged for insufficiency. However, the king treated him with tenderness, as a well-meaning man, but of a low contemptible understanding.

When I gave that free censure of the country and its inhabitants, he made no farther answer than by telling me, that I had not been long enough among them to form a judgment; and that the different nations of the world had different customs; with other common topics to the same purpose. But, when we returned to his palace, he asked me how I liked the building, what absurdities I observed, and what quarrel I had with the dress or looks of his domestics? This he might safely do; because everything about him was magnificent, regular, and polite. I answered, that his excellency's prudence, quality, and fortune, had exempted him from those defects, which folly and beggary had produced in others. He said, if I would go with him to his country-house, about twenty miles distant, where his estate lay, there would be more leisure for this kind of conversation. I told his excellency that I was entirely at his disposal; and accordingly we set out next morning.

During our journey, he made me observe these several methods used by farmers in managing their lands; which to me were wholly unaccountable;

for, except in some very few places, I could not discover one ear of corn, or blade of grass. But in three hours travelling, the scene was wholly altered; we came into a most beautiful country: farmers' houses, at small distances, neatly built; the fields enclosed, containing vine-yards, corn-grounds, and meadows. Neither do I remember to have seen a more delightful prospect. His excellency observed my countenance to clear up; he told me with a sigh, that there his estate began, and would continue the same, till we should come to his house. That his countrymen ridiculed and despised him, for managing his affairs no better, and for setting so ill an example to the kingdom; which, however, was followed by very few, such as were old, and wilful, and weak, like himself.

We came at length to the house, which was indeed a noble structure, built according to the best rules of ancient architecture. The fountains, gardens, walks, avenues, and groves, were all disposed with exact judgment and taste. I gave due praises to everything I saw, whereof his excellency took not the least notice till after supper; when, there being no third companion, he told me, with a very melancholy air, that he doubted he must throw down his houses in town and country, to rebuild them after the present mode; destroy all his plantations, and cast others into such a form as modern usage required, and give the same directions to his tenants, unless he would submit to incur the censure of pride, singularity, affectation, ignorance, caprice, and perhaps increase his majesty's displeasure. That the admiration I appeared to be under would cease or diminish, when he had informed me of some particulars which, probably, I never heard of at court; the people there being too much taken up in their own speculations, to have regard to what passed here below.

The sum of his discourse was to this effect: That, about forty years ago, certain persons went up to Laputa, either upon business or diversion, and, after five months' continuance, came back with a very little smattering in mathematics, but full of volatile spirits acquired in that airy region. That these persons, upon their return, began to dislike the management of everything below, and fell into schemes of putting all arts, sciences, languages, and mechanics, upon a new foot. To this end, they procured a royal patent for erecting an academy of projectors in Lagado; and the humour prevailed so strongly among the people, that there is not a town of any consequence in the kingdom without such an academy. In these colleges, the professors contrive new rules and methods of agriculture and building, and new instruments and tools for all trades and manufactures; whereby, as they undertake, one man shall do the work of ten; a palace may be built in a week, of materials so durable as to last for ever without repairing; all the fruits of the earth

shall come to maturity at whatever season we think fit to choose, and increase a hundred fold more than they do at present; with innumerable other happy proposals. The only inconvenience is, that none of these projects are yet brought to perfection; and, in the meantime, the whole country lies miserably waste, the houses in ruins, and the people without food or clothes. By all which, instead of being discouraged, they are fifty times more violently bent upon prosecuting their schemes, driven equally on by hope and despair: that, as for himself, being not of an enterprising spirit, he was content to go on in the old forms, to live in the houses his ancestors had built, and act as they did, in every part of life, without innovation. That some few other persons of quality and gentry had done the same, but were looked on with an eye of contempt and ill-will, as enemies to art, ignorant, and ill commonwealth's men, preferring their own ease and sloth before the general improvement of their country.

His lordship added, That he would not, by any farther particulars, prevent the pleasure I should certainly take in viewing the grand academy, whither he was resolved I should go. He only desired me to observe a ruined building, upon the side of a mountain about three miles distant, of which he gave me this account: That he had a very convenient mill within half a mile of his house, turned by a current from a large river, and sufficient for his own family, as well as a great number of his tenants. That about seven years ago, a club of those projectors came to him with proposals to destroy this mill, and build another on the side of that mountain, on the long ridge whereof a long canal must be cut, for a repository of water, to be conveyed up by pipes and engines to supply the mill: because the wind and air upon a height agitated the water, and thereby made it fitter for motion; and because the water, descending down a declivity, would turn the mill with half the current of a river, whose course is more upon a level. He said, That, being then not very well with the court, and pressed by many of his friends, he complied with the proposal; and, after employing a hundred men for two years, the work miscarried, the projectors went off, laying the blame entirely upon him, railing at him ever since, and putting others upon the same experiment, with equal assurance of success, as well as equal disappointment.

In a few days we came back to town; and his excellency, considering the bad character he had in the academy, would not go with me himself, but recommended me to a friend of his, to bear me company thither. My lord was pleased to represent me as a great admirer of projects, and a person of much curiosity and easy belief; which, indeed, was not without truth; for I had myself been a sort of projector in my younger days.

CHAP. V.

The Author permitted to see the Grand Academy of Lagado. The Academy largely described. The Arts wherein the Professors employ themselves.

THIS academy is not an entire single building, but a continuation of several houses on both sides of a street, which, growing waste, was purchased and applied to that use.

I was received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days to the academy. Every room has in it one or more projectors; and, I believe, I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms.

The first man I saw was of a meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged, and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt, and skin, were all of the same colour. He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sun-beams out of cucumbers, which were to be put in phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers. He told me he did not doubt, that, in eight years more, he should be able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine at a reasonable rate; but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially since this had been a very dear season for cucumbers. I made him a small present, for my lord had furnished me with money on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them.

I went into another chamber, but was ready to hasten back, being almost overcome with a horrible stink. My conductor pressed me forward, conjuring me in a whisper, to give no offence, which would be highly resented; and therefore I durst not so much as stop my nose. The projector of this cell was the most ancient student of the academy; his face and beard were of a pale yellow: his hands and clothes daubed over with filth. When I was presented to him, he gave me a close embrace, a compliment I could well have excused. His employment, from his first coming into the academy, was an operation to reduce human excrement to its original food, by separating the several parts, removing the tincture which it receives from the gall, making the ordure exhale, and scumming off the saliva. He had a weekly allowance from the society of a vessel filled with human ordure, about the bigness of a Bristol barrel.

I saw another at work to calcine ice into gunpowder, who likewise shewed me a treatise he had written concerning the malleability of fire, which he intended to publish.

There was a most ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method for building houses,

by beginning at the roof, and working downward to the foundation ; which he justified to me by the like practice of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider.

There was a man born blind, who had several apprentices in his own condition ; their employment was to mix colours for painters, which their master taught them to distinguish, by feeling and smelling. It was indeed my misfortune to find them at that time not very perfect in their lessons, and the professor himself happened to be generally mistaken. This artist is much encouraged and esteemed by the whole fraternity.

In another apartment, I was highly pleased with a projector who had found a device of ploughing the ground with hogs, to save the charges of ploughs, cattle, and labour. The method is this : In an acre of ground you bury, at six inches distance, and eight deep, a quantity of acorns, dates, chesnuts, and other mast or vegetables, whereof these animals are fondest ; then you drive six hundred or more of them into the field, where, in a few days, they will root up the whole ground in search of their food, and make it fit for sowing, at the same time manuring it with their dung ; it is true, upon experiment, they found the charge and trouble very great, and they had little or no crop. However, it is not doubted that this invention may be capable of great improvement.

I went into another room, where the walls and ceiling were all hung round with cobwebs, except a narrow passage for the artist to go in and out. At my entrance he called aloud to me, not to disturb his webs. He lamented the fatal mistake the world had been so long in, of using silk-worms, while we had such plenty of domestic insects, who infinitely excelled the former, because they understood how to weave, as well as spin. And he proposed farther, That, by employing spiders, the charge of dying silks should be wholly saved ; whereof I was fully convinced, when he shewed me a vast number of flies, most beautifully coloured, wherewith he fed his spiders, assuring us that the webs would take a tincture from them ; and, as he had them of all hues, he hoped to fit everybody's fancy, as soon as he could find proper food for the flies, of certain gums, oils, and other glutinous matter, to give a strength and consistency to the threads.

There was an astronomer, who had undertaken to place a sun-dial upon the great weather-cock on the town-house, by adjusting the annual and diurnal motions of the earth and sun, so as to answer and coincide with all accidental turnings of the wind.

I was complaining of a small fit of the colic, upon which my conductor led me into a room where a great physician resided, who was famous for curing that disease, by contrary operations from the same instrument. He had a large pair of bellows, with a long slender muzzle of ivory ; this he conveyed eight inches up the anus, and drawing in the wind, he affirmed he

could make the guts as lank as a dried bladder. But when the disease was more stubborn and violent, he let in the muzzle while the bellows were full of wind, which he discharged into the body of the patient ; then withdrew the instrument to replenish it, clapping his thumb strongly against the orifice of the fundament ; and this being repeated three or four times, the adventitious wind would rush out, bringing the noxious along with it, (like water put into a pump,) and the patient recovered. I saw him try both experiments upon a dog, but could not discern any effect from the former. After the latter, the animal was ready to burst, and made so violent a discharge as was very offensive to me and my companion. The dog died on the spot, and we left the doctor endeavouring to recover him by the same operation.

I visited many other apartments, but shall not trouble my reader with all the curiosities I observed, being studious of brevity.

I had hitherto seen only one side of the academy, the other being appropriated to the advancers of speculative learning, of whom I shall say something, when I have mentioned one illustrious person more, who is called among them, "The universal artist." He told us he had been thirty years employing his thoughts for the improvement of human life. He had two large rooms full of wonderful curiosities, and fifty men at work. Some were condensing air into a dry tangible substance, by extracting the nitre, and letting the aqueous or fluid particles percolate ; others softening marble for pillows and pin-cushions ; others petrifying the hoofs of a living horse, to preserve them from foundering. The artist himself was at that time busy upon two great designs ; the first, to sow land with chaff, wherein he affirmed the true seminal virtue to be contained, as he demonstrated by several experiments, which I was not skilful enough to comprehend. The other was, by a certain composition of gums, minerals, and vegetables, outwardly applied, to prevent the growth of wool upon two young lambs ; and he hoped, in a reasonable time, to propagate the breed of naked sheep all over the kingdom.

We crossed a walk to the other part of the academy, where, as I have already said, the projectors in speculative learning resided.

The first professor I saw, was in a very large room, with forty pupils about him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame, which took up the greatest part of both the length and breadth of the room, he said, Perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving speculative knowledge, by practical and mechanical operations. But the world would soon be sensible of its usefulness ; and, he flattered himself, that a more noble exalted thought never sprang in any other man's head. Every one knew how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences ; whereas, by his contrivance, the most ignorant

person, at a reasonable charge, and with a little bodily labour, might write books in philosophy, poetry, politics, laws, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study. He then led me to the frame, about the sides whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty feet square, placed in the middle of the room. The superficies was composed of several bits of wood, about the bigness of a die, but some larger than others. They were all linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered, on every square, with paper pasted on them; and on these papers were written all the words of their language, in their several moods, tenses, and declensions, but without any order. The professor then desired me to observe, for he was going to set his engine at work. The pupils, at his command, took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed round the edges of the frame, and giving them a sudden turn, the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded six-and-thirty of the lads to read the several lines softly, as they appeared upon the frame; and, where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remaining boys, who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times, and, at every turn, the engine was so contrived, that the words shifted into new places, as the square bits of wood moved upside down.

Six hours a-day the young students were employed in this labour; and the professor shewed me several volumes in large folio, already collected, of broken sentences, which he intended to piece together, and, out of those rich materials, to give the world a complete body of all arts and sciences; which, however, might be still improved, and much expedited, if the public would raise a fund for making and employing five hundred such frames in Lagado, and oblige the managers to contribute in common their several collections.

He assured me, That this invention had employed all his thoughts from his youth; that he had emptied the whole vocabulary into his frame, and made the strictest computation of the general proportion there is in books between the numbers of particles, nouns, and verbs, and other parts of speech.

I made my humblest acknowledgment to this illustrious person, for his great communicativeness; and promised, if ever I had the good fortune to return to my native country, that I would do him justice, as the sole inventor of this wonderful machine; the form and contrivance of which I desired leave to delineate on paper, as in the figure here annexed.* I told him, although it were the custom of our learned in Europe to steal in-

ventions from each other, who had thereby at least this advantage, that it became a controversy which was the right owner; yet I would take such caution, that he should have the honour entire, without a rival.

We next went to the school of languages, where three professors sat in consultation upon improving that of their own country.

The first project was to shorten discourse, by cutting polysyllables into one, and leaving out verbs and participles, because, in reality, all things imaginable are but nouns.

The other project was a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever, and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health, as well as brevity. For it is plain, that every word we speak is, in some degree, a diminution of our lungs by corrosion, and, consequently, contributes to the shortening of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered, that, since words are only names for things, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such things as were necessary to express a particular business they are to discourse on. And this invention would certainly have taken place, to the great ease, as well as health of the subject, if the women, in conjunction with the vulgar and illiterate, had not threatened to raise a rebellion, unless they might be allowed the liberty to speak with their tongues, after the manner of their forefathers; such constant irreconcilable enemies to science are the common people. However, many of the most learned and wise adhere to the new scheme of expressing themselves by things, which has only this inconvenience attending it, that, if a man's business be very great, and of various kinds, he must be obliged, in proportion, to carry a greater bundle of things upon his back, unless he can afford one or two strong servants to attend him. I have often beheld two of these sages almost sinking under the weight of their packs, like pedlars among us; who, when they met in the street, would lay down their loads, open their sacks, and hold conversation for an hour together, then put up their implements, help each other to resume their bundles, and take their leave.

But for short conversations, a man may carry implements in his pockets, and under his arms, enough to supply him: and in his house he cannot be at a loss. Therefore the room where company meet who practise this art, is full of all things, ready at hand, requisite to furnish matter for this kind of artificial converse.

Another great advantage proposed by this invention was, that it would serve as a universal language, to be understood in all civilized nations, whose goods and utensils are generally of the same kind, or nearly resembling, so that their uses might easily be comprehended. And

* This figure is thought unnecessary.

thus ambassadors were qualified to treat with foreign princes, or ministers of state, to whose tongues they were utter strangers.

I was at the mathematical school, where the master taught his pupils after a method scarce imaginable to us in Europe. The proposition and demonstration were fairly written on a thin wafer, with ink composed of a cephalic tincture. This the student was to swallow upon a fasting stomach, and for three days following eat nothing but bread and water. As the wafer digested, the tincture mounted to his brain, bearing the proposition along with it. But the success has not hitherto been answerable, partly by some error in the *quantum* or composition, and partly by the perverseness of lads, to whom this bolus is so nauseous, that they generally steal aside, and discharge it upwards, before it can operate; neither have they been yet persuaded to use so long an abstinence as the prescription requires.

CHAP. VI.

A further Account of the Academy. The Author proposes some Improvements, which are honourably received.

IN the school of political projectors, I was but ill entertained; the professors appearing, in my judgment, wholly out of their senses; which is a scene that never fails to make me melancholy. These unhappy people were proposing schemes for persuading monarchs to choose favourites upon the score of their wisdom, capacity, and virtue; of teaching ministers to consult the public good; of rewarding merit, great abilities, and eminent services; of instructing princes to know their true interest, by placing it on the same foundation with that of their people; of choosing for employments, persons qualified to exercise them; with many other wild impossible chimeras, that never entered before into the heart of man to conceive; and confirmed in me the old observation, That there is nothing so extravagant and irrational, which some philosophers have not maintained for truth.

But, however, I shall so far do justice to this part of the academy, as to acknowledge that all of them were not so visionary. There was a most ingenious doctor, who seemed to be perfectly versed in the whole nature and system of government. This illustrious person had very usefully employed his studies, in finding out effectual remedies for all diseases and corruptions, to which the several kinds of public administration are subject, by the vices or infirmities of those who govern, as well as by the licentiousness of those who are to obey. For instance; whereas all writers and reasoners have agreed, that there is a strict universal resemblance between the natural and the political body; can there be anything more evident, than that the health of both must

be preserved, and the diseases cured by the same prescriptions? It is allowed, that senates and great councils are often troubled with redundant, ebullient, and other peccant humours: with many diseases of the head, and more of the heart; with strong convulsions, with grievous contractions of the nerves and sinews in both hands, but especially the right; with spleen, flatulency, vertiges, and deliriums; with scrofulous tumours, full of fetid purulent matter; with sour frothy ructations: with canine appetites, and crudeness of digestion, besides many others needless to mention. This doctor therefore proposed, That, upon the meeting of the senate, certain physicians should attend at the three first days of their sitting, and at the close of each day's debate feel the pulses of every senator: after which, having maturely considered and consulted upon the nature of the several maladies, and the methods of cure, they should, on the fourth day, return to the senate-house, attended by their apothecaries stored with proper medicines; and before the members sat, administer to each of them lenitives, aperitives, abstersives, corrosives, restringents, palliatives, laxatives, cephalalgics, icterics, apoplegmatics, acoustics, as their several cases required; and, according as these medicines should operate, repeat, alter, or omit them, at the next meeting.

This project could not be of any great expense to the public; and might, in my poor opinion, be of much use for the dispatch of business, in those countries where senates have any share in the legislative power; beget unanimity, shorten debates, open a few mouths which are now closed, and close many more which are now open; curb the petulance of the young, and correct the positiveness of the old; rouse the stupid, and damp the pert.

Again: because it is a general complaint, that the favourites of princes are troubled with short and weak memories; the same doctor proposed, That whoever attended a first minister, after having told his business, with the utmost brevity and in the plainest words, should, at his departure, give the said minister a tweak by the nose, or a kick on the belly, or tread on his corns, or lug him thrice by both ears, or run a pin into his breech, or pinch his arm black and blue, to prevent forgetfulness; and at every levee-day, repeat the same operation, till the business were done, or absolutely refused.

He likewise directed, That every senator in the great council of a nation, after he had delivered his opinion, and argued in the defence of it, should be obliged to give his vote directly contrary; because, if that were done, the result would infallibly terminate in the good of the public.

When parties in a state are violent, he offered a wonderful contrivance to reconcile them. The method is this: You take a hundred leaders of each party; you dispose them into couples

of such whose heads are nearest of a size ; then let two nice operators saw off the occiput of each couple at the same time, in such a manner, that the brain may be equally divided. Let the occiputs, thus cut off, be interchanged, applying each to the head of his opposite party-man. It seems indeed to be a work that requires some exactness, but the professor assured us, That if it were dexterously performed, the cure would be infallible. For he argued thus : That the two half brains being left to debate the matter between themselves within the space of one skull, would soon come to a good understanding, and produce that moderation, as well as regularity of thinking, so much to be wished for in the heads of those who imagine they come into the world only to watch and govern its motion ; and as to the difference of brains, in quantity or quality, among those who are directors in faction, the doctor assured us, from his own knowledge, that it was a perfect trifle.

I heard a very warm debate between two professors, about the most commodious and effectual ways and means of raising money, without grieving the subject. The first affirmed, The justest method would be, to lay a certain tax upon vices and folly ; and the sum fixed upon every man to be rated, after the fairest manner, by a jury of his neighbours. The second was of an opinion directly contrary ; To tax those qualities of body and mind, for which men chiefly value themselves ; the rate to be more or less, according to the degrees of excellency : the decision whereof should be left entirely to their own breast. The highest tax was upon men, who are the greatest favourites of the other sex, and the assessments, according to the number and nature of the favours they have received ; for which, they are allowed to be their own vouchers. Wit, valour, and politeness, were likewise proposed to be largely taxed, and collected in the same manner, by every person's giving his own word for the quantum of what he possessed. But as to honour, justice, wisdom, and learning, they should not be taxed at all ; because they are qualifications of so singular a kind, that no man will either allow them in his neighbour, or value them in himself.

The women were proposed to be taxed according to their beauty and skill in dressing, wherein they had the same privilege with the men, to be determined by their own judgment. But constancy, chastity, good sense, and good nature, were not rated, because they would not bear the charge of collecting.

To keep senators in the interest of the crown, it was proposed that the members should raffle for employments ; every man first taking an oath, and giving security, that he would vote for the court, whether he won or not ; after which, the losers had, in their turn, the liberty of raffling upon the next vacancy. Thus, hope and expectation would be kept alive ; none would

complain of broken promises, but impute their disappointments wholly to Fortune, whose shoulders are broader and stronger than those of the ministry.

Another professor shewed me a large paper of instructions for discovering plots and conspiracies against the government. He advised great statesmen to examine into the diet of all suspected persons ; their times of eating ; upon which side they lay in bed ; with which hand they wiped their posteriors ; take a strict view of their excrements, and from the colour, the odour, the taste, the consistence, the crudeness, or maturity of digestion, form a judgment of their thoughts and designs : because men are never so serious, thoughtful, and intent, as when they are at stool, which he found by experience : for, in such conjunctures, when he used, merely as a trial, to consider which was the best way of murdering the king, his ordure would have a tincture of green ; but quite different, when he thought only of raising an insurrection, or burning the metropolis.

The whole discourse was written with great acuteness, containing many observations, both curious and useful for politicians ; but, as I conceived, not altogether complete. This I ventured to tell the author, and offered, if he pleased, to supply him with some additions. He received my proposition with more compliance than is usual among writers, especially those of the projecting species ; professing he would be glad to receive farther information.

I told him, that in the kingdom of Tribnia, by the natives called Langdon, where I had sojourned some time in my travels, the bulk of the people consist in a manner wholly of discoverers, witnesses, informers, accusers, prosecutors, evidences, swearers, together with their several subservient and subaltern instruments, all under the colours, the conduct, and the pay of ministers of state, and their deputies. The plots, in that kingdom, are usually the workmanship of those persons, who desire to raise, their own characters of profound politicians ; to restore new vigour to a crazy administration ; to stifle or divert general discontents ; to fill their coffers with forfeitures ; and raise or sink the opinion of public credit, as either shall best answer their private advantage. It is first agreed and settled among them, what suspected persons shall be accused of a plot ; then, effectual care is taken to secure all their letters and papers, and put the owners in chains. These papers are delivered to a set of artists, very dexterous in finding out the mysterious meanings of words, syllables, and letters : for instance, they can discover a close-stool, to signify a privy council ; a flock of geese, a senate ; a lame dog, an invader ; the plague, a standing army ; a buzzard, a prime minister ; the gout, a high priest ; a gibbet, a secretary of state ; a chamber-pot, a committee of grandees ; a sieve, a court lady ;

a broom, a revolution; a mouse-trap, an employment; a bottomless pit, a treasury; a sink, a court; a cap and bells, a favourite; a broken reed, a court of justice; an empty tun, a general; a running sore, the administration.

When this method fails, they have two others more effectual, which the learned among them call acrostics and anagrams. First, they can decipher all initial letters into political meanings. Thus, *N*, shall signify a plot; *B*, a regiment of horse; *L*, a fleet at sea: or, secondly, by transposing the letters of the alphabet in any suspected paper, they can lay open the deepest designs of a discontented party. So, for example, if I should say in a letter to a friend, "Our brother Tom has just got the piles;" a skilful decipherer would discover, that the same letters which compose that sentence, may be analysed into the following words, "Resist, — a plot is brought home, — the tour." And this is the anagrammatic method.

The professor made me great acknowledgments for communicating these observations, and promised to make honourable mention of me in his treatise.

I saw nothing in this country that could invite me to a longer continuance, and began to think of returning home to England.

CHAP. VII.

The Author leaves Lagado. Arrives at Maldonada. No Ship ready. He takes a short Voyage to Glubbudbrib. His Reception by the Governor.

THE continent, of which this kingdom is a part, extends itself, as I have reason to believe, eastward, to that unknown tract of America westward of California: and north, to the Pacific Ocean, which is not above a hundred and fifty miles from Lagado; where there is a good port, and much commerce with the great island of Luggnagg, situated to the north-west, about 29 degrees north latitude, and 140 longitude. This island of Luggnagg stands south-eastward of Japan, about a hundred leagues distant. There is a strict alliance between the Japanese emperor and the king of Luggnagg, which affords frequent opportunities of sailing from one island to the other. I determined therefore to direct my course this way, in order to my return to Europe. I hired two mules, with a guide, to shew me the way, and carry my small baggage. I took leave of my noble protector, who had shewn me so much favour, and made me a generous present at my departure.

My journey was without any accident or adventure worth relating. When I arrived at the port of Maldonada, (for so it is called,) there

was no ship in the harbour bound for Luggnagg, nor likely to be in some time. The town is about as large as Portsmouth. I soon fell into some acquaintance, and was very hospitably received. A gentleman of distinction said to me, That since the ships bound for Luggnagg could not be ready in less than a month, it might be no disagreeable amusement for me to take a trip to the little island of Glubbudbrib, about five leagues off to the south-west. He offered himself and a friend to accompany me, and that I should be provided with a small convenient bark for the voyage.

Glubbudbrib, as nearly as I can interpret the word, signifies the island of sorcerers, or magicians.

It is about one third as large as the Isle of Wight, and extremely fruitful: it is governed by the head of a certain tribe, who are all magicians. This tribe marries only among each other, and the eldest in succession is prince or governor. He has a noble palace, and a park of about three thousand acres, surrounded by a wall of hewn stone twenty feet high. In this park are several small enclosures for cattle, corn, and gardening.

The governor and his family are served and attended by domestics of a kind somewhat unusual. By his skill in necromancy he has a power of calling whom he pleases from the dead, and commanding their service for twenty-four hours, but no longer; nor can he call the same persons up again in less than three months, except upon very extraordinary occasions.

When we arrived at the island, which was about eleven in the morning, one of the gentlemen who accompanied me went to the governor, and desired admittance for a stranger, who came on purpose to have the honour of attending on his highness. This was immediately granted, and we all three entered the gate of the palace between two rows of guards, armed and dressed after a very antic manner, and something in their countenances that made my flesh creep with a horror I cannot express. We passed through several apartments, between servants of the same sort, ranked on each side as before, till we came to the chamber of presence; where, after three profound obeisances, and a few general questions, we were permitted to sit on three stools, near the lowest step of his highness's throne. He understood the language of Balnibarbi, although it were different from that of this island. He desired me to give him some account of my travels; and, to let me see that I should be treated without ceremony, he dismissed all his attendants with a turn of his finger; at which, to my great astonishment, they vanished in an instant, like visions in a dream when we awake on a sudden. I could not recover myself in some time, till the governor assured me, that I should receive no hurt; and observing my two companions to be under no con-

cern, who had been often entertained in the same manner, I began to take courage, and related to his highness a short history of my several adventures; yet not without some hesitation, and frequently looking behind me to the place where I had seen those domestic spectres. I had the honour to dine with the governor, where a new set of ghosts served up the meat, and waited at table. I now observed myself to be less terrified than I had been in the morning. I staid till sunset, but humbly desired his highness to excuse me for not accepting his invitation of lodging in the palace. My two friends and I lay at a private house in the town adjoining, which is the capital of this little island; and the next morning we returned to pay our duty to the governor, as he was pleased to command us.

After this manner we continued in the island for ten days, most part of every day with the governor, and at night in our lodging. I soon grew so familiarized to the sight of spirits, that, after the third or fourth time, they gave me no emotion at all; or, if I had any apprehensions left, my curiosity prevailed over them. For his highness the governor ordered me to call up whatever persons I would choose to name, and in whatever numbers, among all the dead from the beginning of the world to the present time, and command them to answer any questions I should think fit to ask; with this condition, that my questions must be confined within the compass of the times they lived in. And one thing I might depend upon, that they would certainly tell me the truth, for lying was a talent of no use in the lower world.

I made my humble acknowledgments to his highness for so great a favour. We were in a chamber, from whence there was a fair prospect into the park. And because my first inclination was to be entertained with scenes of pomp and magnificence, I desired to see Alexander the Great at the head of his army, just after the battle of Arbela; which, upon a motion of the governor's finger, immediately appeared in a large field, under the window where we stood. Alexander was called up into the room; it was with great difficulty that I understood his Greek, and had but little of my own. He assured me upon his honour, that he was not poisoned, but died of a bad fever by excessive drinking.

Next, I saw Hannibal passing the Alps, who told me, he had not a drop of vinegar in his camp.

I saw Cæsar and Pompey at the head of their troops, just ready to engage. I saw the former in his last great triumph. I desired that the senate of Rome might appear before me in one large chamber, and a modern representative, in counterview, in another. The first seemed to be an assembly of heroes and demi-gods; the other, a knot of pedlars, pickpockets, highway-men, and bullies.

The governor, at my request, gave the sign for Cæsar and Brutus to advance towards us. I was struck with a profound veneration at the sight of Brutus, and could easily discover the most consummate virtue, the greatest intrepidity and firmness of mind, the truest love of his country, and general benevolence for mankind, in every lineament of his countenance. I observed with much pleasure, that these two persons were in good intelligence with each other; and Cæsar freely confessed to me, that the greatest actions of his own life were not equal, by many degrees, to the glory of taking it away. I had the honour to have much conversation with Brutus; and was told, that his ancestor Junius, Socrates, Epaminondas, Cato the younger, Sir Thomas More, and himself, were perpetually together: a sextumvirate, to which all the ages of the world cannot add a seventh.

It would be tedious to trouble the reader with relating what vast numbers of illustrious persons were called up, to gratify that insatiable desire I had to see the world in every period of antiquity placed before me. I chiefly fed mine eyes with beholding the destroyers of tyrants and usurpers, and the restorers of liberty to oppressed and injured nations. But it is impossible to express the satisfaction I received in my own mind, after such a manner, as to make it a suitable entertainment to the reader.

CHAP. VIII.

A farther Account of Glubbudbrib. Ancient and modern History corrected.

HAVING a desire to see those ancients who were most renowned for wit and learning, I set apart one day on purpose. I proposed that Homer and Aristotle might appear at the head of all their commentators; but these were so numerous, that some hundreds were forced to attend in the court and outward rooms of the palace. I knew, and could distinguish those two heroes, at first sight, not only from the crowd, but from each other. Homer was the taller and comelier person of the two, walked very erect for one of his age, and his eyes were the most quick and piercing I ever beheld. Aristotle stooped much, and made use of a staff. His visage was meagre, his hair lank and thin, and his voice hollow. I soon discovered that both of them were perfect strangers to the rest of the company, and had never seen or heard of them before. And I had a whisper from a ghost, who shall be nameless, that these commentators always kept in the most distant quarters from their principals, in the lower world, through a consciousness of shame and guilt, because they had so horribly misrepresented the meaning of those authors to posterity. I introduced Didymus and Eustathius to Homer, and prevailed

on him to treat them better than perhaps they deserved, for he soon found they wanted a genius to enter into the spirit of a poet. But Aristotle was out of all patience with the account I gave him of Scotus and Ramus, as I presented them to him; and he asked them, whether the rest of the tribe were as great dunces as themselves?

I then desired the governor to call up Descartes and Gassendi, with whom I prevailed to explain their systems to Aristotle. This great philosopher freely acknowledged his own mistakes in natural philosophy, because he proceeded in many things upon conjecture, as all men must do; and he found, that Gassendi, who had made the doctrine of Epicurus as palatable as he could, and the vortices of Descartes, were equally to be exploded. He predicted the same fate to attraction, whereof the present learned are such zealous assertors. He said, that new systems of nature were but new fashions, which would vary in every age; and even those who pretend to demonstrate them from mathematical principles, would flourish but a short period of time, and be out of vogue when that was determined.

I spent five days in conversing with many others of the ancient learned. I saw most of the first Roman emperors. I prevailed on the governor to call up Eliogabalus's cooks to dress us a dinner, but they could not shew us much of their skill, for want of materials. A helot of Agasilas made us a dish of Spartan broth, but I was not able to get down a second spoonful.

The two gentlemen, who conducted me to the island, were pressed by their private affairs to return in three days, which I employed in seeing some of the modern dead, who had made the greatest figure, for two or three hundred years past, in our own and other countries of Europe; and having been always a great admirer of old illustrious families, I desired the governor would call up a dozen or two of kings, with their ancestors in order, for eight or nine generations. But my disappointment was grievous and unexpected; for, instead of a long train with royal diadems, I saw in one family two fiddlers, three spruce courtiers, and an Italian prelate. In another, a barber, an abbot, and two cardinals. I have too great a veneration for crowned heads, to dwell any longer on so nice a subject. But as to counts, marquises, dukes, earls, and the like, I was not so scrupulous. And I confess, it was not without some pleasure, that I found myself able to trace the particular features, by which certain families are distinguished, up to their originals. I could plainly discover whence one family derives a long chin; why a second has abounded with knaves for two generations, and fools for two more; why a third happened to be crack-brained, and a fourth to be sharpeners; whence it came, what Polydore Virgil says of a certain great house, *Nec vir fortis, nec femina*

casta; how cruelty, falsehood, and cowardice, grew to be characteristics, by which certain families are distinguished as much as by their coats of arms; who first brought the pox into a noble house, which has lineally descended in scrofulous tumours to their posterity. Neither could I wonder at all this, when I saw such an interruption of lineages, by pages, lackeys, valets, coachmen, gamesters, fiddlers, players, captains, and pickpockets.

I was chiefly disgusted with modern history; for, having strictly examined all the persons of greatest name in the courts of princes, for a hundred years past, I found how the world had been misled by prostitute writers, to ascribe the greatest exploits in war, to cowards; the wisest counsel, to fools; sincerity, to flatterers; Roman virtue, to betrayers of their country; piety, to atheists; chastity, to sodomites; truth, to informers: how many innocent and excellent persons had been condemned to death or banishment, by the practising of great ministers upon the corruption of judges, and the malice of factions; how many villains had been exalted to the highest places of trust, power, dignity, and profit: how great a share in the motions and events of courts, councils, and senates, might be challenged by bawds, whores, pimps, parasites, and buffoons. How low an opinion I had of human wisdom and integrity, when I was truly informed of the springs and motives of great enterprizes and revolutions in the world, and of the contemptible accidents to which they owed their success!

Here I discovered the roguery and ignorance of those who pretend to write anecdotes, or secret history; who send so many kings to their graves with a cup of poison; will repeat the discourse between a prince and chief minister, where no witness was by; unlock the thoughts and cabinets of ambassadors and secretaries of state; and have the perpetual misfortune to be mistaken. Here I discovered the true cause of many great events that have surprised the world; how a whore can govern the back-stairs, the back-stairs a council, and the council a senate. A general confessed in my presence, That he got a victory purely by the force of cowardice and ill-conduct; and an admiral, That, for want of proper intelligence, he beat the enemy, to whom he intended to betray the fleet. Three kings protested to me, That in their whole reigns they never did once prefer any person of merit, unless by mistake, or treachery of some minister in whom they confided: neither would they do it if they were to live again; and they shewed, with great strength of reason, That the royal throne could not be supported without corruption, because that positive, confident, resolute temper, which virtue infused into a man, was a perpetual clog to public business.

I had the curiosity to inquire, in a particular manner, by what method great numbers had

procured to themselves high titles of honour, and prodigious estates; and I confined my inquiry to a very modern period; however, without grating upon present times, because I would be sure to give no offence even to foreigners; for I hope the reader need not to be told, that I do not in the least intend my own country, in what I say upon this occasion. A great number of persons concerned were called up; and, upon a very slight examination, discovered such a scene of infamy, that I cannot reflect upon it without some seriousness. Perjury, oppression, subornation, fraud, pandarism, and the like infirmities, were among the most excusable arts they had to mention; and for these I gave, as it was reasonable, great allowance. But when some confessed they owed their greatness and wealth to sodomy, or incest; others, to the prostituting of their own wives and daughters; others, to the betraying of their country or their prince; some, to poisoning; more, to the perverting of justice, in order to destroy the innocent; I hope I may be pardoned, if these discoveries inclined me a little to abate of that profound veneration, which I am naturally apt to pay to persons of high rank, who ought to be treated with the utmost respect due to their sublime dignity, by us their inferiors.

I had often read of some great services done to princes and states, and desired to see the persons by whom those services were performed. Upon inquiry, I was told, That their names were to be found on no record, except a few of them, whom history has represented as the vilest of rogues and traitors. As to the rest, I had never once heard of them. They all appeared with dejected looks, and in the meanest habit; most of them telling me, they died in poverty and disgrace, and the rest on a scaffold or a gibbet.

Among others, there was one person, whose case appeared a little singular. He had a youth about eighteen years old standing by his side. He told me, He had for many years been commander of a ship; and in the sea fight at Actium, had the good fortune to break through the enemy's great line of battle, sink three of their capital ships, and take a fourth, which was the sole cause of Antony's flight, and of the victory that ensued; that the youth standing by him, his only son, was killed in the action. He added, That upon the confidence of some merit, the war being at an end, he went to Rome, and solicited at the court of Augustus to be preferred to a greater ship, whose commander had been killed; but, without any regard to his pretensions, it was given to a boy who had never seen the sea, the son of Libertina, who waited on one of the emperor's mistresses. Returning back to his own vessel, he was charged with neglect of duty, and the ship given to a favourite page of Publiola, the vice-admiral; whereupon he retired to a poor farm at a great distance from Rome, and

there ended his life. I was so curious to know the truth of this story, that I desired Agrippa might be called, who was admiral in that fight. He appeared, and confirmed the whole account; but with much more advantage to the captain, whose modesty had extenuated or concealed a great part of his merit.

I was surprised to find corruption grown so high and so quick in that empire, by the force of luxury so lately introduced, which made me less wonder at many parallel cases in other countries, where vices of all kinds have reigned so much longer, and where the whole praise, as well as pillage, has been engrossed by the chief commander, who, perhaps, had the least title to either.

As every person called up made exactly the same appearance he had done in the world, it gave me melancholy reflections to observe how much the race of human kind was degenerated among us, within these hundred years past. How the pox, under all its consequences and denominations, had altered every lineament of an English countenance, shortened the size of bodies, unbraced the nerves, relaxed the sinews and muscles, introduced a sallow complexion, and rendered the flesh loose and rancid.

I descended so low as to desire some English yeomen of the old stamp might be summoned to appear, once so famous for the simplicity of their manners, diet, and dress; for justice in their dealings; for their true spirit of liberty; for their valour, and love of their country. Neither could I be wholly unmoved, after comparing the living with the dead, when I considered how all these pure native virtues were prostituted for a piece of money by their grandchildren, who, in selling their votes, and managing at elections, have acquired every vice and corruption that can possibly be learned in a court.

CHAP. IX.

The Author returns to Maldonada. Sails to the Kingdom of Luggnagg. The Author confined. He is sent for to Court. The Manner of his Admittance. The King's great Lenity to his Subjects.

THE day of our departure being come, I took leave of his highness, the governor of Glubbudrib, and returned with my two companions to Maldonada, where, after a fortnight's waiting, a ship was ready to sail for Luggnagg. The two gentlemen, and some others, were so generous and kind as to furnish me with provisions, and see me on board. I was a month in this voyage. We had one violent storm, and were under a necessity of steering westward to get into the trade-wind, which holds for above sixty leagues. On the 21st of April, 1708, we sailed

into the river of Clumegnig, which is a sea-port town at the south-east point of Luggnagg. We cast anchor within a league of the town, and made a signal for a pilot. Two of them came on board in less than half an hour, by whom we were guided between certain shoals and rocks, which are very dangerous in the passage, to a large basin, where a fleet may ride in safety within a cable's length of the town-wall.

Some of our sailors, whether out of treachery or inadvertence, had informed the pilots, that I was a stranger and a great traveller; whereof these gave notice to a custom-house officer, by whom I was examined very strictly upon my landing. This officer spoke to me in the language of Balnibarbi, which, by the force of some commerce, is generally understood in that town, especially by seamen and those employed in the customs. I gave him a short account of some particulars, and made my story as plausible and consistent as I could; but I thought it necessary to disguise my country, and call myself a Hollander, because my intentions were for Japan, and I knew the Dutch were the only Europeans permitted to enter into that kingdom. I therefore told the officer, That, having been shipwrecked on the coast of Balnibarbi, and cast on a rock, I was received up into Laputa, or the Flying Island, (of which he had often heard,) and was now endeavouring to get to Japan, whence I might find a convenience of returning to my own country. The officer said, I must be confined till he could receive orders from court; for which he would write immediately, and hoped to receive an answer in a fortnight. I was carried to a convenient lodging, with a sentry placed at the door; however, I had the liberty of a large garden, and was treated with humanity enough, being maintained all the time at the king's charge. I was invited by several persons, chiefly out of curiosity, because it was reported that I came from countries very remote, of which they had never heard.

I hired a young man, who came in the same ship, to be an interpreter; he was a native of Luggnagg, but had lived some years at Maldonada, and was a perfect master of both languages. By his assistance, I was able to hold a conversation with those who came to visit me; but this consisted only of their questions, and my answers.

The dispatch came from court about the time we expected. It contained a warrant for conducting me and my retinue to *Traldragdubh*, or *Trildrogdrib*, for it is pronounced both ways, as near as I can remember, by a party of ten horse. All my retinue was that poor lad for an interpreter, whom I persuaded into my service, and, at my humble request, we had each of us a mule to ride on. A messenger was dispatched half a day's journey before us, to give the king notice of my approach, and to desire, That his majesty would please to appoint a day and hour, when

it would be his gracious pleasure that I might have the honour to lick the dust before his foot-stool. This is the court style, and I found it to be more than matter of form. For, upon my admittance, two days after my arrival, I was commanded to crawl upon my belly, and lick the floor as I advanced; but, on account of my being a stranger, care was taken to have it made so clean, that the dust was not offensive. However, this was a peculiar grace, not allowed to any but persons of the highest rank, when they desire an admittance. Nay, sometimes the floor is strewn with dust on purpose, when the person to be admitted happens to have powerful enemies at court. And I have seen a great lord with his mouth so crammed, that when he had crept to the proper distance from the throne, he was not able to speak a word. Neither is there any remedy, because it is capital for those who receive an audience to spit or wipe their mouths in his majesty's presence.—There is indeed another custom, which I cannot altogether approve of; when the king has a mind to put any of his nobles to death in a gentle, indulgent manner, he commands the floor to be strewn with a certain brown powder of a deadly composition, which, being licked up, infallibly kills him in twenty-four hours. But, in justice to this prince's great clemency, and the care he has of his subjects' lives, (wherein it were much to be wished that the monarchs of Europe would imitate him,) it must be mentioned for his honour, that strict orders are given to have the infected parts of the floor well washed after every such execution; which, if his domestics neglect, they are in danger of incurring his royal displeasure. I myself heard him give directions that one of his pages should be whipped, whose turn it was to give notice about washing the floor after an execution, but maliciously had omitted it; by which neglect, a young lord of great hopes coming to an audience, was unfortunately poisoned, although the king at that time had no design against his life. But this good prince was so gracious as to forgive the poor page his whipping, upon promise that he would do so no more, without special orders.

To return from this digression; when I had crept within four yards of the throne, I raised myself gently upon my knees, and then striking my forehead seven times against the ground, I pronounced the following words, as they had been taught me the night before: *Incklepting gloffthrobb squut scrum blhiop mlashnalt zwin tnodbalkuffhshhiophad gurdubh asht*. This is the complement, established by the laws of the land, for all persons admitted to the king's presence. It may be rendered into English thus: "May your celestial majesty outlive the sun eleven moons and a half!" To this the king returned some answer, which although I could not understand, yet I replied as I had been directed: *Flute drin yalerick dwuldom prastrad*

mirpush, which properly signifies, "My tongue is in the mouth of my friend;" and, by this expression was meant, that I desired leave to bring my interpreter; whereupon the young man, already mentioned, was accordingly introduced, by whose intervention I answered as many questions as his majesty could put in above an hour. I spoke in the *Balnibarbian* tongue, and my interpreter delivered my meaning in that of *Luggnagg*.

The king was much delighted with my company, and ordered his *bliffmarklub*, or high chamberlain, to appoint a lodging in the court for me and my interpreter, with a daily allowance for my table, and a large purse of gold for my common expenses.

I stayed three months in this country, out of perfect obedience to his majesty, who was pleased highly to favour me, and made me very honourable offers. But I thought it more consistent with prudence and justice, to pass the remainder of my days with my wife and family.

CHAP. X.

The Luggnaggians commended. A particular Description of the Struldbrugs, with many Conversations between the Author and some eminent Persons upon that Subject.

THE *Luggnaggians* are a polite and generous people; and, although they are not without some share of that pride which is peculiar to all eastern countries, yet they shew themselves courteous to strangers, especially such who are countenanced by the court. I had many acquaintance, and among persons of the best fashion, and being always attended by my interpreter, the conversation we had was not disagreeable.

One day, in much good company, I was asked by a person of quality, Whether I had seen any of their *struldbrugs*, or immortals? I said, I had not; and desired he would explain to me, what he meant by such an appellation, applied to a mortal creature. He told me, that sometimes, though very rarely, a child happened to be born in a family with a red circular spot in the forehead, directly over the left eyebrow, which was an infallible mark that it should never die. The spot, as he described it, was about the compass of a silver threepence, but in the course of time grew larger, and changed its colour; for at twelve years old it became green, so continued till five-and-twenty, then turned to a deep blue: at five-and-forty it grew coal-black, and as large as an English shilling, but never admitted any farther alteration. He said, these births were so rare, that he did not believe there could be above eleven hundred *struldbrugs*, of both sexes, in the whole kingdom, of which he computed about fifty in the metropolis, and,

among the rest, a young girl born about three years ago; and these productions were not peculiar to any family, but a mere effect of chance, and the children of the *struldbrugs* themselves were equally mortal with the rest of the people.

I freely own myself to have been struck with inexpressible delight upon hearing this account: and the person who gave it me happening to understand the *Balnibarbian* language, which I spoke very well, I could not forbear breaking out into expressions, perhaps a little too extravagant. I cried out, as in a rapture: Happy nation, where every child has at least a chance for being immortal! Happy people, who enjoy so many living examples of ancient virtue, and have masters ready to instruct them in the wisdom of all former ages! but happiest, beyond all comparison, are those excellent *struldbrugs*, who, being born exempt from that universal calamity of human nature, have their minds free and disengaged, without the weight and depression of spirits caused by the continual apprehension of death! I discovered my admiration, that I had not observed any of these illustrious persons at court; the black spot on the forehead being so remarkable a distinction, that I could not have easily overlooked it; and it was impossible that his majesty, a most judicious prince, should not provide himself with a good number of such wise and able counsellors. Yet, perhaps the virtue of these reverend sages was too strict for the corrupt and libertine manners of a court. And we often find by experience, that young men are too opinionated and volatile to be guided by the sober dictates of their seniors. However, since the king was pleased to allow me access to his royal person, I was resolved, upon the very first occasion, to deliver my opinion to him on this matter freely and at large, by the help of my interpreter; and whether he would please to take my advice or not, yet in one thing I was determined, that, his majesty having frequently offered me an establishment in this country, I would, with great thankfulness, accept the favour, and pass my life here in the conversation of those superior beings, the *struldbrugs*, if they would please to admit me.

The gentleman, to whom I addressed my discourse, because (as I have already observed) he spoke the language of *Balnibarbi*, said to me, with a sort of smile, which usually arises from pity to the ignorant, That he was glad of any occasion to keep me among them, and desired my permission to explain to the company what I had spoke. He did so, and they talked together for some time in their own language, whereof I understood not a syllable, neither could I observe by their countenances, what impression my discourse had made on them. After a short silence, the same person told me, that his friends and mine (so he thought fit to express himself) were very much pleased with the judicious re-

marks I had made, on the great happiness and advantages of immortal life, and they were desirous to know, in a particular manner, what scheme of living I should have formed to myself, if it had fallen to my lot to have been born a *struldbrug*.

I answered, it was easy to be eloquent on so copious and delightful a subject, especially to me, who had been often apt to amuse myself with visions of what I should do, if I were a king, a general, or a great lord: and upon this very case, I had frequently run over the whole system how I should employ myself, and pass the time, if I were sure to live for ever.

That, if it had been my good fortune to come into the world a *struldbrug*, as soon as I could discover my own happiness, by understanding the difference between life and death, I would first resolve, by all arts and methods whatsoever, to procure myself riches. In the pursuit of which, by thrift and management, I might reasonably expect, in about two hundred years, to be the wealthiest man in the kingdom. In the second place, I would, from my earliest youth, apply myself to the study of arts and sciences, by which I should arrive in time to excel all others in learning. Lastly, I would carefully record every action and event of consequence, that happened in the public, impartially draw the characters of the several successions of princes and great ministers of state, with my own observations on every point. I would exactly set down the several changes in customs, language, fashions of dress, diet, and diversions. By all which acquisitions, I should be a living treasure of knowledge and wisdom, and certainly become the oracle of the nation.

I would never marry after threescore, but live in a hospitable manner, yet still on the saving side. I would entertain myself in forming and directing the minds of hopeful young men, by convincing them, from my own remembrance, experience, and observation, fortified by numerous examples, of the usefulness of virtue in public and private life. But my choice and constant companions should be a set of my own immortal brotherhood; among whom, I would elect a dozen from the most ancient, down to my own contemporaries. Where any of these wanted fortunes, I would provide them with convenient lodges round my own estate, and have some of them always at my table; only mingling a few of the most valuable among you mortals, whom length of time would harden me to lose with little or no reluctance, and treat your posterity after the same manner; just as a man diverts himself with the annual succession of pinks and tulips in his garden, without regretting the loss of those which withered the preceding year.

These *struldbrugs* and I would mutually communicate our observations and memorials, through the course of time; remark the several

gradations by which corruption steals into the world, and oppose it in every step, by giving perpetual warning and instruction to mankind; which, added to the strong influence of our own example, would probably prevent that continual degeneracy of human nature, so justly complained of in all ages.

Add to this, the pleasure of seeing the various revolutions of states and empires; the changes in the lower and upper world; ancient cities in ruins, and obscure villages become the seats of kings; famous rivers lessening into shallow brooks; the ocean leaving one coast dry, and overwhelming another; the discovery of many countries yet unknown; barbarity overrunning the politest nations, and the most barbarous become civilized. I should then see the discovery of the longitude, the perpetual motion, the universal medicine, and many other great inventions brought to the utmost perfection.

What wonderful discoveries should we make in astronomy, by outliving and confirming our own predictions; by observing the progress and returns of comets, with the changes of motion in the sun, moon, and stars!

I enlarged upon many other topics, which the natural desire of endless life, and sublunary happiness, could easily furnish me with. When I had ended, and the sum of my discourse had been interpreted, as before, to the rest of the company, there was a good deal of talk among them in the language of the country, not without some laughter at my expense. At last, the same gentleman who had been my interpreter, said, he was desirous by the rest to set me right in a few mistakes, which I had fallen into through the common imbecility of human nature, and upon that allowance was less answerable for them. That this breed of *struldbrugs* was peculiar to their country, for there were no such people either in Balnibarbi or Japan, where he had the honour to be ambassador from his majesty, and found the natives in both those kingdoms very hard to believe that the fact was possible: and it appeared from my astonishment when he had first mentioned the matter to me, that I received it as a thing wholly new, and scarcely to be credited. That in the two kingdoms above mentioned, where, during his residence, he had conversed very much, he observed long life to be the universal desire and wish of mankind. That whoever had one foot in the grave, was sure to hold back the other as strongly as he could. That the oldest had still hopes of living one day longer, and looked on death as the greatest evil, from which nature always prompted him to retreat. Only in this island of Luggnagg, the appetite for living was not so eager, from the continual example of the *struldbrugs* before their eyes.

That the system of living contrived by me, was unreasonable and unjust, because it supposed a perpetuity of youth, health, and vigour,

which no man could be so foolish to hope, however extravagant he may be in his wishes. That the question therefore was not, whether a man would choose to be always in the prime of youth, attended with prosperity and health; but how he would pass a perpetual life under all the usual disadvantages, which old age brings along with it. For although few men will avow their desires of being immortal, upon such hard conditions, yet in the two kingdoms before mentioned, of Balnibarbi and Japan, he observed that every man desired to put off death some time longer, let it approach ever so late; and he rarely heard of any man who died willingly, except he were incited by the extremity of grief or torture. And he appealed to me, whether in those countries I had travelled, as well as my own, I had not observed the same general disposition.

After this preface he gave me a particular account of the *struldbrugs* among them. He said, they commonly acted like mortals, till about thirty years old; after which, by degrees, they grew melancholy and dejected, increasing in both till they came to fourscore. This he learned from their own confession; for otherwise, there not being above two or three of that species born in an age, they were too few to form a general observation by. When they came to fourscore years, which is reckoned the extremity of living in this country, they had not only all the follies and infirmities of other old men, but many more, which arose from the dreadful prospect of never dying. They were not only opinionative, peevish, covetous, morose, vain, talkative, but incapable of friendship, and dead to all natural affection, which never descended below their grandchildren. Envy and impotent desires are their prevailing passions. But those objects against which their envy seems principally directed, are the vices of the younger sort, and the deaths of the old. By reflecting on the former, they find themselves cut off from all possibility of pleasure; and whenever they see a funeral, they lament and repine that others are gone to a harbour of rest to which they themselves never can hope to arrive. They have no remembrance of anything, but what they learned and observed in their youth and middle age, and even that is very imperfect. And for the truth or particulars of any fact, it is safer to depend on common tradition, than upon their best recollections. The least miserable among them, appear to be those who turn to dotage, and entirely lose their memories; these meet with more pity and assistance, because they want many bad qualities which abound in others.

If a *struldbrug* happen to marry one of his own kind, the marriage is dissolved of course, by the courtesy of the kingdom, as soon as the younger of the two comes to be fourscore. For the law thinks it is a reasonable indulgence, that those who are condemned, without any fault of their own, to a perpetual continuance in the

world, should not have their misery doubled by the load of a wife.

As soon as they have completed the term of eighty years, they are looked on as dead in law; their heirs immediately succeed to their estates, only a small pittance is reserved for their support; and the poor ones are maintained at the public charge. After that period, they are held incapable of any employment of trust or profit; they cannot purchase lands, or take leases; neither are they allowed to be witnesses in any cause, either civil or criminal, not even for the decision of meers and bounds.

At ninety, they lose their teeth and hair; they have at that age no distinction of taste, but eat and drink whatever they can get, without relish or appetite. The diseases they were subject to still continue, without increasing or diminishing. In talking, they forget the common appellation of things, and the names of persons, even of those who are their nearest friends and relations. For the same reason, they never can amuse themselves with reading, because their memory will not serve to carry them from the beginning of a sentence to the end: and by this defect, they are deprived of the only entertainment, whereof they might otherwise be capable.

The language of this country being always upon the flux, the *struldbrugs* of one age do not understand those of another; neither are they able, after two hundred years, to hold any conversation (farther than by a few general words) with their neighbours, the mortals; and thus they lie under the disadvantage of living like foreigners in their own country.

This was the account given me of the *struldbrugs*, as near as I can remember. I afterwards saw five or six of different ages, the youngest not above two hundred years old, who were brought to me at several times by some of my friends; but although they were told that I was a great traveller, and had seen all the world, they had not the least curiosity to ask me a question; only desired I would give them *shumskudask*, or a token of remembrance; which is a modest way of begging to avoid the law, that strictly forbids it, because they are provided for by the public, although indeed with a very scanty allowance.

They are despised and hated by all sorts of people. When one of them is born, it is reckoned ominous, and their birth is recorded very particularly: so that you may know their age by consulting the register, which, however, has not been kept above a thousand years past, or at least has been destroyed by time, or public disturbances. But the usual way of computing how old they are, is by asking them what kings or great persons they can remember, and then consulting history; for infallibly the last prince in their mind did not begin his reign after they were fourscore years old.

They were the most mortifying sight I ever

beheld ; and the women more horrible than the men. Beside the usual deformities in extreme old age, they acquired an additional ghastliness, in proportion to their number of years, which is not to be described ; and among half a dozen, I soon distinguished which was the eldest, although there was not above a century or two between them.

The reader will easily believe, that, from what I had heard and seen, my keen appetite for perpetuity of life was much abated. I grew heartily ashamed of the pleasing visions I had formed ; and thought no tyrant could invent a death, into which I would not run with pleasure, from such a life. The king heard of all that had passed between me and my friends upon this occasion, and rallied me very pleasantly ; wishing I could send a couple of *struldrugs* to my own country, to arm our people against the fear of death ; but this, it seems, is forbidden by the fundamental laws of the kingdom, or else I should have been well content with the trouble and expense of transporting them.

I could not but agree, that the laws of this kingdom relative to the *struldrugs*, were founded upon the strongest reasons, and such as any other country would be under the necessity of enacting, in the like circumstances. Otherwise, as avarice is the necessary consequence of old age, those immortals would in time become proprietors of the whole nation, and engross the civil power, which, for want of abilities to manage, must end in the ruin of the public.

CHAP. XI.

The Author leaves Luggnagg, and sails to Japan.

From thence he returns in a Dutch Ship to Amsterdam, and from Amsterdam to England.

I THOUGHT this account of the *struldrugs* might be some entertainment to the reader, because it seems to be a little out of the common way ; at least I do not remember to have met the like in any book of travels that has come to my hands ; and if I am deceived, my excuse must be, that it is necessary for travellers, who describe the same country, very often to agree in dwelling on the same particulars, without deserving the censure of having borrowed or transcribed from those who wrote before them.

There is, indeed, a perpetual commerce between this kingdom and the great empire of Japan ; and it is very probable, that the Japanese authors may have given some account of the *struldrugs* ; but my stay in Japan was so short, and I was so entirely a stranger to the language, that I was not qualified to make any inquiries. But I hope the Dutch, upon this notice, will be curious and able enough to supply my defects.

His majesty having often pressed me to accept

some employment in his court, and finding me absolutely determined to return to my native country, was pleased to give me his licence to depart ; and honoured me with a letter of recommendation, under his own hand, to the Emperor of Japan. He likewise presented me with four hundred and forty-four large pieces of gold, (this nation delighting in even numbers,) and a red diamond, which I sold in England for eleven hundred pounds.

On the 6th of May, 1709, I took a solemn leave of his majesty, and all my friends. This prince was so gracious, as to order a guard to conduct me to Glanguenstald, which is a royal port to the south-west part of the island. In six days, I found a vessel ready to carry me to Japan, and spent fifteen days in the voyage. We landed at a small port-town called Xamoschi, situated on the south-east part of Japan ;—the town lies on the western point, where there is a narrow strait leading northward into a long arm of the sea, upon the north-west part of which, Yedo, the metropolis, stands. At landing, I shewed the custom-house officers my letter from the King of Luggnagg, to his imperial majesty. They knew the seal perfectly well ; it was as broad as the palm of my hand. The impression was, a king lifting up a lame beggar from the earth. The magistrates of the town, hearing of my letter, received me as a public minister : they provided me with carriages and servants, and bore my charges to Yedo ; where I was admitted to an audience, and delivered my letter, which was opened with great ceremony, and explained to the emperor by an interpreter ; who then gave me notice, by his majesty's order, that I should signify my request, and, whatever it were, it should be granted, for the sake of his royal brother of Luggnagg. This interpreter was a person employed to transact affairs with the Hollanders : he soon conjectured, by my countenance, that I was an European, and, therefore, repeated his majesty's commands in Low Dutch, which he spoke perfectly well. I answered, as I had before determined, that I was a Dutch merchant, shipwrecked in a very remote country, whence I had travelled by sea and land to Luggnagg, and then took shipping for Japan ; where I knew my countrymen often traded, and with some of these I hoped to get an opportunity of returning into Europe : I therefore most humbly entreated his royal favour, to give order that I should be conducted in safety to Nangasack. To this I added another petition, that for the sake of my patron the King of Luggnagg, his majesty would condescend to excuse my performing the ceremony imposed on my countrymen, of trampling upon the crucifix ; because I had been thrown into his kingdom by my misfortunes, without any intention of trading. When this latter petition was interpreted to the emperor, he seemed a little surprised ; and said, he believed I was the first of my countrymen who

ever made any scruple in this point ; and that he began to doubt, whether I was a real Hollander or not ; but rather suspected I must be a Christian. However, for the reasons I had offered, but chiefly to gratify the King of Luggnagg, by an uncommon mark of his favour, he would comply with the singularity of my humour ; but the affair must be managed with dexterity, and his officers should be commanded to let me pass, as it were by forgetfulness. For he assured me, that if the secret should be discovered by my countrymen the Dutch, they would cut my throat in the voyage. I returned my thanks, by the interpreter, for so unusual a favour ; and some troops being at that time on their march to Nangasac, the commanding officer had orders to convey me safe thither, with particular instructions about the business of the crucifix.

On the 9th day of June, 1709, I arrived at Nangasac, after a very long and troublesome journey. I soon fell into the company of some Dutch sailors belonging to the *Amboyna* of Amsterdam, a stout ship of 450 tons. I had lived long in Holland, pursuing my studies at Leyden, and I spoke Dutch well. The seamen soon knew whence I came last ; they were curious to inquire into my voyages and course of life. I made up a story as short and probable as I could, but concealed the greatest part. I knew many persons in Holland ; I was able to invent names for my parents, whom I pretended to be obscure people in the province of Gelderland. I would have given the captain (one Theodorus Van-

grut) what he pleased to ask for my voyage to Holland ; but understanding I was a surgeon, he was contented to take half the usual rate, on condition that I would serve him in the way of my calling. Before we took shipping, I was often asked by some of the crew, whether I had performed the ceremony above mentioned. I evaded the question by general answers ; that I had satisfied the emperor and court in all particulars. However, a malicious rogue of a skipper went to an officer, and pointing to me, told him, I had not yet trampled on the crucifix ; but the other, who had received instructions to let me pass, gave the rascal twenty strokes on the shoulders with a bamboo ; after which I was no more troubled with such questions.

Nothing happened worth mentioning in this voyage. We sailed with a fair wind to the Cape of Good Hope, where we staid only to take in fresh water. On the 10th of April, 1710, we arrived safe at Amsterdam, having lost only three men by sickness in the voyage, and a fourth, who fell from the foremast into the sea, not far from the coast of Guinea. From Amsterdam I soon after set sail for England, in a small vessel belonging to that city.

On the 16th of April, we put in at the Downs. I landed next morning, and saw, once more, my native country, after an absence of five years and six months complete. I went straight to Redriff, where I arrived the same day at two in the afternoon, and found my wife and family in good health.

PART IV.

A VOYAGE TO THE COUNTRY OF THE
HOUYHNNHMS.

CHAP. I.

The Author sets out as Captain of a Ship. His Men conspire against him. Confine him a long Time to his Cabin. Set him on Shore in an unknown Land. He travels up into the Country. The Yahoos, a strange Sort of Animal, described. The Author meets two Houyhnhnms.

I CONTINUED at home with my wife and children about five months, in a very happy condition, if I could have learned the lesson of knowing when I was well. I left my poor wife big with child, and accepted an advantageous offer made me to be captain of the *Adventure*, a stout merchantman of 350 tons: for I understood navigation well, and being grown weary of a surgeon's employment at sea, which, however, I could exercise upon occasion, I took a skilful young man of that calling, one Robert Purefoy, into my ship. We set sail from Portsmouth upon the 7th day of September, 1710; on the 14th, we met with Captain Pocock of Bristol, at *Teneriffe*, who was going to the bay of *Campeachy* to cut logwood. On the 16th, he was parted from us by a storm; I heard, since my return, that his ship foundered, and none escaped, but one cabin-boy. He was an honest man, and a good sailor, but a little too positive in his own opinions, which was the cause of his destruction, as it had been of several others. For, if he had followed my advice, he might have been safe at home with his family, at this time, as well as myself.

I had several men died in my ship of calentures, so that I was forced to get recruits out of *Barbadoes*, and the *Leeward Islands*, where I touched, by the direction of the merchants who employed me; which I had soon too much cause to repent; for I found afterwards, that most of them had been buccaneers. I had fifty hands on board; and my orders were, that I should

trade with the Indians in the South Sea, and make what discoveries I could. These rogues, whom I had picked up, debauched my other men, and they all formed a conspiracy to seize the ship, and secure me; which they did one morning, rushing into my cabin, and binding me hand and foot, threatening to throw me overboard, if I offered to stir. I told them, I was their prisoner, and would submit. This they made me swear to do, and then they unbound me, only fastening one of my legs with a chain, near my bed, and placed a sentry at my door with his piece charged, who was commanded to shoot me dead, if I attempted my liberty. They sent me down victuals and drink, and took the government of the ship to themselves. Their design was to turn pirates, and plunder the *Spaniards*, which they could not do, till they got more men. But first they resolved to sell the goods in the ship, and then go to *Madagascar* for recruits, several among them having died since my confinement. They sailed many weeks, and traded with the Indians; but I knew not what course they took, being kept a close prisoner in my cabin, and expecting nothing less than to be murdered, as they often threatened me.

Upon the 9th day of May, 1711, one *James Welch* came down to my cabin, and said he had orders from the captain to set me ashore. I expostulated with him, but in vain; neither would he so much as tell me who their new captain was. They forced me into the long-boat, letting me put on my best suit of clothes, which were as good as new, and take a small bundle of linen, but no arms, except my hanger; and they were so civil as not to search my pockets, into which I conveyed what money I had, with some other little necessities. They rowed about a league, and then set me down on a strand. I desired them to tell me what country it was. They all swore they knew no more than myself; but said, that the captain (as they called him) was resolved, after they had sold the lading, to get

rid of me in the first place where they could discover land. They pushed off immediately, advising me to make haste, for fear of being overtaken by the tide, and so bade me farewell.

In this desolate condition I advanced forward, and soon got upon firm ground, where I sat down on a bank to rest myself, and consider what I had best to do. When I was a little refreshed, I went up into the country, resolving to deliver myself to the first savages I should meet, and purchase my life from them by some bracelets, glass rings, and other toys, which sailors usually provide themselves with in those voyages, and whereof I had some about me. The land was divided by long rows of trees, not regularly planted, but naturally growing; there was great plenty of grass, and several fields of oats. I walked very circumspectly, for fear of being surprised, or suddenly shot with an arrow from behind, or on either side. I fell into a beaten road, where I saw many tracks of human feet, and some of cows, but most of horses. At last I beheld several animals in a field, and one or two of the same kind sitting in trees. Their shape was very singular and deformed, which a little discomposed me, so that I lay down behind a thicket to observe them better. Some of them coming forward near the place where I lay, gave me an opportunity of distinctly marking their form. Their heads and breasts were covered with a thick hair, some frizzled, and others lank; they had beards like goats, and a long ridge of hair down their backs, and the fore parts of their legs and feet; but the rest of their bodies was bare, so that I might see their skins, which were of a brown buff colour. They had no tails, nor any hair at all on their buttocks, except about the anus; which, I presume, nature had placed there to defend them, as they sat on the ground; for this posture they used, as well as lying down, and often stood on their hind-feet. They climbed high trees as nimbly as a squirrel, for they had strong extended claws before and behind, terminating in sharp points, and hooked. They would often spring, and bound, and leap, with prodigious agility. The females were not so large as the males; they had long lank hair on their head, but none on their faces, nor anything more than a sort of down on the rest of their bodies, except about the anus and pudenda. The dugs hung between their fore-feet, and often reached almost to the ground as they walked. The hair of both sexes was of several colours, brown, red, black, and yellow. Upon the whole, I never beheld, in all my travels, so disagreeable an animal, or one against which I naturally conceived so great an antipathy. So that, thinking I had seen enough, full of contempt and aversion I got up, and pursued the beaten road, hoping it might direct me to the cabin of some Indian. I had not got far, when I met one of these creatures full in my way, and coming up directly to me. The ugly monster,

when he saw me, distorted several ways every feature of his visage, and stared, as at an object he had never seen before; then approaching nearer, lifted up his fore-paw, whether out of curiosity or mischief, I could not tell: but I drew my hanger, and gave him a good blow with the flat side of it; for I durst not strike with the edge, fearing the inhabitants might be provoked against me, if they should come to know that I had killed or maimed any of their cattle. When the beast felt the smart, he drew back, and roared so loud, that a herd of at least forty came flocking about me from the next field, howling, and making odious faces; but I ran to the body of a tree, and leaning my back against it, kept them off by waving my hanger. Several of this cursed brood, getting hold of the branches behind, leapt up into the tree, whence they began to discharge their excrements upon my head; however, I escaped pretty well by sticking close to the stem of the tree, but was almost stifled with the filth, which fell about me on every side.

In the midst of this distress, I observed them all to run away on a sudden as fast as they could; at which I ventured to leave the tree, and pursue the road, wondering what it was that could put them into this fright. But looking on my left hand, I saw a horse walking softly in the field, which my persecutors having sooner discovered, was the cause of their flight. The horse started a little when he came near me, but soon recovering himself, looked full in my face with manifest tokens of wonder. He viewed my hands and feet, walking round me several times. I would have pursued my journey, but he placed himself directly in the way, yet, looking with a very mild aspect, never offering the least violence. We stood gazing at each other for some time; at last I took the boldness to reach my hand towards his neck, with a design to stroke it, using the common style and whistle of jockeys when they are going to handle a strange horse. But this animal seemed to receive my civilities with disdain, shook his head, and bent his brows, softly raising up his right fore-foot to remove my hand. Then he neighed three or four times, but in so different a cadence, that I almost began to think he was speaking to himself in some language of his own.

While he and I were thus employed, another horse came up, who, applying himself to the first in a very formal manner, they gently struck each other's right hoof before, neighing several times by turns, and varying the sound, which seemed to be almost articulate. They went some paces off, as if it were to confer together, walking side by side, backward and forward, like persons deliberating upon some affair of weight, but often turning their eyes towards me, as if it were to watch that I might not escape. I was amazed to see such actions and behaviour in brute beasts, and concluded with myself, that, if the inhabitants of this country were endued with a pro-

portionable degree of reason, they must needs be the wisest people upon earth. This thought gave me so much comfort, that I resolved to go forward, until I could discover some house or village, or meet with any of the natives, leaving the two horses to discourse together as they pleased. But the first, who was a dapple gray, observing me to steal off, neighed after me in so expressive a tone, that I fancied myself to understand what he meant; whereupon I turned back, and came near to him, to expect his farther commands, but concealing my fear as much as I could, for I began to be in some pain how this adventure might terminate; and the reader will easily believe I did not much like my present situation.

The two horses came up close to me, looking with great earnestness upon my face and hands. The gray steed rubbed my hat all round with his right fore-hoof, and discomposed it so much, that I was forced to adjust it better, by taking it off, and settling it again; whereat both he and his companion (who was a brown bay) appeared to be much surprised: The latter felt the lappet of my coat, and finding it to hang loose about me, they both looked with new signs of wonder. He stroked my right hand, seeming to admire the softness and colour, but he squeezed it so hard between his hoof and his pastern, that I was forced to roar; after which they both touched me with all possible tenderness. They were under great perplexity about my shoes and stockings, which they felt very often, neighing to each other, and using various gestures, not unlike those of a philosopher when he would attempt to solve some new and difficult phenomenon.

Upon the whole, the behaviour of these animals was so orderly and rational, so acute and judicious, that I at last concluded they must needs be magicians, who had thus metamorphosed themselves upon some design, and seeing a stranger in the way, resolved to divert themselves with him, or, perhaps, were really amazed at the sight of a man so very different in habit, feature, and complexion, from those who might probably live in so remote a climate. Upon the strength of this reasoning, I ventured to address them in the following manner: Gentlemen, if you be conjurors, as I have good cause to believe, you can understand any language; therefore I make bold to let your worships know that I am a poor distressed Englishman, driven by his misfortunes upon your coast; and I entreat one of you to let me ride upon his back, as if he were a real horse, to some house or village where I can be relieved. In return of which favour, I will make you a present of this knife and bracelet, taking them out of my pocket. The two creatures stood silent while I spoke, seeming to listen with great attention; and, when I had ended, they neighed frequently towards each other, as if they were engaged in serious conversation. I plainly observed that their language

expressed the passions very well, and the words might, with little pains, be resolved into an alphabet more easily than the Chinese.

I could frequently distinguish the word *Yahoo*, which was repeated by each of them several times; and although it was impossible for me to conjecture what it meant, yet, while the two horses were busy in conversation, I endeavoured to practise this word upon my tongue; and, as soon as they were silent, I boldly pronounced *Yahoo*, in a loud voice, imitating at the same time, as near as I could, the neighing of a horse, at which they were both visibly surprised; and the gray repeated the same word twice, as if he meant to teach me the right accent; wherein I spoke after him as well as I could, and found myself perceivably to improve every time, though very far from any degree of perfection. Then the bay tried me with a second word, much harder to be pronounced, but, reducing it to the English orthography, may be spelt thus, *Houyhnhnm*. I did not succeed in this so well as in the former; but, after two or three farther trials, I had better fortune, and they both appeared amazed at my capacity.

After some farther discourse, which I then conjectured might relate to me, the two friends took their leaves, with the same compliment of striking each other's hoof, and the gray made me signs that I should walk before him; wherein I thought it prudent to comply, till I could find a better director. When I offered to slacken my pace, he would cry, *hhuun, hhuun*. I guessed his meaning, and gave him to understand, as well as I could, that I was weary, and not able to walk faster; upon which he would stand a while to let me rest.

CHAP. II.

The Author conducted by a Houyhnhnm to his House. The House described. The Author's reception. The Food of the Houyhnhnms. The Author in distress for want of Meat. Is at last relieved. His Manner of Feeding in this Country.

HAVING travelled about three miles, we came to a long kind of building, made of timber stuck in the ground, and wattled across; the roof was low, and covered with straw. I now began to be a little comforted, and took out some toys, which travellers usually carry for presents to the savage Indians of America, and other parts, in hopes the people of the house would be thereby encouraged to receive me kindly. The horse made me a sign to go in first. It was a large room, with a smooth clay floor, and a rack and manger extending the whole length on one side. There were three nags and two mares, not eating, but some of them sitting down upon their hams, which I very much wondered at, but won-

dered more to see the rest employed in domestic business : these seemed but ordinary cattle. However, this confirmed my first opinion, that a people who could so far civilize brute animals, must needs excel in wisdom all the nations of the world. The gray came in just after, and thereby prevented any ill treatment which the others might have given me. He neighed to them several times in a style of authority, and received answers.

Beyond this room, there were three others, reaching the length of the house, to which you passed through three doors, opposite to each other, in the manner of a vista : we went through the second room towards the third. Here the gray walked in first, beckoning me to attend ; I waited in the second room, and got ready my presents for the master and mistress of the house : they were two knives, three bracelets of false pearls, a small looking-glass, and a bead necklace. The horse neighed three or four times, and I waited to hear some answers in a human voice, but I heard no other returns than in the same dialect, only one or two a little shriller than his. I began to think that this house must belong to some person of great note among them, because there appeared so much ceremony before I could gain admittance. But, that a man of quality should be served all by horses, was beyond my comprehension. I feared my brain was disturbed by my sufferings and misfortunes. I roused myself, and looked about me in the room where I was left alone ; this was furnished like the first, only after a more elegant manner. I rubbed my eyes often, but the same objects still occurred. I pinched my arms and sides to awake myself, hoping I might be in a dream. I then absolutely concluded that all these appearances could be nothing else but necromancy and magic. But I had no time to pursue these reflections ; for the gray horse came to the door, and made me a sign to follow him into the third room, where I saw a very comely mare, together with a colt and foal, sitting on their haunches upon mats of straw, not unartfully made, and perfectly neat and clean.

The mare, soon after my entrance, rose from her mat, and coming up close, after having nicely observed my hands and face, gave me a most contemptuous look, and turning to the horse, I heard the word *Yahoo* often repeated betwixt them, the meaning of which word I could not then comprehend, although it was the first I had learned to pronounce. But I was soon better informed, to my everlasting mortification ; for the horse, beckoning to me with his head, and repeating the *hhuun, hhuun*, as he did upon the road, which I understood was to attend him, led me out into a kind of court, where was another building at some distance from the house. Here we entered, and I saw three of those detestable creatures which I first met after my landing, feeding upon roots and the flesh of some animals, which I afterwards found to be that of asses and

dogs, and now and then a cow, dead by accident or disease. They were all tied by the neck with strong withes fastened to a beam ; they held their food between the claws of their fore-feet, and tore it with their teeth.

The master horse ordered a sorrel nag, one of his servants, to untie the largest of these animals, and take him into the yard. The beast and I were brought close together, and our countenances diligently compared, both by master and servant, who thereupon repeated several times the word *Yahoo*. My horror and astonishment are not to be described, when I observed, in this abominable animal, a perfect human figure : the face of it indeed was flat and broad, the nose depressed, the lips large, and the mouth wide ; but these differences are common to all savage nations, where the lineaments of the countenance are distorted by the natives suffering their infants to lie grovelling on the earth, or by carrying them on their backs, nuzzling with their face against the mother's shoulders. The fore-feet of the Yahoo differed from my hands in nothing else but the length of the nails, the coarseness and brownness of the palms, and the hairiness on the backs. There was the same resemblance between our feet, with the same differences, which I knew very well, though the horses did not, because of my shoes and stockings ; the same in every part of our bodies, except as to hairiness and colour, which I have already described.

The great difficulty that seemed to stick with the two horses was, to see the rest of my body so very different from that of a Yahoo ; for which I was obliged to my clothes, whereof they had no conception. The sorrel nag offered me a root, which he held (after their manner, as we shall describe in its proper place) between his hoof and pastern. I took it in my hand, and, having smelt it, returned it to him again as civilly as I could. He brought out of the Yahoo's kennel a piece of ass's flesh ; but it smelt so offensively, that I turned from it with loathing : He then threw it to the Yahoo, by whom it was greedily devoured. He afterwards shewed me a wisp of hay, and a fetlock full of oats ; but I shook my head, to signify that neither of these were food to me. And indeed I now apprehended that I must absolutely starve, if I did not get to some of my own species ; for as to those filthy Yahoos, although there were few greater lovers of mankind at that time than myself, yet I confess I never saw any sensitive being so detestable on all accounts ; and the more I came near them, the more hateful they grew, while I stayed in that country. This the master horse observed by my behaviour, and therefore sent the Yahoo back to his kennel. He then put his fore-hoof to his mouth, at which I was much surprised, although he did it with ease, and with a motion that appeared perfectly natural ; and made other signs, to know what I would eat ; but I could not return him such an answer as he was able to apprehend ;

and if he had understood me, I did not see how it was possible to contrive any way for finding myself nourishment. While we were thus engaged, I observed a cow passing by, whereupon I pointed to her, and expressed a desire to go and milk her. This had its effect; for he led me back into the house, and ordered a mare-servant to open a room, where a good store of milk lay in earthen and wooden vessels, after a very orderly and cleanly manner. She gave me a large bowlful, of which I drank very heartily, and found myself well refreshed.

About noon I saw coming towards the house a kind of vehicle drawn like a sledge by four Yahoos. There was in it an old steed, who seemed to be of quality; he alighted with his hind-feet forward, having by accident got a hurt in his left fore-foot. He came to dine with our horse, who received him with great civility. They dined in the best room, and had oats boiled in milk for the second course, which the old horse eat warm, but the rest cold. Their mangers were placed circular in the middle of the room, and divided into several partitions, round which they sat on their haunches, upon basses of straw. In the middle was a large rack, with angles answering to every partition of the manger; so that each horse and mare eat their own hay, and their own mash of oats and milk, with much decency and regularity. The behaviour of the young colt and foal appeared very modest, and that of the master and mistress extremely cheerful and complaisant to their guest. The gray ordered me to stand by him; and much discourse passed between him and his friend concerning me, as I found by the stranger's often looking on me, and the frequent repetition of the word Yahoo.

I happened to wear my gloves, which the master gray observing, seemed perplexed, discovering signs of wonder what I had done to my fore-feet. He put his hoof three or four times to them, as if he would signify, that I should reduce them to their former shape; which I presently did, pulling off both my gloves, and putting them into my pocket. This occasioned farther talk: and I saw the company was pleased with my behaviour, whereof I soon found the good effects. I was ordered to speak the few words I understood; and while they were at dinner, the master taught me the names for oats, milk, fire, water, and some others, which I could readily pronounce after him, having from my youth a great facility in learning languages.

When dinner was done, the master horse took me aside, and by signs and words made me understand the concern he was in that I had nothing to eat. Oats in their tongue are called *hlunnh*. This word I pronounced two or three times: for although I had refused them at first, yet, upon second thoughts, I considered that I could contrive to make of them a kind of bread, which might be sufficient, with milk, to keep me alive till I could make my escape to some other

country, and to creatures of my own species. The horse immediately ordered a white mare-servant of his family to bring me a good quantity of oats in a sort of wooden tray. These I heated before the fire, as well as I could, and rubbed them till the husks came off, which I made a shift to winnow from the grain: I ground and beat them between two stones, then took water, and made them into a paste or cake, which I toasted at the fire, and ate warm with milk. It was at first a very insipid diet, though common enough in many parts of Europe, but grew tolerable by time; and having been often reduced to hard fare in my life, this was not the first experiment I had made, how easily nature is satisfied. And I cannot but observe, that I never had one hour's sickness while I staid in this island. It is true, I sometimes made a shift to catch a rabbit, or bird, by springes made of Yahoos' hairs; and I often gathered wholesome herbs, which I boiled, and eat as sallads with my bread; and now and then, for a rarity, I made a little butter, and drank the whey. I was at first at a great loss for salt, but custom soon reconciled me to the want of it: and I am confident that the frequent use of salt among us is an effect of luxury, and was first introduced only as a provocative to drink, except where it is necessary for preserving flesh in long voyages, or in places remote from great markets: for we observe no animal to be fond of it but man: and as to myself, when I left this country, it was a great while before I could endure the taste of it in anything that I ate.

This is enough to say upon the subject of my diet, wherewith other travellers fill their books, as if the readers were personally concerned whether we fare well or ill. However, it was necessary to mention this matter, lest the world should think it impossible that I could find sustenance for three years, in such a country, and among such inhabitants.

When it grew towards evening, the master horse ordered a place for me to lodge in: it was but six yards from the house, and separated from the stable of the Yahoos. Here I got some straw, and covering myself with my own clothes, slept very sound. But I was in a short time better accommodated, as the reader shall know hereafter, when I come to treat more particularly about my way of living.

CHAP. III.

The Author studies to learn the Language. The Houyhnhnm, his Master, assists in teaching him. The Language described. Several Houyhnhnms of Quality come out of curiosity to see the Author. He gives his Master a short Account of his Voyage.

My principal endeavour was to learn the lan-

guage, which my master (for so I shall henceforth call him) and his children, and every servant of his house, were desirous to teach me: for they looked upon it as a prodigy, that a brute animal should discover such marks of a rational creature. I pointed to everything, and inquired the name of it, which I wrote down in my journal-book when I was alone: and corrected my bad accent, by desiring those of the family to pronounce it often. In this employment a sorrel nag, one of the under-servants, was very ready to assist me.

In speaking, they pronounce through the nose and throat; and their language approaches nearest to the High Dutch, or German, of any I know in Europe; but is much more graceful and significant. The Emperor Charles V. made almost the same observation, when he said, that if he were to speak to his horse, it should be in High Dutch.

The curiosity and impatience of my master were so great, that he spent many hours of his leisure to instruct me. He was convinced (as he afterwards told me) that I must be a Yahoo; but my teachableness, civility, and cleanliness, astonished him; which were qualities altogether opposite to those animals. He was most perplexed about my clothes, reasoning sometimes with himself, whether they were a part of my body; for I never pulled them off till the family were asleep, and got them on before they waked in the morning. My master was eager to learn whence I came: how I acquired those appearances of reason which I discovered in all my actions: and to know my story from my own mouth; which he hoped he should soon do, by the great proficiency I made in learning and pronouncing their words and sentences. To help my memory, I formed all I learned into the English alphabet, and writ the words down, with the translations. This last, after some time, I ventured to do in my master's presence. It cost me much trouble to explain to him what I was doing; for the inhabitants have not the least idea of books or literature.

In about ten weeks' time I was able to understand most of his questions, and in three months could give him some tolerable answers. He was extremely curious to know from what part of the country I came, and how I was taught to imitate a rational creature; because the Yahoos, (whom he saw I exactly resembled in my head, hands, and face, that were only visible,) with some appearance of cunning, and the strongest disposition to mischief, were observed to be the most unteachable of all brutes. I answered, that I came over the sea, from a far place, with many others of my own kind, in a great hollow vessel, made of the bodies of trees: that my companions forced me to land on this coast, and then left me to shift for myself. It was with some difficulty, and by the help of many signs, that I brought him to understand me. He replied,

that I must needs be mistaken, or that I said the thing which was not; for they have no word in their language to express lying or falsehood. He knew it was impossible that there could be a country beyond the sea, or that a parcel of brutes could move a wooden vessel whither they pleased upon water. He was sure no Houyhnhnm alive could make such a vessel, nor would trust Yahoos to manage it.

The word *Houyhnhnm*, in their tongue, signifies a horse, and, in its etymology, the perfection of nature. I told my master that I was at a loss for expression, but would improve as fast as I could; and hoped, in a short time, I should be able to tell him wonders. He was pleased to direct his own mare, his colt and foal, and the servants of the family, to take all opportunities of instructing me; and every day, for two or three hours, he was at the same pains himself. Several horses and mares of quality in the neighbourhood came often to our house, upon the reports pread of a wonderful Yahoo, that could speak like a Houyhnhnm, and seemed, in his words and actions, to discover some glimmerings of reason. These delighted to converse with me; they put many questions, and received such answers as I was able to return. By all these advantages I made so great a progress, that, in five months from my arrival, I understood whatever was spoken, and could express myself tolerably well.

The Houyhnhnms, who came to visit my master out of a design of seeing and talking with me, could hardly believe me to be a right Yahoo, because my body had a different covering from others of my kind. They were astonished to observe me without the usual hair or skin, except on my head, face, and hands: but I discovered that secret to my master, upon an accident which happened about a fortnight before.

I have already told the reader that every night, when the family were gone to bed, it was my custom to strip, and cover myself with my clothes. It happened, one morning early, that my master sent for me by the sorrel nag, who was his valet: When he came, I was fast asleep, my clothes fallen off on one side, and my shirt above my waist. I awaked at the noise he made, and observed him to deliver his message in some disorder; after which he went to my master, and in a great fright, gave him a very confused account of what he had seen. This I presently discovered; for going, as soon as I was dressed, to pay my attendance upon his honour, he asked me the meaning of what his servant had reported, that I was not the same thing when I slept, as I appeared to be at other times; that his valet assured him some part of me was white some yellow, at least not so white, and some brown.

I had hitherto concealed the secret of my dress, in order to distinguish myself, as much as possible, from that cursed race of Yahoos;

but now I found it in vain to do so any longer. Besides, I considered that my clothes and shoes would soon wear out, which already were in a declining condition, and must be supplied by some contrivance, from the hides of Yahoos, or other brutes; whereby the whole secret would be known. I therefore told my master, that in the country whence I came, those of my kind always covered their bodies with the hairs of certain animals prepared by art, as well for decency as to avoid the inclemencies of air, both hot and cold; of which, as to my own person, I would give him immediate conviction, if he pleased to command me; only desiring his excuse, if I did not expose those parts that nature taught us to conceal. He said, My discourse was all very strange, but especially the last part: for he could not understand why nature should teach us to conceal what nature had given; that neither himself nor family were ashamed of any part of their bodies; but, however, I might do as I pleased. Whereupon I first unbuttoned my coat, and pulled it off: I did the same with my waistcoat: I drew off my shoes, stockings, and breeches: I let my shirt down to my waist, and drew up the bottom, fastening it like a girdle about my middle, to hide my nakedness.

My master observed the whole performance with great signs of curiosity and admiration. He took up all my clothes in his pastern, one piece after another, and examined them diligently; he then stroked my body very gently, and looked round me several times; after which he said, it was plain I must be a perfect Yahoo; but that I differed very much from the rest of my species, in the softness, whiteness, and smoothness of my skin; my want of hair in several parts of my body; the shape and shortness of my claws behind and before; and my affectation of walking continually on my two hinder feet. He desired to see no more, and gave me leave to put on my clothes again, for I was shuddering with cold.

I expressed my uneasiness at his giving me so often the appellation of Yahoo, an odious animal, for which I had so utter a hatred and contempt: I begged he would forbear applying that word to me, and make the same order in his family and among his friends whom he suffered to see me. I requested likewise, that the secret of my having a false covering to my body might be known to none but himself, at least as long as my present clothing should last; for, as to what the sorrel nag his valet had observed, his honour might command him to conceal it.

All this my master very graciously consented to; and thus the secret was kept till my clothes began to wear out, which I was forced to supply by several contrivances that shall hereafter be mentioned. In the meantime, he desired I would go on with my utmost diligence to learn their language, because he was more astonished at my capacity for speech and reason, than at

the figure of my body, whether it were covered or not; adding that he waited with some impatience to hear the wonders which I promised to tell him.

Thenceforward he doubled the pains he had been at to instruct me; he brought me into all company, and made them treat me with civility; because, as he told them privately, this would put me into good humour, and make me more diverting.

Every day, when I waited on him, besides the trouble he was at in teaching, he would ask me several questions concerning myself, which I answered as well as I could; and by these means he had already received some general ideas, though very imperfect. It would be tedious to relate the several steps by which I advanced to a more regular conversation; but the first account I gave of myself in any order and length was to this purpose:—

That I came from a very far country, as I already had attempted to tell him, with about fifty more of my own species; that we travelled upon the seas in a great hollow vessel made of wood, and larger than his honour's house. I described the ship to him in the best terms I could, and explained, by the help of my handkerchief displayed, how it was driven forward by the wind. That, upon a quarrel among us, I was set on shore on this coast, where I walked forward, without knowing whither, till he delivered me from the persecution of those execrable Yahoos. He asked me, Who made the ship, and how it was possible that the Houyhnhnms of my country would leave it to the management of brutes? My answer was, That I durst proceed no farther in my relation, unless he would give me his word and honour that he would not be offended, and then I would tell him the wonders I had so often promised. He agreed; and I went on, by assuring him that the ship was made by creatures like myself; who, in all the countries I had travelled, as well as in my own, were the only governing rational animals; and that, upon my arrival hither, I was as much astonished to see the Houyhnhnms act like rational beings, as he, or his friends, could be, in finding some marks of reason in a creature he was pleased to call a Yahoo; to which I owned my resemblance in every part, but could not account for their degenerate and brutal nature. I said farther, That if good fortune ever restored me to my native country, to relate my travels hither, as I resolved to do, everybody would believe that I said the thing that was not, that I invented the story out of my own head; and, (with all possible respect to himself, his family, and friends, and under his promise of not being offended,) our countrymen would hardly think it probable that a Houyhnhnm should be the presiding creature of a nation, and a Yahoo the brute.

CHAP. IV.

The Houyhnhnms's Notion of truth and Falseness. The Author's Discourse disapproved by his Master. The Author gives a more particular Account of himself, and the Accidents of his Voyage.

My master heard me with great appearances of uneasiness in his countenance ; because doubting, or not believing, are so little known in this country, that the inhabitants cannot tell how to behave themselves under such circumstances. And I remember, in frequent discourses with my master concerning the nature of manhood, in other parts of the world, having occasion to talk of lying and false representation, it was with much difficulty that he comprehended what I meant, although he had otherwise a most acute judgment ; for he argued thus : That the use of speech was to make us understand one another, and to receive information of facts ; now, if any one said the thing which was not, these ends were defeated, because I cannot properly be said to understand him ; and I am so far from receiving information, that he leaves me worse than in ignorance ; for I am led to believe a thing black, when it is white ; and short, when it is long. And these were all the notions he had concerning that faculty of lying, so perfectly well understood, and so universally practised, among human creatures.

To return from this digression. When I asserted that the Yahoos were the only governing animals in my country, which my master said was altogether past his conception, he desired to know, Whether we had Houyhnhnms among us, and what was their employment ? I told him, We had great numbers ; that in summer they grazed in the fields, and in winter were kept in houses with hay and oats, where Yahoo servants were employed to rub their skins smooth, comb their manes, pick their feet, serve them with food, and make their beds.—I understand you well, said my master : it is now very plain, from all you have spoken, that whatever share of reason the Yahoos pretend to, the Houyhnhnms are your masters. I heartily wish our Yahoos would be so tractable.—I begged his honour would please to excuse me from proceeding any farther, because I was very certain that the account he expected from me would be highly displeasing. But he insisted in commanding me to let him know the best and the worst. I told him he should be obeyed. I owned that the Houyhnhnms among us, whom we called horses, were the most generous and comely animal we had ; that they excelled in strength and swiftness ; and when they belonged to persons of quality, were employed in travelling, racing,

or drawing chariots : they were treated with much kindness and care, till they fell into diseases, or became foundered in the feet ; but then they were sold, and used to all kind of drudgery till they died ; after which their skins were stript, and sold for what they were worth, and their bodies left to be devoured by dogs and birds of prey. But the common race of horses had not so good fortune : being kept by farmers and carriers, and other mean people, who put them to greater labour, and fed them worse. I described, as well as I could, our way of riding ; the shape and use of a bridle, a saddle, a spur, and a whip ; of harness and wheels. I added, That we fastened plates of a certain hard substance, called iron, at the bottom of their feet, to preserve their hoofs from being broken by the stony ways, on which we often travelled.

My master, after some expressions of great indignation, wondered how we dared to venture upon a Houyhnhnm's back ; for he was sure that the weakest servant in his house would be able to shake off the strongest Yahoo, or, by lying down, and rolling on his back, squeeze the brute to death. I answered, That our horses were trained up, from three or four years old, to the several uses we intended them for ; that if any of them proved intolerably vicious, they were employed for carriages ; that they were severely beaten, while they were young, for any mischievous tricks ; that the males, designed for the common use of riding or draught, were generally castrated about two years after their birth, to take down their spirits, and make them more tame and gentle ; that they were indeed sensible of rewards and punishments ; but his honour would please to consider, that they had not the least tincture of reason, any more than the Yahoos in this country.

It put me to the pains of many circumlocutions to give my master a right idea of what I spoke ; for their language doth not abound in variety of words, because their wants and passions are fewer than among us. But it is impossible to express his noble resentment at our savage treatment of the Houyhnhnm race ; particularly after I had explained the manner and use of castrating horses among us, to hinder them from propagating their kind, and to render them more servile. He said, If it were possible there could be any country where Yahoos alone were endued with reason, they certainly must be the governing animal ; because reason, in time, will always prevail against brutal strength. But, considering the frame of our bodies, and especially of mine, he thought no creature of equal bulk was so ill contrived for employing that reason in the common offices of life ; whereupon he desired to know whether those among whom I lived resembled me or the Yahoos of his country. I assured him that I was as well shaped as most of my age ; but the younger, and the females, were much more so

and tender, and the skins of the latter generally as white as milk. He said, I differed indeed from other Yahoos, being much more cleanly, and not altogether so deformed; but, in point of real advantage, he thought I differed for the worse. That my nails were of no use either to my fore or hinder feet. As to my fore-feet, he could not properly call them by that name, for he never observed me to walk upon them; that they were too soft to bear the ground; that I generally went with them uncovered; neither was the covering I sometimes wore on them of the same shape, or so strong as that on my feet behind. That I could not walk with any security, for if either of my hinder feet slipped, I must inevitably fall. He then began to find fault with other parts of my body: The flatness of my face, the prominence of my nose, mine eyes placed directly in front, so that I could not look on either side without turning my head: that I was not able to feed myself, without lifting one of my fore-feet to my mouth; and therefore nature had placed those joints to answer that necessity. He knew not what could be the use of those several clefts and divisions in my feet behind; that these were too soft to bear the hardness and sharpness of stones, without a covering made from the skin of some other brute; that my whole body wanted a fence against heat and cold, which I was forced to put on and off every day, with tediousness and trouble. And lastly, that he observed every animal in this country naturally to abhor the Yahoos, whom the weaker avoided, and the stronger drove from them. So that, supposing us to have the gift of reason, he could not see how it were possible to cure that natural antipathy which every creature discovered against us; nor, consequently, how we could tame and render them serviceable. However, he would, as he said, debate the matter no farther, because he was more desirous to know my own story, the country where I was born, and the several actions and events of my life before I came hither.

I assured him how extremely desirous I was that he should be satisfied on every point; but I doubted much whether it would be possible for me to explain myself on several subjects, whereof his honour could have no conception, because I saw nothing in his country to which I could resemble them; that, however, I would do my best, and strive to express myself by similitudes, humbly desiring his assistance when I wanted proper words; which he was pleased to promise me.

I said, My birth was of honest parents, in an island called England, which was remote from his country as many days' journey as the strongest of his honour's servants could travel in the annual course of the sun; that I was bred a

surgeon, whose trade it is to cure wounds and hurts in the body, gotten by accident or violence; that my country was governed by a female man, whom we called queen; that I left it to get riches, whereby I might maintain myself and family, when I should return; that, in my last voyage, I was commander of the ship, and had about fifty Yahoos under me, many of which died at sea, and I was forced to supply them by others picked out from several nations; that our ship was twice in danger of being sunk; the first time by a great storm, and the second by striking against a rock.—Here my master interposed, by asking me, How I could persuade strangers, out of different countries, to venture with me, after the losses I had sustained, and the hazards I had run?—I said, they were fellows of desperate fortunes, forced to fly from the places of their birth on account of their poverty or their crimes. Some were undone by law-suits; others spent all they had in drinking, who-oring, and gaming; others fled for treason; many for murder, theft, poisoning, robbery, perjury, forgery, coining false money, for committing rapes, or sodomy, for flying from their colours, or deserting to the enemy; and most of them had broken prison: None of these durst return to their native countries, for fear of being hanged, or of starving in a jail; and therefore they were under a necessity of seeking a livelihood in other places.

During this discourse, my master was pleased to interrupt me several times. I had made use of many circumlocutions in describing to him the nature of the several crimes for which most of our crew had been forced to fly their country. This labour took up several days conversation, before he was able to comprehend me. He was wholly at a loss to know what could be the use or necessity of practising those vices: to clear up which, I endeavoured to give him some ideas of the desire of power and riches; of the terrible effects of lust, intemperance, malice, and envy. All this I was forced to define and describe by putting cases, and making suppositions. After which, like one whose imagination was struck with something never seen or heard of before, he would lift up his eyes with amazement and indignation. Power, government, war, law, punishment, and a thousand other things, had no terms wherein that language could express them, which made the difficulty almost insuperable, to give my master any conception of what I meant. But, being of an excellent understanding, much improved by contemplation and converse, he at last arrived at a competent knowledge of what human nature, in our parts of the world, is capable to perform, and desired I would give him some particular account of that land which we call Europe, but especially of my own country.

CHAP. V.

The Author, at his Master's command, informs him of the State of England. The Causes of War among the Princes of Europe. The Author begins to explain the English Constitution.

THE reader may please to observe, that the following extract of many conversations I had with my master contains a summary of the most material points which were discoursed at several times for above two years; his honour often desiring fuller satisfaction, as I farther improved in the Houyhnhnm tongue. I laid before him, as well as I could, the whole state of Europe; I discoursed of trade and manufactures, of arts and sciences; and the answers I gave to all the questions he made, as they arose upon several subjects, were a fund of conversation not to be exhausted. But I shall here only set down the substance of what passed between us concerning my own country, reducing it in order as well as I can, without any regard to time or other circumstances, while I strictly adhere to truth. My only concern is, that I shall hardly be able to do justice to my master's arguments and expressions, which must needs suffer by my want of capacity, as well as by a translation into our barbarous English.

In obedience, therefore, to his honour's commands, I related to him the revolution under the Prince of Orange; the long war with France, entered into by the said prince, and renewed by his successor, the present queen, wherein the greatest powers of Christendom were engaged, and which still continued. I computed, at his request, that about a million of Yahoos might have been killed in the whole progress of it; and perhaps a hundred, or more cities taken, and five times as many ships burnt or sunk.

He asked me, What were the usual causes or motives that made one country go to war with another? I answered, They were innumerable; but I should only mention a few of the chief. Sometimes the ambition of princes, who never think they have land or people enough to govern: sometimes the corruption of ministers, who engage their master in a war in order to stifle or divert the clamour of the subjects against their evil administration. Difference in opinions has cost many millions of lives: for instance, whether flesh be bread, or bread be flesh; whether the juice of a certain berry be blood or wine; whether whistling be a vice or a virtue; whether it be better to kiss a post, or throw it into the fire; what is the best colour for a coat, whether black, white, red, or gray; and whether it should be long or short, narrow or wide, dirty or clean, with many more. Neither are any wars so furious and bloody, or of so long

continuance, as those occasioned by difference in opinion, especially if it be in things indifferent.

Sometimes the quarrel between two princes is to decide which of them shall dispossess a third of his dominions, where neither of them pretend to any right. Sometimes one prince quarrels with another, for fear the other should quarrel with him. Sometimes a war is entered upon, because the enemy is too strong, and sometimes because he is too weak. Sometimes our neighbours want the things which we have, or have the things which we want, and we both fight till they take ours, or give us theirs. It is a very justifiable cause of war, to invade a country after the people have been wasted by famine, destroyed by pestilence, or embroiled by factions among themselves. It is justifiable to enter into war against our nearest ally, when one of his towns lies convenient for us, or a territory of land, that would render our dominions round and compact. If a prince sends forces into a nation where the people are poor and ignorant, he may lawfully put half of them to death, and make slaves of the rest, in order to civilize and reduce them from their barbarous way of living. It is a very kingly, honourable, and frequent practice, when one prince desires the assistance of another, to secure him against an invasion, that the assistant, when he has driven out the invader, should seize on the dominions himself, and kill, imprison, or banish the prince he came to relieve. Alliance by blood or marriage is a frequent cause of war between princes; and the nearer their kindred is, the greater their disposition to quarrel. Poor nations are hungry, and rich nations are proud: and pride and hunger will ever be at variance. For these reasons, the trade of a soldier is held the most honourable of all others; because a soldier is a Yahoo hired to kill, in cold blood, as many of his own species, who have never offended him, as possibly he can.

There is likewise a kind of beggarly princes in Europe, not able to make war by themselves, who hire out their troops to richer nations, for so much a-day to each man; of which they keep three-fourths to themselves, and it is the best part of their maintenance: Such are those in many northern parts of Europe.

What you have told me, said my master, upon the subject of war, does, indeed, discover most admirably the effects of that reason you pretend to: however, it is happy that the shame is greater than the danger; and that nature has left you utterly incapable of doing much mischief: For your mouths lying flat with your faces, you can hardly bite each other to any purpose, unless by consent. Then as to the claws upon your feet, before and behind, they are so short and so tender, that one of our Yahoos would drive a dozen of yours before him. And therefore, in recounting the numbers of those

who have been killed in battle, I cannot but think you have said the thing which is not.

I could not forbear shaking my head, and smiling a little at his ignorance. And being no stranger to the art of war, I gave him a description of cannons, culverins, muskets, carabines, pistols, bullets, powder, swords, bayonets, battles, sieges, retreats, attacks, undermines, countermines, bombardments, seafigts, ships sunk with a thousand men, twenty thousand killed on each side, dying groans, limbs flying in the air, smoke, noise, confusion, trampling to death under horses' feet, flight, pursuit, victory; fields strewed with carcases, left for food to dogs, and wolves, and birds of prey; plundering, stripping, ravishing, burning and destroying. And to set forth the valour of my own dear countrymen, I assured him that I had seen them blow up a hundred enemies at once in a siege, and as many in a ship; and beheld the dead bodies drop down in pieces from the clouds, to the great diversion of the spectators.

I was going on to more particulars, when my master commanded me silence. He said, whoever understood the nature of Yahoos might easily believe it possible for so vile an animal to be capable of every action I had named, if their strength and cunning equalled their malice. But as my discourse had increased his abhorrence of the whole species, so he found it gave him a disturbance in his mind, to which he was wholly a stranger before. He thought his ears, being used to such abominable words, might, by degrees, admit them with less detestation: that although he hated the Yahoos of this country, yet he no more blamed them for their odious qualities, than he did a *gnayh* (a bird of prey) for its cruelty, or a sharp stone for cutting his hoof. But when a creature pretending to reason could be capable of such enormities, he dreaded least the corruption of that faculty might be worse than brutality itself. He seemed, therefore, confident, that, instead of reason, we were only possessed of some quality fitted to increase our natural vices; as the reflection from a troubled stream returns the image of an ill-shapen body, not only larger, but more distorted.

He added, that he had heard too much upon the subject of war, both in this and some former discourses. There was another point which a little perplexed him at present. I had informed him that some of our crew left their country on account of being ruined by law; that I had already explained the meaning of the word; but he was at a loss how it should come to pass, that the law, which was intended for every man's preservation, should be any man's ruin. Therefore he desired to be farther satisfied what I meant by law, and the dispensers thereof, according to the present practice in my own country; because he thought nature and reason were sufficient guides for a reasonable animal, as we pre-

tended to be, in shewing us what we ought to do, and what to avoid.

I assured his honour, that law was a science in which I had not much conversed, farther than by employing advocates, in vain, upon some injustices that had been done me: however, I would give him all the satisfaction I was able.

I said, There was a society of men among us, bred up from their youth in the art of proving, by words multiplied for the purpose, that white is black, and black is white, according as they are paid. To this society all the rest of the people are slaves. For example, if my neighbour has a mind to my cow, he has a lawyer to prove that he ought to have my cow from me. I must then hire another to defend my right, it being against all rules of law that any man should be allowed to speak for himself. Now, in this case, I, who am the right owner, lie under two great disadvantages: first, my lawyer, being practised almost from his cradle, in defending falsehood, is quite out of his element when he would be an advocate for justice, which is an unnatural office he always attempts with great awkwardness, if not with ill-will. The second disadvantage is, that my lawyer must proceed with great caution, or else he will be reprimanded by the judges, and abhorred by his brethren, as one that would lessen the practice of the law. And therefore I have but two methods to preserve my cow. The first is, to gain over my adversary's lawyer with a double fee, who will then betray his client, by insinuating that he has justice on his side. The second way is, for my lawyer to make my cause appear as unjust as he can, by allowing the cow to belong to my adversary: and this, if it be skilfully done, will certainly bespeak the favour of the bench. Now, your honour is to know, that these judges are persons appointed to decide all controversies of property, as well as for the trial of criminals, and picked out from the most dexterous lawyers, who are grown old or lazy; and having been biassed all their lives against truth and equity, lie under such a fatal necessity of favouring fraud, perjury, and oppression, that I have known some of them refuse a large bribe from the side where justice lay, rather than injure the faculty, by doing anything unbecoming their nature or their office.

It is a maxim among these lawyers, that whatever has been done before may legally be done again; and therefore they take special care to record all the decisions formerly made against common justice and the general reason of mankind. These, under the name of precedents, they produce as authorities to justify the most iniquitous opinions; and the judges never fail of directing accordingly.

In pleading, they studiously avoid entering into the merits of the cause, but are loud, violent, and tedious in dwelling upon all circum-

stances which are not to the purpose. For instance, in the case already mentioned, they never desire to know what claim or title my adversary has to my cow; but whether the said cow were red or black; her horns long or short; whether the field I graze her in be round or square; whether she was milked at home or abroad; what diseases she is subject to, and the like; after which they consult precedents, adjourn the cause from time to time, and in ten, twenty, or thirty years, come to an issue.

It is likewise to be observed, that this society has a peculiar cant and jargon of their own, that no other mortal can understand, and wherein all their laws are written, which they take special care to multiply; whereby they have wholly confounded the very essence of truth and falsehood, of right and wrong; so that it will take thirty years to decide whether the field left me by my ancestors for six generations belongs to me, or to a stranger three hundred miles off.

In the trial of persons accused for crimes against the state, the method is much more short and commendable: the judge first sends to sound the disposition of those in power; after which, he can easily hang or save a criminal, strictly preserving all due forms of law.

Here my master interposing, said, It was a pity that creatures endued with such prodigious abilities of mind, as these lawyers, by the description I gave of them, must certainly be, were not rather encouraged to be instructors of others in wisdom and knowledge. In answer to which I assured his honour, that in all points out of their own trade they were usually the most ignorant and stupid generation among us, the most despicable in common conversation, avowed enemies to all knowledge and learning, and equally disposed to pervert the general reason of mankind in every other subject of discourse as in that of their own profession.

CHAP. VI.

A Continuation of the State of England under Queen Anne. The Character of a First Minister of State in European Courts.

My master was yet wholly at a loss to understand what motives could incite this race of lawyers to perplex, disquiet, and weary themselves, and engage in a confederacy of injustice, merely for the sake of injuring their fellow-animals: neither could he comprehend what I meant in saying they did it for hire: Whereupon I was at much pains to describe to him the use of money, the materials it was made of, and the value of the metals; that when a Yahoo had got a great store of this precious substance, he was able to purchase whatever he had a mind to; the finest clothing, the noblest houses, great

tracts of land, the most costly meats and drinks, and have his choice of the most beautiful females. Therefore, since money alone was able to perform all these feats, our Yahoos thought they could never have enough of it to spend, or to save, as they found themselves inclined, from their natural bent, either to profusion or avarice; that the rich man enjoyed the fruit of the poor man's labour, and the latter were a thousand to one in proportion to the former; that the bulk of our people were forced to live miserably, by labouring every day for small wages, to make a few live plentifully.

I enlarged myself much on these, and many other particulars, to the same purpose; but his honour was still to seek; for he went upon a supposition that all animals had a title to their share in the productions of the earth, and especially those who presided over the rest. Therefore he desired I would let him know, what these costly meats were, and how any of us happened to want them? Whereupon I enumerated as many sorts as came into my head, with the various methods of dressing them, which could not be done without sending vessels by sea to every part of the world, as well for liquors to drink as for sauces, and innumerable other conveniences. I assured him that this whole globe of earth must be at least three times gone round, before one of our better female Yahoos could get her breakfast, or a cup to put it in. He said, that must needs be a miserable country, which cannot furnish food for its own inhabitants. But what he chiefly wondered at was, how such vast tracts of ground as I described should be wholly without fresh water, and the people put to the necessity of sending over the sea for drink. I replied, that England (the dear place of my nativity) was computed to produce three times the quantity of food more than its inhabitants are able to consume, as well as liquors extracted from grain, or pressed out of the fruit of certain trees, which made excellent drink, and the same proportion in every other convenience of life. But in order to feed the luxury and intemperance of the males, and the vanity of the females, we sent away the greatest part of our necessary things to other countries, whence, in return, we brought the materials of diseases, folly, and vice, to spend among ourselves. Hence it follows, of necessity, that vast numbers of our people are compelled to seek their livelihood by begging, robbing, stealing, cheating, pimping, flattering, suborning, forswearing, forging, gaming, lying, fawning, hectoring, voting, scribbling, star-gazing, poisoning, whoring, canting, libelling, free-thinking, and the like occupations: every one of which terms I was at much pains to make him understand.

That wine was not imported among us from foreign countries to supply the want of water or other drinks, but because it was a sort of liquid which made us merry, by putting us out

of our senses, diverted all melancholy thoughts, begat wild extravagant imaginations in the brain, raised our hopes and banished our fears, suspended every office of reason for a time, and deprived us of the use of our limbs, till we fell into a profound sleep ; although it must be confessed that we always awaked sick and dispirited, and that the use of this liquor filled us with diseases which made our lives uncomfortable and short.

But, beside all this, the bulk of our people supported themselves by furnishing the necessities or conveniences of life to the rich, and to each other. For instance, when I am at home, and dressed as I ought to be, I carry on my body the workmanship of a hundred tradesmen, the building and furniture of my house employ as many more, and five times the number to adorn my wife.

I was going on to tell him of another sort of people, who get their livelihood by attending the sick, having upon some occasions informed his honour, that many of my crew had died of diseases. But here it was with the utmost difficulty that I brought him to apprehend what I meant. He could easily conceive that a Houyhnhnm grew weak and heavy a few days before his death, or, by some accident, might hurt a limb ; but that nature, who works all things to perfection, should suffer any pains to breed in our bodies, he thought impossible, and desired to know the reason of so unaccountable an evil.

I told him we fed on a thousand things which operated contrary to each other ; that we ate when we were not hungry, and drank without the provocation of thirst ; that we sat whole nights drinking strong liquors, without eating a bit, which disposed us to sloth, inflamed our bodies, and precipitated or prevented digestion ; that prostitute female Yahoos acquired a certain malady, which bred rottenness in the bones of those who fell into their embraces ; that this, and many other diseases, were propagated from father to son, so that great numbers came into the world with complicated maladies upon them : that it would be endless to give him a catalogue of all diseases incident to human bodies, for they would not be fewer than five or six hundred, spread over every limb and joint ; in short, every part, external and intestine, having diseases appropriated to itself : To remedy which, there was a sort of people bred up among us in the profession, or the pretence, of curing the sick. And because I had some skill in the faculty, I would, in gratitude to his honour, let him know the whole mystery and method by which they proceed.

Their fundamental is, that all diseases arise from repletion, whence they conclude, that a great evacuation of the body is necessary, either through the natural passage, or upwards at the mouth. Their next business is, from herbs, minerals, gums, oils, shells, salts, juices, sea-weed,

excrements, barks of trees, serpents, toads, frogs, spiders, dead men's flesh and bones, birds, beasts, and fishes, to form a composition, for smell and taste, the most abominable, nauseous, and detestable, they can possibly contrive, which the stomach immediately rejects with loathing, and this they call a vomit ; or else, from the same store-house, with some other poisonous additions, they command us to take in at the orifice above or below (just as the physician then happens to be disposed) a medicine equally annoying and disgusting to the bowels, which, relaxing the belly, drives down all before it ; and this they call a purge or a clyster. For nature (as the physicians allege) having intended the superior anterior orifice only for the intromission of solids and liquids, and the inferior posterior for ejection, these artists, ingeniously considering that in all diseases nature is forced out of her seat, therefore, to replace her in it, the body must be treated in a manner directly contrary, by interchanging the use of each orifice, forcing solids and liquids in at the anus, and making evacuations at the mouth.

But, besides real diseases, we are subject to many that are only imaginary, for which the physicians have invented imaginary cures : these have their several names, and so have the drugs that are proper for them ; and with these our female Yahoos are always infested.

One great excellency in this tribe is their skill at prognostics, wherein they seldom fail ; their predictions in real diseases, when they rise to any degree of malignity, generally portending death, which is always in their power, when recovery is not ; and therefore, upon any unexpected signs of amendment, after they have pronounced their sentence, rather than be accused as false prophets, they know how to approve their sagacity to the world, by a seasonable dose.

They are likewise of special use to husbands and wives who are grown weary of their mates, to eldest sons, to great ministers of state, and often to princes.

I had formerly, upon occasion, discoursed with my master upon the nature of government in general, and particularly of our own excellent constitution, deservedly the wonder and envy of the whole world. But having here accidentally mentioned a minister of state, he commanded me, some time after, to inform him what species of Yahoo I particularly meant by that appellation.

I told him that a first or chief minister of state, who was the person I intended to describe, was a creature wholly exempt from joy and grief, love and hatred, pity and anger ; at least, makes use of no other passions, but a violent desire of wealth, power, and titles ; that he applies his words to all uses, except to the indication of his mind : that he never tells a truth, but with an intent that you should take it for a lie ; nor a lie, but with a design that you should take it

for a truth; that those he speaks worst of behind their backs are in the surest way of preferment; and whenever he begins to praise you to others, or to yourself, you are from that day forlorn. The worst mark you can receive is a promise, especially when it is confirmed with an oath; after which every wise man retires, and gives over all hopes.

There are three methods by which a man may rise to be chief minister. The first is, by knowing how, with prudence, to dispose of a wife, a daughter, or a sister; the second, by betraying or undermining his predecessor; and the third is, by a furious zeal in public assemblies, against the corruptions of the court. But a wise prince would rather choose to employ those who practise the last of these methods; because such zealots prove always the most obsequious and subservient to the will and passions of their master. That these ministers, having all employments at their disposal, preserve themselves in power by bribing the majority of a senate or great council; and at last, by an expedient, called an act of indemnity, (whereof I described the nature to him,) they secure themselves from after reckonings, and retire from the public laden with the spoils of the nation.

The palace of a chief minister is a seminary to breed up others in his own trade: the pages, lackeys, and porter, by imitating their master, become ministers of state in their several districts, and learn to excel in the three principal ingredients of insolence, lying, and bribery. Accordingly, they have a subaltern court paid to them by persons of the best rank; and sometimes, by the force of dexterity and impudence, arrive, through several gradations, to be successors to their lord.

He is usually governed by a decayed wench, or favourite footman, who are the tunnels through which all graces are conveyed, and may properly be called, in the last resort, the governors of the kingdom.

One day, in discourse, my master having heard me mention the nobility of my country, was pleased to make me a compliment which I could not pretend to deserve: That he was sure I must have been born of some noble family, because I far exceeded in shape, colour, and cleanliness, all the Yahoos of his nation, although I seemed to fail in strength and agility, which must be imputed to my different way of living from those other brutes; and, besides, I was not only endued with the faculty of speech, but likewise with some rudiments of reason, to a degree that, with all his acquaintance, I passed for a prodigy.

He made me observe, that among the Houyhnhnms, the white, the sorrel, and the iron-gray, were not so exactly shaped as the bay, the dapple-gray, and the black; nor born with equal talents of mind, or a capacity to improve them: and therefore continued always in the condition of servants, without ever aspiring to match out

of their own race, which, in that country, would be reckoned monstrous and unnatural.

I made his honour my most humble acknowledgments for the good opinion he was pleased to conceive of me, but assured him, at the same time, That my birth was of the lower sort, having been born of plain honest parents, who were just able to give me a tolerable education; that nobility among us was altogether a different thing from the idea he had of it; that our young noblemen are bred from their childhood in idleness and luxury; that as soon as years will permit, they consume their vigour, and contract odious diseases, among lewd females; and when their fortunes are almost ruined, they marry some woman of mean birth, disagreeable person, and unsound constitution, (merely for the sake of money,) whom they hate and despise; that the productions of such marriages are generally scrofulous, ricketty, or deformed children; by which means the family seldom continues above three generations, unless the wife takes care to provide a healthy father, among her neighbours and domestics, in order to improve and continue the breed: that a weak, diseased body, a meagre countenance, and sallow complexion, are the true marks of noble blood; and a healthy, robust appearance is so disgraceful in a man of quality, that the world concludes his real father to have been a groom or a coachman. The imperfections of his mind run parallel with those of his body, being a composition of spleen, dullness, ignorance, caprice, sensuality, and pride.

Without the consent of this illustrious body, no law can be enacted, repealed, or altered; and these nobles have likewise the decision of all our possessions, without appeal.

CHAP. VII.

The Author's great Love of his Native Country. His Master's Observations upon the Constitution and Administration of England, as described by the Author, with Parallel Cases and Comparisons. His Master's Observations upon Human Nature.

THE reader may be disposed to wonder how I could prevail on myself to give so free a representation of my own species, among a race of mortals who are already too apt to conceive the vilest opinion of human kind, from that entire congruity between me and their Yahoos. But I must freely confess, that the many virtues of those excellent quadrupeds, placed in opposite view to human corruptions, had so far opened my eyes, and enlarged my understanding, that I began to view the actions and passions of man in a very different light, and to think the honour of my own kind not worth managing; which, besides, it was impossible

for me to do, before a person of so acute judgment as my master, who daily convinced me of a thousand faults in myself, whereof I had not the least perception before, and which, with us, would never be numbered, even among human infirmities. I had likewise learned, from his example, an utter detestation of all falsehood or disguise; and truth appeared so amiable to me, that I determined upon sacrificing everything to it.

Let me deal so candidly with the reader, as to confess that there was yet a much stronger motive for the freedom which I took in my representation of things. I had not yet been a year in this country, before I contracted such a love and veneration for the inhabitants, that I entered on a firm resolution never to return to humankind, but to pass the rest of my life among these admirable Houyhnhnms, in the contemplation and practice of every virtue, where I could have no example or incitement to vice. But it was decreed by fortune, my perpetual enemy, that so great a felicity should not fall to my share. However, it is now some comfort to reflect, that in what I said of my countrymen I extenuated their faults as much as I durst before so strict an examiner, and upon every article gave as favourable a turn as the matter would bear. For, indeed, who is there alive that will not be swayed by his bias and partiality to the place of his birth?

I have related the substance of several conversations I had with my master during the greatest part of the time I had the honour to be in his service, but have, indeed, for brevity sake, omitted much more than is here set down.

When I had answered all his questions, and his curiosity seemed to be fully satisfied, he sent for me one morning early, and commanded me to sit down at some distance, (an honour which he had never before conferred upon me.) He said, He had been very seriously considering my whole story, as far as it related both to myself and my country; that he looked upon us as a sort of animals, to whose share, by what accident he could not conjecture, some small pitance of reason had fallen, whereof we made no other use, than, by its assistance, to aggravate our natural corruptions, and to acquire new ones, which nature had not given us; that we disarmed ourselves of the few abilities she had bestowed, had been very successful in multiplying our original wants, and seemed to spend our whole lives in vain endeavours to supply them by our own inventions; that as to myself, it was manifest I had neither the strength nor agility of a common Yahoo; that I walked infirmly on my hinder feet, had found out a contrivance to make my claws of no use or defence, and to remove the hair from my chin, which was intended as a shelter from the sun and the weather: lastly, that I could neither run with

speed, nor climb trees like my brethren, as he called them, the Yahoos in his country.

That our institutions of government and law were plainly owing to our gross defects in reason, and by consequence in virtue; because reason alone is sufficient to govern a rational creature; which was, therefore, a character we had no pretence to challenge, even from the account I had given of my own people; although he manifestly perceived, that, in order to favour them, I had concealed many particulars, and often said the thing which was not.

He was the more confirmed in this opinion, because, he observed, that, as I agreed in every feature of my body with other Yahoos, except, where it was to my real disadvantage, in point of strength, speed, and activity, the shortness of my claws, and some other particulars, where nature had no part; so, from the representation I had given him of our lives, our manners, and our actions, he found as near a resemblance in the disposition of our minds. He said, The Yahoos were known to hate one another more than they did any different species of animals; and the reason usually assigned was, the odiousness of their own shapes, which all could see in the rest, but not in themselves. He had therefore begun to think it not unwise in us to cover our bodies, and by that invention conceal many of our deformities from each other, which would else be hardly supportable. But he now found he had been mistaken, and that the dissensions of those brutes in his country were owing to the same cause with ours, as I had described them. For if, said he, you throw among five Yahoos as much food as would be sufficient for fifty, they will, instead of eating peaceably, fall together by the ears, each single one impatient to have all to itself; and therefore a servant was usually employed to stand by while they were feeding abroad, and those kept at home were tied at a distance from each other; that if a cow died of age or accident, before a Houyhnhnm could secure it for his own Yahoos, those in the neighbourhood would come in herds to seize it, and then would ensue such a battle as I had described, with terrible wounds, made by their claws, on both sides, although they seldom were able to kill one another, for want of such convenient instruments of death as we had invented. At other times, the like battles have been fought between the Yahoos of several neighbourhoods, without any visible cause; those of one district watching all opportunities to surprise the next, before they are prepared. But if they find their project has miscarried, they return home, and, for want of enemies, engage in what I call a civil war among themselves.

That in some fields of his country there are certain shining stones of several colours, whereof the Yahoos are violently fond; and when part of these stones is fixed in the earth, as it

sometimes happens, they will dig with their claws for whole days to get them out: then carry them away, and hide them by heaps in their kennels; but still looking round with great caution, for fear their comrades should find out their treasure. My master said, He could never discover the reason of this unnatural appetite, or how these stones could be of any use to a Yahoo; but now he believed it might proceed from the same principle of avarice which I had ascribed to mankind: that he had once, by way of experiment, privately removed a heap of these stones from the place where one of his Yahoos had buried it; whereupon the sordid animal, missing his treasure, by his loud lamenting brought the whole herd to the place, there miserably howled, then fell to biting and tearing the rest, began to pine away, would neither eat, nor sleep, nor work, till he ordered a servant privately to convey the stones into the same hole, and hide them as before; which, when his Yahoos had found, he presently recovered his spirits and good humour, but took care to remove them to a better hiding-place, and has ever since been a very serviceable brute.

My master farther assured me, which I also observed myself, That in the fields where the shining stones abound, the fiercest and most frequent battles are fought, occasioned by perpetual inroads of the neighbouring Yahoos.

He said, it was common when two Yahoos discovered such a stone in a field, and were contending which of them should be the proprietor, a third would take the advantage, and carry it away from them both; which my master would needs contend to have some kind of resemblance with our suits at law; wherein I thought it for our credit not to undeceive him; since the decision he mentioned was much more equitable than many decrees among us; because the plaintiff and defendant there lost nothing beside the stone they contended for; whereas our courts of equity would never have dismissed the cause, while either of them had anything left.

My master, continuing his discourse, said, There was nothing that rendered the Yahoos more odious than their undistinguishing appetite to devour everything that came in their way, whether herbs, roots, berries, the corrupted flesh of animals, or all mingled together: and it was peculiar in their temper, that they were fonder of what they could get by rapine or stealth, at a greater distance, than much better food provided for them at home. If their prey held out, they would eat till they were ready to burst; after which, nature had pointed out to them a certain root that gave them a general evacuation.

There was also another kind of root, very juicy, but somewhat rare and difficult to be found, which the Yahoos sought for with much eagerness, and would suck it with great delight:

it produced in them the same effects that wine has upon us. It would make them sometimes hug, and sometimes tear one another: they would howl, and grin, and chatter, and reel, and tumble, and then fall asleep in the mud.

I did indeed observe that the Yahoos were the only animals in this country subject to any diseases; which, however, were much fewer than horses have among us, and contracted, not by any ill treatment they meet with, but by the nastiness and greediness of that sordid brute. Neither has their language any more than a general appellation for those maladies, which is borrowed from the name of the beast, and called *Hnea-yahoo*, or Yahoo's-evil; and the cure prescribed is a mixture of their own dung and urine, forcibly put down the Yahoo's throat. This I have since often known to have been taken with success, and do here freely recommend it to my countrymen, for the public good, as an admirable specific against all diseases produced by repletion.

As to learning, government, arts, manufactures, and the like, my master confessed, he could find little or no resemblance between the Yahoos of that country and those in ours; for he only meant to observe what parity there was in our natures. He had heard, indeed, some curious Houyhnhnms observe, that in most herds there was a sort of ruling Yahoo, (as among us there is generally some leading or principal stag in a park,) who was always more deformed in body, and mischievous in disposition, than any of the rest; that this leader had usually a favourite as like himself as he could get, whose employment was to lick his master's feet and posteriors, and drive the female Yahoos to his kennel; for which he was now and then rewarded with a piece of ass's flesh. This favourite is hated by the whole herd, and, therefore, to protect himself, keeps always near the person of his leader. He usually continues in office till a worse can be found; but the very moment he is discarded, his successor, at the head of all the Yahoos in that district, young and old, male and female, come in a body, and discharge their excrements upon him from head to foot. But how far this might be applicable to our courts, and favourites, and ministers of state, my master said I could best determine.

I durst make no return to this malicious insinuation, which debased human understanding below the sagacity of a common hound, who has judgment enough to distinguish and follow the cry of the ablest dog in the pack, without being ever mistaken.

My master told me, There were some qualities remarkable in the Yahoos, which he had not observed me to mention, or at least very slightly, in the accounts I had given him of human-kind. He said, Those animals, like other brutes, had their females in common; but in this they

differed, that the she Yahoo would admit the males while she was pregnant ; and that the hes would quarrel and fight with the females, as fiercely as with each other ; both which practices were such degrees of infamous brutality, as no other sensitive creature ever arrived at.

Another thing he wondered at in the Yahoos, was their strange disposition to nastiness and dirt : whereas there appears to be a natural love of cleanliness in all other animals. As to the two former accusations, I was glad to let them pass without any reply, because I had not a word to offer upon them in defence of my species, which otherwise I certainly had done from my own inclinations. But I could have easily vindicated humankind from the imputation of singularity upon the last article, if there had been any swine in that country, (as, unluckily for me, there were not,) which, although it may be a sweeter quadruped than a Yahoo, cannot, I humbly conceive, in justice, pretend to more cleanliness ; and so his honour himself must have owned, if he had seen their filthy way of feeding, and their custom of wallowing and sleeping in the mud.

My master likewise mentioned another quality which his servants had discovered in several Yahoos, and to him was wholly unaccountable. He said a fancy would sometimes take a Yahoo to retire into a corner, to lie down, and howl and groan, and spurn away all that came near him, although he were young and fat, wanted neither food nor water ; nor did the servant imagine what could possibly ail him. And the only remedy they found was, to set him to hard work, after which he would infallibly come to himself. To this I was silent, out of partiality to my own kind ; yet here I could plainly discover the true seeds of spleen, which only seizes on the lazy, the luxurious, and the rich ; who, if they were forced to undergo the same regimen, I would undertake for the cure.

His honour had farther observed, that a female Yahoo would often stand behind a bank or a bush, to gaze on the young males passing by, and then appear, and hide, using many antic gestures and grimaces ; at which time it was observed that she had a most offensive smell ; and when any of the males advanced, would slowly retire, looking often back, and with a counterfeit shew of fear, run off into some convenient place, where she knew the male would follow her.

At other times, if a female stranger came among them, three or four of her own sex would get about her, and stare, and chatter, and grin, and smell her all over, and then turn off, with gestures that seemed to express contempt and disdain.

Perhaps my master might refine a little in these speculations, which he had drawn from what he observed himself, or had been told him by others : however, I could not reflect, with-

out some amazement, and much sorrow, that the rudiments of lewdness, coquetry, censure, and scandal, should have place by instinct in womankind.

I expected every moment that my master would accuse the Yahoos of those unnatural appetites in both sexes, so common among us. But Nature, it seems, has not been so expert a schoolmistress ; and these politer pleasures are entirely the productions of Art and Reason on our side of the globe.

CHAP. VIII.

The Author relates several particulars of the Yahoos. The great Virtues of the Houyhnhnms. The Education and Exercise of their Youth. Their General Assembly.

As I ought to have understood human nature much better than I supposed it possible for my master to do, so it was easy to apply the character he gave of the Yahoos to myself and my countrymen ; and I believed I could yet make farther discoveries from my own observation. I therefore often begged his honour to let me go among the herds of Yahoos in the neighbourhood ; to which he always very graciously consented, being perfectly convinced that the hatred I bore these brutes would never suffer me to be corrupted by them ; and his honour ordered one of his servants, a strong sorrel nag, very honest and good natured, to be my guard ; without whose protection I durst not undertake such adventures ; for I have already told the reader how much I was pestered by these odious animals upon my first arrival : and I afterwards failed very narrowly, three or four times, of falling into their clutches, when I happened to stray at any distance without my hanger. And I have reason to believe they had some imagination that I was of their own species ; which I often assisted myself, by stripping up my sleeves, and shewing my naked arms and breasts in their sight, when my protector was with me. At which times they would approach as near as they durst, and imitate my actions, after the manner of monkeys, but ever with great signs of hatred : as a tame jackdaw, with cap and stockings, is always persecuted by the wild ones, when he happens to be got among them.

They are prodigiously nimble from their infancy. However, I once caught a young male of three years old, and endeavoured, by all marks of tenderness, to make it quiet ; but the little imp fell a squalling, and scratching, and biting, with such violence, that I was forced to let it go ; and it was high time ; for a whole troop of old ones came about us at the noise, but finding the cub was safe, (for away it ran,) and my sorrel nag being by, they durst not venture near

us. I observed the young animal's flesh to smell very rank, and the stink was somewhat between a weasel and a fox, but much more disagreeable. I forgot another circumstance, (and perhaps I might have the reader's pardon if it were wholly omitted,) that while I held the odious vermin in my hands, it voided its filthy excrements, of a yellow liquid substance, all over my clothes; but by good fortune there was a small brook hard by, where I washed myself as clean as I could, although I durst not come into my master's presence until I were sufficiently aired.

By what I could discover, the Yahoos appear the most unteachable of all animals; their capacities never reaching higher than to draw or carry burdens. Yet I am of opinion this defect arises chiefly from a perverse, restive disposition; for they are cunning, malicious, treacherous, and revengeful. They are strong and hardy, but of a cowardly spirit, and by consequence insolent, abject, and cruel. It is observed, that the red haired of both sexes are more libidinous and mischievous than the rest, whom yet they much exceed in strength and activity.

The Houyhnhnms keep the Yahoos for present use in huts not far from the house; but the rest are sent abroad to certain fields, where they dig up roots, eat several kinds of herbs, and search about for carrion, or sometimes catch weasels and *luhimuhs*, (a sort of wild rat,) which they greedily devour. Nature has taught them to dig deep holes with their nails on the side of a rising ground, wherein they lie by themselves; only the kennels of the females are larger, sufficient to hold two or three cubs.

They swim from their infancy like frogs, and are able to continue long under water, where they often take fish, which the females carry home to their young. And upon this occasion I hope the reader will pardon my relating an odd adventure.

Being one day abroad with my protector the sorrel nag, and the weather exceeding hot, I entreated him to let me bathe in a river that was near. He consented, and I immediately stripped myself stark naked, and went down softly into the stream. It happened that a young female Yahoo, standing behind a bank, saw the whole proceeding, and inflamed by desire, as the nag and I conjectured, came running with all speed, and leaped into the water, within five yards of the place where I bathed. I was never in my life so terribly frightened. The nag was grazing at some distance, not suspecting any harm. She embraced me after a most fulsome manner. I roared as loud as I could, and the nag came galloping towards me, whereupon she quitted her grasp with the utmost reluctance, and leaped upon the opposite bank, where she stood gazing and howling all the time I was putting on my clothes.

This was a matter of diversion to my master and his family, as well as of mortification to

myself; for now I could no longer deny that I was a real Yahoo in every limb and feature, since the females had a natural propensity to me, as one of their own species. Neither was the hair of this brute of a red colour, (which might have been some excuse for an appetite a little irregular,) but black as a sloe, and her countenance did not make an appearance altogether so hideous as the rest of her kind; for I think she could not be above eleven years old.

Having lived three years in this country, the reader, I suppose, will expect that I should, like other travellers, give him some account of the manners and customs of its inhabitants, which it was indeed my principal study to learn.

As these noble Houyhnhnms are endowed by nature with a general disposition to all virtues, and have no conceptions or ideas of what is evil in a rational creature, so their grand maxim is, to cultivate reason, and to be wholly governed by it. Neither is reason among them a point problematical, as with us, where men can argue with plausibility on both sides of the question, but strikes you with immediate conviction, as it must needs do, where it is not mingled, obscured, or discoloured, by passion and interest. I remember it was with extreme difficulty that I could bring my master to understand the meaning of the word *opinion*, or how a point could be disputable; because reason taught us to affirm or deny only where we are certain; and beyond our knowledge we cannot do either: so that controversies, wranglings, disputes, and positiveness, in false or dubious propositions, are evils unknown among the Houyhnhnms. In the like manner, when I used to explain to him our several systems of natural philosophy, he would laugh, that a creature pretending to reason should value itself upon the knowledge of other people's conjectures, and in things where that knowledge, if it were certain, could be of no use. Wherein he agreed entirely with the sentiments of Socrates, as Plato delivers them; which I mention as the highest honour I can do that prince of philosophers. I have often since reflected what destruction such doctrine would make in the libraries of Europe, and how many paths of fame would be then shut up in the learned world.

Friendship and benevolence are the two principal virtues among the Houyhnhnms, and these not confined to particular objects, but universal to the whole race; for a stranger from the remotest part is equally treated with the nearest neighbour, and wherever he goes, looks upon himself as at home. They preserve decency and civility in the highest degrees, but are altogether ignorant of ceremony. They have no fondness for their colts or foals, but the care they take in educating them proceeds entirely from the dictates of reason. And I observed my master to shew the same affection to his neighbour's issue that he had for his own. They will have it that nature teaches them to love the whole species,

and it is reason only that makes a distinction of persons, where there is a superior degree of virtue.

When the matron Houyhnhnms have produced one of each sex, they no longer accompany with their consorts, except they lose one of their issue by some casualty, which very seldom happens; but in such a case they meet again; or when the like accident befalls a person whose wife is past bearing, some other couple bestow on him one of their own colts, and then go together again until the mother is pregnant. This caution is necessary to prevent the country from being overburdened with numbers. But the race of inferior Houyhnhnms, bred up to be servants, is not so strictly limited upon this article: these are allowed to produce three of each sex, to be domestics in the noble families.

In their marriages they are exactly careful to choose such colours as will not make any disagreeable mixture in the breed. Strength is chiefly valued in the male, and comeliness in the female; not upon the account of love, but to preserve the race from degenerating; for where a female happens to excel in strength, a consort is chosen with regard to comeliness.

Courtship, love, presents, jointures, settlements, have no place in their thoughts, or terms whereby to express them in their language. The young couple meet and are joined, merely because it is the determination of their parents and friends: it is what they see done every day, and they look upon it as one of the necessary actions of a reasonable being. But the violation of marriage, or any other unchastity, was never heard of; and the married pair pass their lives with the same friendship and mutual benevolence that they bear to all others of the same species who come in their way, without jealousy, fondness, quarrelling, or discontent.

In educating the youth of both sexes their method is admirable, and highly deserves our imitation. These are not suffered to taste a grain of oats, except upon certain days, till eighteen years old; nor milk, but very rarely; and in summer they graze two hours in the morning, and as many in the evening, which their parents likewise observe: but the servants are not allowed above half that time, and a great part of their grass is brought home, which they eat at the most convenient hours, when they can be best spared from work.

Temperance, industry, exercise, and cleanliness, are the lessons equally enjoined to the young ones of both sexes; and my master thought it monstrous in us to give the females a different kind of education from the males, except in some articles of domestic management; whereby, as he truly observed, one half of our natives were good for nothing but bringing children into the world; and to trust the care of our children to such useless animals, he said, was yet a greater instance of brutality.

But the Houyhnhnms train up their youth to strength, speed, and hardiness, by exercising them in running races up and down steep hills, and over hard stony grounds; and when they are all in a sweat, they are ordered to leap over head and ears into a pond or river. Four times a-year the youth of a certain district meet to shew their proficiency in running and leaping, and other feats of strength and agility, where the victor is rewarded with a song in his or her praise. On this festival the servants drive a herd of Yahoos into the field, laden with hay, and oats, and milk, for a repast to the Houyhnhnms; after which these brutes are immediately driven back again, for fear of being noisome to the assembly.

Every fourth year, at the vernal equinox, there is a representative council of the whole nation, which meets in a plain about twenty miles from our house, and continues about five or six days. Here they inquire into the state and condition of the several districts; whether they abound or be deficient in hay or oats, or cows or Yahoos; and wherever there is any want, (which is but seldom,) it is immediately supplied by unanimous consent and contribution. Here, likewise, the regulation of children is settled; as, for instance, if a Houyhnhnm has two males, he changes one of them with another that has two females; and when a child has been lost by any casualty, where the mother is past breeding, it is determined what family in the district shall breed another to supply the loss.

CHAP. IX.

A grand Debate at the General Assembly of the Houyhnhnms, and how it was determined. The Learning of the Houyhnhnms. Their Buildings. Their Manner of Burials. The Defectiveness of their Language.

ONE of these grand assemblies was held in my time, about three months before my departure, whither my master went, as the representative of our district. In this council was resumed their old debate, and indeed the only debate that ever happened in their country; whereof my master, after his return, gave me a very particular account.

The question to be debated was, Whether the Yahoos should be exterminated from the face of the earth? One of the members for the affirmative offered several arguments of great strength and weight, alleging, that as the Yahoos were the most filthy, noisome, and deformed animal, which nature ever produced, so they were the most restive and indocible, mischievous and malicious. They would privately suck the teats of the Houyhnhnms' cows, kill and devour their cats, trample down their oats and grass, if they were not continually watched, and commit a

thousand other extravagancies. He took notice of a general tradition, that Yahoos had not been always in their country; but that, many ages ago, two of these brutes appeared together upon a mountain; whether produced by the heat of the sun upon corrupted mud and slime, or from the ooze and froth of the sea, was never known: that these Yahoos engendered, and their brood, in a short time, grew so numerous as to overrun and infest the whole nation: that the Houyhnhnms, to get rid of this evil, made a general hunting, and at last enclosed the whole herd; and, destroying the elder, every Houyhnhnm kept two young ones in a kennel, and brought them to such a degree of tameness, as an animal, so savage by nature, can be capable of acquiring; using them for draught and carriage: that there seemed to be much truth in this tradition; and that those creatures could not be *ynhniamshy*, (or *aborigines* of the land,) because of the violent hatred the Houyhnhnms, as well as all other animals, bore them; which, although their evil disposition sufficiently deserved, could never have arrived at so high a degree, if they had been *aborigines*; or else they would have long since been rooted out; that the inhabitants, taking a fancy to use the service of the Yahoos, had very imprudently neglected to cultivate the breed of asses, which are a comely animal, easily kept, more tame and orderly, without any offensive smell; strong enough for labour, although they yield to the other in agility of body; and if their braying be no agreeable sound, it is far preferable to the horrible howlings of the Yahoos.

Several others declared their sentiments to the same purpose, when my master proposed an expedient to the assembly, whereof he had indeed borrowed the hint from me. He approved of the tradition mentioned by the honourable member who spoke before, and affirmed, that the two Yahoos, said to be first seen among them, had been driven thither over the sea; that coming to land, and being forsaken by their companions, they retired to the mountains, and, degenerating by degrees, became, in process of time, much more savage than those of their own species in the country whence these two originals came. The reason of this assertion was, that he had now in his possession a certain wonderful Yahoo, (meaning myself,) which most of them had heard of, and many of them had seen. He then related to them how he first found me; that my body was all covered with an artificial compo-
 sure of the skins and hairs of other animals; that I spoke in a language of my own, and thoroughly learned theirs; that I had related to him the accidents which brought me thither; that when he saw me without my covering, I was an exact Yahoo in every part, only of a whiter colour, less hairy, and with shorter claws. He added, how I had endeavoured to persuade him, that, in my own and other countries, the

Yahoos acted as the governing, rational animal, and held the Houyhnhnms in servitude; that he observed in me all the qualities of a Yahoo, only a little more civilized by some tincture of reason; which, however, was in a degree as far inferior to the Houyhnhnm race as the Yahoos of their country were to me; that, among other things, I mentioned a custom we had of castrating Houyhnhnms when they were young, in order to render them tame; that the operation was easy and safe; that it was no shame to learn wisdom from brutes, as industry is taught by the ant, and building by the swallow; (for so I translate the word *lyhannh*, although it be a much larger fowl;) that this invention might be practised upon the younger Yahoos here, which, beside rendering them tractable and fitter for use, would, in an age, put an end to the whole species, without destroying life: that in the meantime the Houyhnhnms should be exhorted to cultivate the breed of asses, which as they are in all respects more valuable brutes, so they have this advantage, to be fit for service at five years old, which the others are not till twelve.

This was all my master thought fit to tell me, at that time, of what passed in the grand council. But he was pleased to conceal one particular, which related personally to myself, whereof I soon felt the unhappy effect, as the reader will know in its proper place, and whence I date all the succeeding misfortunes of my life.

The Houyhnhnms have no letters, and consequently their knowledge is all traditional; but there happening few events of any moment among a people so well united, naturally disposed to every virtue, wholly governed by reason, and cut off from all commerce with other nations, the historical part is easily preserved, without burdening their memories. I have already observed, that they are subject to no diseases, and therefore can have no need of physicians. However, they have excellent medicines, composed of herbs, to cure accidental bruises, and cuts in the pastern or frog of the foot, by sharp stones, as well as other maims and hurts in the several parts of the body.

They calculate the year by the revolution of the sun and the moon, but use no subdivisions into weeks. They are well enough acquainted with the motions of those two luminaries, and understand the nature of eclipses; and this is the utmost progress of their astronomy.

In poetry they must be allowed to excel all other mortals, wherein the justness of their similes, and the minuteness, as well as exactness, of their descriptions, are indeed inimitable. Their verses abound very much in both of these, and usually contain either some exalted notions of friendship and benevolence, or the praises of those who were victors in races and other bodily exercises. Their buildings, although very rude and simple, are not inconvenient, but well contrived to defend them from all injuries of cold

and heat. They have a kind of tree, which, at forty years old, loosens in the root, and falls with the first storm: it grows very straight, and being pointed like stakes with a sharp stone, (for the Houyhnhnms know not the use of iron,) they stick them erect in the ground, about ten inches asunder, and then weave in oat straw, or sometimes wattles, between them. The roof is made after the same manner, and so are the doors.

The Houyhnhnms use the hollow part, between the pastern and the hoof of their feet, as we do our hands, and this with greater dexterity than I could at first imagine. I have seen a white mare of our family thread a needle (which I lent her on purpose) with that joint. They milk their cows, reap their oats, and do all the work which requires hands in the same manner. They have a kind of hard flints, which, by grinding against other stones, they form into instruments, that serve instead of wedges, axes, and hammers. With tools made of these flints they likewise cut their hay and reap their oats, which there grow naturally in several fields; the Yahoos draw home the sheaves in carriages, and the servants tread them in certain covered huts, to get out the grain, which is kept in stores. They make a rude kind of earthen and wooden vessels, and bake the former in the sun.

If they can avoid casualties, they die only of old age, and are buried in the obscurest places that can be found; their friends and relations expressing neither joy nor grief at their departure; nor does the dying person discover the least regret that he is leaving the world, any more than if he were upon returning home from a visit to one of his neighbours. I remember my master having once made an appointment with a friend and his family to come to his house, upon some affair of importance: on the day fixed, the mistress and her two children came very late; she made two excuses; first for her husband, who, as she said, happened that very morning to *lhnwvnh*. The word is strongly expressive in their language, but not easily rendered into English: it signifies, to retire to his first mother. Her excuse for not coming sooner was, that her husband dying late in the morning, she was a good while consulting her servants about a convenient place where his body should be laid: and I observed she behaved herself at our house as cheerfully as the rest. She died about three months after.

They live generally to seventy, or seventy-five years, very seldom to fourscore. Some weeks before their death they feel a gradual decay, but without pain. During this time they are much visited by their friends, because they cannot go abroad with their usual ease and satisfaction. However, about ten days before their death, which they seldom fail in computing, they return the visits that have been made them by those who are nearest in the neighbourhood, being carried in a convenient sledge, drawn by

Yahoos; which vehicle they use, not only upon this occasion, but when they grow old, upon long journeys, or when they are lamed by any accident. And therefore when the dying Houyhnhnms return those visits, they take a solemn leave of their friends, as if they were going to some remote part of the country, where they designed to pass the rest of their lives.

I know not whether it may be worth observing, that the Houyhnhnms have no word in their language to express anything that is evil, except what they borrow from the deformities or ill qualities of the Yahoos. Thus they denote the folly of a servant, an omission of a child, a stone that cuts their feet, a continuance of foul or unseasonable weather, and the like, by adding to each the epithet of *Yahoo*. For instance: *hnhm Yahoo*, *whnaholm Yahoo*, *ynlhmndwihlma Yahoo*, and an ill-contrived house, *ynholmhnhwrohlnw Yahoo*.

I could, with great pleasure, enlarge farther upon the manners and virtues of this excellent people; but intending in a short time to publish a volume by itself, expressly upon that subject, I refer the reader thither, and in the meantime proceed to relate my own sad catastrophe.

CHAP. X.

The Author's Economy and happy Life among the Houyhnhnms. His great Improvement in Virtue, by conversing with them. Their Conversations. The Author has notice given him by his Master, that he must depart from the Country. He falls into a Swoon for Grief, but submits. He contrives and finishes a Canoe by the help of a Fellow-Servant, and puts to Sea at a Venture.

I HAD settled my little economy to my own heart's content. My master had ordered a room to be made for me, after their manner, about six yards from the house, the sides and floors of which I plastered with clay, and covered with rush-mats of my own contriving. I had beaten hemp, which there grows wild, and made a sort of ticking: this I filled with the feathers of several birds I had taken with springes made of Yahoos' hairs, and were excellent food. I had worked two chairs with my knife, the sorrel nag helping me in the grosser and more laborious part. When my clothes were worn to rags, I made myself others with the skins of rabbits, and of a certain beautiful animal about the same size, called *nmuknoh*, the skin of which is covered with a fine down. Of these I also made very tolerable stockings. I soled my shoes with wood, which I cut from a tree, and fitted to the upper-leather; and when this was worn out, I supplied it with the skins of Yahoos dried in the sun. I often got honey out of hollow trees, which I mingled with water, or ate with my bread. No

man could more verify the truth of these two maxims, That nature is very easily satisfied ; and, That necessity is the mother of invention. I enjoyed perfect health of body, and tranquillity of mind ; I did not feel the treachery or inconstancy of a friend, nor the injuries of a secret or open enemy ; I had no occasion of bribing, flattering, or pimping, to procure the favour of any great man, or of his minion ; I wanted no fence against fraud or oppression : Here was neither physician to destroy my body, nor lawyer to ruin my fortune ; no informer to watch my words and actions, or forge accusations against me for hire : here were no gibbers, censors, backbiters, pickpockets, highwaymen, housebreakers, attorneys, bawds, buffoons, gamesters, politicians, wits, splenetics, tedious talkers, controvertists, ravishers, murderers, robbers, virtuoses ; no leaders or followers of party and faction ; no encouragers to vice by seducement or examples ; no dungeon, axes, gibbets, whipping-posts, or pillories ; no cheating shopkeepers or mechanics ; no pride, vanity, or affectation ; no fops, bullies, drunkards, strolling whores, or pokes ; no ranting, lewd, expensive wives ; no stupid, proud pedants ; no importunate, overbearing, quarrelsome, noisy, roaring, empty, conceited, swearing companions ; no scoundrels raised from the dust upon the merit of their vices, or nobility thrown into it on account of their virtues ; no lords, fiddlers, judges, or dancing-masters.

I had the favour of being admitted to several Houyhnhnms, who came to visit or dine with my master ; where his honour graciously suffered me to wait in the room, and listen to their discourse. Both he and his company would often descend to ask me questions, and receive my answers. I had also sometimes the honour of attending my master in his visits to others. I never presumed to speak, except in answer to a question ; and then I did it with inward regret, because it was a loss of so much time for improving myself : but I was infinitely delighted with the station of an humble auditor in such conversations, where nothing passed but what was useful, expressed in the fewest and most significant words ; where, as I have already said, the greatest decency was observed, without the least degree of ceremony ; where no person spoke without being pleased himself, and pleasing his companions ; where there was no interruption, tediousness, heat, or difference of sentiments. They have a notion, that when people are met together, a short silence does much improve conversation : this I found to be true ; for during those little intermissions of talk, new ideas would arise in their minds, which very much enlivened the discourse. Their subjects are generally on friendship and benevolence, on order and economy ; sometimes upon the visible operations of nature, or ancient traditions ; upon the bounds and limits of virtue ; upon the unerring rules of reason ; or up-

on some determinations to be taken at the next great assembly ; and often upon the various excellencies of poetry. I may add, without vanity, that my presence often gave them sufficient matter for discourse, because it afforded my master an occasion of letting his friends into the history of me and my country, upon which they were all pleased to descant, in a manner not very advantageous to humankind ; and for that reason I shall not repeat what they said : only I may be allowed to observe, that his honour, to my great admiration, appeared to understand the nature of Yahoos much better than myself. He went through all our vices and follies, and discovered many, which I had never mentioned to him, by only supposing what qualities a Yahoo of their country, with a small proportion of reason, might be capable of exerting ; and concluded, with too much probability, how vile, as well as miserable, such a creature must be.

I freely confess, that all the little knowledge I have of any value, was acquired by the lectures I received from my master, and from hearing the discourses of him and his friends ; to which I should be prouder to listen than to dictate to the greatest and wisest assembly in Europe. I admired the strength, comeliness, and speed of the inhabitants ; and such a constellation of virtues, in such amiable persons, produced in me the highest veneration. At first, indeed, I did not feel that natural awe which the Yahoos and all other animals bear towards them ; but it grew upon me by degrees, much sooner than I imagined, and was mingled with a respectful love and gratitude, that they would condescend to distinguish me from the rest of my species.

When I thought of my family, my friends, my countrymen, or the human race in general, I considered them, as they really were, Yahoos, in shape and disposition, perhaps a little more civilized, and qualified with the gift of speech ; but making no other use of reason, than to improve and multiply those vices whereof their brethren in this country had only the share that nature allotted them. When I happened to behold the reflection of my own form in a lake or a fountain, I turned away my face in horror and detestation of myself ; and could better endure the sight of a common Yahoo, than of my own person.

By conversing with the Houyhnhnms, and looking upon them with delight, I fell to imitate their gait and gesture, which is now grown into a habit ; and my friends often tell me, in a blunt way, that I trot like a horse ; which, however, I take for a great compliment. Neither shall I disown, that in speaking I am apt to fall into the voice and manner of the Houyhnhnms, and hear myself ridiculed on that account, without the least mortification.

In the midst of all this happiness, and when I looked upon myself to be fully settled for life, my master sent for me one morning a little earlier

than his usual hour. I observed by his countenance that he was in some perplexity, and at a loss how to begin what he had to speak. After a short silence, he told me, He did not know how I would take what he was going to say. That in the last general assembly, when the affair of the Yahoos was entered upon, the representatives had taken offence at his keeping a Yahoo (meaning myself) in his family, more like a Houyhnhnm than a brute animal; that he was known frequently to converse with me, as if he could receive some advantage or pleasure in my company; that such a practice was not agreeable to reason or nature, or a thing ever heard of before among them. The assembly did therefore exhort him either to employ me like the rest of my species, or command me to swim back to the place whence I came. That the first of these expedients was utterly rejected by all the Houyhnhnms who had ever seen me at his house or their own; for they alleged, that because I had some rudiments of reason added to the natural pravity of those animals, it was to be feared I might be able to seduce them into the woody and mountainous parts of the country, and bring them in troops by night to destroy the Houyhnhnms' cattle, as being naturally of the ravenous kind, and averse from labour.

My master added, That he was daily pressed by the Houyhnhnms of the neighbourhood to have the assembly's exhortation executed, which he could not put off much longer. He doubted it would be impossible for me to swim to another country, and therefore wished I would contrive some sort of vehicle, resembling those I had described to him, that might carry me on the sea; in which work I should have the assistance of his own servants, as well as those of his neighbours. He concluded, That, for his own part, he could have been content to keep me in his service as long as I lived, because he found I had cured myself of some bad habits and dispositions, by endeavouring, as far as my inferior nature was capable, to imitate the Houyhnhnms.

I should here observe to the reader, that a decree of the general assembly in this country is expressed by the word *hnhloayn*, which signifies an exhortation, as near as I can render it; for they have no conception how a rational creature can be compelled, but only advised or exhorted; because no person can disobey reason, without giving up his claim to be a rational creature.

I was struck with the utmost grief and despair at my master's discourse; and being unable to support the agonies I was under, I fell into a swoon at his feet. When I came to myself, he told me that he concluded I had been dead; for these people are subject to no such imbecilities of nature. I answered in a faint voice, That death would have been too great a happiness; that although I could not blame the assembly's exhortation, or the urgency of his friends, yet,

in my weak and corrupt judgment, I thought it might consist with reason to have been less rigorous; that I could not swim a league, and probably the nearest land to theirs might be distant above a hundred; that many materials, necessary for making a small vessel to carry me off, were wholly wanting in this country; which, however, I would attempt, in obedience and gratitude to his honour, although I concluded the thing to be impossible, and therefore looked on myself as already devoted to destruction; that the certain prospect of an unnatural death was the least of my evils; for supposing I should escape with life, by some strange adventure, how could I think with temper of passing my days among Yahoos, and relapsing into my old corruptions, for want of examples to lead and keep me within the paths of virtue? that I knew too well upon what solid reasons all the determinations of the wise Houyhnhnms were founded, not to be shaken by arguments of mine, a miserable Yahoo; and therefore, after presenting him with my humble thanks for the offer of his servants' assistance in making a vessel, and desiring a reasonable time for so difficult a work, I told him I would endeavour to preserve a wretched being; and if ever I returned to England, was not without hopes of being useful to my own species, by celebrating the praises of the renowned Houyhnhnms, and proposing their virtues to the imitation of mankind.

My master, in a few words, made me a very gracious reply; allowed me the space of two months to finish my boat; and ordered the sorrel nag, my fellow-servant, (for so, at this distance, I may presume to call him,) to follow my instructions; because I told my master that his help would be sufficient, and I knew he had a tenderness for me.

In this company, my first business was to go to that part of the coast where my rebellious crew had ordered me to be set on shore. I got upon a height, and looking on every side into the sea, fancied I saw a small island towards the north-east. I took out my pocket-glass, and could then clearly distinguish it, about five leagues off, as I computed; but it appeared to the sorrel nag to be only a blue cloud; for as he had no conception of any country beside his own, so he could not be as expert in distinguishing remote objects at sea, as we who so much converse in that element.

After I had discovered this island, I considered no farther, but resolved it should, if possible, be the first place of my banishment, leaving the consequence to fortune.

I returned home, and consulting with the sorrel nag, we went into a copse at some distance, where I with my knife, and he with a sharp flint, fastened very artificially, after their manner, to a wooden handle, cut down several oak wattles, about the thickness of a walking-staff, and some larger pieces. But I shall not trouble the reader

with a particular description of my own mechanics : let it suffice to say, that in six weeks time, with the help of the sorrel nag, who performed the parts that required most labour, I finished a sort of Indian canoe, but much larger, covering it with the skins of Yahoos, well stitched together with hempen threads of my own making. My sail was likewise composed of the skins of the same animal ; but I made use of the youngest I could get, the older being too tough and thick ; and I likewise provided myself with four paddles. I laid in a stock of boiled flesh, of rabbits and fowls, and took with me two vessels, one filled with milk, and the other with water.

I tried my canoe in a large pond near my master's house, and then corrected in it what was amiss, stopping all the chinks with Yahoos' tallow, till I found it staunch, and able to bear me and my freight ; and when it was as complete as I could possibly make it, I had it drawn on a carriage very gently by Yahoos to the sea-side, under the conduct of the sorrel nag and another servant.

When all was ready, and the day came for my departure, I took leave of my master and lady, and the whole family ; my eyes flowing with tears, and my heart quite sunk with grief. But his honour, out of curiosity, and, perhaps, (if I may speak it without vanity,) partly out of kindness, was determined to see me in my canoe, and got several of his neighbouring friends to accompany him. I was forced to wait above an hour for the tide ; and then observing the wind very fortunately bearing toward the island to which I intended to steer my course, I took a second leave of my master ; but as I was going to prostrate myself to kiss his hoof, he did me the honour to raise it gently to my mouth. I am not ignorant how much I have been censured for mentioning this last particular. Detractors are pleased to think it improbable that so illustrious a person should descend to give so great a mark of distinction to a creature so inferior as I. Neither have I forgotten how apt some travellers are to boast of extraordinary favours they have received. But if these censurers were better acquainted with the noble and courteous disposition of the Houyhnhnms, they would soon change their opinion.

I paid my respects to the rest of the Houyhnhnms in his honour's company, then getting into my canoe, I pushed off from the shore.

CHAP. XI.

The Author's dangerous Voyage. He arrives at New Holland, hoping to settle there. Is wounded with an Arrow by one of the Natives. Is seized, and carried by force into a Portuguese Ship. The great Civilities of the Captain. The Author arrives at England.

I BEGAN this desperate voyage on February

15, 1714-15, at nine o'clock in the morning. The wind was very favourable ; however, I made use at first only of my paddles ; but considering I should soon be weary, and that the wind might chop about, I ventured to set up my little sail ; and thus, with the help of the tide, I went at the rate of a league and a half an hour, as near as I could guess. My master and his friends continued on the shore till I was almost out of sight ; and I often heard the sorrel nag (who always loved me) crying out, *Hnuy illa nyha majah Yahoo* ; Take care of thyself, gentle Yahoo.

My design was, if possible, to discover some small island uninhabited, yet sufficient, by my labour, to furnish me with the necessaries of life, which I would have thought a greater happiness than to be first minister in the politest court of Europe ; so horrible was the idea I conceived of returning to live in the society, and under the government, of Yahoos. For in such a solitude as I desired, I could at least enjoy my own thoughts, and reflect with delight on the virtues of those inimitable Houyhnhnms, without any opportunity of degenerating into the vices and corruptions of my own species.

The reader may remember what I related when my crew conspired against me, and confined me to my cabin ; how I continued there several weeks, without knowing what course we took ; and when I was put a-shore in the long-boat, how the sailors told me, with oaths, whether true or false, That they knew not in what part of the world we were. However, I did then believe us to be about 10 degrees southward of the Cape of Good Hope, or about 45 degrees southern latitude, as I gathered from some general words I overheard among them, being, I supposed, to the south-east in their intended voyage to Madagascar. And although this were little better than conjecture, yet I resolved to steer my course eastward, hoping to reach the south-west coast of New Holland, and perhaps some such island as I desired, lying westward of it. The wind was full west ; and by six in the evening, I computed I had gone eastward at least eighteen leagues, when I spied a very small island about half a league off, which I soon reached. It was nothing but a rock, with one creek, naturally arched, by the force of tempests. Here I put in my canoe, and climbing a part of the rock, I could plainly discover land to the east, extending from south to north. I lay all night in my canoe, and repeating my voyage early in the morning, I arrived in seven hours to the south-east point of New Holland. This confirmed me in the opinion I have long entertained, that the maps and charts place this country at least three degrees more to the east than it really is ; which thought I communicated many years ago to my worthy friend Mr Herman Moll, and gave him my reasons for it, although he has rather chosen to follow other authors.

I saw no inhabitants in the place where I landed, and being unarmed, I was afraid of ventu-

ing far into the country. I found some shell-fish on the shore, and ate them raw, not daring to kindle a fire, for fear of being discovered by the natives. I continued three days feeding on oysters and limpets, to save my own provision; and I fortunately found a brook of excellent water, which gave me great relief.

On the fourth day, venturing out early, a little too far, I saw twenty or thirty natives upon a height, not above five hundred yards from me. They were stark naked, men, women, and children, round a fire, as I could discover by the smoke. One of them spied me, and gave notice to the rest: five of them advanced toward me, leaving the women and children at the fire. I made what haste I could to the shore, and, getting into my canoe, shoved off: the savages observing me retreat, ran after me, and before I could get far enough into the sea, discharged an arrow, which wounded me deeply on the inside of my left knee: I shall carry the mark to my grave. I apprehended the arrow might be poisoned; and paddling out of the reach of their darts, (being a calm day,) I made a shift to suck the wound, and dress it as well as I could.

I was at a loss what to do; for I durst not return to the same landing-place, but stood to the north, and was forced to paddle: for the wind, though very gentle, was against me, blowing north-west. As I was looking about for a secure landing-place, I saw a sail to the north-north-east, which appearing every minute more visible, I was in some doubt whether I should wait for them or not: but at last my detestation of the Yahoo race prevailed, and turning my canoe, I sailed and paddled together to the south, and got into the same creek whence I set out in the morning, choosing rather to trust myself among these barbarians, than live with European Yahoos. I drew up my canoe as close as I could to the shore, and hid myself behind a stone by the little brook, which, as I have already said, was excellent water.

The ship came within half a league of this creek, and sent her long-boat with vessels to take in fresh water; (for the place, it seems, was very well known;) but I did not observe it, till the boat was almost on shore, and it was too late to seek another hiding-place. The seamen, at their landing, observed my canoe, and, rummaging it all over, easily conjectured that the owner could not be far off. Four of them, well armed, searched every cranny and lurking-hole, till at last they found me, flat on my face, behind the stone. They gazed a while in admiration at my strange uncouth dress: my coat made of skins, my wooden-soled shoes, and my furred stockings; whence, however, they concluded I was not a native of the place, who all go naked. One of the seamen, in Portuguese, bid me rise, and asked who I was. I understood that language very well, and getting upon my feet, said, I was a poor Yahoo, banished from the Houyhnhnms, and desired they would please to let me

depart. They admired to hear me answer them in their own tongue, and saw by my complexion I must be a European; but were at a loss to know what I meant by Yahoos and Houyhnhnms; and at the same time, fell a laughing at my strange tone in speaking, which resembled the neighing of a horse. I trembled all the while, betwixt fear and hatred. I again desired leave to depart, and was gently moving to my canoe; but they laid hold of me, desiring to know what country I was of? whence I came? with many other questions. I told them I was born in England, whence I came about five years ago, and then their country and ours were at peace. I therefore hoped they would not treat me as an enemy, since I meant them no harm, but was a poor Yahoo, seeking some desolate place where to pass the remainder of his unfortunate life.

When they began to talk, I thought I never heard or saw anything so unnatural; for it appeared to me as monstrous as if a dog or a cow should speak in English, or a Yahoo in Houyhnhmland. The honest Portuguese were equally amazed at my strange dress, and the odd manner of delivering my words, which, however, they understood very well. They spoke to me with great humanity, and said, They were sure the captain would carry me *gratis* to Lisbon, whence I might return to my own country; that two of the seamen would go back to the ship, inform the captain of what they had seen, and receive his orders: in the mean time, unless I would give my solemn oath not to fly, they would secure me by force. I thought it best to comply with their proposal. They were very curious to know my story, but I gave them very little satisfaction, and they all conjectured that my misfortunes had impaired my reason. In two hours, the boat, which went loaden with vessels of water, returned with the captain's command to fetch me on board. I fell on my knees to preserve my liberty, but all was in vain; and the men, having tied me with cords, heaved me into the boat, whence I was taken into the ship, and thence into the captain's cabin.

His name was Pedro de Mendez; he was a very courteous and generous person. He entreated me to give some account of myself, and desired to know what I would eat or drink; said, I should be used as well as himself; and spoke so many obliging things, that I wondered to find such civilities from a Yahoo. However, I remained silent and sullen; I was ready to faint at the very smell of him and his men. At last, I desired something to eat out of my own canoe; but he ordered me a chicken, and some excellent wine, and then directed that I should be put to bed in a very clean cabin. I would not undress myself, but lay on the bed-clothes, and in half an hour stole out, when I thought the crew was at dinner, and getting to the side of the ship, was going to leap into the sea, and swim for my life, rather than continue among Yahoos. But one of the seamen prevented me, and ha-

ving informed the captain, I was chained to my cabin.

After dinner, Don Pedro came to me, and desired to know my reason for so desperate an attempt; assured me, he only meant to do me all the service he was able; and spoke so very movingly, that at last I descended to treat him like an animal which had some little portion of reason. I gave him a very short relation of my voyage; of the conspiracy against me by my own men; of the country where they set me on shore, and of my five years' residence there. All which he looked upon as if it were a dream or a vision; whereat I took great offence: for I had quite forgot the faculty of lying, so peculiar to Yahoos, in all countries where they preside, and consequently, the disposition of suspecting truth in others of their own species. I asked him, Whether it were the custom in his country to say the thing which was not? I assured him, I had almost forgot what he meant by falsehood, and if I had lived a thousand years in Houyhnhnmland, I should never have heard a lie from the meanest servant; that I was altogether indifferent whether he believed me or not; but, however, in return for his favours, I would give so much allowance to the corruptions of his nature as to answer any objection he would please to make, and then he might easily discover the truth.

The captain, a wise man, after many endeavours to catch me tripping in some part of my story, at last began to have a better opinion of my veracity. But he added, that since I professed so inviolable an attachment to truth, I must give him my word and honour to bear him company in this voyage, without attempting anything against my life; or else he would continue me a prisoner till we arrived at Lisbon. I gave him the promise he required; but at the same time protested, that I would suffer the greatest hardships, rather than return to live among Yahoos.

Our voyage passed without any considerable accident. In gratitude to the captain, I sometimes sat with him at his earnest request, and strove to conceal my antipathy against mankind, although it often broke out; which he suffered to pass without observation. But the greatest part of the day I confined myself to my cabin, to avoid seeing any of the crew. The captain had often entreated me to strip myself of my savage dress, and offered to lend me the best suit of clothes he had. This I would not be prevailed on to accept, abhorring to cover myself with anything that had been on the back of a Yahoo. I only desired he would lend me two clean shirts, which, having been washed since he wore them, I believed would not so much defile me. These I changed every second day, and washed them myself.

We arrived at Lisbon, Nov. 5, 1715. At our landing, the captain forced me to cover myself with his cloak, to prevent the rabble from crowd-

ing about me. I was conveyed to his own house; and at my earnest request he led me up to the highest room backwards. I conjured him to conceal from all persons what I had told him of the Houyhnhnms; because the least hint of such a story would not only draw numbers of people to see me, but probably put me in danger of being imprisoned, or burnt by the Inquisition. The captain persuaded me to accept of a suit of clothes newly made; but I would not suffer the tailor to take my measure: however, Don Pedro being almost of my size, they fitted me well enough. He accoutred me with other necessities, all new, which I aired for twenty-four hours, before I would use them.

The captain had no wife, nor above three servants, none of which were suffered to attend at meals; and his whole deportment was so obliging, added to a very good human understanding, that I really began to tolerate his company. He gained so far upon me that I ventured to look out of the back window. By degrees I was brought into another room, whence I peeped into the street, but drew my head back in a fright. In a week's time he seduced me down to the door. I found my terror gradually lessened, but my hatred and contempt seemed to increase. I was at last bold enough to walk the street in his company, but kept my nose well stopped with rue, or sometimes with tobacco.

In ten days, Don Pedro, to whom I had given some account of my domestic affairs, put it upon me, as a matter of honour and conscience, that I ought to return to my native country, and live at home with my wife and children. He told me there was an English ship in the port just ready to sail, and he would furnish me with all things necessary. It would be tedious to repeat his arguments, and my contradictions. He said, it was altogether impossible to find such a solitary island as I had desired to live in; but I might command in my own house, and pass my time in a manner as reclusive as I pleased.

I complied at last, finding I could not do better. I left Lisbon the 24th day of November, in an English merchantman, but, who was the master, I never inquired. Don Pedro accompanied me to the ship, and lent me twenty pounds. He took kind leave of me, and embraced me at parting, which I bore as well as I could. During this last voyage I had no commerce with the master or any of his men; but, pretending I was sick, kept close in my cabin. On the 5th of December, 1715, we cast anchor in the Downs, about nine in the morning, and at three in the afternoon I got safe to my house at Redriff.

My wife and family received me with great surprise and joy, because they concluded me certainly dead; but I must freely confess the sight of them filled me only with hatred, disgust, and contempt; and the more, by reflecting on the near alliance I had to them. For al-

though, since my unfortunate exile from the Houyhnhnm country, I had compelled myself to tolerate the sight of Yahoos, and to converse with Don Pedro de Mendez, yet my memory and imagination were perpetually filled with the virtues and ideas of those exalted Houyhnhnms. And when I began to consider, that by copulating with one of the Yahoo species I had become a parent of more, it struck me with the utmost shame, confusion, and horror.

As soon as I entered the house, my wife took me in her arms, and kissed me ; at which, having not been used to the touch of that odious animal for so many years, I fell into a swoon for almost an hour. At the time I am writing, it is five years since my last return to England : during the first year, I could not endure my wife or children in my presence ; the very smell of them was intolerable ; much less could I suffer them to eat in the same room. To this hour they dare not presume to touch my bread, or drink out of the same cup ; neither was I ever able to let one of them take me by the hand. The first money I laid out was to buy two young stone-horses, which I keep in a good stable ; and, next to them, the groom is my greatest favourite ; for I feel my spirits revived by the smell he contracts in the stable. My horses understand me tolerably well ; I converse with them at least four hours every day. They are strangers to bridle or saddle ; they live in great amity with me, and friendship to each other.

wonderful animals both at sea and land. Where-as a traveller's chief aim should be to make men wiser and better, and to improve their minds by the bad, as well as good example, of what they deliver concerning foreign places.

I could heartily wish a law was enacted, that every traveller, before he were permitted to publish his voyages, should be obliged to make oath before the lord-high-chancellor, that all he intended to print was absolutely true to the best of his knowledge ; for then the world would no longer be deceived, as it usually is, while some writers, to make their works pass the better upon the public, impose the grossest falsities on the unwary reader. I have perused several books of travels with great delight in my younger days ; but having since gone over most parts of the globe, and been able to contradict many fabulous accounts from my own observation, it has given me a great disgust against this part of reading, and some indignation to see the credulity of mankind so impudently abused. Therefore, since my acquaintance were pleased to think my poor endeavours might not be unacceptable to my country, I imposed on myself, as a maxim never to be swerved from, that I would strictly adhere to truth ; neither indeed can I be ever under the least temptation to vary from it, while I retain in my mind the lectures and example of my noble master and the other illustrious Houyhnhnms, of whom I had so long the honour to be an humble hearer.

— *Nec si miserum Fortuna Sinonem
Finxit, vanum etiam, mendacemque improba finget.*

CHAP. XII.

The Author's Veracity. His Design in Publishing this Work. His Censure of those Travellers who swerve from the Truth. The Author clears himself from any sinister Ends in Writing. An Objection answered. The Method of planting Colonies. His native Country commended. The Right of the Crown to those Countries described by the Author, is justified. The Difficulty of Conquering them. The Author takes his last Leave of the Reader ; proposes his Manner of Living for the future ; gives good Advice, and concludes.

THUS, gentle reader, I have given thee a faithful history of my travels for sixteen years and about seven months : wherein I have not been so studious of ornament, as of truth. I could perhaps, like others, have astonished thee with strange improbable tales ; but I rather chose to relate plain matter of fact, in the simplest manner and style ; because my principal design was to inform, and not to amuse thee.

It is easy for us who travel into remote countries, which are seldom visited by Englishmen or other Europeans, to form descriptions of

I know very well, how little reputation is to be got by writings, which require neither genius nor learning, nor indeed any other talent, except a good memory, or an exact journal. I know likewise, that writers of travels, like dictionary-makers, are sunk into oblivion by the weight and bulk of those who come last, and therefore lie uppermost. And it is highly probable, that such travellers, who shall hereafter visit the countries described in this work of mine, may, by detecting my errors (if there be any,) and adding many new discoveries of their own, jumble me out of vogue, and stand in my place, making the world forget that ever I was an author. This indeed would be too great a mortification, if I wrote for fame : but as my sole intention was the public good, I cannot be altogether disappointed. For who can read of the virtues I have mentioned in the glorious Houyhnhnms, without being ashamed of his own vices, when he considers himself as the reasoning, governing animal of his country ? I shall say nothing of those remote nations, where Yahoos preside ; among which the least corrupted are the Brobdingnagians ; whose wise maxims in morality and government, it would be our

happiness to observe. But I forbear descanting farther, and rather leave the judicious reader to his own remarks and application.

I am not a little pleased, that this work of mine can possibly meet with no censurers: for what objections can be made against a writer, who relates only plain facts, that happened in such distant countries, where we have not the least interest, with respect either to trade or negotiations? I have carefully avoided every fault, with which common writers of travels are often too justly charged. Besides, I meddle not the least with any party, but write without passion, prejudice, or ill-will against any man, or number of men, whatsoever. I write for the noblest end, to inform and instruct mankind; over whom I may, without breach of modesty, pretend to some superiority, from the advantages I received by conversing so long among the most accomplished Houyhnhnms. I write without any view to profit or praise. I never suffer a word to pass that may look like reflection, or possibly give the least offence, even to those who are most ready to take it. So that I hope I may with justice pronounce myself an author perfectly blameless; against whom the tribes of Answerers, Considerers, Observers, Reflectors, Detectors, Remarkers, will never be able to find matter for exercising their talents.

I confess it was whispered to me, that I was bound in duty, as a subject of England, to have given in a memorial to a secretary of state at my first coming over; because, whatever lands are discovered by a subject, belong to the crown. But I doubt whether our conquests, in the countries I treat of, would be as easy as those of Ferdinando Cortez over the naked Americans. The Lilliputians, I think, are hardly worth the charge of a fleet and army to reduce them; and I question whether it might be prudent or safe to attempt the Brobdingnagians; or whether an English army would be much at their ease, with the Flying Island over their heads. The Houyhnhnms indeed appear not to be so well prepared for war, a science to which they are perfect strangers, and especially against missive weapons. However, supposing myself to be a minister of state, I could never give my advice for invading them. Their prudence, unanimity, unacquaintedness with fear, and their love of their country, would amply supply all defects in the military art. Imagine twenty thousand of them breaking into the midst of an European army, confounding the ranks, overturning the carriages, battering the warriors' faces into mummy by terrible yerks from their hinder hoofs; for they would well deserve the character given to Augustus, *Recalcitrat undique tutus*. But, instead of proposals for conquering that magnanimous nation, I rather wish they were in a capacity, or disposition, to send a sufficient number of their inhabitants for civilizing Europe, by teaching us the first principles of honour,

justice, truth, temperance, public spirit, fortitude, chastity, friendship, benevolence, and fidelity. The names of all which virtues are still retained among us in most languages, and are to be met with in modern, as well as ancient authors; which I am able to assert from my own small reading.

But I had another reason, which made me less forward to enlarge his majesty's dominions by my discoveries. To say the truth, I had conceived a few scruples with relation to the distributive justice of princes upon those occasions. For instance, a crew of pirates are driven by a storm they know not whither; at length a boy discovers land from the top-mast; they go on shore to rob and plunder; they see a harmless people, are entertained with kindness; they give the country a new name; they take formal possession of it for their king; they set up a rotten plank, or a stone, for a memorial; they murder two or three dozen of the natives, bring away a couple more, by force, for a sample; return home, and get their pardon. Here commences a new dominion acquired with a title by divine right. Ships are sent with the first opportunity; the natives driven out or destroyed; their princes tortured to discover their gold; a free licence given to all acts of inhumanity and lust, the earth reeking with the blood of its inhabitants; and this execrable crew of butchers, employed in so pious an expedition, is a modern colony, sent to convert and civilize an idolatrous and barbarous people!

But this description, I confess, does by no means affect the British nation, who may be an example to the whole world for their wisdom, care, and justice in planting colonies; their liberal endowments for the advancement of religion and learning; their choice of devout and able pastors to propagate Christianity; their caution in stocking their provinces with people of sober lives and conversations, from this the mother kingdom; their strict regard to the distribution of justice, in supplying the civil administration through all their colonies with officers of the greatest abilities, utter strangers to corruption; and, to crown all, by sending the most vigilant and virtuous governors, who have no other views than the happiness of the people over whom they preside, and the honour of the king their master.

But as those countries, which I have described, do not appear to have any desire of being conquered and enslaved, murdered or driven out by colonies; nor abound either in gold, silver, sugar, or tobacco; I did humbly conceive, they were by no means proper objects of our zeal, our valour, or our interest. However, if those whom it more concerns, think fit to be of another opinion, I am ready to depose, when I shall be lawfully called, that no European did ever visit those countries before me. I mean, if the inhabitants ought to be believed,

unless a dispute may arise concerning the two Yahoos, said to have been seen many years ago upon a mountain in Houyhnhnmland.

But, as to the formality of taking possession in my sovereign's name, it never came once into my thoughts; and if it had, yet, as my affairs then stood, I should perhaps, in point of prudence and self-preservation, have put it off to a better opportunity.

Having thus answered the only objection that can ever be raised against me as a traveller, I here take a final leave of all my courteous readers, and return to enjoy my own speculations in my little garden at Redriff; to apply those excellent lessons of virtue, which I learned among the Houyhnhnms; to instruct the Yahoos of my own family, as far as I shall find them docible animals; to behold my figure often in a glass, and thus, if possible, habituate myself by time to tolerate the sight of a human creature; to lament the brutality of Houyhnhnms in my own country, but always treat their persons with respect, for the sake of my noble master, his family, his friends, and the whole Houyhnhnm race, whom these of ours have the honour to resemble in all their lineaments, however their intellectuals came to degenerate.

I began last week to permit my wife to sit at dinner with me, at the farthest end of a long table; and to answer (but with the utmost brevity) the few questions I asked her. Yet, the smell of a Yahoo continuing very offensive, I always keep my nose well stopped with rue, lavender, or tobacco leaves. And, although it be hard for a man late in life to remove old habits, I am not altogether out of hopes, in some time, to suffer a neighbour Yahoo in my company, without the apprehensions I am yet under of his teeth or his claws.

My reconciliation to the Yahoo kind in general might not be so difficult, if they would be content with those vices and follies only, which nature has entitiled them to. I am not in the least provoked at the sight of a lawyer, a pick-pocket, a colonel, a fool, a lord, a gamester, a politician, a whoremonger, a physician, an evidence, a suborner, an attorney, a traitor, or the like; this is all according to the due course of things; but when I behold a lump of deformity and diseases, both in body and mind, smitten with pride, it immediately breaks all the measures of my patience; neither shall I be ever able to comprehend how such an animal, and such a vice, could tally together. The wise and virtuous Houyhnhnms, who abound in all excellencies that can adorn a rational creature, have no name for this vice in their language; which has no terms to express anything that is evil, except those whereby they describe the detestable qualities of their Yahoos; among which they were not able to distinguish this of pride, for want of thoroughly understanding human nature, as it shews itself in other countries, where that animal presides. But I, who had more experience, could plainly observe some rudiments of it among the wild Yahoos.

But the Houyhnhnms, who live under the government of reason, are no more proud of the good qualities they possess, than I should be for not wanting a leg or an arm; which no man in his wits would boast of, although he must be miserable without them. I dwell the longer upon this subject, from the desire I have to make the society of an English Yahoo by any means not insupportable; and therefore I here entreat those, who have any tincture of this absurd vice, that they will not presume to come in my sight.



MOUNT HENNETH;

A NOVEL,

IN A

SERIES OF LETTERS.

BY

ROBERT BAGE.

PREFACE.

A NOVEL, according to the present usages, may be sent into the world with a preface, or without. I choose the former, not with any intention to pre-instruct the reader in the nature of the work, for novels have all one nature, but to soften the severity of his criticism, by information of the reasons which drew me in to write.

It is very easy to say, I wrote it for my own amusement, and published it to satisfy the importunity of some very judicious friends, who could not bear that so many beauties should lie concealed in the drawer of a cabinet. But as I intend to be upon honour with my reader, in point of veracity, I must candidly confess, I have been determined by far different motives. In short, my three daughters assure me, that I write in a very tasty manner; and that it is two years, bating two months, since I made each of them a present of a new silk gown.

Now you must know, my dear readers, that I live a great way from London, and have a pretty mechanical way of doing certain things, which has procured me some reputation; and, till lately, as much wealth as any man, who thinks of the snug and quiet comforts of life only, would desire.

But I don't know how it is, people are oftener dunning me for money than usual; and to be sure, I do not pay the ready for raw materials, as I was wont. The proximate cause of this, I am unable to discover; but the pre-disposing and occasional causes, I once presumed to think, lay hid in the heads or tails of the female part of my family, which, within a few years, have suffered an amazing expansion.

This, my daughters assure me, is an error of the first concoction. It is true, they say, ladies, in their style of life, must conform to the fashion, and people who don't understand things, are apt to imagine that this must be attended with a great deal of expense; but people who know life, like my daughters, know how to make a little go a great way. In short, I am now convinced I have injured the dear creatures by my suspicions, and to make them amends, have laid the whole burden to the account of the American war.

But my daughters must have new silk gowns.

Now, Messieurs, the Reviewers, will kindly inform the world, that in their opinion, I might have been better, and quite as profitably employed in getting up a few more of my mechanical matters. But, with submission to their better judgments, a man cannot be always making —.

These gentlemen, I believe, are generally, and may they be always, better employed, than in reading such books as mine. I have been indebted to their salutary admonitions for many a crown which fair title-pages would otherwise have drawn out of my pocket.

Willingly would I, in gratitude, do them any kindness that lies within the compass of my small abilities. Willingly will I review these books myself, and save their heads the many necessary aches which must otherwise ensue.

MOUNT HENNETH, &c. &c. &c.

“ If readers expect to find, in these volumes, anything like wit, humour, plot, character, or keeping, they will be much disappointed. The work puts us in mind of Doctor Johnson’s sarcasm on Macklin’s conversation ;—A perpetual renovation of hope, with perpetual disappointment. To say the least we can of it, it is bad in the beginning, worse and worse in its progress, but the end is Heaven.”

Into what egregious folly does gratitude sometimes betray simple-minded people !

Books of this class are printed, published, bought, read, and deposited in the lumber-garret, three months before the reviewers say a syllable of the matter.

What a dunderhead !

If, after all, the WORLD will deny me its confidence, will buy, read, and judge for itself ; do not, dear gentlemen, do not, for gallantry’s, for pity’s, sake, do not *go out of your way* for the sake of establishing my veracity.

But if your book be as bad as you say, it is incumbent on us to give the earliest notice, in order to save the WORLD its money, as we have heretofore done yours.

Oh ! that you had seen my daughters !

MOUNT HENNETH.

THOMAS SUTTON TO ANN SUTTON.

London, Aug. 1778.

I LOVE thee dearly, Nancy, as our friend Simon says to Polly Jarvis; and if ever I am King of England, thou shalt be a princess at the least. This magnificent love-fit seizes me whenever I think of those soft sweet blue eyes, which said such inexpressible things to me at our late parting; and of those blooming cheeks, whose mingled red and white, tenderness and apprehension had then changed to a sickly pale.

I quarrel with Fortune because I am not one of her puppy favourites, and with Nature for forming her consanguinities *mal à propos*; for if my Nancy had not been my sister, she might have been—myself.

And so she is, and shall be; only, as poor Ophelia says—with a difference.

I arrived safe in town on Saturday, and found my uncle improved in his own peculiar good humour and politeness.

What a pair of forlorn outcasts, Nancy, are thy brother and thyself! Inheriting nothing from their parents save their virtues: thou, an humble dependant upon a peevish godmother; and I upon the smiles of a man, who never smiles except upon his dearest Betty. Heaven, and the friendship of Polly Jarvis, be thy comfort; and mayest thou find the latter as sincere and efficacious, as I have found that of my amiable friends the Cheslyns! My heart expands with gratitude and friendship when I think of these ornaments of human nature. They are as men, what my Nancy is as a woman. I cannot praise them more.

The tyrannical and overbearing disposition of my uncle grows insupportable upon the comparison; something I must do to get rid of it. But why should I communicate to thy tender bosom that gloomy train of ideas which has at this instant possession of my own? If reflec-

tion produces misery, it is wisdom to cut the thread of it as soon as it begins to be spun.

My little world, my Nancy, adieu.

T. SUTTON.

NANCY SUTTON TO HER BROTHER.

Ottingham, Aug. 1778.

To be a princess in the esteem of my ever kind and indulgent brother, is the summit of my ambition; for which I would sacrifice a million of those royal playthings,—pomp, etiquette, and servility.

I do not want to pass with my brother for a monstrous wise and prudent girl neither, superior to the ruling vanities of her sex; if I had fine clothes, I should wear them; if I had a coach and six, I should ride in it. I have no violent objection to the being very rich, or very handsome; but I have an aversion to ceremony and parade. If I had no other objection to being a queen, a coronation would determine me against it.

I do not entirely agree with my dear brother in bestowing hard names upon our benefactors, because they are not *all* that we would wish. If I considered the peevishness of my godmother only, it might endanger my gratitude, and gratitude I undoubtedly owe her, for the protection she afforded me, when the death of our last parent, who supported herself and me by an annuity only, rendered me indeed an orphan.

It is true, there are people in the world who do kind things in a manner which doubles the obligation; but if our benefactors want those agreeable feelings that lead to this manner, they are to be pitied.

I assent to your proposition, that it is wisdom to cut the thread of disagreeable reflections; it is wisdom also to substitute agreeable ones in their room. If I was in love, my lively friend Polly Jarvis assures me, I should never want

these ; but as I am not—On recollection, I know not whether I can truly assert this.—If it is possible this passion should enter at the ears, as it is said to do at the eyes, I believe my heart has some kindly motions towards Messieurs the Cheslyns. Pray indulge me with what you know of their history. Above all, are they young, handsome, rich, *et cætera* ; and have they hearts penetrable by soft blue eyes ?

For ever, your affectionate sister,

ANN SUTTON.

THOMAS SUTTON TO HIS SISTER.

London, Aug. 1778.

I CANNOT reply to the last of my sister's questions, nor do I know that the artillery of any eyes can do execution at so great a distance. But however you may be disposed to the attack, take care of the defence. Never fall in love, Nancy, unless I stand by. Nature never created a thing so unfit to walk in the thorny paths of this passion. A marauder would find it as easy to break thy heart, as he would find it difficult to subdue thy virtue.

Yes, Nancy, my friends are young, handsome, and rich : at least they have wealth enough for all the purposes of happiness, though not, perhaps, of grandeur and ambition.

Their father was a Devonshire gentleman, possessing an estate of about three thousand pounds a-year ; of the old English character ; fond of hospitality ; inoffensive without weakness ; just without severity. These gentlemen were all his offspring.

John, the eldest, had a college education, which he finished at the Temple. Henry's was more immediately directed to the occupation of a merchant ; and with this view he was four years in a computing-house.

Mrs Cheslyn had twelve thousand pounds, which was prudently put to interest to accumulate for the fortunes of younger children. Modern manners would have laid it out in gilt coaches, and emerald sprigs ; or in the honourable purchase of a seat in the House.

This sacred deposit had increased to near twenty thousand by the time Mr Henry reached the age of twenty-two, and was given him as the full share of his father's fortune : with this sum he entered into partnership with a large American house. In 1775, three years after this, died the father, leaving his whole estate, real and personal, to Mr John, the eldest. The mother had been dead some years.

Every one knows to his sorrow the events that distinguished this fatal year ; every one feels the wound given to this country, by its breach with the colonies. Mr Henry's house struggled with its adverse situation near three years, but was obliged to stop payment in January last, and became bankrupt in March.

Mr John flew to console his brother, and

finding the nature of his affairs would not permit his leaving London, he gave up house-keeping in Devonshire, and removed his family hither.

My acquaintance with Mr Henry began at St Paul's school, and was at this time improved to great intimacy. In a very few days I had the happiness of standing high in the friendship of Mr John also ; in short, reserve was so entirely excluded from our little society, that there seemed to be no secrecy amongst us, not even in family affairs.

One morning, as we all three sat at breakfast, Mr John, pulling a deed out of his pocket, Harry, says he, here's a piece of parchment for thee, which, if I should become a fool or a rascal, may be of singular use.

What, says Mr Henry, is it an amulet, Jack, to reserve human minds from folly and knavery ?

'Tis an amulet, to preserve an human body from poverty, the frequent consequence of folly not its own, replied Mr John. In short, it is a foolish thing called a deed, entitling thee to call those dirty acres at Hillisden thine.

A foolish thing, indeed, returns Mr Harry, a fine blush suffusing his face, and which will almost justify me in taking out a statute of lunacy against thee. Besides, I have at present the command of three thousand a-year, and dost think I shall reduce myself to eight hundred ?

Thou art a blockhead, Harry ; that parchment says not a word about stinting ; it only requires thee to take upon thyself the care of a parcel of dirt, which makes me sick to look at it. It is of Nature's worst manufacture, and I doubt too bad to mend ; but that is thy concern, not mine.

And thou art a blockhead, to think of cramming eight hundred a-year into the jaws of a monster, that has, with such facility, devoured twenty thousand pounds.

That was paper, Harry, the unsubstantial sign of that evanescent thing called money. Riches, like these, easily make themselves wings, and fly away. Land like thine, Harry, is encumbered with a tail, in order to prevent its flight.

The devil take thee, Jack, says Mr Henry, his eyes full of tears ; I'll have none of thy deed, however.

How wilt thou help it, Harry ? But let us debate the matter logically. So long as we twain remain *in statu quo*, as the lawyers say, it is not a pin matter whether thou hast it or no ; thou wilt neither gain nor lose by the bargain. But reflect on the ordinary productions of that eternal changer of sublunary things, old Time. Thou knowest thou art my brother ; and, what is worse, a thousand impertinent people know it also. The man that keeps the children of his mother in a state of dependence on himself, will be hissed for it, whether he be a king or a tailor. I may marry and settle ; that bargain goes against thee : I may handle a pair of dice, indulge myself with a kept mis-

tress, or fall into half a score other fashionable follies, that this wise generation has adopted for its ruin. I have not determined, it is true, to run headlong into any of these pits; but I am determined, if I do, not to drag a brother along with me.—Mr Henry was now too full for utterance, and Mr John continued thus:—

Thou forgettest, Harry, that fair monument which we have determined to erect to fraternal concord. Am I to lay the foundation of it in the pride of superiority, and thou, in the servility of dependence? Never can it be raised on such ignoble bases. Whilst thou keepest always looking up at me, and I down at thee, what horrible obliquities of vision may we not contract? Liberty and property for ever, Harry! Fare thee well.

Thus, my Nancy, I have given you a brief history, for love has not yet appeared to lengthen it, and a sketch of their general behaviour to each other, in which you may observe something of that hilarity of temper, for which these gentlemen are conspicuous.

Mr John is at present on a visit to the eldest son of Sir Richard Stanley, in Somersetshire. Mr Henry will be detained in London a twelve-month longer, to assist in disembarassing the affairs of his house.

Adieu, my Nancy; spare not the pen.

Your affectionate brother,

T. SUTTON.

JOHN CHESLYN TO HIS BROTHER.

Wigton.

REMEMBEREST thou, Harry, that wise conversation at the Bedford, the evening before I left town, betwixt ourselves and four right honourables? Six rakes at a tavern, with their silly heads full of champagne, reviewing their past lives, confessing and absolving; regulating the future, and settling the whole philosophy of happiness and pleasure. How easy for us to decide against the pursuits of ambition, into which we had never entered; and to execrate the detestable vice of avarice, whose influence we had never felt! But the laws of love and life were tried on different principles. The small deviations from the path of moral rectitude in these favourite points, were frailties inherent to youth and affluence, venial errors, the mere foibles of human nature. Thus have men reasoned ever since Jupiter gave the wallet to a fool, who hung the wrong side foremost.

Thou and I, Henry, are engaged, like the rest of mankind, in the pursuit of happiness, and may possibly differ about the road. Let us observe that taken by the generality of young fellows of fortune, the bottle, the dice, or a mistress; for those of a riper age, a blue ribbon, or a plume. In the train of the first

walk disease, imbecility, and ruin; the common attendants on the latter are simulation, dissimulation, and sordidness. Excess of corporeal pleasure produces excess of corporeal pain; for Nature always punishes the breach of her own laws. Vice is armed with the sting of a thousand scorpions. Peace, equanimity, and the whole tribe of agreeable sensations, are in the train of virtue only.

But what is virtue? Action directed for the benefit of mankind. And what actions are we able to perform for its service? Enchanted castles, virgins immured, and Hesperian dragons, are no more. It is not given to every one to become members of Parliament, or justices of peace, or to be good for anything when they are so.

But every man may fall in love.

I stop here for a moment to assure thy doubting soul, that it is I, even I, who have strung together all these fine moral reflections, without the aid of Epictetus. But as thou hast philosophy enough to know there is no effect without a cause; know, then, that amongst other visitants here, are a James Foston, Esq. and a Julia, his daughter, of whom, at present, I will say no more than this,—he acts the virtue I only talk of, and she justifies the conclusion of my moral.

Farewell,

JOHN CHESLYN.

HENRY CHESLYN TO HIS BROTHER.

London.

I RECEIVED a letter from thee, Jack, whereof I understand but little, and to what end thou troublest thyself to exhibit that piece of morality still less. Introduced without a cause; pursued without a purpose; and concluded with the loss of thy reason. Love and virtue! Is it in the temple of ancient or modern virtue, thou wilt choose to be initiated? Is the majestic Juno to preside over thy amorous rites? or preferrest thou the gentler dalliance of the Paphian queen?

So, for the benefit of mankind, every man may fall in love. Excellent conclusion, and perfectly similar to Jago's "chronicle of small beer." I pardon thee this conclusion, however, in favour of that of thy epistle, which saved me from the influence of Julia's bright eyes; the dimples on her lovely cheeks; the charming contour of her face; the delicate turn of her limbs; the hand of ivory; the ear of wax; and all the long *et cætera*; the fatigue of which, though spared me for the present, must come, even to satiety. Well, be it so; every man should be indulged in the riding of his hobby-horse, when it is not a vicious beast; and though I do not intend at present to get upon the back of one of thy breed, I may chance to mount one

almost as capricious, and weary thee in my turn with curvettes.

I could find in my heart to send thee a dozen or two of newly discovered moral apothegms, known to all mankind, only a few thousand years or so; but I am a Christian, and do not delight in vengeance. I will therefore fill up my letter with lamentations of the fate of my poor friend Tom Sutton, and execrations of his uncle Samuel.

Tom, as thou knowest, with little more than a splendid shilling in his purse, has as kind propensities to his fellow creatures, as would canonize a bishop, if bishops were canonized for benevolence. Samuel, a man of thousands, has his benevolent propensities also; but they all centre in himself.

About forty years ago, the Halifax waggon brought Samuel up to London to seek his fortune. He found it in the kitchen of an hardwareman in High Holborn. Two years he blacked his master's shoes with so much skill and docility, that he was advanced into the shop. Samuel had his due portion of the cunning of the county that produced him, and as much servility, as if he had been born two hundred miles nearer the north pole.

The business increased under his management; the hardwareman grew rich; riches produce luxury, Jack; and luxury, idleness and the gout. Samuel saved a penny now and then, just sufficient to enable him to purchase the stock at his master's death.

Twenty-five years' plodding procured Samuel all he had set his heart on; it being his determination to quit all care and business when he was worth twenty thousand pounds.

The man who has nothing to do finds it difficult to do anything; Samuel found his arm-chair irresistible. The arm-chair engendered weariness, weariness begat the spleen, and five years' habit has confirmed him the most growling and ill-conditioned tyrant within the bills of mortality.

Let us do him justice, however. Tom has obligations to him for a genteel though not a learned education; and, indeed, for his whole support since the death of his father. It is but lately that Tom has felt this very extraordinary portion of his uncle's ill humour, which he thinks so severe, so mortifying, and so degrading to a liberal spirit, that he is serious in his determination of fixing in some way of life that will give him bread, however scanty, with independence.

Full of this leading idea, Tom happened to spend an evening lately amongst some reputable merchants. The conversation turned upon East India affairs, and one gentleman said, he knew of a lieutenantcy or two in their service, which might be had for a moderate sum. This was no great establishment, it is true; but it was bread and employment; and to those who de-

pended on chance for the advancement of their fortunes, the East afforded a scene as fruitful in contingents as any country in the world.

So much was said on the subject, that Tom, who is young, sanguine, and weary of idleness, imbibed the spirit of adventure strongly. He dared the next day to break it to his uncle, whose bosom it inflamed with ungovernable fury. From this proposition flowed two corollaries; one highly disagreeable, the other excruciating. It indicated a certain dissatisfaction the young gentleman had conceived with the mild government of his uncle; and it tended to diminish the round square sum of twenty thousand pounds. Samuel vented his rage in a torrent of obloquy, which received additional grace and energy from a number of fair round oaths, in the coining of which Samuel is an adept. Tom ventured upon a reply, which perhaps had more spirit than prudence. Samuel, in endeavouring to discharge a dozen execrations at once, grew absolutely black in the face, and plumped upon the floor. Tom, alas! who knew not what he did, unbuttoned, untwisted, and besprinkled him with such perseverance, that he presently recovered, and the first use he made of his tongue, was a liberal donation of his nephew to the devil. Tom, not liking this disposition of his uncle's effects, retired; has since been forbid the house, and at present resides with me. This usage has more determined him to enter into the East India Company's service, if he can. But how to raise the money? This difficulty, great as it is, he thinks he shall find means to overcome. He has just heard, that—

Fare thee well, Jack.

Thine,

H. CHESLYN.

JOHN CHESLYN TO HIS BROTHER.

Wigton.

IN the 7th chapter of St Matthew, and the 6th verse, you will find these words; that is, if you look for them: "Cast ye not your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you."

Pearls are didactic apothegms, Harry; a bushel of which I threw before thee. Thou didst trample upon them; thou didst evince thy nature, and it will be wise in me hereafter to feed thee with husks and acorns.

But I cannot be wise, and besides have nothing but pearls to give thee. Julia Foston, of whom I *must* speak to thee, is herself a pearl, the richest of all her tribe, whether the epithet be literally or metaphorically applied.

Her beauty would not be beauty in the eyes of a connoisseur; for her complexion, properly speaking, is neither of the lily nor the rose, nor that of a Catherine pear on the side next the

sun. Her stature is rather low; there is neither dignity in her mien, nor majesty in her motions. Grace, we must allow her, but not that soft, that easy, swimming factitious grace, the pride of our present race of Lady Marys. It is something more her own, and infinitely more engaging. Her hair is a glossy brown, undefiled with powder or pomatum; and she is so poor an adept in the *ton*, that she permits it to flow in natural ringlets; whence the ladies of this neighbourhood say she is a *perfect sight*, and most of the men agree to it.

I confess, Harry, that I am incapable of going through the orderly detail of ruby lips, and rosy dimples; I must, therefore, request thee to make up the rest of her person according to thy own good liking, whilst I proceed to the qualities of her mind.

I well remember how sick the novel writers have sometimes made both thee and me, with a profusion of epithets heaped upon their object, without any regard to number or propriety. I will not offend the truth, or thee, with one that is not strictly just.

I have said she is not beautiful; but there is an inexpressible sweetness in the *tout ensemble* of her features, which seems to flow from a mind in full possession of peace, and all the social affections. The music of her voice denotes the harmony of her bosom. Her words breathe the very spirit of benevolence, and discover that truly feminine delicacy and elegance of sentiment, so captivating and so applauded. Add to this, that retiring modesty, that seems to wish itself unseen, and shrinks at the boldness of inspection, and thou hast all I shall at present favour thee with by way of encomium.

She is lately come from the English convent at Boulogne, where she has spent the greatest part of her life. The manners of the great world are unknown to her, except from books; but the largeness of her fortune will render it necessary for her to mix with this great world, where I doubt it will be impossible long to maintain her beautiful simplicity of manners.

Her father spared no expense to procure her the best instruction her situation would admit.

She plays well on the harpsichord, draws with taste, and paints indifferently. Her favourite amusement is reading, and she is more addicted to books of science, than to those of entertainment. If I dared to love her, I am not certain but I might wish this article reversed.

She is a native of Muxadabad, and thereby hangs a tale. But it is a pearl of a story with which impertinent and abusive people ought not to be indulged.

Continue to communicate the concerns of our friend Tom, whom I esteem, and wish to assist; but the taxes which fashion and administration unite to load us with, are so grievous, that a country gentleman out of debt begins to be a phenomenon

JOHN CHESLYN.

HENRY CHESLYN TO HIS BROTHER.

London.

THAT thou lackest wisdom, Jack, I appeal to thy own testimony; and from the portrait thou hast drawn of Julia, it is probable thou lackest understanding also. Till I have seen the original of thy laboured picture, I choose not to affirm this; but will generously give thee credit for the perfections of this paragon. As to thy Oriental pearl, it is, I suppose, much like that of other people's. Some monopoly of betelnut, or the purchase of a whole district of rice; some Rajah deposed, and his treasures and territories plundered; or some other tale of mercantile or military oppression, for which our generous countrymen are at present famous. If I am right in this conjecture, keep to thyself the rich regale. I have blushed enough.

Yet to this school of integrity I am endeavouring to send my friend, whose ardour is at present unquenchable by all the cold water I have hitherto been able to throw upon it. It is true his active genius is well suited to the scene it is likely to be engaged in, and he possesses a large portion of that determined industry, which conquers difficulties, that to more timid spirits seem unsurmountable. Along with a vast profusion of eastern lore which Tom has acquired upon this occasion, he has learned, that there are in this good town a multitude of the sons of Israel, amongst whom some one may probably be found benevolent or daring enough to accommodate him with money, on terms wherein the prospect of gain shall bear a due proportion to the risk. This proportion, indeed, is not to be found in Cocker's Arithmetic, but is the united effect of the ingenuity of these gentlemen in the estimation of chances, and the necessity of the borrowers.

From six different applications only one money-holder condescended to offer him terms. He was a Mr Benjamin Ben-azar, living snug in a blind alley, near Shoreditch, with one wife and one concubine.—It is a strange business, says Benjamin, you not got von relation, von friend in de varld, and you come to man of oder country, oder religion; and you tell him, me vant six hundred pounds. For vat? To put myself in a way to be knock'd on the head frst opportunity. And den vere ish my money?

Lost, Mr Ben-azar. On the other side, you will observe, that many a soldier of fortune has returned from the East with a lack of rupees in his purse. Then I have a rich uncle, whose heir-at-law I am; though I frankly confess we are at present on bad terms, and he may, if he pleases, disinherit me by will. I have a sister whom I love, and friends who are dear to me, though I will not apply to them on this occasion. I go with an intention to make my fortune, and to return home and enjoy it. Com-

pute the chances *pro* and *con*, and if you choose to furnish me, let me know at once what sum I must become bound to repay you, when I have the happiness to revisit my native soil.

Holy Aaron! says the Jew, it is vasht risks. Mush money for one man. Musht proceed by de way of policy, and underwrite you. Vill consult some my broders to-day at Jonathan's, and to-morrow you may call vor answer.

To-morrow produced from Benjamin and his broders, the following elaborate rescript:—

We, Benjamin Ben-azar, Joshua Solomons, and Moses Levi, do jointly consent and agree to pay Mr Thomas Sutton the full and entire sum of six hundred pounds sterling, provided the said Thomas Sutton do bind himself, his executors, administrators, and assigns, to pay unto the said B. B. J. S. and M. L. two thousand five hundred and twenty pounds of the money of Great Britain, in one year after the first of January next, to be recovered in the Court of Common Pleas—That is to say:

	<i>Per cent.</i>	<i>£. s. d.</i>
1st, For the risk of the vessel in performing her voyage to the East Indies,	30	180 0 0
N.B. It is war time.		
2dly, For the risk of the constitution of the said Thomas Sutton, by fever, fluxes, and changes of climate,	60	360 0 0
3dly, For the risk of his life in the way of his profession,	30	180 0 0
N.B. It is war time.		
4thly, For the risk of the said Thomas Sutton's never being able to acquire property to pay his debts,	200	1200 0 0
5thly, For the risk of his not choosing to bring home the said property for said use, in case he should acquire it,	100	600 0 0
		<hr/> £2520 0 0

Vary low terms, Maishter Sutton, says honest Benjamin on the delivery.—Vasht great risks—But me and my broders do consent to *do* you, because it ish good vork, though it ish not von of our ten commandments. Sho you vil take times to consider, and let us know your minds.

Now I think, Jack, we had better *do* the lad ourselves in the way of bond, since our purses are empty, and cheat Lady Fashion of some of her taxes. As the Jew says, consider of it.

Thine,
HENRY CHESLYN.

Sirs, *Wigton.*
Six days after sight please to pay
Mr Thomas Sutton, on order, six hundred
pounds, value in account with

John Cheslyn.

Messrs Solmes & Co.
Bankers, London.

No! I will be bound for no man; was the answer of an honest friend of mine, who was applied to, to join in a bond, in order to release an acquaintance from an arrest: No! I will be bound for no man; it is sufficient if I pay the money.

Thy cursed Jewish arithmetic, Harry, struck so forcibly upon my nerves, and so disordered the isochronism of the pulsations, that I found it necessary to *prescribe* for myself. My friend's above-mentioned expedient no sooner occurred to me, than *I took it*; and found it so salutary for restoring the system, that I here recommend it to all lords, ladies, and others whom it may concern, to use it on the like emergencies.

Do not burden the mind or memory of the poor lad, with the recollection of that savage instrument, a bond; I shall expect to be repaid when he returns, crowned with laurels, and hung round with jaghires. May his fortune resemble that of Mr Foston, who went out a writer in the service of the East India Company, but was a lieutenant under Colonel Clive, when the chapter of accidents, and the exercise of all the virtues of humanity, gave him possession of a fortune, that exceeded his wishes, almost as much as it exceeded his hopes.

The *virtues* of humanity, Henry! what word would your proud metropolitan nabobs substitute for this, were they to account for *their* acquisitions with a strict regard to truth? Fear not that any action of this man should make thee blush, except at thy own—inanity. Yet shall thy insolent insinuation be punished as it deserves; for he who escheweth knowledge deserveth ignorance.

Thine,
JOHN CHESLYN.

HENRY CHESLYN TO HIS BROTHER.

London.

Thou makest such a pother about this new acquired friend of thine, that I could almost begin to believe that there may be something in him that may be worth the looking at, and in his story worth the hearing.—But he is the father of a goddess; a most celestial attribute. A plague upon my pen, it is always running headlong into these vile insinuations. Regard them not, Jack, but have the brotherly kindness to detail me out a few of these human, perhaps super-human virtues; for I assure thee, whatsoever astonishment the discovery may create, I could bear an addition to my own stock, without any visible incumbrance.

Thou wilt be convinced of this when I inform thee, and it troubles me to make the confession, that this exertion of thy benevolence to Tom, did not at first sight please, so much as it astounded me. A pair of troublesome passions arose, at seeing thee soaring aloft, and leaving me to crawl under thee as well as I was

able. But the man, says I, is in the very midst of his intercourse with the celestials. No wonder he is preternaturally addicted. I *will* be revenged one day or other, notwithstanding. This vow of vengeance was my peace-offering, and I grew enough composed to communicate to Tom.

I am, alas! neither a painter nor a poet: I can neither draw attitudes nor describe sensations; and indeed, only the pencil of Hogarth, or the pen of Cotton, would be suitable to the purpose. Generous sensations were never disgraced by a more burlesque appearance. I had expected Tom would have opened all the sluices of his rhetoric upon the occasion: he only opened the sluices of his eyes. The tropes at length burst forth; but as they were altogether unintelligible, I took the lad to a tavern, in order to make him drunk, for the more speedy recovery of his senses.

It is very true, says Tom, towards the end of the second bottle, in reply to an observation of mine, that his uncle's anger seemed to be an effect without a cause; it is very true, I never did account for my uncle's wrath in a satisfactory manner; for if it had not existed long before I broached my East India scheme, the bare mention of that could not have produced so furious an effect. But there is a lady in the case, and I have strong aversion to disclosing the secrets of the affair.

Mrs Betty Blossom, a virgin on the wrong side forty, has done my uncle the honour to superintend his household affairs about a dozen years. She was something tall, and something straight, and always so neat in her apparel, and so prim in her motions, that like the Irishman in Johnson's pastoral, a man might be smit with her presence behind: and even before, though nature had given her a flat and snubby nose, no fiery meteors had yet appeared thereon. Her eyes, though small and grey, were not yet bleared: nor had purple protuberances yet arisen, to deform the shining polish of her face. These additions and emendations she owes to a sweet pliability of temper, which seldom permitted her to put her own will in competition with that of so indulgent a master. My uncle, on his first retiring from business, had still taken his evening potations at the usual club; but assailed by the gout on one side, and this virgin gentleness on the other, he had broke through this propensity, and spent most of his evenings at home. His favourite liquor was punch, Mrs Betty's became punch in conformity. For the quantity, my uncle's measure was that degree of ebriety in which a man feels he can walk with due deportment. Betty's was no more. These attic evenings, in time, produced a wonderful friendship and cordiality betwixt them.

Mrs Betty had the goodness to make my school vacations very agreeable. From twelve to fifteen I was a lovely child; her pastry was

delicious; her jellies excellent; and her clean cotton stockings were encircled above the knee by a crimson garter, terminated by a silver fringe. In my college vacations I was a sweet youth; the offerings of Ceres gave place to the rich home-made juice of the grape; I was no longer honoured with a *voluntary* display of the fringed zones; for this happiness I was now obliged to struggle. At last I became a perpetual resident, and as I still claimed the liberty of saluting Mrs Betty occasionally, and now and then of pressing her beauteous bosom with the palm of my hand, I was a fine gentleman, with money always in my pocket, and sometimes a sword by my side.

I studied in my bed-chamber, to which Mrs Betty having free access in quality of house-keeper, she did me the favour to keep my hearth in order, and my fire from languishing. I repaid these kind attentions with little civilities in *my* way, but I confess with no great degree of ardour. One fatal afternoon, whether this ardour, or the timid apprehensions of my lovely Sacharissa had increased, I know not; but receding from a freedom I was scarce conscious I had taken, some unlucky obstacle impeded her retreat. She fell—but not “like stars to rise no more.”

Meek-eyed modesty had scarcely raised her wings for flight, when she was recalled by the voice of a black eyed brunette, who did the inferior offices of the house. I raised the trembling virgin, and with a hasty salute, dismissed her, declaring she would inform my uncle of my wickedness. But “with her absence, cool reflection came.” There was very little doubt but Mrs Betty administered love to my uncle occasionally as well as punch. I was the child of his bounty. Ought I to become the invader of his rights? Rights, for ought I know, as dear to him as if they had been sanctioned by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

These sober reflections were much strengthened by the black eyes of my little brunette, and the red ones of Mrs Betty. Not many hours elapsed, before this generous creature gave me an opportunity of testifying my repentance. I asked her pardon with much gravity, expressed great contrition for my late rudeness; assured her I detested myself for the thought of injuring so much goodness; and promised never more to offend, if I was happy enough to obtain her gracious pardon for the past.

There is a silly kind of vacancy that sometimes takes possession of the human face divine, when a favourite proposition has been rendered completely ridiculous, by a sudden back stroke of an antagonist. Something like this appeared in Mrs Betty; but neither it, nor the confusion of mind that usually attends it, held her long.

O yes, says she, I pardon you with all my heart, and give you joy of so glorious a victory

over your passions. Chastity is quite adorable in so young a gentleman, and will make you the delight of our sex, and admiration of your own. I wish you, says she, with a departing curtsy, reverently low, all the rewards of vir—tue.

In spite of the sense of moral goodness, which some philosophers and some divines have told us is the never-failing balsam in all such cases, I felt myself a very ridiculous fellow. Not Epic-tetus himself could have moralized away this feeling. Tell me, ye who know the secret springs of human actions, tell me, why a few kisses ravished from the half-reluctant lips of my black-eyed Nancy, did that in a few instants, which reason and religion had failed to do in as many hours? Oh! thinks I, if Mrs Betty did but know the progress I am now making in virtue. In fact I had no cause to doubt Mrs Betty's sagacity.

All of a sudden I found the peevishness of my uncle more immediately directed to myself. Sometimes he honoured me with long admonitions against the indulgence of the vices of the age, amongst which incontinence was of the first magnitude; sometimes he would break out into hasty ebullitions against extravagance and folly.

I was ruminating one morning concerning this change and its consequences, when Nanny came into my room, with her hat and cloak on, and a small bundle under her arm.

What is the matter now, Nanny? whither are you going?

To seek a new place, and a better mistress, sir.

Indeed! is it of your own seeking, or does Mrs Betty dismiss you?

Nay, I am fairly turned away, says Nancy, and at an hour's warning.

For what? says I.

For being kissed forsooth, says she, making me a curtsy.

Prithee tell me all about it.

Why you know, sir, of late you have done me the honour to take a little more notice of me than you ought to have done. Mrs Betty, who loves virtue—in other folks, was *afraid* of my character, and so has sent me out of harm's way; and I think it won't be long before she sends you out of harm's way too, for I am sure you are in it at present.

What do you mean, Nanny?

Why, I'll tell you the short and the long of it, sir. About a week ago you was pleased to be a little sweet upon me in this very room; and as I was glad to get away from you in a hurry, I heard a rustling, and just catch'd a glimpse of Mrs Betty, before she could reach her own chamber. She has been curious cross ever since, and last night, before you was called down to supper, Mrs Betty was in the parlour with master, and both mortal glum; so I had a mind to know what they were at; so I

hearkened at the door, and a curious tale I did hear, sure enough.

Mrs Betty lamented the sad change that had happened in your manners of late, sir; how sweet a young gentleman you was when you came first from college; but London was such a monstrous wicked place, it would corrupt a saint, much more young gentlemen with plenty of money in their pockets. That to be sure it was no business of hers what money you spent, only it vexed her to think of so good a master's having spared and spared, and worked hard all his life, and after all to have it squandered away almost under his own eyes, and not by his own children neither. And here poor Mrs Betty thought fit to cry a bit, and the old gentleman swore and growled. After a good deal more in the same strain, madam very fairly charged you with having had the impudence to endeavour to seduce she herself from virtue; and that you was rude to her more than once when she went into your room to stir the fire; and now that you could not have your wicked will of her, you was carrying on an intrigue with that nasty slut Nan; nay, she had almost caught us in the fact.

Hearkeners seldom hear any good of themselves, and for fear of worse I stole away. Unfortunately James had a sight of me; and as Mrs Betty and he are upon very friendly terms, I make no doubt she was informed of the matter last night; for the very first business she went about this morning, was to abuse me and send me packing.

And where are you going, Nanny?

To my aunt's in Whitechapel, till I can hear of another place.

I hope you will allow me to call upon you now and then, Nanny?

I beg you not to think of it, sir; for though it would do my heart good to see you, it is not for the credit of a young woman who goes to service, to have such a young gentleman as you come after her.

You are right, Nanny. Take this last kiss, and this solitary guinea, which is all my pocket affords; be a good girl; preserve thy virtue; and heaven bless thee!

Nanny accepted the kiss, but refused the guinea, because, as she said, she was richer than I. I prevailed at last; the poor girl went crying away, and I have never seen her since.

This is the longest thing in shape of a letter I ever wrote in my life; I begin to find myself addicted to scribbling; it may become the *caecoethes scribendi*, for anything I know; but I have leisure, and therefore will not stand upon a balance of accounts with thee, neither as to length nor number; besides, a *productive* epistle like thy last, might well stand against fifty abortions like this.

Thine,

HENRY CHESLYN.

JULIA FOSTON TO LAURA STANLEY.

Wigton.

I HAVE been happy, my dearest Laura, several months in the embraces of my only parent ; happy in my health, in my fortunes, and above all, in my friends ; yet am I frequently sighing for my Laura and her convent. Such are the sweet habitudes of life, scarce any enjoyment of superior felicities can preclude a wish for the humbler pleasures to which we have been long habituated. The story of the old man who preferred imprisonment in the same apartment in which he had been twenty years confined, is scarce conceivable to those who roam the world at large : but it is probable to me, because congenial to my feelings.

I am now on a visit to our Harriet, who studies to oblige me, and I am much indebted to the kindness of Sir Richard Stanley and his lady, for the pains they take to render the visit agreeable both to my father and myself.

I should be much obliged also to your brother for his assiduities, if they were assiduities of complaisance only, but I hate pretensions. If ever I should be induced to marry, (a very improbable supposition, Laura,) I think it will be with a man who knows how to make love without talking about it. The "still small quiet attentions" are the only ones to my taste ; but in these your brother is no adept.

He has now with him on a visit a Mr John Cheslyn, with whom he had a short acquaintance at Paris : he is a Devonshire gentleman, possessed of two thousand pounds a-year, and has the reputation of always wanting money without any apparent extravagance ; a mark of manners privately corrupt, or that he possesses that foe of avarice, a feeling heart. From some anecdotes concerning him, I am induced to believe the latter.

He is a bachelor, and from certain delicacies of sentiment, concerning ladies, which fall from his lips occasionally, one may infer, he is not in haste to change his condition. If ever he does feel the tender passion, I am persuaded he will not adopt your brother's manner of shewing it. He is handsome, a circumstance that either administers no food to his vanity, or he has the art of concealing it. In the company of ladies, he is neither very officious in their service, nor totally destitute of gallantry ; he enters willingly into their small talk, but has the uncommon art of changing it insensibly to something better, and still more agreeable. Amongst men, he is a man of taste and science, and in the hour of conviviality a man of wit and humour. Hitherto I have not spoken of his foibles ; and indeed he must be seen more intimately before these can be discovered : one folly, however, is so

glaring, I must mention it ; instead of myself, he has fallen in love with my father.

I am,
My Laura's ever affectionate friend,
JULIA FOSTON.

THOMAS SUTTON TO HIS SISTER.

London.

Now, Nancy, arm thy tender bosom against the evils of love, for it will be powerfully assailed. If thy beating heart almost burst its alabaster bounds at the recital of the common courtesies of friendship, what will it do, when thou hearest that the noble generosity of the elder Mr Cheslyn, has restored to thy brother the peace my uncle's tyranny has long deprived me of, and with it, the active energy and independent spirit of a man. How long have I suffered my youth to lie in the lap of idleness, to bask in the moonshine of expectation, to crouch to despotism for its daily bread, and to give up all that is valuable to man, the exertion of the powers of the mind, and the native freedom of the human will !

To get rid of this debasing situation, Nancy, I would undergo any hardships ; I would surmount any difficulties, encounter any dangers. Happily, thousands of brave and noble spirits have preceded me in the path I am going, and smoothed the ruggedness of the road. Your brother, Nancy, is now a soldier in the service of his country, a cadet to the East India Company ; the brave and fortunate Clive was once, —no more. I expect your congratulation. My joys were wont to be yours.

As it will be several months before I embark, I will certainly take the first opportunity to pour out these joys in the bosom of my amiable sister.

Adieu,

T. SUTTON.

HENRY CHESLYN TO HIS BROTHER.

London.

By the time Tom had finished his tale, we had almost finished the third bottle, and consequently our councils could not want spirit. We considered the case of Samuel from top to toe. The latter being already under the care of the faculty, to the faculty we left it ; but the superior part being afflicted by a cruel banditti of diseases, with folly and obstinacy at their head, it was an act of kindness and humanity to apply some power or other, to soften their barbarous ravages. Eloquence, invincible eloquence, was the sole power which could be effectively ap-

plied ; and as mine was then at its height, and the time about seven o'clock, we judged it proper I should try its force without delay. Tom's favouring genius had so directed, that I arrived at an instant, when the same exhilarating deity who had raised my elocation, had poured as much good humour into the heart of Samuel as it was capable of receiving.

I am come, sir, says I, a mediator, a welcome mediator, I hope, betwixt you and your nephew, who tells me he has the misfortune to lie under your displeasure, without being conscious of any offence that can deserve it.

That is as much as to say, sir, says Samuel, that I am a capricious old fool, and this most deserving young gentleman must be very ill used. One man's story is good till another's is told. Nobody knows where the shoe pinches so well as he that wears it : but I will make no man a judge over me.

It is not necessary you should, sir. You will please, however, to consider the consequence of thus rejecting him ; of throwing him upon the wide world, without protection, and without support. You may force him to some desperate resolution, which you yourself may repent his having taken.

Here, Jack, I displayed the whole force of my oratory ; setting forth as how many young men had hanged or drowned themselves ; many had listed for common soldiers ; many gone upon the highway, in similar circumstances. The harangue was long, and sufficient, as I thought, to have softened a heart of flint ; and, though Samuel made many attempts to interrupt me, I went on, till I had fairly exhausted my matter.

I don't know, says he, Mr a—a—who you be, nor what right you have to come a-preaching to me at this rate : you may be one of those gentlemen, for aught I know, as encourages him to lie out o' nights, and spend his money, and corrupt virtuous women. But I must tell you, I don't approve of none of those things : and there are other things besides, I can tell you, which I don't choose to say nothing of, as has lost him my warm heart for ever and ever ; and so you may tell him.

I thought, sir, you might have been kind enough to give him a gentleman's education, in order that he might associate with gentlemen ; and to my knowledge he does not keep company with any addicted to the vices you mention.

You have your own good word, to be sure ; but I kept company with sober citizens all my life, and don't think myself a bit the worse for it. I can't jabber French and Latin to be sure ; but I understand the main point, sir : and if I'd ha' thought learning would ha' made him such an ungrateful dog, I'd ha' kept my money in my pocket, and put him 'prentice to a cobbler.

What has he done to deserve the imputation of ingratitude ?

More than I shall tell *you* about, sir. Furthermore he wants to leave me in my old age, when he ought to ha' been a comfort to me, and go a-soldiering. Let him, let him, and get knocked o' th' head, like a blockhead ; I warrant I know how to dispose of my means.

It would be wrong, indeed, to think of leaving so kind an uncle.—The word kind a little accented, Jack.—Sir ! says he.

Why, as you have stated the case, I think him very much to blame ; he cannot reasonably expect such success in the profession of a soldier, as is likely to be equivalent to your kindness ; for it is generally believed you intend him for your heir, as I understand nature and the law have made him : and I dare say you would have no objection to settling a decent maintenance upon him during your life, provided he will relinquish his present design.

Settle ! hah !—Tie myself up, hah ! and reward the dog for his disobedience !—No, no, I do know better than that too. My estate is all of my own getting ; none of your heirables ; can leave it to Thomas Nokes, if I am so minded. What o' that ? I did design he should ha' had it, if he had not —, a puppy ! Here, sir, is a bank bill of a hundred pounds ; more than ever he could expect, after — : and tell him never to see my face again.

If that is all the kindness you ever design him, sir, the hand of common friendship will do more for him. Better he had had no uncle, no mercenary relation ; he would then have been taught some art, or some profession, that might have procured him an honourable subsistence ; which, if he obtains it from you, I see must be obtained by slavery, and by the servility of a spaniel dog. Good evening, sir.—Good evening, Jack.

Thine,

HENRY CHESLYN.

LAURA STANLEY TO JULIA FOSTON.

Boulogne.

THE kindness of my Julia's letter, and the pleasure it has given me, are both inexpressible ; yet the commencement of our epistolary correspondence has been so long delayed, that I had almost celebrated, with sighs and tears, the funeral obsequies of our friendship. I have been tormenting myself with the unavailing remembrances of our innocent pleasures, whilst you, amidst the joys of that world I long to enter, have been regretting your Laura, and her convent. So mild, so quiet was always the nature of your enjoyments, that could you have been indulged in the alternate amusements of your work, your music, your painting, and your books, a thought of the pleasures this same world could give, would never have drawn forth a single sigh. But is this the end of our creation,

Julia? To what purpose is it we learn those accomplishments that charm mankind, if we were to live for ever where there is no mankind to charm? This accomplished boarding school, for it is a convent only in name, can give us French, Italian, harmony, good breeding, and the graces. What are these, more than embellishments of beauty? Aids to that stronger, kinder something, (you comprehend me, Julia,) that nature has given us, to fetter these lords of the creation, and bind them to our will. For my part I am so pleased with this admirable disposition of art and nature, that I am impatient to act the part they have allotted me; to join my Julia, and enslave mankind.

But you are a philosopher, and I am a mad-cap; *tant mieux*, we shall accommodate one another. You shall shew me the cotyledons of flowers, and I will shew you my last new cap. You shall entertain me with the generation of insects, and I will display my love-letters in amplest beau-spelling before you. I fancy, Julia, your conversations with Mr Cheslyn, about the sexes of plants, and the generation of minerals and vegetables, must be very edifying. My brother, I doubt, understands that of animals only; but that won't do for you, Julia. You are a mighty girl for generation in theory; but here is a Miss Thompson, poor girl, sent prisoner here for the practice. What a sad thing, Julia! This young lady has chose me for her confidante; and as her story may serve to illustrate your theory, sometime or other I may *inform* you with it.

This badinage, I fear, will not recommend me to my sage Julia, whose thoughts and conversation hold no alliance with such girlish follies: but wisdom will come when it will come.

I shall expect it in the next mail from Dover, in a form, whether of persuasion or reproof, that will be always welcome to

LAURA STANLEY.

NANCY SUTTON TO HER BROTHER.

Ottingham.

My kind, my unkind, my generous, impetuous brother! you have almost broke my heart.

But one support on earth that I could rest upon with confidence, and that torn from under me: not by the cruel hand of necessity; not by the allurements of hope; but by the wanderings of a too impatient mind.

Are there not a thousand schemes you might have fallen upon to obtain, in your own country, a free and independent subsistence, but you must fly to foreign climes, to tainted regions, where war and desolation reign, to become an adept in the murder of mankind?

Would thou wert a cottager, my Tommy, thy

wealth a flock of sheep, myself the shepherdess, and content our portion.

A farewell visit too!—Come, then, and bid, if thou canst, farewell

To thy affectionate

NANCY.

JOHN CHESLYN TO HIS BROTHER.

Wigton.

ONCE upon a time, Harry, lived a man, who bought an estate in land, lying in a form so round, so square, that if the mathematicians had had the ordering it, they could scarce have put more land within a less circumference: only there happened to be sixty acres in the centre, the property of a neighbouring gentleman, with a right of road to it on three sides. These circumstances made the value of it to the new purchaser twice as great as to any one else: he therefore paid his neighbour the first friendly visit, which, according to the country etiquette, was paying him a compliment.

I am vastly fond, Harry, of extracting the marrow of conversations, by which means, the essence of an hour's talk may be put into a minute's reading, and the matter, like my friend's land, may come within the least circumference.

Have you any objection, says the new comer to the resident, to selling such a parcel of land for a good price?

A good price would be a temptation, no doubt, replies the gentleman, otherwise—it is an old family estate.

Will you name it? says the first.

About four thousand, says the second.—Exorbitant, says the first.

'Tis above the market, doubtless, replies the second, and so it ought; its value to you is twice the common rate; and I think myself entitled to a better price on that consideration.

A gentleman (the word a little accented, Harry) would think more of obliging his neighbour, than of taking advantage of his necessity.

The other resented the accentuation. Words arose. They parted. Opposed each other at the ensuing election, at the expense of twenty thousand pounds a-piece, and still continue to do each other all manner of left-hand kind offices possible.

A wise man, saith Solomon, seeketh his own emolument, by means the most likely to obtain it.

If there be anything in the above tale applicable to thy negotiation with Samuel Sutton, thou wilt ask thyself, if thou art a wise man?

I will tell thee a story, above two thousand years old, which will shew, that thou mayest be a great politician, answer the above question how thou wilt.

Carthage, Harry, had settled colonies in the Hesperides, which, in time, grew to be worth something. Carthage desired to tax these fortunate islands: the fortunate islands did not desire to be taxed.—The marrow of their negotiations may be comprised in the following short dialogue.

C. We are to desire you, gentlemen, to submit, patiently and lovingly, to a few taxes, which our country will do itself the honour to lay upon yours, as times and occasions may offer.

H. We must beg the favour of you to permit us to tax ourselves, as the people of your good country are accustomed to do, whom we are fond of imitating, and of calling our friends and brethren, upon all occasions.

C. To tax yourselves, will not answer our purpose; for how can you be judges of what we want?

H. At least as well as you can be, of what we are able to pay.

C. If you give us no more than you like, that will probably be very little.

H. If you take from us what you please, that will probably be very much.

C. We have laid a heavy load upon ourselves, for your emolument; gratitude ought to induce you to submit to our demands.

H. Honestly, now, did you do this for our sakes, or your own? But be it for ours, we are making your people a large return, by working for them with all our might. The greatest part of the whole profit of our industry has been always yours, permit it to continue so. Turn all our trade into your own harbours, as you are wont. Tax in your own country the commodities you make us buy. But let us be favoured with the privilege your people so justly boast of, as their greatest safeguard. Let us give and grant our own money.

C. As to the benefit of your trade, it may be something to our people in general; but what is it to the necessities of government? We want a benefit flowing full and fast into the exchequer; we don't understand your round-about way of sending it through the body of the people.

H. We believe it; otherwise you would certainly be content with receiving it, as you now do, in the best manner possible, for the good of the whole.

C. What we have already, we have no occasion to demand. More, gentlemen, more, and by a straight-forward road.

H. We cannot consent to it.

C. Then by G—d we will dragoon you, till you do.

H. Pray, gentlemen, consider. Let us beg you to hear what we have to say; for both our sakes, gentlemen.

C. Implicit compliance, unconditional submission, and your money, are the things we want, and will have.

H. Win them and wear them.

So Carthage sent out fleets and armies, and spent as much of her own money in five years, as she had expected to get of her colonies in one hundred. Fare thee well, Henry.

Thine,

JOHN CHESLYN.

JOHN CHESLYN TO HIS BROTHER.

Wigton.

SIR HOWELL HENNETH, the great misanthrope, whose life and conversation may be classed in the number of Welch curiosities, died about a year since, and left his estates and effects to be contested amongst a number of equidistant relations. These hopeful intentions of the knight have been woefully frustrated by an amicable agreement, the consequence of which is, an immediate sale. The estate contains about four thousand acres, stretching along the coast of Cardigan bay. The family seat is a large old castle, in good, though gloomy repair, and well furnished in the seventeenth century fashion. Mr Foston is actually looking out for something of this kind, and prefers a situation on the coast, for the benefit of the sea breezes, which are salutary for a complaint he contracted in Indostan. A Mr Coring of Gray's-inn has the sale. Mr Foston would buy the estate, with the castle, and all its furniture; and begs that you will go to the said Mr Coring, and hear his terms. In the meantime, Mr Foston intends to visit the estate; and has done me the favour to request my company. He should have it, Harry, to the end of the world: his virtues command my esteem; his amiabilities, my affection.

Besides, he is the father of Julia. Adieu, Harry; be speedy, and direct to Cardigan.

Thine,

JOHN CHESLYN.

HENRY CHESLYN TO HIS BROTHER.

London.

WHAT a fine thing it is to be wise; never to have the sober judgment led astray by the vagaries of a wild imagination; never to have the calm tranquillity of the soul ruffled by disorderly passions; never to have —. See Seneca, Jack.

Carthage would have said for herself; Is the honour, the dignity of a mighty nation, to be insulted; and political high-mightiness to skulk under the petticoat of prudence?

I, for myself; is the pride of moral virtue to lose its native fire, and freeze under the cool covering of discretion?

I will be a tale in thy debt, Jack, whenever it happens, that thou art surprised into feeling, and I am betrayed into cool consideration.

The post has this instant brought thy second letter. I obey the contents.

Mr Coring and I have had a full hour's conversation concerning Henneth Castle, and the terms of the sale; I inclose these terms, and the substance of the conversation. If Mr Foston chooses to strike the bargain immediately, these terms must be complied with; because Mr Coring has not power to alter them, without a meeting of the proprietors: this will take up much time, and may produce competitors; for, if I may believe this gentleman, he has already been treated with by a nobleman, who would have complied with the price, but would not take the old furniture of the castle at the present appraisement, nor indeed, if he could avoid it, at any.

I beg my compliments to Mr Foston, and shall be happy to serve him on this or any other occasion.

Thine,
HENRY CHESLYN.

JAMES FOSTON TO HENRY CHESLYN.

Cardigan.

SIR,

I HAVE the favour of your packet, and am determined, by its contents, to accept Mr Coring's proposals, without giving any farther trouble; and indeed I look upon myself as rather lucky, in having intelligence of this business at so early a stage. If the whole merit of the situation had been more generally known, I must most certainly have met with competitors, who would have raised the value of it immediately.

I send you drafts on Drummond and Co. for 5000*l.* to make the deposit agreed on, with full powers to sign the article on my part.

As one of the conditions is, that I shall be put in immediate possession of the castle, and its precincts, on signing the article, I beg the proper orders for this may be given; and you will please to request Mr Coring to inform you when the conveyance can be completed, in order that I, on my part, may be prepared with the purchase money.

For this purpose I must sell out 40,000*l.* of the three per cent consols, which I should write to my broker to execute against the time; but that he does not stand altogether so fair in my opinion, as that I can put so great a concern into his hands.

I should blush to request you to undertake this for me, did not your brother assure me, you are never more in your element, than when you are obliging others; and, indeed, I find little

difficulty in believing, that brothers may have kindred minds.

When this affair is finished, I shall hope to see you at the Castle of Henneth; where, though I do not intend to follow the example of Sir Benjamin Beauchamp, in the peopling his Shenston Green, I do hope to form a neighbourhood of the worthy and the good. I am, sir,

Your most obliged,

JAMES FOSTON.

JULIA FOSTON TO LAURA STANLEY.

Wigton.

I KNOW not, my dear Laura, how to express the mingled sensations of pleasure and pain the reading your letter gave me. My facetious friend can, if she pleases, give delight by her conversation, or her pen, without the aid of arch libertinism, the sly allusion, or the *double entendre*.

A prude like you, will my Laura retaliate, may have as loose ideas, as a madcap like myself. The difference lies in the art of concealment.

Habits, my Laura, whether good or bad, are got by exercise. From the indulgence of ideas, too free or too gross, arises their greater strength and frequency. It may at length become the habit of the mind, and uncontrollable by the will; and what woman of delicacy would choose to have her mind a slave to the involuntary impurity of thought?

But it is a lesson of art, replies my Laura; nature has no hand in it.

And can it be necessary, then, for women, before they will put on the *robe of modesty*, to examine whether it was wove by the hand of nature? It is the fashion to wear it; and so becoming, so graceful, so universally approved, that no woman, I think, should lay it aside for an instant, even by herself. To be without it abroad, is like going into company naked.

I know not, my Laura, whether you will find wisdom in this packet from Dover; but you will find affection; and will easily pardon the freedom of friendship, without which it is but an empty name.

I am still the guest of Sir Richard and Lady Stanley; but expect soon to be made a princess of Wales, by my father, who is gone to purchase an ancient regal habitation there, called Henneth Castle. You, Laura, shall be one of my maids of honour; Harriet also, but that she takes so decided a part, in the treaty now carrying on, about my heart, and please you.

My highness is not very well pleased at this; not because I should not think myself honoured by an alliance with the family of my Laura, but because I cannot reconcile myself to the impetuous temper of her brother. A man must have been much humoured in his infancy, who displays in

manhood the petulance of a child, unable to obtain the toy he wants. He must know but little neither, of the softer affections, who imagines they can be generated by spleen and perverseness.

To increase the jest, Harriet absolutely scolds me for spoiling her brother's temper, naturally sweet and gentle.—Gentle, Laura! I will make myself a road to your heart, says he, once in a fit of courtship, through the lungs of my rivals.

This was a menace for Mr Cheslyn, who honoured it with a smile, his usual reply to these high-soaring rants. Yes, Laura, this gentleman and I have found the secret of talking over all your catalogue of generations, without exciting an immodest idea. I am improved by his conversation, pleased and gratified by his politeness and attention. But there is nothing in these like love, at least like your brother's. Adieu, my Laura.

Your affectionate
JULIA FOSTON.

HENRY CHESLYN TO JAMES FOSTON.

London.

SIR,

I HAVE the pleasure to wish you every felicity your new purchase can bestow; the article was signed, and the deposit-money paid, last night. Mr Coring has fixed six weeks for the completion of the deeds of conveyance, against which time I shall take the most promising opportunity to sell out your 40,000/.

My own acquaintance in the alley is small; but a very respectable young man, once a clerk to the house in which I was a partner, is now one of the clerks of office there. This gives him an opportunity of knowing the gentlemen of the college, as they are called emphatically; and of pointing out to me those people who are known to do *real* business with honour and probity.

It is now near the time of the rescontres, and the angry bulls go bellowing up and down, damning the ministry, because the times are lowering like themselves. Martinico taken, or Count d'Estaing, with his ships and men, conveniently deposited at the bottom of the sea, might enable these gentlemen to sell to advantage the stock they have contracted to buy. Now these are honest fellows, and heartily wish success to the arms of their country.

Not so the bears. These are gentry who have contracted to sell a certain quantity of stock in May next; and having, like the bulls, little or no real property in the funds, are under the disagreeable necessity of first buying what they have engaged to sell.

The loss of Jamaica, or the defeat of Sir Henry Clinton, or any event which would give a temporary tumble to the stocks, would be pro-

pitious to these worthy gentlemen, who, if disappointed in these their laudable wishes, must waddle out in the character of lame-ducks.

Whenever you can call yourself settled at Henneth Castle, there are few of the ordinary events of life can give me more pleasure than to attend you there.

I am, sir,
With great esteem,
Your most obedient servant,
HENRY CHESLYN.

HENRY CHESLYN TO HIS BROTHER.

London.

THOU hast been in holy Catholic countries, Jack, where, contrary to the orders of nature, and the dictates of common sense, they shut up young girls, to bewail their virginity; but I never heard thou wert enough of a knight errant to release a single one of them from her burden.

I have braver and more heroic feelings, and have happened of a nunnery adventure, which, if I can terminate it to my mind, will end according to custom, in liberty to the damsel; and contrary to custom, in preservation of her virginity.

I supped at the Cocoa-tree last night with Sir James Scopton, and three or four more rakes of quality; thy acquaintance, Jack, not mine. After we had drunk some half dozen bumpers to some of the silliest people in this little kingdom, the ladies had their turn, and Sir James Scopton gave Miss Melton.—And who is Miss Melton, Sir James?—A nun.—But lest any of your honours should think the dignity of your several fair ones injured, by the introduction of a nun of Madam P—'s order into their respectable society, I must tell you all I know about her.

Not having the fear of God before my eyes, I last night rambled into the convent over which Mrs P— presides. The good abbess informed me of a new pensioner, whose name was Melton, brought there by the captain of a privateer, who took her upon the high seas in an American vessel. The captain continuing his cruise, sent the lady to his house at Deptford, whither he returned about a month ago.

Within a little week, alas! the captain was guilty of some indiscretions, which excited tumults in the bosom of his gentle spouse. It seems, she is of that order of women, who cannot be jealous without anger; nor angry without feeling emotions of revenge. In short, she raised a storm more dreadful to the captain than any he had encountered at sea, and at length drove him and the lady overboard. He took refuge with Mrs P—, who, he said, was his near relation, and a most excellent woman.

The captain visited Miss Melton every day for

a week ; but finding he lost his time, his money, and his labour, he consoled himself with some of the sisterhood, and consigned her over to Mrs P—.

Mrs P— is a well-bred woman, and informed Miss Melton of her situation with all the politeness imaginable.

Miss Melton was not so polite : on the contrary, she asserted her claim to independency and freedom, (for she is an American,) with great spirit and force of language ; not without mingling certain innuendoes, by no means agreeable to the elegant ears of Mrs P—. The captain swore she was his property by the laws of war : he had a better title from the lady's poverty and want of friends. Several gentlemen had been introduced to her ; some she laughed at ; others she abused ; according to the mirthful or splenetic mood she happened to be in.

This account, continued Sir James, raised my curiosity at least ; I determined to see her ; and Mrs P— conducted me into her apartment.

She was sitting at a table, a book in one hand, and resting her cheek upon the other. She raised her head, but discovered no emotion at the sight of us.—Sir James Scepton, miss, announced Mrs P— ; a gentleman entitled to more civility than you are accustomed to shew.—No doubt, replies Miss Melton ; and pray, madam, is it to curiosity, or, as you call it, to business, I owe the honour of this visit ?—Sir James will explain his own intentions, miss. Your part is to acquiesce, and oblige.—Else what follows, Mrs P— ?—What generally does follow, to people who contract debts without regard to payment.

A gaol ?—Very well, Mrs P— ; but why will you not put this expedient in execution, before I have contracted a larger debt ?

Because, miss, I hope to prevail upon you to be your own friend by gentler means.

You deceive yourself. The idea of death is more agreeable to me than that of prostitution. I am not ranting, Mrs P— ; I am the child of a thousand sorrows ; joy in any shape can never more enter my bosom. It cannot be worth your while, indeed it cannot, to subject me to violation, or the arts of seduction.

Her voice, which had been firm and monotonous, faltered in speaking this. Her bosom swelled ; tears gushed out in a sudden and violent burst ; she threw a cambric handkerchief over her face, and turned from us, as if to conceal her weakness.

I withdrew without a word. The bawd followed me. Her encomiums on the delicate shapes, the wanton eyes, the alabaster bosoms of her other nymphs, were lost upon me. You will scarce believe it ; but I actually went home to my solitary bed, to sobriety and reflection.—Adieu, Jack.

Thine,

HENRY CHESLYN.

JOHN CHESLYN TO HIS BROTHER.

Cardigan.

THOU hast done me credit, Harry, by the diligence and ability with which thou hast hitherto conducted Mr Foston's business. I will learn to abuse thee less, if I can ; and moreover, I will gratify thee with a description of some parts of the purchase thou hast made, which, by the powers thou hast sent us, we shall receive possession of to-morrow in form.

Henneth Castle, which covers about one acre of ground, stands on the summit of an hill, or rather in comparison of the mountains near it, an hillock.

This hill rises from the sea by a gentle acclivity ; the distance of the summit, in a straight line, is about half a mile ; but the footpath winds to about twice the space. The horse-road is on the opposite side, rough, broken, and neglected.

The area, on which the house is built, is a dry loamy plain of twelve acres, walled round, not quite level, and contains a something that imitates at once a garden and an orchard ; the trees old and covered with moss ; scrubbed hedges run into all manner of misshapeness ; no exotic shrubs, and scarce a flower ; but there is a tolerable collection of cabbage and cauliflower, and a few wall-fruit-trees, not altogether despicable.

The most capital object, however, is a noble stercorary of ten years' accumulation ; unless you choose to except about a million of new bricks, which cover the greatest part of the area.

The castle itself is a most noble Gothic structure, with an intolerable appearance of gloom both within and without ; the windows being of the last, or preceding centuries, and half of them covered with ivy.

The building is so firm, that forty years neglect has been able to do it little damage. The furniture is old and substantial ; the best beds six feet from the ground ; the hangings rich antiques. The second-rate apartments ravaged by moths : the third-rate, overrun by rats.

I am cut short in my description by the arrival of thy last. More, more of Miss Melton, dear Harry, if thou lovest me.

Thine,

JOHN CHESLYN.

HENRY CHESLYN TO HIS BROTHER.

London.

EVERY glass of wine I drank, after Sir James had ended his tale, tended to make me sick ; and the nausea was intolerable, when, after some frothy question and answer concerning Miss

Melton's person, these brutes,—pardon me, Jack, these gentlemen of the *ton*,—set in hard earnest about making their bets.

Above a thousand pounds was honourably done, that she would, or would not, persist in her resolution; that Mother P— did, or did not, get her ravished, or drugged, or imprisoned. But not a single sentiment of pity informed the breast of any one.

I bade good night, a long good night, Jack, to these thy honourable friends. I went home to bed, and dreamed of Miss Melton. She clung close about me the next morning, and infected me with a strange kind of languor and lassitude. I communicated the matter to Tom Sutton, whose milk of human kindness is ready to boil over before mine is thoroughly warm. We determined to see Miss Melton, if possible, that evening, and to act according to circumstances.

The evening came, and carried us, with unblushing fronts, to the theatre of our designs. An embroidered waiter shewed us into a very handsome apartment, and politely asked if we chose the ladies. We chose the mistress. The mistress was proud of the honour of our company; assured us her girls were exceedingly delicate, handsome, and well bred, and fresh and untainted as a morning rose.—Then send us in a couple of bottles of that wine which the dear creatures most like, and drink a bumper with us to the god of love!—The wine came in an instant; madam filled three handsome glasses, and gave us a sentiment as fat as butter: And now, says she, let me send you the girls.—The whole circle, by and by, madam; but at this instant our curiosity is on fire to see a certain votary of Diana, whom Sir James Scopton told us you keep by you as a phenomenon.—Oh, Miss Melton, says she; well, you are all alike, I see; all mad for variety and difficulty: but you will throw away your time, I assure you. I wish the sea had had her and her confounded captain at its bottom, before I had seen her face. I am fifty pounds out of pocket betwixt them both.

Then, I suppose, you would be obliged to any one who would pay you that fifty, and take her off your hands?

No, nor another fifty into the bargain, replies Madam P—, letting down her nether lip, and giving me a confounded leer; if I can once bring her to do business, and I have more ways than one, I can make two hundred of her the first month, and, before she is blown upon, sell her to some gouty lord for another.

A very profitable commerce, Mrs P—.

Lord, gentlemen, so it ought. Consider our risks.

They are very great, indeed; especially if you bring them *all* into the calculation.

Oh, as to that matter, says she, I have a good intelligence with some insurers of souls, especially at the tabernacle insurance office: and

yet, I am not quite easy at times. But come, gentlemen, pouring out another glass, here is success to trade. But you must be upon honour. Fifty pieces are the least I expect, if you succeed with Miss Melton.

You shall have them; so please to send the compliments of two strangers to the lady, and beg leave to wait upon her.

No, no, replies she, follow me; we use no such ceremony.

Let us have our way for once, Mrs P—; you know not what politeness and civility may do.

I have tried them, says she, to no purpose; but as you please. A waiter was accordingly sent up, and returned with this answer, that she believed the message was insidious; that she received no visits willingly; but she too well knew the place she was in, and its customs, not to be sensible that a denial would avail her nothing. Mrs P— and the gentlemen must use their pleasure.

You see, says Mrs P—; come along.

Miss Melton was walking along her apartment in much agitation. She took no notice of our reverences: but turning to our chaste mother, with a mixture of anger and contempt, Mrs P—, says she, I insist upon it, that you subject me no longer to this insolent usage. I demand my liberty, or the execution of your country's laws. If I have incurred the penalty of imprisonment, send me to prison. This house is no legal place of confinement; beware of the consequences. Take care how you abuse the power which lust and villainy have put into your hands, lest, friendless as you now think me, I may one day call you to a severe account.

Well, miss, since you are so proud, and obstinate, and ungrateful, I promise you, casting a glance at the mirrors and settees, you shall have other sort of apartments soon, replies Madam P—, with becoming stateliness.—Gentlemen, I believe our presence here is at present useless.

Permit us to stay a few minutes; perhaps we may be able to dispose the lady to some abatement of her anger.

Well, gentlemen, replies Mrs P—, you are upon honour; but I expect your visit to be short. So down she went.

Since our visit is to be so short, Miss Melton, says I, will you permit us to make it as useful as we can? Assure yourself, in the first place, that we came not hither for the purpose you apprehend; we learnt a part of your story from Sir James Scopton, and our sole intention is to assist and relieve you.

Miss Melton turned to look upon us, with a kind of astonishment, but spoke not. I went on.

A lady circumstanced as you are, must, and ought to be, suspicious. We scarcely expect

you to give us credit, when we say, we are influenced by motives of compassion only. The little we have heard of you raised our esteem ; your present behaviour has increased it. Though we know not the nature of your misfortunes, we conclude they must have been severe to have thrown you into a situation so abhorrent to your disposition.

At the mention of misfortunes, the tear started into her eye ; she threw herself on a seat, and, as I went on, became more and more unable to resist the rising sorrow ; at length she hid her lovely face in her handkerchief, and gave free vent to the gushing tide. The sight melted us into silence.

Remaining thus a few minutes, when I thought the violence of her grief abated, I ventured to move towards her, and taking her hand, said, or endeavoured to say, something kind and soothing.

In an instant she slid from her seat upon her knees, and, clasping her hands together, gave me, in silence, the most beseeching, the most pity-moving, soul-subduing look, that —. Unable to bear it, I sunk also upon my knee beside her, and, bowing upon her hand, endeavoured to speak, but could not. Why, I know not, but her emotion seemed to increase : still on her knees, she turned half round, dropt her head upon the settee, and, with a deep-drawn, heart-piercing sigh, fainted away.

We were lifting her up, in order to seat her gently, when Mrs P— entered the room, and seeing our employment, came simpering onwards, with nods and smiles of approbation ; but observing the true state of the matter, she exclaimed, What have you been doing, devils ? then ran to the closet for water, and applied her smelling bottle with infinite bustle.

When Miss Melton recovered to recollection, and saw this infamous woman thus assiduous about her, she seemed to regard her with a look of disgust and loathing, which Tom observing, drew away Mrs P— to another part of the room.

I took this opportunity of endeavouring to soothe Miss Melton by the kindest expressions. She heard me some time in silence. At length, taking my hand betwixt both hers, and looking up at me with a supplicating aspect, May the God of Heaven, says she, reward you as you are now sincere ! I will throw myself with confidence upon you. I will consider you as the sole support of my affliction on this side the grave : to that grave alone will I ever more trust for relief, if I am now deceived.

I repeat your prayer, Miss Melton : Heaven so deal by me, as I execute with faith and honour the trust you repose in me !

By this time a warm dispute had arisen betwixt Tom and Mrs P— ; she insisting, that nothing but rude and indecent behaviour could

have thrown the poor dear young lady into a fit.

Lord, madam, says Tom, I tell you it was a love fit ; and what does it signify to you, you know, how it is brought about, since, whenever it comes, you will have the benefit.

A propos, Miss Melton, says I, I perceive it is very necessary to dissemble an hour or two, till we have settled the best plan for getting you hence. This, I fear, cannot be done to-night, nor at all, perhaps, without a too liberal reward of vice, or an application to the laws of our country. Will you permit me to throw a mist over the old lady's eyes, by ordering a supper into your apartment, at which, if you can bear her company for an hour, it may facilitate our designs ?

Alas, sir ! says she, I cannot judge ; I can only confide : but let me petition you for early hours.—Assuredly, madam.

What would you do with your *mal-à-propos* interruption ? says Tom ; cut Cupid's wings before they are half grown ?—endeavouring, at the same time, to prevent her approaching us.

I rose, as having observed nothing of this, and assuming the free air and licentious wink of a rake, (any docile fellow may learn it from thy companions, Jack,) Mrs P—, says I, Miss Melton has kindly given us permission to sup in her apartment, and hopes for the favour of your company. Let us have something elegant by ten. And, hark ye, madam, half whispering, send in half a dozen bottles of calcavella to the unengaged part of the sisterhood, a peace-offering for preferring the charms of a stranger to theirs.

But what did you do to my dear child, to put her into a fit ? says she. I must know from her own mouth.

By all means, madam.

My sweet love, says she, I hope these gentlemen have comforted themselves with due civility ?

I don't complain, Mrs P—.

But what put you in a fit, my child ?

Too much sensibility, madam.

Devil ! says she to me ; I can't comprehend this—and will my dear girl choose anything particular for supper ?

Nothing, madam.

Well ; I will go and give orders : but you must beware of too much sensibility, child.

What a dear, sweet, and precious daughter would you be, says Tom to Miss Melton, if you would but be good !

I must give you the sequel per next post, for the instant is arrived, when I go to effectuate the release of this sweet girl. Adieu.

Thine,

HENRY CHESLYN.

LAURA STANLEY TO JULIA FOSTON.

Boulogne.

THE pleasure I ought to have received from my Julia's last letter, breathing the soul of modesty and female delicacy, is much diminished by the sentiments I see she entertains of my brother.

Of all the variety of wishes which present themselves in crowds to young and playful imaginations, I have dwelt upon none with so much pleasure as that of embracing Julia as my sister; with the double view of securing to my brother the supreme felicity of connubial affection, and to myself the almost equal happiness of a perpetual and unfading friendship.

But if my brother cannot give back the felicity he must certainly receive, whether the disability arise from the caprices of his own head, or my Julia's heart, it is a sufficient bar to his pretensions. It is to be lamented that there is so generally, both in the parents and tutors of heirs of fortune, a fatal bias towards indulgence. The eldest son of Sir Richard Stanley might have been more amiable had he been the younger; and the faults of my brother might have been less conspicuous to you, Julia, if they had not been so contrasted with the good humour, and other engaging qualities, of the free, the roving, and unwounded Cheslyn. What great sage was it who observed, that love improves the solid qualities of the mind, but mars the brilliant? If this be true, draw two conclusions: first, that Mr Cheslyn is an unstricken deer; and that my brother's wound may one day operate to his advantage. Look to it, Julia.

From the delightful employment of talking with my friend, I was yesterday evening called down—to say my prayers. Not quite so agreeable an amusement, I confess.

Don't frown, Julia. Devotion is not the sum total of female good qualities: truth has, or ought to have, its value.

On a review of my letter to this place, I declare, Julia, I cannot recognize myself, except, perhaps, in the last paragraph. All the rest is so wise, and so serious, that it must be an exotic, springing from that plant of wisdom, which came in the packet from England. The soil, the soil, Julia, is unproductive. I know it by this circumstance, amongst others, that, notwithstanding I am unable to make a satisfactory reply to my elegant friend's dissertation on modesty, I cannot feel the necessity of this mighty shyness and reserve.—*Entre nous*.—Alas, Julia! nature has ordained us to be particular and woful actors in this—what shall I call it? this—commerce of the sexes. We may act; but we must not say a word, nor think, if we can help it. Is this wisdom, Julia? And I have Miss Thompson's story to tell, too, and no words to

tell it in, but those which, in spite of all I can do, will convey some ideas about this—commerce of the sexes. Bless the good heart of the he or the she, who first invented this modest and delicate term!

Miss Thompson, then, is a young and blooming virgin—Pshaw! I will make a reserve of this story, Julia, and not attempt to tell it, till I can get over the threshold, at least, without stumbling: in the meantime I make my bends to your Cambrian highness, and humbly sue for the post of first maid of honour, if I am not unfortunately disqualified by wrong *conceptions*. I expect your highness's chastisement for this. Adieu. I kiss the rod.

LAURA STANLEY.

JOHN CHESLYN TO HIS BROTHER.

Henneth Castle.

YESTERDAY, Harry, we took the castle, and, besides the stores in Mr Coring's schedule, found three of those animals, whom it was formerly the custom, all over Europe, to assign, sell, and set over with the rest of the chattels. A Mrs Martha Gwynn, housekeeper, of twenty years standing; Sally Lloyd, a sprightly menial, and Christopher Cluydd, the old gardener.

Mrs Gwynn seems about sixty, has a good understanding, and a decent, but not adulative exterior: I like her much.

She makes no secret of the little history of her life, which, indeed, has nothing singular in it. First of all, she was ruined after the manner of women. Secondly, she was married, and then, by an idle, extravagant husband, ruined after the manner of men. Thirdly, she became a widow, and went into service to seek her fortune; served a score of fine ladies in the capacity of woman; grew sick of intrigue, caprice, and dissipation, and retired to Henneth Castle, to become housekeeper, slave, and *gouvernante*, to Sir Howell Henneth.

This man's history, she says, would make two decent volumes of good novel reading; the short-hand of it is simply this:—

At the age of twenty-two, Sir Howell found himself master of a large fortune, without father, mother, brother, or sister. He had gone through the college duties, stole a visit or two to town, caught a glimpse of its pleasures, and longed for a full enjoyment.

Twelve years he spent in all the pride and pomp of equipage; gave the *ton* to the *beau monde*, and became the fashion of the fair. Half a dozen trips to Paris, two to Italy, a score or two of *volant amours*, and a couple of duels, raised him to the summit of reputation.

Toward the end of his brilliant career, he became attached to Signora Laura Bellini, a Venetian lady of illustrious extraction; for she was

the daughter of a dancer at the opera ; and possessed a reputation for chastity as pure and unclouded as her mother. For this precious possession he fought once with the son of a senator ; was imprisoned two months ; twice paid her debts, and finally brought her into England.

Besides this most lovely, most angelic of her sex, Sir Howell had the good fortune to possess a—FRIEND ; a man of firm integrity, and most unspotted honour.

For this dear friend he had engaged himself in two bonds for five thousand pounds ; had bailed him twice ; and an execution having been laid upon his goods, during one of Sir Howell's excursions, the knight, at his return, took him into his house, as he had before into his bosom, and supported him almost at equal expense with himself.

This dear friend repaid this generosity by an elopement with Lady Laura, with Lady Laura's jewels, and with all the baronet's money they could get hold of, in the course of a long premeditated fraud.

This double assassination of love and friendship distracted him. He traced his friend to Vienna. His friend ran him honourably through the body ; and having lost the most fiery part of his blood, he recovered, and returned to England with the remainder.

He was complimented on his return with a demand of the five thousand pounds : his blood took fire again ; he defended the cause through all the courts, and finally paid 6734*l.* 7*s.* 11*d.*

The consumption of all his ready money, and a debt of ten thousand pounds, brought him down again to temperate. Vain were the allurements of beauty ; Ranelagh was insipid ; the opera tasteless : he grew sick of all ; and amused himself during a whole summer, in marking seven thousand venerable oaks, which shaded his fair domain, and robbed the traveller of many a view of the antique turrets.

Philosophers say, effects cannot precede their causes. Ten thousand pounds was the allowed effect of the fall of the oaks in the following spring : but by some unknown powers of nature, or of art, this effect was produced — at the fall of the leaf. As the sum entered the baronet's purse, the magic vapour ascended to the brain, and renewed its ancient phantasms. On the wings of the post he flew to the grand theatre of pleasure : yet, hurt with the remembrance of the past, he changed the immediate scene of action, and shone a distinguished member of the august, illustrious, gold-despising club at White's.

There let us leave him for the present ; for the receipt of the second letter of thy adventure has taken away all inclination to say a word more of his. Success attend thee, Harry.

Thine,

JOHN CHESLYN.

HENRY CHESLYN TO HIS BROTHER.

London.

OH, Jack, Jack ! now could I drink hot blood, or bay the moon. Now could I direct the artillery of heaven against those things, called ministers ; who make the murder of mankind their sport ; who, from the lap of luxury, issue out their orders to ravage, to assassinate a land. Thou knowest with how stoical an apathy I bore the loss of my property, by this plague and pestilence of Britain ; this jest of the surrounding nations—this American war ! But the sufferings of the all-accomplished Miss Melton, of the girl I love, or fear I love, raises the storm of passion too high for restraint. I have lost her, Jack ; lost her by the vile artifice of the detested Mrs P—. If anger would let me, I could lie down and die.

Adieu.

The silence, rather than the sleep of the night, has assuaged the tempest that raged within me ; and as I have an hour to the time of action, I will employ it in the continuation of my tale.

After the departure of Mrs P—, we prevailed upon Miss Melton, who seemed quite spent with her emotions, to eat a biscuit steeped in wine. Nor did we omit anything in the power of words, to bring her mind to cheerfulness, or at least to composure. To inspire her with a greater degree of confidence, we told her all we had to tell concerning ourselves. I told her of the fall of my house.—Alas ! says she, then we are sufferers in the same cause.—I told her of the wickedness of my brother. She blessed my brother. In return she told the latter part of her own sad tale. I cannot relate it now ; nor never, never shall I relate it with half the sweet and tender eloquence with which it was expressed ; and which, with the wreck of beauty she still retains, persuades me, that once she must have been the most lovely of her sex.

A different scene succeeded ; for the supper came, and with it Mrs P—, who, supposing things in the train she wished, smiled and smirked, and poured out such a profusion of odious fondness on Miss Melton, that the nausea was intolerable.

After supper, I drew Mrs P— to one side of the apartment, and endeavoured to persuade her, that it was not her interest to detain Miss Melton for the purposes of prostitution, which ought to be a commerce with the willing only.

A little unwillingness, she said, served to enhance the value ; the eager volunteers were not the most sought after.

That respects the exterior of decency only ; no gentleman will bear the absolute repugnance which he will always meet with from this lady.

Not always, perhaps ; and smiled.

Mrs P—, says I, you may subject the body of Miss Melton to violation ; you may lay her virtue asleep by drugs, or drive her out of her senses by various means. If you do any of these, the torments of the damned will be too mild a punishment for you ; if you do not, I am convinced abhorrence of the vice by which you live will never leave her.

As I spoke with emphasis, I could perceive the wretch tremble and turn pale. I lavished upon her a few more of my moralities, and concluded with advising her to make a fair and honest bill, which I would discharge to-morrow, and remove Miss Melton to some cottage in the country, where she may regain the tranquillity she has lost by tumult and ill usage.

Curse your cottage ! says Madam P— ; I see what you are at ; and do you think I will resign her quietly into your possession for the paltry sum of fifty pounds ?

I shall not attempt to persuade *you*, Mrs P—, that my sole view in this affair is a virtuous one. But I must let you know that Miss Melton is a free woman, and has a right to go where she pleases.

No, she said, Miss Melton had been the property of Captain Suthall ; he took her prisoner upon the sea ; he gave her into my custody ; and to no other man will I deliver her——

Except a gouty lord, or under an hundred guineas. If, Mrs P—, I really had the intention to debauch Miss Melton, I should, like a man of modern honour, pay you for the value received. But, notwithstanding what you think, as I *know* I have a contrary design, I think it hard to be forced to pay for the little good one is able to do in the world ; nor do I think it much for the world's benefit, to be too liberal in the reward of vice. You are a useful woman, in your way, Mrs P—, I own ; populous cities, for aught I know, might be worse without you ; but certainly you should only beat up for volunteers, and not be allowed to *press* into the service.

Mr a—a—, says she, I have not the honour to know your name ; simple fornication is not the only vice of populous cities. There are such things as fraud and hypocrisy. Experience has taught me the value of an old caution of my mother's, " Whenever you hear a man brag of his honesty, take care of your purse."

Well hit off, Jack.

I am not bragging of my honesty, madam ; I am only exercising my compassion. You will not have the worse customer of me for releasing Miss Melton.

Words are nothing, sir.

True, madam ; I will therefore wait upon you to-morrow evening, and endeavour to convince you by things. In the meantime, you will please to consider my proposal ; I will just take leave of Miss Melton, and discharge my bill at your bar.

I did these things, Jack, and got clear of the house for something under five guineas ; three of which the kind sisterhood had honoured us with the libation of, in arrack and calcevalla.

The following day, my thoughts, words, and works, were all the sorrowing fair one's. I armed myself with proper authority to demand, if I could not obtain her ; and actually took with me, in the evening, two peace officers, with warrants, whom I placed under the conduct of Tom Sutton, within three doors of Mrs P—'s habitation.

Judge of my surprise, confusion, and rage, when this detested old woman answered my inquiry concerning Miss Melton's health, by informing me she was gone. Many a kind and affectionate lesson hast thou given me, my brother, on the impetuosity of my temper ; I flatter myself they have sometimes been of use ; but here, all reflection was lost in an instant ; my imagination kindled, and wisdom took an hasty flight. Mrs P— kept her coolness.

Gone ! Where ? Take care, madam, for, by the God of heaven, if she has been injured, most amply shall she be revenged !

O sir ! (says she, with a malicious sneer,) I doubt not of your *zeal* for *good works*. But she is already in safe hands, sir, very safe hands. She will be—*protected*, sir, and in due time meet the rewards due to her—*virtue*, sir.

The tone and manner of this drove me to distraction. I drew my sword, and might have been mad enough to have used it upon the old beldam ; but she was gone in an instant. I flew to Miss Melton's rooms ; they were empty. I searched half the house over ; sent the frightened women into their garrets, and the waiters into the cellars ; and, finally, left the house, imprecating vengeance on the execrable occupier.

Oh, Jack, Jack ! what a thing is man, when under the influence of passion ! I could not boast a moment of propriety during the whole evening. Tom reasoned, soothed, scolded, and abused me, equally in vain. Perfect fatigue, and weariness of anger, threw me at length into the arms of sleep. The first hour of the morning I have devoted to this confession of my follies. I am become more rational ; and we are now sallying forth in quest of intelligence, determined, if we fail in the search, to consult counsel, concerning the proper method of forcing Mrs P— to a discovery.

Thine,

HENRY CHESLYN.

JOHN CHESLYN TO HIS BROTHER.

Henneth Castle.

WHILST an hundred masons, joiners, carpenters, upholsterers, *et cætera*, are employing their

industry in modernizing this ancient castle ; whilst all the shopkeepers in Cardigan are sending in their ammunition stores ; whilst we are in hourly expectation of the arrival of Julia, Mr Stanley, and Harriet ; and whilst we are impatiently expecting the post, with happier tidings of the unfortunate Miss Melton, in whose fate we are much interested, what can I do better than finish the sketch of the brilliant Sir Howell Henneth, whose history, *amply done*, and published under the title of “ The Science of Reduction, *a-la-mode d’Angleterre*,” might be the most useful work *pour nous autres*, that *nous autres* could possibly read.

The distinguished and spirited part this gentleman now played, brought on some consequences, not uncommon, indeed, but unexpected, perhaps, and certainly undesirable. A multitude of mouldy parchments, long confined in damp and solitary cells, escaped their gloomy prisons, and found their way into some or other of the inns of court. Agents, under the denomination of land valuers, sprung up upon all parts of the estate, some to improve Welch industry, by raising of lands, others, to support the honour of the knight, by the fall of all the remaining timber, or by raising fines for the renewal of leases.

But the circumstance that does him most honour with the sons of chance, is, his being the original *granter* of life annuities to the swarthy sons of Judah, now a commerce of such magnitude and moment. A statue ought to have been erected to him in the front of the synagogue. But public virtue now-a-days—hah, Harry !

Gamsters may be divided (botanically) into two genera ; those who think too much, and those who think too little. Sir Howell was now become so decidedly of this latter family, that, it is presumed, he would totally have lost all power of reflection, had it not been for a fortunate fit of sickness, and the impertinence of an old steward, who, having grown grey in the family, had contracted a kind of regard for it ; and, having been the fonder of Sir Howell when in his infancy, the plebeian had presumed to contract a personal affection to him.

The result of all this was a clear conviction, that out of eight thousand pounds per annum, seven flowed into the purses of aliens ; one, and the fee simple of the rest, remained to Sir Howell. The steward did not relish this symptom of decayed *faculties*. The knight as little relished another ; the loss of memory. For, with the whole force of his mental powers, out of a thousand hours spent in the noble pastime of Cinque and Quatre, he could not recollect five that had given him real pleasure, in action or reflection. This was insupportable. He made, therefore, a passionate and vindictive resolution *to worship other gods* ; and, what will scarcely be credited, he kept it.

To finish the routine of ways and means, by which English gentlemen undo themselves, to the admiration of foreigners, with such infinite speed and spirit, it was now necessary to become a courtier. He grounded his hopes of rising to the first dignities of the state, on his interest in four Welch boroughs, and the county of Cardigan at large. The foundation was good ; the minister received him into the honourable order of unefficient placemen, and sent him into Wales to cultivate his borough interest. When such mighty interests are at stake, expense is not to be regarded. The election came on. Himself stood for the shire. The gentlemen of the county had an aversion to sinecure-men, and still greater to broken gamsters. He was thrown out by a great majority. The boroughs shewed still greater contempt of the candidates he supported. To fill up the measure of his humiliation, on his return to court, the minister turned his back upon him ; and, having contracted a fresh debt of ten thousand pounds, he found himself unable to live amongst his equals. He retained, however, a salutary pride, that would not permit him to descend. He threw up his place with disdain, and retired to this castle, fully imbued with the surly spirit of misanthropy.

For about ten years, which the old steward lived, he indulged this splenetic disposition to its utmost extent, seldom seeing the face of a human creature but his footman. I except old Vellum, who would, in spite of all the knight’s moroseness, force himself into the interdicted presence, and oblige him to hear his remonstrances. These were principally to induce him to attend to, and understand, his own business ; Which if you do not, says the good old man, at my death, your affairs will be in the greatest confusion ; and absolute ruin the most probable consequence. Old Hollitt, for that was his name, succeeded by dint of perseverance ; and, whilst he lived, the knight did not fall into many of those whimsical particularities, which distinguished the close of his existence. At Hollitt’s death, Sir Howell’s affairs were rather in a prosperous way. Some annuities, granted for the lives of others, had fallen in ; some mortgages had been paid off. The knight, without taking another steward, continued his business in the same train, and was getting rich apace.

It might have been expected, that with returning wealth, the desire of renewing some of the pleasures of his youth might have returned also ; but his pride had suffered so severely in the latter conflicts, that it would not permit him to enter the world again. Besides, he had lately made it his principal amusement to write bitter philippics against its pleasures, and had by this means convinced himself, that he despised and had renounced it for ever. I will conclude by giving you a view of his personal peculiarities, and his manner of living, for seven

or eight of his last years ; and you will be astonished at the strange mixture of genius, whim, misanthropy, and benevolence.

Besides his bed-chamber, he occupied two parlours ; in one he breakfasted, dined, supped, and transacted all the business he chose to transact ; in the other he read, wrote, and, properly speaking, lived, and into which not a creature but himself had entered for the last five years. To avoid the necessity of this, he provided for his little wants in the following manner :—

Imprimis, a bell in the servants' hall, the wire ending within a foot of the knob of his elbow chair.

Secondly, the wall of his room pierced into the passage, to admit one end of a tin tube ; the other end carried along the inner walls, and ending near the said great chair.

Thirdly, another opening into the passage, to which was fitted a door, which opened, and was bolted, on the inside.

Through the tube, messages were delivered, and commands returned ; through the opening the knight received his parcels, letters, and what else he wanted, within the limits of its magnitude.

But the great business of all was to provide a supply of coals for his fire, and for the taking away the ashes. For this purpose he constructed two closets, with each a door opening as close as possible to the fire-place, and with each another door opening into the adjoining room, out of which the closets were taken. The keys of these outer doors he kept himself ; and when he chose it, he had the one filled with coals and wood of the proper dimensions, and the other emptied of its ashes. The fire he was obliged to light himself, all his ingenuity not being able to supply him with the means of avoiding this inconvenience.

Whenever he left this favourite room, he locked himself out ; and when he entered, he locked himself in.

I think, Harry, amongst other qualities, I mentioned the knight's benevolence, of which no glimmering has hitherto appeared.

I have said before, that he had become his own steward, that is, he received his own rents, and set his own estates. If any tenant complained of loss of cattle, or poorness of crops, Sir Howell took the money he brought, and gave him a receipt in full. This exposed him to great imposition. His tenants grew cunning, and generally came with a miserable tale of woe, or with complaints of the bitter badness of the times, and how ill everything went at court, which they soon found was the most relished, by which they never failed of a handsome abatement. One of these, whose rent indeed was only twelve pounds a-year, but which he had not paid of three years, carried his audacity so far, as to complain to the baronet that he was quite un-

able to pay the taxes and levies, for which they would seize upon his stock, unless his honour would be kind enough to stand his friend. His honour *was* kind : he paid the taxes, and gave him a receipt for rent as usual. Perhaps, Harry, thou wilt say this is weakness, not benevolence. It may be so, I will not contest it ; what follows is more marked.

In the area that fronts the baronet's late apartment, we observed several heaps of the common pebble stone, and wondering for what use they could have been collected,—I believe, gentlemen, says an elderly labourer, I can give you some information. His honour that's dead and gone, God bless him ! neither liked to see a poor man starve, nor be idle. So when work was scant in the country, in winter time, when the brick-kilns could not gang, he set as many of us as wanted employment to work in carrying these same heaps of stones from one place to another ; and you might see his honour peeping out of the window now and then, just to see if we kept in motion, and that was all he wanted. But in summer, when the kilns could go, he set us to make bricks ; then to wheel 'em up the hill, to this high ground here, in barrows ; and then to pile 'em o' heaps ; and sometimes, when winter came again, his honour would dislike the place where they stood, or the form o' them, or something or other, and then they must be moved.

The fellow, observing we listened to his tale, went on.—His honour's head, God bless him ! took two strange turns about these same bricks, which we could never rightly count for. For my part, I believe it was because he was tired of seeing the same and the same over again ; and so he made us dig a large trench under ground, and bury one heap of an hundred thousand in it ; and then the earth was to be carried down the hill in barrows : so that was a pure tough job. But the other was more odder still. Nothing would serve him one day, but to burn a heap of about fifty thousand. We assured his honour the bricks would be spoiled ; but he damned us, God bless him ! and said, what was that to us ?

So to it we went fairly ; and that's the heap you see yonder all run and melted like together. I warrant it costs more to move that heap than to make two such ; and yet I never saw his honour better pleased. He was a vast comical gentleman, to be sure, at times ; but he never would allow us a sup of bettermost drink. And what's odder and odder, in summer time, when wages were highest everywhere else, he gave us a shilling a-week less than he did in winter, when they were lowest all about the neighbourhood.

There's a system, Harry ; not the best possible, it is true, for the same expense might have produced essential improvements ; but mighty well adapted to a man who liked to see business done under his own eye, and who chose

to do some good with his money, without injuring the country, or doing violence to his hermetical determinations.

Well! at length Sir Howell died, after an illness of five days only, with the key of his beloved apartment in his breeches pocket, carefully lodged under his pillow. His nearest relations, those who lived nearest I mean, being summoned, dared, after his funeral, to enter this sacred repository. The tables, the chairs, the window seats, and the greatest portion of the floor, were scattered over with books, manuscripts, scraps of writing, letters, receipts, old bonds and covenants, together with much dirt, and no inconsiderable number of guineas. But the baronet's favourite storehouse for this latter commodity seemed to be the ash closet, in which were found some scores.

For some cause or other, this closet had gone a much longer time than usual since it was emptied, so that the stock was now so large as to extend itself over the right corner of the room to a considerable thickness; and thence, without any solution of continuity, all before the front of the fire, and even three inches deep under the baronet's armed chair.

And yet, Harry, (of what whimsical materials has nature compounded the brain of man!) this very personage was nice, and rather finical, in the appearance and cleanliness of his bed-chamber and the other parlour.

On his first becoming a recluse, he was exact and neat in his dress; of which he grew negligent by degrees, till, towards the eve of his life, his customary habit was a morning gown, patched and darned with his own industrious hand; an old pair of breeches, miserably rent; stockings with holes, and commonly of two sorts; a red woollen night-cap, and blue morocco slippers.

His writings, not relative to business, were put on heaps into a room by themselves, and as they also are become Mr Foston's property, I have access when I please. He indulged himself much in satire, but it wants variety. I am most pleased with a kind of history of his own life, with his reflections on the several events after he had become misanthropical. If the world should give me any intimation of a desire to see this, I will prepare it as well as I am able.

Thine,

JOHN CHESLYN.

HENRY CHESLYN TO HIS BROTHER.

London.

I HAVE found her, Jack! I have found her! and am almost as mad as Archimedes when he discovered his problem. She is safely lodged at Mrs Lyon's, a very humane widow in Bond-street, where she has all the attentions her weak

state of body, and still more wretched one of mind, require. I cannot resist the vanity of giving thee a detail.

In our deliberations, two probable suspicions occurred: that Mrs P— had put Miss Melton into the hands of some powerful debauchee, or had caused her to be arrested for debt; supposing the latter, it could be done only to terrify her into compliance; and therefore it was most likely she would remain some days in the house of the bailiff. Tom engaged to procure a list of all the sheriff's officers in the west of this city, whilst I was to endeavour to gain some intelligence, if possible, in the neighbourhood.

Mrs P—'s hotel is situated in a court, and is the most conspicuous object in it. I do not suppose it would be information to thee, Jack, or I would give thee the topography, with the profile and elevation thereof. My first inquiry was at a fruiterer's, who sold me a shilling's worth of oranges, and gave me an assurance into the bargain, that she minded nobody's business but her own. I was less civilly treated at a green grocer's, and at a chandler's shop. I was sensible the manner of inquiry was awkward and abrupt, and that there was a necessity for conversation, if I hoped to get any intelligence.

A few doors farther was a little milliner's shop; the mistress was leaning over the door. May'st thou, said I, be a relation of Sterne's gentle Parisienne!—I asked for gloves; she shewed me a parcel: I took up a pair, and began trying them on.—They are too little, says she.—But I shall try, madam; and rip it went in an instant.—Gentlemen are so boisterous, said she.

And how do you fit your customers, madam?

By the eye, sir.

Then please to choose me a pair.

These, sir, will fit you exactly.—They did.

You have an excellent eye indeed, madam; ten years ago, I fancy, it was a sparkling one.

I thought so too, sir, once; but a brilliant is little valued when set in lead.

I presume it was in your power to have set it in gold?

Yes, sir, at the expense of a few other jewels which my silly grandmother taught me to set a value on, but which seem to have sunk in the estimation of mankind since my grandmother was young.

Then, of course, they do not stand so high as formerly in your own esteem?

Much the same, sir; only I have something less enthusiasm. Prejudices of education, you know, sir, are difficult to be got rid of.

Then, it is probable the ladies of *that* mansion had no grandmothers?

I think otherwise, sir, and that they find the remembrance of them grievous, when they are sober.

This is conjecture, I suppose; *you* can have no acquaintance within those sacred walls, be-

cause your grandmother brought you up in so different a religion.

She did not forbid me to sell ribbons or lace to the professors of any religion.

O charming ! then you can, upon occasion, direct a stranger's choice to a deserving nun ?

Pardon me, sir ; selling ribbons does not qualify me to judge of — merit.

You see, I suppose, many fresh faces, as well as handsome ones ?

Yes, the succession is pretty quick ; they are but a short-lived race.

It happens here, as in other nunneries, I presume, they are not all volunteers ?

Mostly so, I believe. You gentlemen first seduce them from the protection of parents ; and, having treated them with a few months of fond rapture, your appetites jade, and all the rest is peevishness and ill-nature. The young creatures learn to drink, to drown reflection ; you turn them out of doors, and they become — nuns, and please you, for bread. This is the ordinary process. Accidents, such as poverty, fraud, or violence, may bring reluctant ladies to — take the veil ; but it seldom happens.

Have any of these fallen under your cognizance ?

A few.

How does the worthy governess proceed with these refractories ?

By two general methods, temptation and terror. If the first fails, they are threatened with a prison, which few have the fortitude to visit.

Did you ever know an instance of a woman of virtue betrayed here, who got out a woman of virtue still ?

Never, unless I saw it this morning.

Now I think of it, madam, I want some ruffles ; and I will trust your eye, which, if not so sparkling, is still as penetrating as ever, with the choice of six pair : and really you are a woman of such good humour, that I do not design our acquaintance shall end here.

You are very obliging, sir.

But concerning this miracle of chastity — do you know her ?

I have seen her once only in the way of my profession.

Then it is from hearsay, you conclude her a woman of virtue ?

No, sir ; from what I saw at the time.

You make me curious, madam ; will you favour me with a few particulars ?

About a fortnight since I was sent for by Mrs P —, to shew a lady some caps, gloves, lace, &c.

I was conducted into a room where this stranger sat, along with Madam P — and a mantua-maker.

The lady was weeping, and seemed so much absorbed in her own reflections, that she took no notice of me or my wares, which I spread upon a table before her.

Will you have the goodness, madam, says I, to look over my little matters ?

No, says she, with emphasis. Then turning to Mrs P —, and wiping her eyes, Why, said she, with a kind of dignified sorrow, her words half obstructed with her emotions, why will you thus persist in teasing me ? Once for all, I am not for your purpose. I desire nothing ; I will accept nothing from you.

One might expect a little civility, miss, at least, for an offered kindness.

Kindness ! what kindness ? Insidious woman ! can you not be content to make an infamous gain by voluntary vice, without subjecting the votaries of virtue to your abominable commerce ? What right have you to control my inclination, or subject my person to a prostitution I abhor ? Take care, Mrs P — ; though born in a distant country, without the knowledge of a single person to support, assist, or protect me ; without knowing, if I was out of your walls, which way to procure myself a morsel of bread, or lodging for a night, I demand my liberty. Deny it me at your peril. Destitute as I am, I may one day find means to call you to account for these outrages.

A horrible outrage, indeed, replies Mrs P —, to receive you in this forlorn condition, to furnish you with the means of life, and to bestow even affluence upon you without labour.

Grant me patience, says the lady, what a prostitution of words ! Let me ask you, madam, what labour, what drudgery, will not a delicate mind undergo, rather than subject its person to indiscriminate lust ? — But I talk in vain. It is impossible *you* should have any idea of the loathing and disgust, the bare idea of this is capable of producing in untainted minds. Till mine is as corrupt and foul as your own, your persuasions, your terrors, and the whole catalogue of your black arts, will be employed in vain upon me. Have some regard for your own interest, madam, if you have none for innocence and virtue ; dismiss these people with their gaudy baits, and save yourself the regret of wasting your money on a fruitless enterprize.

It must be confessed that the mantua-maker and myself made a very contemptible appearance during this dialogue ; but Mrs P — relieved us. — Pity, says she, in a tragic tone, that one who talks so well should talk in vain ; but I was born to be overwhelmed with virtuous torrents : they are pretty things for books, to be sure ; but in common life, naked, suffering chastity is little known, and less regarded. However, miss, the gowns have been ordered on your account, and to your account I shall place them. Mrs Morris, let me see your bill.

The mantua-maker did not wait for a second command ; the bill was produced and paid, without the least cavil or deduction.

And now, Mrs Tyrrell, since this lady *will not* — Mrs Morris and I *will* look over your

commodities ; for christian charity obliges us to return good for evil.

Miss Melton, for that is her name, raised her eyes to heaven, but answered not ; nor would she have spoke another word, or have honoured us with the least notice, if Mrs P— had not spitefully applied to her for her approbation of every trifling article, and insulted her by perpetual sarcasms on suffering chastity.

At length, resentment of such injurious treatment got the better of her mild patience : but instead of serious reproaches, she retorted upon Mrs P— in the finest strain of irony ; and turned the tables upon her with such a bitter, biting applause, that, though she has all the effrontery her profession requires, she was quite confounded. The arrows glanced thick upon us, and heartily glad I was when the business drew towards a conclusion. I received about five pounds ; and when we were about to withdraw, she curtsied to us all with a fine mock solemnity, and returned Mrs P— her profoundest thanks for her unbounded generosity ; observing at the same time, that these regalia were too magnificent to be the property of an individual ; and advised her to deposit them for the general good of the society.—Poor lady ! these were the happy spirits of an hour, which I am afraid have since been deeply humbled.

About three o'clock this morning, as I lay awake over the shop here, I thought I observed some unusual glances of light ; I got up to the window, and by the running to and fro of people in the front apartments, I could plainly discern that something was doing more than common—of what nature I know not. About ten this morning I saw Miss Melton, attended by a bailiff, step into a hackney coach. My heart aches for the poor lady ; but fortune has put it out of my power to afford her the least assistance.

I am sorry for it, Mrs Tyrrell. You don't know the officer, I doubt ?

Too well, sir ; I have more than once had the misfortune to be his guest, being violently suspected of poverty.

You are ill situated for business, Mrs Tyrrell ; it will give me great pleasure to be the means of procuring you a better situation.

It is a genteel compliment, sir ; I have seen too much of the world, to expect it can be anything more from a stranger.

You are right, madam ; sudden overflowings of generosity are seldom seen, and always to be suspected. But I deal not in romance ; I will talk to you in plain and open language : I came this very morning with the professed intention of getting intelligence concerning Miss Melton. I would have given twenty guineas for the information you have given me ; as I have got it so easily, I shall give you only ten : but I may want your farther assistance—Miss Melton must not only be relieved, but possibly Mrs

P— punished. But before I can expect you to aid in this latter purpose, it is incumbent upon me to put you into a situation not to fear her : here is my address ; inquire my character, or rather that of my brother, on whose benevolence I assume for the happy event of this affair. I will see you again to-morrow. I must know all your little affairs, and I hope you will favour me with some of your wishes. At present, I must beg a direction to the sheriff's officer.—She gave it me without a word, the tears flowing plentifully down her cheeks. I slipt the promised reward into her hand, and took my leave ; as I will now do of thee.

Thine,

HENRY CHESLYN.

JULIA FOSTON TO LAURA STANLEY.

Henneth Castle.

I CANNOT help thinking that the first part of my Laura's letter, which she calls exotic, is the genuine effusion of her mind, and the latter an uncongenial flow ; perhaps *pour le badinage*, perhaps to rally what she may call my *prudery*. I am not so great a prude, however, as to be offended with the lively sallies of my friend ; nor will my reason permit me to approve them. You may be innocently merry, innocently gay ; but I am not equally certain, you can be innocently *arch*. There is a guilt of the mind, as well as a guilt of the body ; loose ideas may stain the immaculate whiteness of the one, as loose actions may contaminate the purity of the other.

But let us waive all talk about innocence and guilt, which you will say, and perhaps justly, are here improperly applied.

To shew you how learned I am become, by conversing with college gentlemen, I will discourse logically ; nay actually give you a syllogism, grounded on premises you will not dispute.

Major. 'Tis the wish of women to please mankind.

Minor. Modesty in women pleases mankind.

Conclusion. Therefore women ought to be modest.

Oh ! replies my Laura, appearances will do every bit as well.

No, Laura ; deceit is liable to detection. The end proposed will be answered infinitely better, by accustoming the mind to real chastity of idea.

My daughters, Laura, if nature ordains me any, howsoever adorned without, shall, "like the daughters of the king, be all glorious within." I will weave the robe of modesty for them with an unceasing hand : my maids of honour too shall wear it ; and my Laura, in spite of herself, shall be all conspicuous.

Yesternight, accompanied by Mr William Stanley, and Harriet, I took possession of this ancient castle, and my new dignity. We found my father and Mr Cheslyn up to the ears in brick, mortar, and contrivance, endeavouring to give the house, which is large enough to hold half the principality, a certain portion of modern convenience and elegance, with the least possible loss of its present gothic air and style.

I have made an excursion about some of the environs this morning, which have been totally neglected by the last possessor: they contain, like an unhewn block of marble, a great number of latent beauties, many of which, as the spring is yet early, I am in hopes we shall be able to call forth this summer.

I have, without your leave, Laura, applied to Sir Richard and Lady Stanley, for your immediately leaving Boulogne, and blessing me with your society; but you yourself will be astonished at the bold extent of my request;—to be mine, till God or man do us part. If I can obtain my boon, I shall think myself a *daughter* of Eve in Paradise; not an Eve herself; for her happiness would be incomplete without an Adam.

Man at present (I except my father) makes no part of my permanent felicity, though he may sometimes contribute to it,—for a time. Adieu, my Laura, write immediately to

Your affectionate

JULIA FOSTON.

HENRY CHESLYN TO HIS BROTHER.

London.

FROM my kind communicative milliner, I went directly to the house of the sheriff's officer. A maid servant opened the door. I asked for Miss Melton. She knew no such person.—The lady who was brought here yesterday: she knew nothing of it.—Is your master at home?—She could not tell.—Or your mistress, or the cat, or the dog? for I presume every living thing knows something, except thyself.—Mass, I was a comical gentleman, and she would call her mistress.—Her mistress came; but did I think she was obliged to know anything about the trumpery people her husband was continually bringing in? she would give me to know she was above all such low company.—Heaven forbid, madam, that you should sully the majesty of your greatness, by any communication with the children of poverty and misfortune! but I have had an education too low to imbibe such lofty ideas; therefore, may it please your dignity to order me to be shewn to Miss Melton's apartment.

A cloud gathered on the lady's awful brow, indicative of scorn and anger; but I was re-

lieved from its effects, by the entrance of the officer himself.

Mr Tatnall, your servant; I would wish to speak to Miss Melton; will you please to introduce me?

Sir, sir, sir; I, I, I, excuse me, you are quite a stranger, sir; rubbing his hands and shewing evident marks of confusion in his face.

Pho! prithee man, I am acquainted with the whole story from Mrs P—, or how should I know of her being here?

Why, sir, you may or you may not; but Mrs P—'s orders are, not to admit visitors.

Oh, then, she is a prisoner of state, I find, and you act under a general warrant. Well, sir, if I cannot obtain your permission, I must have the Lord Chief Justice's I believe. You know the consequence, I suppose.

Why, sir, I dare say you are a man of honour, sir; and so, sir, if you please to walk this way.

He led me into a small room up three pair of stairs, with a little window looking into a back yard. Something in imitation of a bed, a chair, and a broken table, made up the furniture. An hectic flush spread itself over the face of Miss Melton, on the sight of me. She rose with difficulty, apparently from excess of weakness; I re-seated her.—I am excessively shocked, Miss Melton, to see you in so distressed a situation. She replied with half a smile, I had lately seen her in a worse: I cannot, says she, boast much of the elegance of my apartment; but it has one advantage over those I left yesterday,—at least I hope so, looking at Mr Tatnall,—I have nothing to fear in it but poverty.

Were you not apprehensive of being removed to a common prison?

No, sir, I am convinced this gentleman's employer has at present no such design; if she had, a jail, a little more or less gloomy, is to me, who prefer "the wretch's last relief" to Mrs P—'s, a matter of very little moment.

You hear, Mr Tatnall, what out-of-the-way notions young ladies sometimes contract, for want of knowing life.

The lady's mind would change, he said, when she saw the inside of a common jail.

I can't help thinking, indeed, says I, it would be better she kept out of one.

Yes, says Mr Tatnall, that is what I tell her: here, says I, you may have everything in plenty, and enjoy life like a lady, by going back to Mrs P—'s; and if you play your cards well, mayhap get a settlement from some good-natured gentleman or other: and what signifies so much ado about virtue? All stuff and nonsense; nobody minds it now, not even the parsons; and it will pass for nothing among butchers and bakers.

Well said, Mr Tatnall! And was all this prudent advice thrown away upon the lady? If your eloquence could not prevail, I can have no

expectation from my own : I believe, therefore, we must take some other course with her.

Mr Tatnall pricked up his ears ; a vulgar expression, Jack, but of great suitability.

Pray, sir, for what sum was this lady arrested ?

A very large one, sir ; fifty-seven pounds four shillings and ninepence.

Very great, indeed, and contracted in so little a time too ; for Mrs P— herself told me she had not been with her twenty days.

O Lord, sir, I have known a couple of her ladies spend as much in one night for a frolic !

Those were girls after Mrs P—'s own heart ; but as this lady seems to want spirit for these fine sallies, what must we do with her ? She seems to have nothing about her that would become a jail ; and a confined education has quite spoiled her for Mrs P— ; so that, I believe, all things considered, the best way will be to release her, and let her follow her own inclinations.

Release her, sir ! sooner said than done, I believe.

Much sooner ; yet, with your assistance, I believe it may be done.

What, let her escape, I suppose, and pay the debt myself ?

Suppose I pay it for you, Mr Tatnall ?

'Tis a particular case, sir, a very particular case.

Please to explain the particularity.

Why, you know, sir, Mrs P— has been at great expense and pains to—to—to—

To debauch this lady—I know it, sir, and will be at some pains and expense—to prevent it ; therefore, let me have the proper acquittance, and here's your money.

Sir, I, I—must consult Mrs P— first about it : there was something said about murder, the night before this lady came away, so that she was not to be held for a simple debt only.

Can you guess Mr Tatnall's meaning, Miss Melton ?

I can indeed, sir ; it relates to some very gross and barbarous usage I received the night before the last, after your departure. Since I have been in that horrid house, the little sleep I have taken has been in my clothes ; I was gone to rest, as usual, when I heard a swearing and stamping in the adjoining room : I distinguished the voice of Captain Suthall, who commanded the privateer which destroyed the American vessel I was on board of. What Mrs P— had said to inflame his anger, I can only conjecture ; but he burst the lock of my door with great violence : and Damn you, my dainty madam, (this was his first salutation,) how long do you expect people should maintain you for nothing ? The man was drunk, and talked with such vehemence about my being his property, and selling me for a slave to the plantations, that though I gave myself

over for lost, his foolish rhodomontades raised a salutary anger.

I told him I acknowledged neither his power nor his right ; and bade him beware of the fate due by the laws of England to crimes like his. By G—d, says he, a man can be hanged but once, and I will deserve it better than I have yet done.

Mrs P— and one of the women of the house were present, and seemed to encourage the wretch in his brutality. I expected violence, and had, almost instinctively, armed myself with a small pair of scissors, which I had in my pocket ; I have but little recollection of the circumstances of the scene that followed ; I remember the women throwing me rudely upon the bed, and endeavouring to hold me there ; I remember the drunken and brutal captain throwing himself upon me, and the violent exertion I made to release my right arm, and to plunge the scissors into his body ; I have a confused idea of his rolling off the bed, and swearing he was a dead man, and that the women gave me several blows. It was light in the morning before I perfectly recovered my senses ; a char-woman of the house was sitting by me, who seemed not entirely void of compassion : she made me take some little nourishment, which rather revived me ; I felt myself free of fever, but wretchedly faint and weak ; she told me a surgeon had been sent for, who had dressed the captain's wounds, and had ordered him to bed : she heard nothing more about it. I begged the good woman to sit by me, and endeavoured to get an hour or two's sleep. About nine I had a visit from Mrs P—, who abused me in most virulent terms, swearing I had killed the captain, and ruined her house, out of which I should go directly to Newgate, unless I would make her some recompence, by a compliance with her terms. I had just strength sufficient to answer, I chose to go to Newgate : she left me with an inflamed countenance. An hour after, this gentleman informed me I was his prisoner, and conveyed me hither in a coach. I feel my weakness increase so fast upon me, that I have reason to hope, a very few days, and I shall feel no more.

The piety and resignation with which she spoke this, struck me to the heart. I accused myself of being the cause of this last outrage, by leaving her in that accursed house. I determined to quit her presence no more, till I had brought her to a place of comfort and safety.

I perceived the officer disposed to give me all possible trouble, and perhaps the more in proportion as I shewed him more complaisance. I demanded, therefore, to see a copy of the writ ; the rascal demurred : I threatened him with the severity of the law, and at length brought him to compliance.

You see, Mr Tatnall, this is an arrest for debt ; I will pay the debt : you are impowered

to receive it, and the lady is free of course. If you hesitate to give me a receipt this instant, I will send for bail, and contest the debt with your employer: in fact, this is the course I had determined to take, but I give it up, merely because it would detain this lady a few hours longer, and she wants immediate relief. I must inform you farther, that I shall, in Miss Melton's name, commence a prosecution against Mrs P—; and it depends upon your present behaviour whether you are involved in it also.

He pleaded hard for time to consult Mrs P—.

In that case, I shall give bail; so act as you think proper.

Having pondered it over a few minutes, he chose the money, which I was lucky enough to have in my pocket-book.

I have ordered a physician of note to attend Miss Melton, who is brought to such an excess of debility, that he fears for her life. Whether from compassion alone, or from any motive still more tender, I feel that I had rather die with, than live without her.

My dear brother, adieu.

HENRY CHESLYN.

JOHN CHESLYN TO HIS BROTHER.

Henneth Castle.

I ADORE this heroic, this benevolent brother of yours, Mr Cheslyn, says Julia to me, after the publication of thy last letter, Harry; (*à la reserve* of the concluding period, which is too tender—for strange ladies.)

If that be the case, Miss Foston, favour me with your portrait, that I may send it express, as an invulnerable shield to his heart, till he has an opportunity of throwing it at your feet.

His heart! says she; no, that is already wounded by an arrow dipped in Miss Melton's tears; or at least should be, if I had the direction of Cupid's bow. For the lady herself, gratitude will kindle a warmer flame than all Cupid's quiver.

This will be a proper catastrophe, says Stanley, and consonant to the rules of romance, according to which the gentleman seems to have directed his proceedings.

A most just and generous remark, replies Julia, and quite consonant to the *prudence* of the gentleman who made it.

Has prudence, then, no merit in the eye of a fair lady? says he.

Infinite, replies Miss Foston; it is the seven-fold shield of Achilles, against the—feelings of the heart. I dare say, Mr Stanley, you would have gone more cautiously to work, and first of all inquired into the lady's—character.

Would it have been an impeachment of my understanding, returns Stanley, the place con-

sidered, if I had been cautious of being made a dupe?

An evidence of the strength of it, replies Julia, and how well it had weighed the prudence of wisdom, and the wisdom of prudence.

Come, Cheslyn, says Mr Foston, let us leave these combatants to fight out this duel of the head against the heart; I want your opinion upon a matter of business this post has brought me.

I think, says he, as we walked, we are friends, Cheslyn, of a month's standing. The men of the world would think it ridiculous or romantic, to conclude, from so short an acquaintance, that friendship, with all its rights and privileges, was as firmly established betwixt us, as time and long reciprocation of benefits could make it: but my heart tells me it is so.—He stopt.—Upon that ground, says I, I am not to be overcome; *my* heart ardently speaks the same language: and yet I must confess, there is a little matter of reverence, not quite so compatible with the generous equality this passion seems to require, and which I shall not so easily get rid of.

Perhaps, because I am older, says he; perhaps, because I am a father; the father of Julia, perhaps, smiling. Well, familiarity, I hope, will rid us of this foolish sensation.

But to the point for which I desired your company.

You are a bachelor, with two thousand a-year, and an unhappy temperament of blood, that will never permit you to save a penny. I believe you are at present too proud to get into debt; but if I should happen to catch you wishing for a speedier supply than your annuals afford, I shall make no more scruple of putting my purse into your hands, than into my own pocket, and should as little expect your resentment.

Now, your brother may be possessed of the same temperament also; he must then be poorer than you, and possibly as proud.

There may be circumstances in Miss Melton's story, which may render a sum of money of the greatest importance to her.

Possibly, also, the sum total of your brother's benevolent propensities may not be concentrated in this lady.

I have a letter in my hand for Drummond and Co. requesting them to answer your brother's drafts for a thousand pounds. How will he take this? Will he abuse me for an arrogant purse-inflated fellow? Or will he think he does me as great a favour, by becoming my almoner, as I do to him, by increasing his power of indulging his ruling passion?

Faith, replies I, he may abuse you, for aught I know; for it is very much his natural turn upon such occasions: certainly, however, he will not hit upon your equation; for I must confess the weight of obligation seems incontestibly to be laid upon his shoulders.

I am sorry for it, says he ; 'tis a fault in your optics, which I hope your brother may be free from : let us try the experiment. But I have something farther to desire, and as I am extremely earnest in the request, and my daughter also, I must beg you to enforce it. She is impatient to see Miss Melton, to endeavour to soften her sorrows, and make her forget the past. I am impatient to embrace the man who has acted towards an unhappy stranger with so generous an ardour. I wish also to serve your friend, Mr Sutton, which, if he persists in his resolution of going to the East, I can do by letters of recommendation and otherwise ; or, if he drops that design, and will accept of a couple of hundred pounds per annum here, whilst waiting for a reconciliation with his uncle, he shall be welcome to it : in return, he shall assist me in regulating my estate, and closing my foreign correspondencies, which will be a work of time. If Miss Melton's health permit, I shall hope to see them all here in ten days.

It is unnecessary to say all that was said about it. I beg and advise thee to come without delay.

Thine,

JOHN CHESLYN.

—
LAURA STANLEY TO JULIA FOSTON.

Boulogne.

I NEVER shall be able to tell my sweet, modest, and elegant friend, how much I was transported with her kind application to my father and mother ; nor how thankful I am to their goodness for granting me so large a part of the boon : for I have their leave to quit this place, an old servant being sent to conduct me, as soon as possible ; and after staying a week or a fortnight at home, am to proceed to Henneth Castle, where I shall be allowed to reside with my friends six months in every year—more, my mother says, would be an alienation. O ! how I love my dear papa and mamma for this kind condescension ; which can have no other motive than the happiness of a—daughter. Can it, Julia ?

My only regret in leaving this convent boarding school, is the parting with Miss Thompson, whose rustic goodnature and simplicity have interested me so much in her future welfare, that I have actually assumed the character of my friend, and have given the poor *young* thing lessons on “ unaffected wisdom and sanctity of manners.” Check your unseasonable mirth, Miss Julia ; 'tis a grave and weighty business.

Since the robe you sent me is to be my constant habit at your highness's court, it will not be amiss to wear it a little beforehand, and give you, as well as it can be given in such a garb, a sketch of the business which brought my young friend to this place.

The father of Miss Thompson, who came, at the age of twenty-eight, into possession of a paternal estate of six hundred per annum, was a true English country-gentleman, whose wishes, during his father's life, had never gone beyond possessing the best greyhound, or the best pointer in the county ; or a horse that would clear a five-bar gate.

Now it came to pass that his mother died, and after that, his father died also ; and then he be thought him of a wife : but as he did not understand the ways of women, and was not addicted to—learning, he got a friend of his to court the parson of the parish, who had a leash of daughters, to bestow one upon him. The parson consented, and, Mr Thompson having no choice, gave him the eldest.

Whether this mode of being given in marriage did not please the young lady, or whether it was owing to a weak constitution, I know not ; but she performed her part of the—come—merce so ill, that she actually miscarried five times before she brought Miss Thompson into the world, and died a few hours after delivery.

In all the disappointments of life, Mr Thompson had been accustomed to fly to the bottle for consolation, and this being the greatest, he applied so liberally to this consoling power, that he died of a dropsy at forty, leaving this girl to the care of his sister, Miss Mary Thompson.

This sole guardian and executrix was a year or two older than her brother ; and the little love affairs of her youth having terminated disagreeably, she had wholly given herself up to the old-maidenly functions of piety, scandal, and—*rosa solis*.

Like unto herself was the far greater part of the company she kept, so that it is an argument in favour of the excellent natural disposition of Miss Thompson, that she is nothing worse than a romp and a hoyden.

Nothing worse ! says my Julia ; Lord bless me, what did you say the girl came to the convent for ?

A *bagatelle*, Julia.

Mercy upon us, Laura, what have you got in your head ? The loss of—innocence a *bagatelle* !

Be quiet, Julia : let me tell the story my own way. This simple, pretty, good-natured girl, who has as many silly tricks as a monkey, was just turned fifteen, when the second son of a Mr Halden, a gentleman of the same village, came from school in the midsummer vacation. They had been playfellows from their infancy ; but when boys and girls grow up into young gentlemen and ladies, you know, Julia, it is right they should leave off childish things. This is not to be done all at once. Their pretty innocent loves, from the tender simplicity of the actors, you would imagine must be done and performed after the Arcadian manner, where every sentiment is lovely, and every attitude expres-

sive of a grace. No: their loves were play, and all their play was love. You understand me, Julia?

Miss has pretty pouting lips, and Master Halden began to take a particular pleasure in smacking them.

For quietness' sake, miss gave him the entire possession: but love is an encroacher, and miss's alabaster bosom was in danger of sharing the fate of her lips; to shield it, she run away like another Atalanta, he followed like a Hypomenes: if it was a garden scene, it generally ended in a rolling bout upon the grass plat, or a towzling in the arbour; if the direction of miss's flight was upwards, a bed supplied the place.

You see where we are now, Julia, and how impossible it is for me to go straight onward with my story, whilst my *robe* keeps pinching me so: to pull it off, even for an instant, would be to incur your highness's displeasure; so I must e'en get on, and get out as decently as possible

Great things, Julia, arise from small beginnings, as little suckers make a large tree. Things went from less to more, and from little to big; and miss's flight was so much more frequently directed to the chamber than to the garden, that "my aunt began to think about it: and one day, when we thought she was busy at her prayers, she bolted into the room, and—caught us."—Doing what, Miss Thompson?

"Lord, Laura! how can you tease one so? I won't tell you a word more."

And indeed I cannot help thinking it another of miss's indiscretions, to have said a word about it; for no one here knows or suspects a syllable of the matter; but miss having honoured me with her confidence, chose rather to betray her own secret than not talk of her dear Halden and their innocent loves.

And how do you think the aunt behaved upon the occasion? Like a fury: instead of pious lectures suitable to the matter, she flew at them like a tigress, and kicked, and cuffed, and tore at a merciless rate. Mr Halden was sent for, who appears, by his behaviour, to be a sensible prudent man: he convinced the aunt, that the best way was to say no more about it, but to send the youth to finish his studies, and the young lady hither for a more suitable education; to bring them together five years hence, and if the same humour continues—marry them; and then, you know, Julia,—it's quite another thing.

I hope, Julia, I have now satisfied you, and written up to the dignity of my *robe*. But I must tell you that I put on no *badinage* to Miss Thompson, but have mingled the little wisdom I have with a soothing tenderness, that I hope has already produced a change: she reflects more, begins to like reading, and even to be pleased with sentimental conversation.

Could I continue her tutoress—vanity! why, *all* is vanity, Julia! but you really interrupt me so often, that—I doubt not she will become as respectable a woman as a thousand others, whose fifteens—were very—ticklish.

Adieu.

LAURA STANLEY.

ANN SUTTON TO HER BROTHER.

Ottingham.

I HAVE great acknowledgments to make my dear brother, not only for the pains he has taken to set my mind at ease concerning his East India voyage, but for the agreeable entertainment his letters afford me, when speaking of Messrs the Cheslyns, Mr Foston and his daughter, and, above all, for the piteous story of the unhappy Miss Melton.

I am particularly happy in the offer Mr Foston has made you; I shall scarcely be able to acquit my brother of an unseasonable pride if he rejects it.

Your next, I hope, will be from Henneth Castle; and in pity to poor me, who lead the life of a solitary, and cannot fall in love if I would, let me have as liberal an account of the lives and conversations of those who can, as your time will permit. In return, I will not fail giving you a regular account of my pious godmother's youthful stories; her comparison of the virtues of her own times, with the enormous vices of this age; and her sayings, comprising the—wisdom of nations: possibly I may entertain you with the wild effusions of Polly Jones.

But I have news to tell you; Lady Morell, the widow of Sir Jasper Morell, a distant relation of my godmother, paid her a visit about a fortnight since: the fate of my brother at that time sat heavy at my heart, and this good lady, judging the disquietude arose from the peevishness of my godmother, and my recluse way of life, invited me to pay her a visit; and even hinted her desire of taking me a jaunt to London, where some law matters require her presence for a little while. If this succeeds, I shall regret the absence of my brother from the metropolis, under whose guiding steps I should have been glad to have seen many a vulgar object, which it would be a barbarism to mention in the house of a lady of fashion. Adieu.

Your affectionate

ANN SUTTON.

HENRY CHESLYN TO HIS BROTHER.

London.

I YESTERDAY sold out £40,000 for Mr Fos-

ton, at 61½; particulars inclosed. Two posts since, I received his letter of credit to Drummond. His character is so conspicuous in this and other transactions you have made me acquainted with, that I think the shortest way to his esteem is, to spend his money as speedily as possible. One-fifth is already devoted; but my stay in town being, as I hope, very short, I cannot so conveniently get rid of the rest; therefore will beg leave to return it upon his hands—till I want it.

Six days after my last, I had nothing to do, or nothing that I did do, but attend anxiously to the health of Miss Melton; who, Dr H— assures me, is now out of danger, and that nothing will more speedily complete her recovery than travelling by slow stages.

Now, being, as thou knowest, a fellow of infinite nicety in points of decorum, I took it into my head, that the brother of so notorious a rake as thyself, was no very creditable companion for a sick and modest lady; and the matter would not be at all mended by Tom's filling up the trio; I concluded, therefore, upon a maid servant, and should have unfurnished thy house, Jack, of its brightest female ornament, even thy own handmaid, Peggy, if new matter had not arisen to alter that design.

You have not forgot, I hope, our new acquaintance, Mrs Tyrrell; a woman blest with so happy a flow of spirits, that the common accidents of life, such as poverty and imprisonment, have not been able to depress them; we have used her services for the repair of Miss Melton's wardrobe; and Euphrosyne, herself, could not have succeeded better in softening the woes of her mind.

There is, indeed, so much sense in her conversation, mingled with so much mirth, that melancholy herself would give way to its successive impressions; consequently, I was desirous she should spend as much time as possible at Miss Melton's lodgings.

I must and will know, says I to her one day, everything about your worldly affairs, your prospects, and your wishes.

Oh, nothing easier, says she, for I keep regular accounts, and have the best reason in the world to believe, that I am at this hour worth thirty-nine pounds odd shillings—less than nothing: my prospect is beggary for life, and my wishes are—that it was otherwise.

How long have you lived in your present delectable situation?—Five years. I was tired of service, and entered into the shop with a fund of forty pounds, the savings of fifteen years. I should infallibly have grown rich, but that I had a sister, misfortune's favourite child: one of her distresses was very deep; I could not bear it, and gave her the money which should have paid a Coventry tradesman for ribbons: the ribbon weaver arrested me, and the arrest ruined my business: the landlord has a bill of sale

for my furniture, and my creditors must take the rest; for I am determined to leave business, and depend upon my needle for maintenance.

Would to heaven, says I, I had a list of your debts; I would infallibly buy them all up, and clap you prisoner for the whole ensuing summer along with Miss Melton, in a castle at the very extremity of Wales.

And what use would you make of me for your honour's reimbursement?

What think you of tending a flock of mountain coats, and making putter and sheese for Mrs P—'s seraglio?

But let us be serious; Miss Melton has consented to go to Henneth Castle, on the invitation of Mr Foston and his daughter. Her body and mind both require a female attendant, in whom she can confide, on whom she can repose. I must kidnap, for this purpose, either you, or a maid of my brother's; she can be only a servant, you can be everything she wants—a friend. Tell me, with your usual frankness, if the proposal is agreeable?

My God! says she, how should it be otherwise? It would be a leap from purgatory into paradise.

The preliminaries, then, are easily settled; this note will give a woman of your turn one of the greatest of pleasures, that of being even with all the world: but I must trouble you with another of the same value, that in case any accident whatever should separate you from this lady, you may not be subject to sudden distress.—I presented her with two bank notes, each for £100.

It is curious to see the different manners in which people manifest their sudden impulses of pleasure and gratitude.

Mrs Tyrrell ran out of the room, sobbing most audibly; I fetched her back again: If you will be silly, Mrs Tyrrell, I must confine you, that you mayn't expose yourself.

Miss Melton had thrown herself back in her chair, with her face covered by her apron, her beautiful bosom heaving very strongly.

My dear ladies, says I, taking a hand of each, do not make what is in itself an act of pleasure, so greatly painful to yourselves and me; you in particular, Miss Melton, to whom I have already shewn Mr Foston's generous letter, know how small a portion I can claim of the merit, if there be any, of this transaction; and you shall know it also—giving the letter to Mrs Tyrrell. I am positive I could not in any way better have fulfilled the intentions of the generous donor.

The conclusion of all this, Jack, is, that you may expect to see us at the castle in ten days: I make no apology to Mr Foston for adding Mrs Tyrrell to the number of his guests; I know he will be pleased with it.

Thine,

HENRY CHESLYN.

THOMAS SUTTON TO HIS SISTER.

Henneth Castle.

I do, my Nancy, sincerely pity the solitary uncomfortable life thou livest, and as far as lies in my power I will endeavour to enliven it; depend on me, at least, for a weekly correspondent: I ask not for regular returns, but shall hope to hear frequently from you; and whatsoever your letters may contain of foreign matter, of old women's saws, and young one's fantasies, let them be messengers of the health and tranquillity of my Nancy, and they will be precious to her brother.

Shall I first describe the world that lies before me, or the people who inhabit it? Such people, Nancy! but such a world too, so horribly delightful!

—Who can take offence,

Whilst pure description holds the place of sense?

Suppose yourself on the top of a hill nine hundred yards from the level of the sea, which washes its base; this summit is an area of diversified ground exceeding fifty acres, one of which is covered by a stately Gothic pile of building, once a castle of defence: round the outward bounds of this area runs a strong battlement wall, along the inside of which is a terrace that forms a most delightful walk: north of this plain is a view of mountains piled on mountains to the skies; west, the bay of Cardigan; south, Cardigan itself, at a considerable distance; and east, a beautiful and fertile vale, that constitutes the greatest part of the estate; the south side of the hill is a fine wood of venerable oak, through which is the carriage-road to the house: the east side is mingled wood, and arable: the west, stretching down to the sea, contains such a variety and profusion of beauty, that I should be almost as profitably employed in delineating the valleys of the moon.

Figure to yourself a declivity of a mile, now gentle, now steep, now plain, now a precipice. From the castle down to the sea, is a waving walk, which obeys the nature of the ground, bordered on each side by shrubs and flowers. This walk may be considered as the trunk of a tree, which sends out an hundred different branches; some of these lead to close and retired walks, where the sun's rays can scarcely penetrate; some to open glades, accommodated with seats, from whence you have different views of the sea and country to the south; some terminate in wilds or wildernesses; others lose themselves in deep shady groves, decorated with hermits' cells; others lead to grots, ruins, alcoves, obelisks, or temples; two, to beautiful springs of water, received into capacious stone basins; one formed into an open bath for gentlemen, the other into a covered one for ladies; both surrounded by a grove of the most towering

shrubs: this water is made to form two *jets d'eau* in a most delightful recess, about three hundred yards below; the principal walk ends abruptly at the sea shore, but is so contrived as to give no view of the sea from any part of it, nor the least expectation of the event; there is a fine open walk a mile long on the shore, above the tide, but this being a public foot road, forms no part of our precincts.

Nancy, you have a fine poetical imagination, and could yourself invent decorations for a situation like this.

I wish you would give me a specimen of what you are able to do in this way; for if you are found to have a genius, you stand a good chance to become a nymph of—these plains.

In sober truth, this said western side of the hill is, at present, nothing more nor less than a pasture for goats; and what I have now said concerning it, is a rude sketch of what it is to be, under the forming hand of Miss Foston, whose taste is elegance itself.

I must not forget to mention a very singular object that presents itself on the north; a cata-ract two miles long, conducted by art, almost in a straight line; it runs in a breadth of twelve feet only, over rough stones laid for the purpose, or roots and branches of trees: as much as is wanted for household purposes is brought into cisterns; the rest defects to the eastern side, and turning the water-wheel of a corn-mill, runs thence into the valley, where it is used for numberless rural purposes. Adieu, my Nancy.

Your affectionate

T. SUTTON.

THOMAS SUTTON TO HIS SISTER.

Henneth Castle.

A VERY ingenious gentleman, Nancy, about two years since, published, upon imperial paper as it deserved, a new philosophic system of the Principles of Beauty, Relative to the Human Head.

From this, it clearly appears, that pure and simple beauty is always one and the same thing for ever and ever.

This simple purity is diminished by what other drawers of human faces have called *expression*: this expression stamps upon beauty a certain character, that serves, indeed, to please the different tastes of men well enough; but this characterized beauty must be considered as inferior to the first simple beauty, which has no character, except, peradventure, the *insipid*, which some tasteless beholders have endowed it with, may be called one. According to this ingenious system, my Nancy, Henneth Castle hath not a pure beauty, male or female, belonging to it: some unlucky expression or other,

converts—I should rather say—perverts us all: Miss Julia Foston might, perhaps, have bore away the palm from Cleopatra, the first in the order of brunettes, was she not unfortunately characterized by the sensible, the modest, the steady, and the cheerful! Miss Melton, a still deeper brunette, might have stood high in the scale of perfection, but for the languid, the melancholy, and the tender; she is still farther disfigured by a cast of the penetrating, which possibly might have been her predominant feature, had it not been weakened by a series of most uncommon distresses.

Miss Laura Stanley, the intimate friend of Julia, had been a pure beauty, of the true English red and white, did not the spirited, the good-natured, the engaging, shew themselves too apparently on her else lovely face.

Her eldest sister Harriet is much nearer perfection, as the haughty and the artful are diminutives of inferior force.

Had my timid, my innocent, my tender Nancy, been amongst us, the group of impure beauties would have been complete. This system, though never before openly published, it is thought, has been long secretly known to the beauties of the *ton*, who seem to have been ashamed of these characters, and to have laboured with great assiduity to rise to the perfection of beauty, by their extirpation.

But this science of eradication seems yet in its infancy, the most successful of these laborious belles having, hitherto, been able only to *change* the expression.

Thus those who have wanted to discard the modest, have substituted the impudent; where nature designed the languid beauty, art has given us the lascivious; instead of the engaging, the timid, and the cheerful, we find the supercilious, the daring, and the glum: these, though not so destructive as their opponents, do yet take something away from pure and simple beauty, which ought to have no character at all.

Men, Nancy, ought to be drawn by women; they do not engage me sufficiently to take the least pains about them. In one hour *you* would discover, in the countenance of Mr Foston, the penetrating, the sensible; in that of Stanley, the haughty or majestic; and in the Cheslyns, the good natured and engaging: you would see your happy brother, if he was not your brother, in this scale of estimation, at the very top; his vacancy of face being characterized with nothing—save the *innocent*. Adieu, my Nancy.

Your most affectionate brother,

T. SUTTON.

ANN SUTTON TO HER BROTHER.

Ottingham.

C'est un persiflage, miss, and no fair de-

duction from the system of Mr Cozens, says Mr Dampont, yesterday, on the subject of your whimsical idea of beauty.

Whatsoever it is, says I, I should like to acquire a sufficient quantity of these said impurities.

You *have* a sufficient quantity, miss; if you saw yourself with my eyes, there is but one thing you would wish to change.

What is it, sir?

Your cruelty to me.

C'est un persiflage, Mr Dampont, and no fair deduction from the premises: how am I cruel?

You torment the thing that loves you.

Doubtless, sir, your torments are very grievous; and it is the height of barbarity in me not to relieve them; for love, you know, is quite a voluntary affection.

Too fatally I know the contrary.

You have several times, Mr Dampont, endeavoured to persuade me that you are serious; let me ask you a serious question; would you, with no better an establishment than the forty pounds a-year you have as a curate, marry a pennyless young woman, who has had the misfortune of a genteel education?

Passion, miss, answers the question ten times in the affirmative, before reason can pronounce her negative once; besides, a parson ought to know, as well as any one, how to put his trust in Providence.

It is the very essence of piety to expect Providence should reward our indiscretions!

Marriage is a sacrament, miss; a duty, a command; how then can it be deemed an indiscretion?

I am quite unacquainted with these clerical subtleties, Mr Dampont; and you will excuse me, sir, I have not the least desire to learn.

Clerical subtleties, miss! give me leave to inform you, miss —

Suffer me to be ignorant, Mr Dampont.

This inflexible obstinacy, miss —

Go on, sir.

This gentleman, brother, is my first sweetheart, and therefore it is no wonder, with so little experience, that I should treat him, as he says I do, improperly. But I have another lover, three times his age,* and twice as big: Mr Staines is a very fat, rich, bachelor farmer, and of more than common consequence, having had the honour to lend money to two peers of the realm: my godmother takes his part with a degree of eagerness and pertinacity that would be unjust even in a parent; but for this, I might be diverted with his singularly honest courtship: Mayhap, miss, he says, you may think I choose you for your beauty, but then you'dn be mistakken; I ha' more understanding than to be takken in by the eye: I likes you because you're none of the fiz-gigging misses, with their roles and pomatums, and tippets, and trumpery; you're a sober minded young woman,

one belike as wull keep close house, and mind business : it would ha' been better, to be sure, if you'd had'n a bit o' money ; but yo' mun ma't out wi' love and kindness for a mon at has bettered your condition.

This courtship is always made in the presence of my godmother, who treated me with great harshness on my once endeavouring to turn it into ridicule. I do not ask your advice, my brother, concerning either of these gentlemen : prudence rejects the first, and an entire aversion the other. I do not object to his age neither ; for I would sooner accept of an establishment from an elderly man of good sense, who married me from motives of domestic convenience, than from a young one whose *sole* motive was *love*. This way of thinking may be singular, it may be unnatural : I own it is the child of reflection, concerning situation and circumstance. No idea I have ever yet formed of love, is half so cordial to me as the continuance of my brother's affection.

Adieu.

ANN SUTTON.

THOMAS SUTTON TO HIS SISTER.

Henneth Castle.

MARRIAGES, Nancy, or, as you choose to call them, establishments, should not be made when the heart feels aversion. This is the voice of nature, who is wise in all her ways ; and it is a pretty general notion amongst observing fathers and mothers, that the greatest number of happy marriages arise from neutral hearts.

This is a situation in which reasonable expectations only are wont to be formed. Under the influence of tender and passionate love we form many of a far different aspect : disappointment follows ; disgust and resentment tread upon his heels ; happiness wings away ; and every reverse of pleasure and tranquillity takes its place.

The feelings of youthful hearts, Nancy, will militate against these maxims of grey experience ; nor shall I be in the least surprised or afflicted to find, at some future day, this babe of yours drowned in a flood of soft sensation.

Till this hour arrives, my Nancy, I must establish you in the house, as you already are in the heart, of your brother.

I am not now the idle, forlorn, and outcast wretch I was a month ago ; I am rich by the bounty, and still richer by the esteem of my friends. In short, I am the busy agent, or, if you will, high steward of Mr Foston's estates here, and Mr Cheslyn's in Devonshire ; and am going to be the active minister to carry into execution a plan of agriculture, the most liberal, and the most adapted to make a tenantry rich and happy, that I believe has ever been conceived. A very neat house at the foot of Mount

Henneth, is preparing for my sister, who is to superintend, as far as is a lady's province, the product of one hundred and more acres of arable and pasture land, stocked with the money once destined to carry me where avarice and ambition are hourly employed in digging European graves. Till this house is ready, Nancy, Miss Foston gives you a very cordial invitation to the castle. I wrote a letter of thanks to your godmother, informing her of my design ; notwithstanding which, if Lady Morrell continues to invite you to accompany her to town, and the jaunt is agreeable to you, freely accept it.—I inclose a bill, that my sister may not be stinted in her little generosity when she leaves her native village, nor sigh in vain for the female ornaments London will exhibit to her admiring eyes.

Till I am so happy as to embrace my Nancy here, the subject of my correspondence will be the life of Mr Foston, which we have prevailed upon him to relate for the evening entertainments of the select company now here ; and as it is requested to be as minute as his memory will permit, you will not now complain of the brevity of my future letters. Adieu, my Nancy.

Ever your affectionate

T. SUTTON.

THOMAS SUTTON TO HIS SISTER.

Henneth Castle.

IN compliance with the repeated request of the company, Mr Foston accosted us thus :—

Although some of the incidents of my life may be thought extraordinary, I am not so much the dupe of my own vanity, intermingled as they are with a series of trivial and unimportant actions, as to think them sufficiently so to engage your attention.

But you request me to make the detail as minute as possible ; I shall obey this request, because I think it may not be altogether disagreeable to minds accustomed to reflection, to observe that progression of sentiment, arising from situation and circumstance, which from youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age, gradually changes the man. In the common affairs of human life, this progression rises too imperceptibly to be remarked. That I am able to seize the clue, is owing to a habit, early begun, and continued to this hour, of devoting some portion of every day or night, to the journalizing, if I may call it so, the occurrences I meet with, the conversations I hear, and the reflections I make upon each. I intended, Julia, to have turned you loose amongst these papers, and left you to make your way as well as you could ; but unless you had ten times the phlegm of a Dutch commentator, you never could have tra-

velled far in so barren a path. From these minutes you will accept such a story as my judgment and vanity, combined, enable me to draw. If the latter predominates too largely in the tale, I am not afraid of exposing to the eyes of my friends, a foible, from whose well directed source spring the greatest number of those actions, on which mankind have agreed to bestow the epithet of good or great.

I was born in an obscure village, a few miles distant from Plymouth. My father had the rare felicity of being a curé twenty years, with a clear annual revenue of forty-five pounds; but he fell, or rather rose, from this enviable station into a vicarage of one hundred and thirty.

Upon this superb establishment he married the daughter of a farmer, withan hundred pounds down. She was a mild, meek creature, who knew no more of life than my father, and might have continued in this enviable ignorance, but for the rector's lady of a neighbouring village, who had the misfortune of a genteel education.

Whilst my father was curate, he had the care of nothing but souls, for his salary was duly paid. He prayed with every parishioner when he was sick, and drank a cheerful cup of home-brewed with him when he was well. He had no subject of contention arising from his own concerns; and when he perceived any likely to spring up amongst his neighbours, he generally took the litigants to the sign of the Crown, where, by bestowing a proper share of attention upon the case, and drowning the rising wrath by large potations of October, he commonly made up the matter at one sitting. But when he became a vicar, he had lands to till, and tithes to collect. His new parishioners laughed at him about the one, and quarrelled with him about the other. His dignity was increased, and Mrs Foston was improving in the art of supporting it.

Two sons and two daughters began to make frequent calls upon him for the gentilities of dress and education, and he got to be over head and ears in debt, by this increase of his wealth.

To add to these afflictions, his village, which was large, was infested with miscreants. The exciseman, a profound metaphysician, had the impudence to deny the immateriality of the soul. The schoolmaster, who was versed in history, had imbibed many erroneous opinions, derogatory to the divine right of kings; and there was an enterprising surgeon, who maintained to my father's teeth, that to inoculate for the small pox, a practice at this time beginning to gain ground, was not flying in the face of the Lord.

My father's pulpit eloquence had been greatly exerted on all these topics, nor did he ever yield an inch of ground, tenable or untenable, at the Crown or the bowling-green. Notwithstanding this warfare, a great part of the village listened to the seducing voice of the surgeon, and, laying aside all fear of God and my father, inoculated their children under his very nose.

Till this practice became fashionable, my mother had been a warm opponent; but the neighbouring gentry having adopted it, she joined the cry in its favour. After two years contention, my father's firmness began to give way, less I believe to the force of the argument than to the force of my mother's elocution; but the natural small pox saved my father the shame of recantation, or of yielding to a practice contrary to his loudly supported opinions.

It is probable I may appear to treat my father's peculiarities with too much levity; but my filial reverence is equally strong as if he was exempt from weakness. I have seen much of human life, but never yet saw man without foibles; and my father, to compensate for the few he possessed, was blessed with as worthy a heart as ever beat in a human breast. He possessed the social affections in full force, and felt the loss of my younger brother and sister like a father.

My mother felt it like a mother. Except the exercise of a few vanities, she was a truly respectable woman, and so fond of her children, that grief and anxiety produced a complicated disease. She languished two years, and died. The sorrow due to this event had been anticipated; the event itself was received with a melancholy pleasure, arising from a sense of her sufferings.

My sister, now fifteen, took on herself our little domestic cares, and I applied myself to such learning as fell in my way. My father taught me Latin, and the schoolmaster arithmetic; in geometry, and its dependent sciences, I was my own tutor; poetry and history I borrowed of a young friend at Plymouth, and hired novels from the circulating library. Thus I became a general scholar, and as superficial as the ladies, or any admirer of the world and its ways could desire.

But it now became necessary to think of future support: I had piety enough, and faith enough, to have become one of the most dignified sons of the church, but my father's finances were too much deranged to support me at the University; besides, I had not the least prospect of preferment.

After much deliberation I chose the East India Company's service, and by the assistance of my Plymouth friend, and a petition signed by the heads of our parish to Lord L—, their landlord, I got upon the list of writers, and was ordered to the Academy in Tower Street, to be perfected in merchants' accounts.

My father stripped himself of his last guinea, and my sister sacrificed a twelvemonth's finery, to equip me out. I was fortified with excellent admonition; the sum of which was to be honest, and to hold fast to the faith, in spite of the wit of libertines, and the sophistry of infidels; and with these supports I was left to steer my little bark over the tempestuous ocean as well as I was able.

At London I employed myself in acquiring the polite accomplishments of French and fencing, in which, and in some other *politesse*s, I succeeded so well, that I was within an ace of becoming a coxcomb of the first magnitude, when I was ordered on board the *Ariadne*. I entered this vessel, firmly persuaded that I was a phenomenon of genius and ability, and that the world was, or ought to be, interested in my fate: luckily I received in it a few lessons which checked this exuberance of vanity.

The most unlimited freedom, consistent with decency and order, reigned on board our vessel. Officers, clerks, and passengers, dined and supped, if they chose, at the captain's table. An enlivening bowl of punch inspirited the evening conversations; and wit, waggyery, and controversy, took their turns.

I stood too high in my own opinion to be able to bear the canvass and condemnation of my notions with necessary coolness of temper: my replications were usually made with asperity; and this mode of behaviour drew upon me the contempt, and oftentimes the malignity, of my opponents. The captain, a man of sense, with the manners of a gentleman, sometimes condescended to give me a private lesson of reproof; but I was too proud and vain to benefit by it as I ought.

We had two ladies on board, bound for *Masulipatam*; the eldest, about fifty, precise, formal, splenetic, and a devotee; her niece, about twenty, gay, romping, a little of the coquette, and by no means destitute of wit. My zeal for religion obtained me the favour of the aunt; I wanted that of the niece, who had sense enough to despise my coxcomb airs: she gave me the nickname of the parson, and attached herself to my principal antagonist.

This was a young gentleman in my own situation, whose name was Lewis. He had gained the company's esteem, and Miss Sewel's affection, by the sweetness of his temper, and by his insinuating manners. The opposition of our characters had produced a kind of enmity between us; but he had the satisfaction of despising me only, whilst on my side it had risen almost to a cordial hatred.

I had imbibed the purest orthodoxy from the lessons of my father, and was tremblingly alive to whatsoever impugned opinions I had long held sacred. It happened one evening a dispute arose upon that most important article of our creed, the doctrine of the incarnation. Mr Lewis not only denied its possibility, but subjected, what he called its absurdity, to all the powers of ridicule. I not only lost my temper, as usual, but grew so blind to all sense of politeness and decorum, that I said something, I know not what, about kicking all impious revilers to the devil. In this instance, Lewis also forgot himself: instead of laughing at me, according to his general custom, he took the trouble of wring

me by the snout, and walked immediately out of the cabin.

I followed to the quarter-deck in so Christian-like a mood, that I should not have made the least scruple of cutting the throats of an army of these impious revilers: I drew my sword, and without paying the least attention to the rules of quart and tierce, was going to run him through the body, when I found myself seized behind. The captain had ordered both of us to be arrested, and confined to our cabins. I was left to chew the cud of reflection till the next evening: it was a bitter, but salutary medicine. When the vast swelling of my stomach had subsided, and I came to reflect upon my own behaviour, luckily, for the first time, I found something to condemn: having once settled with myself the possibility of being in the wrong, it was not quite so difficult to find out in what. Thus using the probe, in the gentlest manner possible, I went on, step by step, till reason and vanity fought on pretty equal terms. I even adverted to the different manners of Lewis and myself: mine alienated people's affections; his conciliated them. I could not, however, at this time, bear to bring this mortifying picture to the clear light of day.

A little before the hour of supper, we were conducted into the great cabin: I envied Lewis the placidity of his countenance, in which there was an expression of shame, but none of resentment; mine, if indicated truly, must have shewn a sullen anger, and a shame arising from humbled pride, rather than contrition.

The captain addressed us thus: You are very sensible, gentlemen, that the peace of every society depends upon the punishment of the breach of those laws by which it is regulated: in polished societies, no man is permitted to be his own avenger; for, through the medium of passion, no objects appear such as they really are. The wisdom of this law is so apparent, that it would be an insult upon your understandings to enlarge upon it: but this law, Mr Lewis, you have manifestly broke; and though the code of honour might have overlooked it in the world at large, on board of ships at sea, the infringement of it must be guarded against with peculiar care. I shall make a distinction in your favour, betwixt an intentional and an actual challenge; and you yourself will think you are leniently dealt with, if no other punishment is imposed than confinement for a few days more.

Mr Lewis bowed, and was silent.

The captain continued: For you, Mr Foston, although the affront Mr Lewis gave you was gross, in my opinion your offence has a greater range of culpability. Under the pretence of zeal for religion, you have insulted not Mr Lewis only, but all the company: you have indirectly supposed, that the faculty of perceiving truth is yours exclusively, and that other people have not an equal right with yourself to the free

communication of their own ideas. A more general knowledge of the world will convince you of this equal right of mankind ; and will shew you the folly of calling upon the civil magistrate, as you have often, in the warmth of argument, supposed just and necessary, to support the dogmas of any set of men whatever. Reflect that nothing, in itself indisputable, can be long disputed, and that in propositions not absolutely demonstrable, the degrees of probability on which they rest are best known by free and ample discussion ; the more truth they contain, the more visible it will become by examination. Happily mankind is not in so deplorable a situation, as that its happiness should depend upon disputable dogmas.

Men agree all over the world in establishing those great and general truths which bind them together ; and everywhere disagree concerning those speculative notions, which are not absolutely necessary to that great end.

What would now have been the state of mankind, and where would now have been the Christian religion, if magistrates had always been employed in restraining the free exertion of the powers of the human mind ?

Do not imagine, Mr Foston, that by what I now say, I mean to insinuate anything against our most holy religion, or that I disapprove of your supporting it : do it freely, but do it like a gentleman ; I might say more emphatically, do it like a Christian ; for where, in the precepts or example of Jesus Christ, do you find permission to indulge yourself in vindictive rage and violence ?

It is your manner, therefore, that I condemn, that uncivil rudeness insupportable in society, which youth and inexperience can alone excuse ; and which I must beg leave to punish in the same degree as Mr Lewis's more gross, but not less justifiable offence.

Although I felt the full force of the captain's reproof, a certain remainder of the puppy hindered me from making, as I ought to have done, an answer of thanks : Lewis did it for me.

I am very sensible, sir, says he, that the punishment you have assigned me is too mild for the occasion, and am equally thankful for your lenity and reproof ; but in estimating the degrees of culpability in which Mr Foston and I stand, permit me to say I differ from you ; I have had time to consider the nature of the affront I gave him ; it was such as no gentleman could bear, and consequently such as no gentleman ought to have given.

It is true he was the aggressor, but in a less degree, and from a more laudable motive. On a cool review of the affair, I think I ought to ask his pardon ; and I do ask your pardon, Mr Foston, accordingly, in the face of the company.

This noble behaviour vanquished, for a time, all the coxcomb within me, and I stammered out, in great confusion, something about inge-

nuous modesty and generous candour. I begged his pardon also, and gave the captain thanks, who remitted our penalties, entertained us with a bowl of punch, and we finished the evening in great festivity.

I will take this opportunity, Nancy, to give thee and myself some respite. Adieu, and believe me

Ever your affectionate brother,

THOMAS SUTTON.

THOMAS SUTTON TO HIS SISTER.

Henneth Castle.

You must know, my Nancy, that my manner of telling Mr Foston's story to you is very little like the mode of it here, where it is mingled with a great number of interrogatories, replies, and agreeable conversations, which, in transmitting, would lose the greatest part of their spirit, for want of the accompaniments of air, tone, and gesture. You shall judge.

I wish, papa, says Miss Foston, at the part where I concluded my last, you would not call yourself so many names.

They are the names, Julia, usually bestowed upon young people, and old ones too, who flatter themselves largely, and have not the art of concealing it from the eyes of their neighbours.

I think, sir, I have heard you say, that vanity is a very useful foible in a young man.

Ay, and in a young woman too, Julia, well directed. But there are such a number of insignificant and idle vanities in rich and luxurious countries, that when I reflect upon them, I wish the foible eradicated from the human heart ; at the same time, I own it is a capital spur to good and generous actions. How contemptible for a man to applaud himself because he has a large estate, six long-tailed bays, a coat *à-la-mode de Paris*, a horse that will trot sixteen miles an hour, or a dog that will pin a bull ! But when a man values himself for having more skill in his profession, more general science, more liberal opinions, it is highly probable he will obtain more professional skill, more general knowledge, and a greater liberality of opinion.—There is, says Mr John Cheslyn, a remarkable contrariety of thinking on this subject. Modesty and humility are recommended to young men by sage old ones, as qualities that will render them truly respectable. No, says a man of the world, appear to have a good opinion of yourself, and mankind will have a good opinion of you. Tell the people with whom you converse, that you are their superior, and they will generally believe it without farther inquiry ; and in this way, more than by dint of humble industry, capital fortunes are said to be obtained.

I assure you, says Mrs Tyrrell, I have seen

ample verification of this in our great city. Oh ! I warrant you, milliners and mantua-makers, and the gentlemen of the bar, and secretaries of state, would be nothing without it.

And for my part, says Miss Melton, I came from a country where the demand for this commodity is at present small ; and am so prejudiced in favour of its antagonist qualities, that I wish it may never increase.

Your people, says Mr Henry Cheslyn, are employed in making a small town a great city ; ours in making a great city a small town. These different occupations may require different talents.

Let us compound the difference, says Mr John, and say that one of these qualities is best adapted to the hurry and bustle of the world ; the other to the shade.

It appears to me, says Miss Foston, that all may be good in the medium, but none in the extreme. Is it impossible for young people to acquire a *just* opinion of themselves, without too great self-confidence on one side, or arrogance on the other ?

It is at least uncommon, says Mr Foston ; but Solomon seems to have settled this matter the best of any man living in one short sentence. There is a time for all things ; a time to be humble, and a time to be proud ; a time to be modest and a time to be vain. In short, there wants nothing but a due consideration of time, place, and circumstance, to bring all, or most human qualities, to action with advantage.

I am greatly obliged to the wise King of Judea, says Laura, for the timely aid he has brought to poor vanity. Alas ! if anything should happen to the poor creature, what would become of numberless *beaux* and *belles*, who draw their happiness solely from this source ? And what would have become of the looking-glasses ?

Never fear : the animal has the properties of ten thousand Proteuses ; destroy him in one place, he will spring up in twenty. I move that he shall take his course in the world, and that Mr Foston do proceed in his story.

I obey. My mind was destined to receive its next ray of light from a lady. How must I do, Julia, if the relation should anywhere border a little upon the—ludicrous ?

Omit it, papa.

Or treat it philosophically, says Laura, and then you know, Julia, archly, it will be quite another thing.

I shall be as happy to please as unwilling to offend. Notwithstanding the noble behaviour of Mr Lewis, I still felt a secret malignity, which I was ashamed to avow even to myself, but which I had not the power to get rid of. Miss Sewel might be the cause : I was extremely disposed to fall in love with this young lady, had she not kept me at a distance with the most mortifying contempt. The aunt endeavoured to

console me. I spent the greatest part of my time in the cabin of this good lady, occupied wholly in spirituals. Mr Whitfield had instructed her in the comforts of divine love, and she imparted these comforts to me with singular efficacy. I soon saw in the clearest light, the folly of trusting in those filthy rags of righteousness, which vain worldlings call good works, and was almost convinced that the gallows was the best possible road to heaven. Miss Sewel had little taste for divine love ; and when the aunt and I began to glow with holy fervour, would generally seek a less celestial edification on the quarter-deck with Lewis.

We were thus occupied one fine evening within a few degrees of the Line. Mrs Sewel was in a light undress, more than usually attractive, and the heat had thrown an extraordinary degree of languor into her features. I had drawn my chair close to hers, and had even taken possession of her hand, which I pressed or relaxed in proportion to my zeal. We were so intent upon our divine beatitude, that we did not hear the boatswain's whistle giving notice that the ship's tack was going to be changed ; in consequence of this inattention to worldly concerns, we were thrown with some violence to the contrary side of the cabin.

It was my unhappy fate to fall directly upon the lady ; and the first thing I noticed was a certain disorder in her dress, which I endeavoured to compose. Whether Mrs Sewel mistook my intentions, or whether the poor lady's extreme fright had given a shock to her senses, I know not ; but certain it is, we got still worse entangled ; and how we should have got out of it is uncertain, if Miss Sewel had not at that instant entered the cabin, and by a pious ejaculation of Lord ha' mercy ! restored Mrs Sewel to the use of her senses in a moment. The good lady now saw the horror of her situation in its true light, and began to defend her virtue with prodigious agility ; she cuffed and kicked, and tore at an amazing rate ; and that gentle mouth, which, in her delirium, had only breathed forth a few imploring sighs, now poured out the agreeable epithets of rogue and villain with great profusion. This gentle squall brought in a sailor, who hallowed out, Avast, d—n me ! what, boarding, my boy, without hailing the vessel ! Come, damme, heave up.—Miss Sewel having assisted her aunt to rise, the poor fatigued lady threw herself into a chair, and burst forth into the most piteous lamentations, mingled with thanksgivings to the Lord for his seasonable relief.

When this burst of piety had subsided, I ventured to remonstrate.

Mrs Sewel, determined to convince her niece, the sailor, and all the world, of her unspotted purity, redoubled her clamour. I was a wicked hypocritical wretch, and made religion a pre-

tence to ensnare ; I was a barbarian, a brute, to throw her off her chair in that cruel manner—

Madam, you mistake ; it was the change of the tack.—Tack me no tacks, says Mrs Sewel, it was you ; you wanted to ravish me ; you know you did : but the Lord delivered me.

Avast javing, damme, says the sailor ; if you go on with your line of battle a-head in this manner, d'ye see, we must heave the young gentleman into custody, and try him by a court-martial ; so keep a good look out upon your conscience, d'ye see.

Christ have mercy upon me, says Mrs Sewel, what wretches am I got among ! what unfeeling monsters are sailors !

That's your land jaw, mistress ; if so be as how you've lost anything of substance, mayhap a sailor may have as much honesty as a land-man ; but as to restoring lost maidenheads, look you, its quite out of a sailor's way ; cause why, mistress, there's no knowing at your age the time it might be lost, within a score of good years or more, and so the search would be labour in vain.

There was something or other in this rude speech of the sailor's, which pierced deeper than common ; Mrs Sewel was almost raving ; the captain entered, and requested an explanation. Mrs Sewel's account was absolutely unintelligible, and she would permit no other to be given. Miss Sewel desired the captain to postpone his inquiry for the present, and leave her aunt to compose herself.

The captain complied, and was followed by his officers into the great cabin, where he demanded an account of this matter from the sailor. The sailor told the tale as well as he could, but mixed the serious and the comic together in so odd a way, that the bench of judges might have been made merrier by it, but not a bit the wiser. The burden of his tale was, to be sure the young gentleman had fallen foul of the frigate, d'ye see, but how, was best known to himself.

Mr Foston, says the captain, this is an odd affair ; will you, as a man of honour, give us the truth without disguise, remembering that people of probity consider the confession of foible as a mark of manly mind, and that nothing is so mean as a failure in point of veracity.

In this case, captain, says I, I am under no temptation to deviate from the truth. I then told the story in the simplest manner possible, even to the preceding discourse ; and described the being unable to disengage myself merely as an effect of Mrs Sewel's terror.

The captain smiled, and made me a very long and very friendly speech, the purport of which was this :—

You want nothing, says he, to make you an agreeable and sensible young man, except a certain amiability of manners, and liberality of sen-

timent, which I fear are not to be attained by religious conversations with methodists and infatuated old women.

You are at present enamoured of divine love and efficacious grace : doubtless you understand the precise meaning of the terms ; I do not, and shall be obliged to you for an explication.

I thought nothing could be more easy, and never was more surprised than when I found myself stopped at the threshold. I did hammer out an explanation, notwithstanding, at which the company smiled, and the captain asked me whether I should be satisfied with an obscurity like this in any other kind of knowledge whatsoever ? Reflect, says he, how very different is the cant of a sect from the liberal language of a Christian at large.

Be candid now, and say, whether you do not frequently find your sentiments as a gentleman and man of the world at variance with those you derive from the jargon of a sect, and detached quotations from Scripture ?

I acknowledged such reflections had occurred to me, and that I was unable to reconcile particular texts of Scripture to the general mode of living amongst mankind.

It appears then, says the captain, that you have only one of two things to do ; either suit your mode of life to these chosen scraps and fritterings of religion, or consider its enlarged and universal tenor, and combine its duties to your general duties as a man. By the first of these means, you may in time become a monk or a Moravian ; by the second, only a Christian and a gentleman.

I felt the severity of this reproof, and was greatly abashed ; the captain saw it, and went on thus : It is probable, Mr Foston, that in treating you in this manner, and, as it were, intruding admonition upon you, I usurp an authority to which I have no right ; you have only to say this, and I have done for ever.

I answered that I considered his advice as an obligation, but did not, in the present case, see any immorality of conduct that ought to bring down so severe a reproof.

The captain replied, that I mistook his sense of the matter ; he did not think of immorality, and that I might have amused myself as I pleased with this pious and venerable lady, without his affixing to it the idea of moral turpitude ; he had in consideration only the abuse of time, every moment of which, to a young man, is of such infinite importance, with the danger of acquiring habits of indolence, and habits of fanatic thinking, in all ages the disgrace of human kind.

The captain spoke much more upon the subject, judiciously mingling praise with preaching in such a manner, that vanity was less shocked, and dignity less offended.

When the captain expressed himself too forcibly, Mr Lewis put in a few words by way of

extenuation ; so that I got out from this second drubbing with as little wound to my pride as could be expected.

It was very wholesome for *my* constitution, notwithstanding, and set me upon reflecting and comparing a little more closely than usual. Good works—filthy rags : bad ones, a special plea to the favour of God. Excellent for society. The Almighty selects for his particular favourites, those happy mortals whose heads become possessed of notions, which reason, common sense, and the laws of human society, disclaim ; and rejects the wretches who concern themselves about justice, mercy, charity, benevolence, &c.—Very consistent. Sanctity very compatible with perjury and murder.

This last comparison requires explanation. There were not wanting several of the young gentlemen to whom a trial for a rape would have been excellent pastime, and who, for the mere fun of the thing, stimulated Mrs Sewel to persist in her accusation : amongst these was Lewis himself, who constantly acquainted me with the arguments he used, and the reception they met with in the bosom of the old lady. She was easily convinced that so enormous a sinner ought to be taken from the light of day, and would have lent her assistance to this work of piety ; but that Miss Sewel, who saw into the intended ridicule, implored the captain to put a stop to it.

I had the pleasure soon after to hear the good old gentlewoman confess she believed it was mere accident, and make advances towards a renewal of our familiarity : but I had begun to relish other habitudes—Lewis had conquered my prejudices, and we were inseparable. Our principal avocations were, the study of the sciences, and fencing, in which we mutually assisted each other. Our tastes were alike, but our notions different ; we disputed for ever and ever. He had the kindness to consider my petulance as a constitutional weakness ; and, from this gentle mode of treatment, I had the pleasure to find it diminish every day.—You must be weary, Nancy. Adieu.

Your affectionate brother,

T. SUTTON.

THOMAS SUTTON TO HIS SISTER.

Henneth Castle.

THE Cape of Good Hope, says Mr Foston, in continuation, furnishes an agreeable repast for naturalists, but very little entertainment for ladies. We continued a fortnight there, and Lewis, a Mr Sorrell, and myself, took lodgings in the town, at the house of a jolly Dutch widow, who entertained us like emperors for half a crown sterling per diem. She had two fair daughters, whom it was impossible not to love,

they were so plump, so short, so round, and had a carriage so engaging and free.

Our companion, Sorrell, was of a peculiar character. From his silence and reserve, we gave him the name of the Taciturnian ; and, from his entering into all matters of amusement without any seeming attachment, and with an air of the most careless indifference, we called him Pococurante.

Whilst Lewis and I were kneeling at the feet of the daughters, he was kind enough to engage the mother. Our devoirs were so well received, that these nymphs of Good Hope condescended to accept from us a pretty little quantity of expensive presents. Every hour brought us nearer happiness ; every hour increased the engaging softness of our fair ones ; but every hour brought disappointment also ; and it was not till we were called on ship-board, we had the satisfaction to learn our goddesses, far from being votaries of the Paphian queen, were trained up by their provident mother in the exercise of true Dutch virtue, of selling all favours but the last.

I had the consolation, as usual, to make a great number of reflections, and now and then of fabricating a maxim, as upon this occasion—Beware of Dutch women ; they are not what they seem.

Nor was this the whole accession I made to my stock of wisdom at the Cape. A thick squab mate of a Dutch East-Indian did me the favour of running me through the muscular part of my sword arm, only for saying, in a public coffee-house, that Mercury, whatsoever they might pretend, Mercury was the only true God of the Dutch. And a scoundrel Hottentot, who had left his countrymen to sell gin at the Cape, knocked me down, only for observing, that naturalists were evidently mistaken in the classification of Hottentots amongst mankind. National reflections are dangerous.

Nothing material happened during the remainder of the voyage ; we arrived safe at Madras in the spring of 1753. Here I found myself in a scene of such infinite bustle and confusion, that I almost lost my senses in the whirl : the objects of reflection were so numerous and variable, that I found it impossible to reflect : the great Nabobs of Arcot and Golconda were gone to loggerheads ; and the French and English, who never miss an opportunity of acquiring power and plunder in the East, were assisting their feeble endeavours to cut each other's throats.

Even the peaceable factors of the Company, whose sole business it is to buy and sell, find in these warring tumults such inviting opportunities of oppression, such alluring monopolies, such betel-nut bargains, that not to grow rich is beyond the power of human virtue.

The cabinet of Versailles does not employ more, or more refined intrigue, than is to be found amongst the members of the factories, as

well for acquisition, as for prudent post-appropriation.

Mr Clive had just entered on his brilliant career ; the taking of Arcot was one of his first distinguished exploits. This was succeeded by his sustaining a siege in turn ; by his repulse of the besiegers ; and, finally, by his restoration of the province to Ali Cawn, the son of Anna-verda.

Restorations are fine employments ; but Lewis, Sorrell, and I, had not the luck to be engaged in this : we were sent to Calcutta. The first year was diligently applied in learning our business ; our leisure hours were spent in disputing, as usual, metaphysically ; and, though we went over the same ground the profoundest heads had gone before us, though our topics had been distinguished by the fine appellation of the first philosophy, we never could obtain the least suffrage from Sorrell, either in favour of our matter or our manner : the fellow would never open his mouth, except to abuse us.

Great philosophers, says he, who contend for victory, and suffer neglected truth to wander unobserved ! Pray Heaven to endue you with sense sufficient to distinguish betwixt knowledge and nonsense ; then go—and engender maggots. What else can be expected from air and heat !

Notwithstanding this, we were the best friends in the world, for interest united us : we joined our little stocks, and traded in partnership ; we eat and drank, kept black slaves and palanquins, made love, and performed other fashionable follies, in partnership.

Which was the most expensive, most consummate coxcomb ; or whose moral honesty was founded upon the firmest ground, were two points we could never settle. Lewis and Sorrell gave up the first entirely in my favour ; and, though I would willingly have declined the honour, I could not help now and then making a tacit confession of the justness of my title to it. As to moral honesty, I claimed to find it upon religion ; Lewis, upon honour, and the dignity of man's nature ; and Sorrell, upon nothing at all.—And if, says he, I do not go as far in the dark as you with your boasted guides, call me a horse. It may, indeed, accompany religion ; it may accompany what you call honour ; but if it was the necessary, it would be the constant effect of these, and that we see it is not. After all, lads, are you sure we have it ?—Who dare impeach us ? What contracts do we break ? What debts do we leave unpaid ? What virgins do we deduce ?

Oho ! says Sorrell, these are luminous proofs ! it is the very essence of honesty to fulfil contracts by which we gain fifty per cent, and to pay debts that induce more such contracts ! As to poor virginity, that is a fruit that the sickly natives eat all up before it is half ripe enough for an European palate.

Whatsoever truth there might be in these re-

marks, my zeal for religion continued still unshaken ; of this I soon after gave a very ridiculous proof. Lewis and I were sent to a village of weavers, some miles up the Ganges : we were most hospitably entertained, and should have parted with mutual satisfaction, could I have restrained my pious effusions within due bounds.

One afternoon, we were very merry at the house of a principal weaver over a bowl of arrack ; several of the company understood French ; the discourse turned upon the differences of the three prevailing religions of the country, Christianity, Mahometanism, and Paganism. According to custom, I supported my own, and abused the other : the Gentoos are the mildest of men ; I was heard with a holy horror ; but nothing invidious or abusive was retorted upon me.

I continued heating myself with arrack and my own ideas till the company broke up. Lewis went to lie down, and I to walk ; the village had a pagoda, whose wooden deity had a face as grim, savage, and terrifying, as their artists were able to execute. I happened to direct my steps hither, and found about a score of these quiet and silly people making their obeisances and offerings to this hideous figure. It was more than at this instant my enthusiasm could bear : I spit in the face of the idol : the people turned their eyes another way, or bowed their heads to the ground : I had a small cane in my hand, with which I gave the deity some smart strokes over the head and shoulders ; the god bore them quietly, but the priest and the people did not ; I now found the effects of zeal in other breasts as well as my own ; they seized me, regardless of my consequence as the Company's factor, and, hurrying me to the banks of the Ganges, fairly and speedily plumped me in, leaving it to the good pleasure of the river god to drown or purify me, as he thought fit.

I rolled down the holy tide till I came opposite a garden, and had just strength and sense sufficient to lay hold of some branches which hung over the bank : a young lady was seated in an orange grove, a book in her hand ; I called out for help ; she flew like lightning, and returned with two black slaves, who got me out, and supported me betwixt them, by the lady's direction, into an apartment of the house. A cordial was given me ; but to a man half drunk and half drowned, repose was the best cordial. I had enough of the language of the country to make my wishes for it understood ; I was put to bed, and the blacks took the care of drying my clothes.

I had not slept half an hour before I was awaked by a confused murmur of voices : the rumour had spread that I had been taken up into the garden, and a number of people had assembled about the door ; not like an English mob, intent upon farther mischief, but merely to communicate their pious fears. The slaves

who had saved me, hearing the horrid crime I had been guilty of, ran with my clothes to the banks of the Ganges, and, without a pause, committed them to the stream.

And, as themselves had been contaminated by the touch, and this sacred flood has the property of washing away the filth equally of souls and bodies, they threw themselves in afterwards. These particulars I learned from Lewis, who came to rejoice in my deliverance, though he was hurt by my folly. He was himself obliged to be the porter of a fresh suit of clothes ; for not an Indian, man or woman, would at this time touch a rag wore by so sacrilegious a wretch. When I was dressed, I begged to pay my respects to my fair deliverer. On her entrance, I was astonished to hear her speak in good Hindostan French. With an humble and contrite heart I began my speech of gratitude.—I am glad, says she, you value life well enough to thank me for it ; I was afraid I should have met with your rebuke for robbing you of your crown of martyrdom.—I could not answer this raillery. Come, says she, let me introduce you to my father ; a slight repast is preparing for you ; perhaps it will be better for you also to accept the hospitality of a night's lodging ; by morning the people may be brought to endure you.—She led me to her father's apartment ; but how was I astonished to find in him the venerable old priest of the pagoda ; his countenance was perfectly mild and benign.—I am equally sorry, young man, says he, for you, and for my countrymen ; both of you must have had an erroneous idea of the supreme Power, when you assumed his right to punish : but no more of this ; forgive each other : daughter, hasten supper.

In a few minutes we sat down to a very simple banquet ; our good old host had something pleasing in his conversation, though grave ; the daughter was hilarity itself, and not a little addicted to the satirical.

After the repast was over, Come, gentlemen, says the old priest, you Europeans are fond of good wine ; I like it also ; may the bounties of heaven be moderately enjoyed by the sons and daughters of men ; but let us shun excess, for excess is not enjoyment.—A few glasses gave a freer liberty to our tongues, and the conversation grew perfectly sprightly and entertaining ; it was principally sustained by Lewis and the young lady, who discovered great similarity of taste and sentiment. I was, in spite of all my conviviality, still rankling with the old bile. At length I ventured to express to the old priest some astonishment, that a man so wise, learned, and sensible, should fall into so gross an error as the worship of idols.

We are taught this mode of worship from our infancy, replies the old man ; when we are grown up, it is become our dearest habit.

And what better reason, says the young lady, have you for your strong attachment to yours ?

Its intrinsic excellence, madam.

You become acquainted with this intrinsic excellence then, sir, before you form your attachment ?

I can't say that, madam.

We, sir, find ours intrinsically excellent also by the time we arrive at years of maturity : but I am fond of instruction, sir, and will endeavour to open myself to conviction, if you will condescend to convert me.

Glad to be indulged in my favourite topic, I began, methodically, with the creation of the world ; Adam in paradise ; his fall ; the condemnation of all mankind for his sake ; his redemption by the incarnation ; our Redeemer's sufferings and death ; ending with the promise of immortal life to all who believe.

The good old priest heard me with great attention ; the lady would sometimes interrupt hers, by an exclamation of, How great ! how good ! how wise ! how benevolent ! how reasonable ! how edifying !

I considered all these as proofs of her approbation, and became transported. Never did I think myself so eloquent. It is true, Lewis laughed immoderately ; but this I had been so accustomed to, that I regarded it no longer. When I had finished, this was the old man's reply :—

In all you have told me, sir, which indeed I have often heard before, I see so little difference from what we ourselves believe, and from what I have learnt of other religions also, that I cannot help thinking we are all, the universe I mean, brethren of the same faith ; divided more by calling the same, or nearly the same things, by different names, than by anything fundamental, or useful to mankind to distinguish.

I see everywhere acknowledged ONE GREAT FIRST CAUSE, the dispenser of all good, and the punisher of all evil ; and as it is the nature of man to guess, where he cannot know, to dogmatize when he cannot teach, we have assigned him a great number of attributes, a great many modes of action, to bring about those designs we have supposed him to intend. Miracles and prodigies are in every religion the base and fabric of the faith. Scriptures, heaven-sent, and priests and temples, are the portion of every people, which a regulated society distinguishes from those whose life is little different from that of the animals of the forest.

One peculiar abs—s—s—I say one peculiar dogma, gives you a superiority over the rest of mankind ; you alone claim for a law-giver, the absolute son of God, virgin-born, co-equal and co-eternal with his father ; for the rest, the supernatural doctrines, if I may be allowed to call them so, bear all over the earth so near a resemblance to each other, that I have been more astonished at the contentions they have created, than at any other phenomena this extraordinary animal, man, hath ever exhibited.

You, sir, for example, have considered our people's bowing down before idols as something so different from what you daily see amongst your own, that you have thought it an abomination.

In truth, it is the same. Ask a Christian frank, why he bows with lowly reverence to the cross, he will answer, his adoration is paid to the Saviour of mankind; the cross is nothing more than the admonishing memorial. Ask the same question of an Indian, he will tell you when he bows before his idol, he prays or deprecates the Supreme Being, or some superior good or evil power sent or permitted by him, from whom he has something to hope or fear: he sees no absurdity in thus bowing to his idol; the Christian sees none in bowing to the cross; or in those pious processions of his priests, where the bread they have themselves consecrated into a God, is elevated for the reverence of the adoring multitude.

You, it is true, are of a sect who have rejected a multitude of these observances; you have retained many which still appear strange and unaccountable to foreigners of different faiths.

My son, be in charity with all religions; everything that is valuable in any, is truly the foundation of all; it is, as your writings emphatically style it, the love of God and of your neighbour; it is the basis of our religion as it is of yours; it is the basis of all religion upon earth. The edifice which the fantastic brains of man have erected upon the solid foundation in every country of the world, has changed, and will for ever change; the solid base remains till time shall be no more.

I repeat but a small part of what the old gentleman said: had I seen it in a book, I should have probably called it declamation, not argument, and despised it accordingly; but the benignity in the old man's venerable features; the emphatic mildness with which he spoke; and above all, that true spirit of philanthropy which shone through all his words and manners, had the full force of conviction upon me. His lovely daughter had a due share in this; she had fairly captivated both Lewis and myself; and for a year after this we were often her guests. I had the satisfaction, during this period, of imbibing more true wisdom, of acquiring a more liberal cast of mind, and of getting rid of a greater quantity of coxcombry, than I could boast of having done in the whole of my preceding life.—I acknowledge the receipt of your last.

Adieu, and be happy.

THOMAS SUTTON.

THOMAS SUTTON TO HIS SISTER.

Henneth Castle.

I SHALL say nothing of what passes here, my Nancy, till I have finished Mr Foston's story.

In the spring of the year 1756, I was sent to

Surat and Bombay. Before I began my journey, finding the happiness of my best friend depended upon the success of his suit to the lovely Arady, I had the fortitude to give my pretensions, which stood on an equal foot with his own, up to his wishes; he married her some years after. I shall have occasion again to speak of this happy pair, to whose friendship I am indebted for more than human comforts.

After a long, but not unpleasant journey, performed on horseback, with one black servant, I arrived safe at Surat, where my business required at least a twelvemonth's residence.

I met with nothing here but ordinary occurrences, for pagodas no longer excited my religious knight-errantry. So great in this particular was the change in my disposition, that I could have gone a cordial pilgrimage with an honest Mahometan, and without insulting his prophet, or his five ablutions, could have silently adored, in the temple of Mecca, the searcher of all hearts, the God of the universe.

When I was preparing to return to Bengal, news arrived of the war begun by Surajah Dowla, of his having taken Calcutta, and of the well-known horrible catastrophe of the black hole there. All this was confirmed by a letter from Lewis, who informed me farther, that our friend Sorrell was amongst the number of the unfortunate wretches who perished there, and that himself escaped by lingering a few days with his Arady longer than his business at her village required.

By this event, the greatest part of our property, which began to be worth our notice, had gone to wreck.

I was relieved from the chagrin of this by a Bombay fever, which proved so debilitating, that for three months I can truly say, that every earthly wish had vanished: but death, never more ardently wished for, pursued his ravages where he was far less welcome.

Impatient for any change, I set out before I was perfectly recovered; the country was full of Mahrattoes, who were at this time in alliance with the East India Company, which they had assisted in demolishing the pirate Angria. These gentlemen are never in their element, but when they plunder, and are by no means delicate in the choice of objects. I knew well their plundering parties would pay but little regard to my being an Englishman; I therefore sent all the effects belonging to the Company by sea, reserving only as much as was necessary for travelling expenses and for contingents. The greatest part of this I changed into small diamonds, which are saleable everywhere; these I quitted into a belt which I wore next my body; and, thus equipped, set out on my journey, attended by my faithful black.

The evening of the second day we were surrounded by a small troop of those marauders. I called out, in French, for any one who knew

that language. A little fellow answered, he had the honour to be *un François*.—And you are now fighting against your countrymen? says I. *Diablement*, replies he.—And for the English? *Oh que non*, says he, *pour moi meme*.—But I am an Englishman, says I, and the Mahrattoes are our friends.—*C'est votre finesse*, Monsieur, says he; your habit, your language, your physiognomy, are all French, and *par Dieu* I will rob you, French or English, *pour l'honneur de mon pays*.—So, for the honour of France, we were robbed of our horses, money, and portmanteau, and turned adrift to the mercy of fortune. That night we went supperless to bed upon clean straw in a barn, and before noon the next day reached Badur, a pretty populous town. Here we sold half our diamonds, and furnished ourselves with fresh horses, and travelling necessities; with these we reached within six leagues of Brampour, congratulating ourselves that we were probably safe from the Mahrattoes. The country here is mountainous and woody: passing along we heard a cry of lamentation; it proceeded from the right of the road; my black servant advised me to ride on without regarding it; but a piercing shriek, which seemed to be from a woman, carried me towards the sound, in spite of fear or prudence.

Five men and one woman were stripped half naked, and tied to separate trees. We hastened to unbind them, beginning, as gallantry required, with the female. We had performed this friendly office for the last man, when a blow on the back part of the head deprived each of us of our senses. When we recovered, we found ourselves tied to two of the same trees we had released these gentry from, our horses gone, our money and half our garments taken away; but the diamond belt remained. From this disaster we were relieved by two travelling faquirs, who conducted us to Brampour, and administered to our wants as kindly as, in all probability, two Christian bishops would have done; they slept with us in the same room of the caravansera, begged us victuals, and dressed our wounds.

This kindness, which could have no other source but the truest piety, affected me with a desire to reward them.—Take, says I, four of these diamonds, producing my girdle; I know they are useless to yourselves; but you may hereafter meet with an opportunity of bestowing them, where charity herself would wish.

They accepted the idea and the diamonds, procured us a comfortable supper, a bottle of the wine of Schiraz, which brought us speedy and sound repose; prayed for us, and betook themselves to rest.

I awoke in the morning so refreshed, that I determined to go into the town, and sell as many diamonds as would enable us to pursue our journey. Alas! the diamonds, belt and all, were gone. Our only remaining source of com-

fort lay in our friendly faquirs; we sought them everywhere; they were gone also.

I might have given myself up to the despair of an Englishman, and its too common consequence, had it not been for my faithful black, who assured me that to travel five hundred miles barefoot without provisions, or money to procure it, was nothing to an Indian. I put myself therefore under his guidance, and set out.

A great deal of wild fruit was ripe on the hedges; we found now and then a rivulet; and my servant never failed to procure us a lodging and some coarse food at a village.

After abundance of adventures, some ridiculous and some distressing, we arrived at Calcutta, now retaken by Clive and Watson, and found my good friend Lewis full of anxiety for my fate; he did not then know that I merited congratulation more than condolence; five weeks exposition to all the varieties of air, famine, and fatigue, had totally freed me from that enervating languor left by my fever, and had hardened my constitution to a great degree.

The effects upon my mind were still more important.

I had been accustomed, like the greatest part of mankind who feel it not, to cast a transient glance at misery; perhaps to exult in my superiority over its objects: but now I had seen a thousand wants, and my own feelings had communicated the soft sensation of sympathy to my bosom. May I never lose it! My vanity too had suffered in the conflict. I had seen patience, fortitude, and resignation, amongst the lowest of mankind; where I expected folly, I found wisdom; and the exertions of good sense, where I should have looked only for ignorance. In how many noble attributes of man did I find myself inferior to numbers, with whom, some months before, I should have scorned comparison.

I experienced in the factory also, if we may compare small things with great, something of that kind of disgrace which attends unsuccessful generals; and this disposed me to accept the offer of a lieutenancy under Colonel Clive; for, in the present state of things, soldiers were more wanted than clerks. The grand object was the humiliation of the Nabob of Bengal, upon whom all vowed revenge for the black catastrophe of Calcutta. Chandernagore was taken, and many gallant things performed before we arrived at the finishing of the contest.

At last the Nabob himself met us near Muxadavad, with an army of twenty to one. On our side we had courage, military discipline, and what was superior to both—the treachery of the Nabob's superior officers. We obtained a victory, great in its consequences, but laughable in the act; and but that most of the run-aways were on foot, it might have been called, like that of Guinegaste, the Battle of the Spurs.

We marched immediately to Muxadavad, to

make a new Nabob ; and, to say truth, sold him his dignity at a fair round price. Parties were sent out all over the country, to bring in the discomfited Nabob, dead or alive. I had the honour, on this occasion, to command a party of forty horse ; but had the good fortune to miss him. I call it so on two accounts ; first, because I am not fond of murder in the dark ; and, secondly, I met with an adventure, which, in its consequences, gave me more pleasure than killing an hundred kings.

We had rose two hours before day-light to pursue our search with the cool of the morning, the moon being near the full. We had left the great road to Delhi, and followed an obscure path into a close recess, where we perceived a house that seemed built in order to be hid.

All was silent about it. As it was a proper place for our search, we were going to invest it, when two men came out from a door loaded, and staggering under their burdens. We followed them to some distance, and there, by threats of immediate death, forced them to the following confession : They were a part of twelve sepoys of the defeated army, who, in their flight from place to place, had stumbled upon this place the preceding evening, which, about midnight, they had determined to rob ; that as they were nearly famished, their first care was of their bellies, and that they had spent two or three hours in eating and drinking before they had begun to plunder ; that they believed there had been murder done from the groans and shrieks they had heard ; for their part they had met with nothing but a large quantity of plate, which they were carrying to the rendezvous where they were to wait for their companions.

On this intelligence, I appointed half my troop to surround the house, the rest to search the inside ; we groped some time in the dark, stumbling over furniture scattered all about, and by and by over two dead bodies. At length we came to a room where we found six sepoys with light enough, horribly drunk, and, as we thought, quarrelling with one another. These secured, we separated with different lights : I ascended the stairs, and was soon directed by a groan to a bed-chamber, where I found an old man bound in bed, and gagged.

His terrified aspect shewed he expected death ; liberty and gentle treatment at length convinced him we were not what he took us for ; with wild exclamations he called out upon his daughter.

Explanation was unnecessary ; I flew to seek her. Guess the horror that struck me when I found two of the villains in the act of violation : my rage knew no bounds ; I punished them with instant death, and threw their bodies out of the apartment. Two women, with hair dishevelled, their night-clothes torn to tatters, lay, to all appearance, dead on the floor. I lifted their breath-

less bodies upon the bed, and covered them up. Pierced to the heart, and unable to face the afflicted father, I rambled about to explore new horrors. A shriek from the upper apartments struck me ; I hurried up, and found the two remaining villains endeavouring to pull out by the legs two black women, who had thrust themselves up into a corner behind some old furniture. I run my sword through the bodies of the villains, and should have slaughtered a hecatomb, for the furies had bereft me of all compassion. Some of my soldiers were natives of the country ; I called one of them to assist me in removing the furniture ; and to assure the poor creatures, who expected nothing but death, that they were safe. When their fears were alleviated, I led them to the women's apartment below, and pointed to the bodies.

It is impossible to conceive the wild and terrible howlings they made at the sight ; nor was the interpreter regarded, though he ordered them to desist upon pain of death. This, as I feared, brought up the father ; the scene cannot be described ; I would willingly have exchanged it for the front of the enemy's cannon ; no entreaties could move the old man from the body of his daughter, which he clasped in his aged arms.

It was now the dawn of day, and sufficiently light to distinguish objects without the help of candles ; I was looking with a kind of contemplative stupefaction upon the image of death in the face of the other woman, when I perceived a small change of colour ; I thought it the error of my eyes. The next indication of returning life, was a short quick sigh ; after a few seconds of interval, another and another. I looked upon the other lady, and found the appearances of life still stronger ; she had even begun to breathe with some regularity ; but the old gentleman was insensible to everything ; we were obliged to use violence to part him from his daughter ; I ordered him to be conducted to another apartment, and soothed with moderate hopes. I kept the two women with me, and gave directions to use such means for recovery as at that time occurred. Life soon returned ; but it was a work of time to restore them to their perfect senses. When this was accomplished, and the father permitted to see his daughter, a scene succeeded so full of tenderness and sorrow, joy and grief, congratulation and condolence, that no words of which I am master, can give an adequate idea of.

I left them to the free indulgence of this, and went down to my soldiers, to whom intelligence was just arrived of the taking of the Nabob. We had nothing to do, therefore, but return to Muxadavad, and consign our living villains into the hands of justice. I went to communicate this news and this intention to the old man ; he threw himself at my feet, and in the most moving terms, conjured me to stay with him a few

days, till peace and tranquillity were restored to the country, and to his house. The daughter added tears to her entreaties for the same purpose.—My dear father, says she, you must see this gentleman's soldiers amply rewarded.—Amplify, my child, says he; come hither, sir. He then led me to a room where he kept his current money, and his silver in ingots.—Take, says he, of this, whatsoever you think proper, and distribute among your soldiers. Take all, if you like, I have enough remaining.—After some friendly altercation, I convinced him it would be better to dismiss them with a refreshment of wine, and a promise of a donative of twenty pounds sterling a-man, to be paid at the factory, lest the knowledge of so much actual wealth in the house might be an incitement to future plunder.

This concluded, I sent them away well pleased, and gave one of my servants letters to the Colonel, with information of this event, and requesting leave for a few days absence; the other servant, my faithful black, I kept along with me.

After the disposal of the dead bodies, and regulation of the house, we had time to attend to a more tranquil communication with each other. It was a great pleasure to old Duverda and his daughter that I was an Englishman; and an unspeakable one to me to find them conversant in our language, and prejudiced in favour of our nation.

Even the maid-servant, the bedfellow and favourite of Caralia, was an Englishwoman. Duverda had been a merchant of great commerce, and much of it with the English; his story will perhaps make a part of my own.

I perhaps have led you to suppose, that the recovery of Caralia and her maid was perfect; but this was not the case. Cara, so her father called her for brevity, had frequent hysteric fits for four days; and her maid, besides many bruises, had a wound with a dagger, two inches deep, on her right thigh.

The mistress, it seems, had fainted almost at the sight of the villains, and had a succession of swoonings that rendered her almost, though not totally, insensible to her sufferings; the maid, more robust, resisted as much as she was able, and received, amongst other barbarous usage, the wound I have mentioned: this at first bled profusely, and probably ceased upon her fainting; for upon her recovery, it began to bleed afresh, and indeed made her life doubtful for near a fortnight.

In proportion as Cara recovered strength and spirits, our little society grew more and more delightful. On the seventh day I received an order from my superior officer, to join the corps; a faint sickness seized me on the perusal; Cara observed the change, and turned pale like myself. Duverda saw the alteration in both, and cried out, You love each other, my children,

you love each other, and I shall be happy.—This exclamation brought Cara to herself, and heightened the beautiful brown of her cheeks; me it covered with confusion.—May I know, says the old man, the contents of that paper?

Willingly; it is an order for my departure to the army.—Cara, my dear, you have not visited your poor maid this morning. Now, Foston, tell me with the openness of a friend, and a man of honour, are your affections engaged?

I know not how to answer you.

I am answered; I was mistaken; I beg your pardon. I have only now to consider before your departure, how I can repay the extraordinary service you have done me.

It is rewarded: it is its own reward: but I apprehend you misconceive my meaning.

No; it is too plain: I meant to offer you my daughter; her immense fortune is her least recommendation; but I will not give her to a man who cannot say his affections are free.

The man who marries a young lady of delicacy, ought not to be able to say so.—Hah!

I will imitate your frankness, Signior Duverda, and lay myself and situation honestly before you: I am not a soldier by profession; I took arms only, because I thought it for the honour and interest of my country to take a speedy revenge on your late treacherous and relentless Nabob. I left my country in order to mend my fortune by industry; the little fortune I had made was wrecked at Calcutta; my father is nothing more than a poor priest; myself without inheritance.

These are virtues, Foston, blessings; riches are true tormentors, true corruptors of man's felicity.

There is not in Asia that fortune or dignity of which your daughter is not worthy; her person would adorn a palace; her mind is fit for heaven.

But your affections are engaged?

I never suspected they were so, till the receipt of this day's order; then the cold chilliness that came about my heart, when the idea of leaving—your daughter, if you will permit me to say so, first arose, convinced me of it.

Engaged to her!—to my daughter, Foston?—If you mean so, repeat it—make me happy by the repetition.

I do repeat it; I feel I adore her. But how is it possible you should trust the felicity of an angel in the hands of a stranger; of a man you are imperfectly acquainted with?

Not so, not so! I know him well; six days I have noted the currency of his thoughts, have seen his eye kindled by the imaginary tale of honour, his brow scowling contempt at baseness, his bosom heaving with the story of distress.

Nature, Foston, writes a large and liberal hand; a scrawl to the careless unobserving eye; but easy to be read by those who study it with attention.

Is it not in the power of hypocrisy to counterfeited her characters?

I have seen her attempt it often; seldom without detection: but this is from the point. You must obey your orders, or throw up your commission; you have saved my life, and more than mine, my daughter's; I cannot part with you; stay with me a year: If any nice considerations, either on your part, or that of my daughter, prevent the happiness I wish, I promise you, upon the honour of a gentleman, to make you richer than you can reasonably expect from ten years slavery.

I could not stand this; I caught his hand, pressed it to my bosom, bowed, and withdrew, to give some vent to the fulness that oppressed me.

When I came back, his head was upon his Cara's bosom, his right hand locked in hers.

Look at that face, Cara, it cannot lie; what is the expression in it?

That of heart-felt gratitude, and resignation to all your wishes, Signior Duverda, if it expresses what I feel.

Then I dare look upon it; it is a manly sunburnt face, but the heart is gentle. What wouldst thou give, Cara, to have that heart thy own?

Purchased hearts, sir, are of little value.

Beg it then, Cara; or, if thou canst, steal it; the sin shall be all mine. But, delicacy forgive me, Cara, I have been wooing for thee! I have offered thee unasked.

I am sorry for it, sir. My fullest gratitude is due to Mr Foston, as the preserver of my life and yours: I could love him dearly as a brother, and freely give him a brother's share in the wealth you design me. Beyond this, sir, is matter of nice consideration; it will be difficult to reconcile the finer feelings of the heart to manners and habits, as widely distant as the countries which produce them. Religion, too, sir. And let it be remembered also, (the sweet sad air with which she spoke this is inexpressible,) that though he saved my life, he came too late to save my honour.

Honour, Cara! Is there upon earth a man so absurd, as to associate the idea of dishonour to thy sufferings?

I know not, sir. In all those English books your goodness has procured for me, I find it is the leading idea: women who have suffered it, must die, or be immured for ever; ever after they are totally useless to all the purposes of society; it is the foundation of an hundred fabulous things called novels, which are said to paint exactly the reigning manners and opinions: all crimes but this may be expiated; no author has yet been so bold as to permit a lady to live and marry, and be a woman after this stain.

By heaven, a woman is more dishonoured by a wanton dream! What say you, Foston, is Cara a painter after truth?

We have enthusiasts, sir, in points of honour as well as in religion; but things like this, which cannot stand the test of reason, seldom take strong hold of the minds of a people. It is to be found in books, sir; and I hope, for the honour of the human intellect, little of it will be found anywhere else.

You renounce it, then?

I cannot, sir; I never entertained it.

Well, Foston, and what say you to Cara's other observations?

That whenever I am so happy as to touch her heart, all other difficulties will vanish.

My dear Nancy, I must rest a while.

The next post shall bring you the continuation. Adieu. Your affectionate brother,

THOMAS SUTTON.

THOMAS SUTTON TO HIS SISTER.

Henneth Castle.

THIS conversation, of which I have given you a specimen, just to mark the manner of it, would, probably, have been much longer, but for the old man's impatience to have my servant sent back with the resignation of my commission. I wrote a copious account to the Colonel, who was so kind as to approve my proceedings, and to promise his friendship on any occasion that called for it.

There was in the garden a fine orange grove, which formed a pleasing recess from the sun's heat. Cara had caused a beautiful pavilion to be constructed there, which was overlooked by the surrounding trees, just so as to admit the mild light of the sun without its glare. In this pavilion we were drinking coffee in the afternoon after the English manner, when the impatient Duverda renewed the conversation thus:—

Cara, this morning, this inauspicious morning, I broke through all the artificial delicacy of a fine lady, in offering thee to this gentleman unasked; let me now make amends for this indecorum by inversion; let me offer him to thee.

I thank you, sir, I dare not accept him.—Why?—He is not yet acquainted with my faults.

A capital article, Cara: but a husband is the only animal for finding them out.

And for magnifying them too, sir. The risks which Mr Foston must run in marrying me, are too great for a man of prudence; he has against him education, and the habits of a country, the manners and opinions of which differ widely from his own. He is yet unacquainted with the tenor of life and character of the family into which he is going to enter. How might he be shocked to find he had entered into so near and dear an alliance with people, who professed to be of no religious community upon earth.

Good God! exclaimed I, involuntarily.

There, sir ! says she.

True, Cara ; thou art perfectly right ; after all, he may not deserve thee.—Foston, you shall hear the leading particulars of my life ; it is necessary you should know, whether I have obtained my wealth with the loss of my integrity ; it is necessary you should know, whether, having nothing that the world calls religion, I may not be destitute of moral honour also ; it is necessary you should know, whether it is owing to vice, to virtue, or caprice, that I live secluded from my fellow-citizens, and keep my daughter from an acquaintance with that world she is so formed to adorn. In your judgment of these things, I ask not candour of you, but sincerity ; that is the virtue that must save us from after regrets.

I am a Persian, a native of Ispahan ; my father was the only child of a rich merchant there, one of the court-jewellers : like other rich Mahometans, he had too many wives and mistresses to have a numerous offspring ; myself and two brothers were all I ever heard of. At the age of twenty I was sent to make my first mercantile essay, with a caravan to Delhi : almost the first news I heard on my arrival there, was the successful invasion of Persia by Shah Nadir ; the destruction of the Sophi followed soon ; my father and his family had the misfortune to be amongst the number of his most active adherents, and in consequence were cut off root and branch, and all their effects confiscated.

When the news of this fatal catastrophe was confirmed to me, I had nothing to do but resign myself to the will of the great Allah and his prophet, renounce Persia for ever, and make the most of my caravan.

By great and good fortune I had with me one Cadoub, my father's oldest clerk ; a man of great mercantile knowledge and confirmed probity. We had scarce begun the sale of our goods, when news arrived that Kouli-Khan was preparing for the invasion of Indostan.

This spoiled our market, and determined us to move towards Bengal. Having stopped in several cities, at length we reached Muxadavad, and found there a profitable as well as speedy sale for our effects.

This large and populous city has many attractions for merchants, of which it contains numbers, whose private wealth exceeds belief. I fixed my residence there ; and giving my honest Cadoub a fourth of the profits instead of wages, we commenced merchants to the extent of our capital.

I took upon myself the active office of the voyager, and had peculiar pleasure in visiting all the European factories : I have been much at Batavia, a little at Goa, whose inquisition I abhor ; was well pleased amongst the French, and captivated by the English ; everywhere I found individuals of great merit ; but sense, knowledge, and virtue, appeared more conspicuously to belong to the people of your nation. I have cultivated your language, and studied your history

and your laws : all over the East, despotism governs, with its attendant satraps, lust and violence.

Never will the mind of my Cara find its mate amongst the sons of slavery or rapine !

The death of Cadoub obliged me to give up the pleasure of visiting distant countries, and confine myself to Muxadavad, where I soon began to relish, like other rich and vain young men, the splendours and pleasures of a populous city. Happy if I had confined myself to these, and had never felt the pitiful ambition of shining within the sphere of a court, the fountain of corruption, whence issue rapacity, venality, fraud, despotism, and slavery. Good heavens ! of how many abominable scenes of dissimulation and perfidy have I been an unwilling spectator ! Of what vile materials can the human mind be composed, to be inflated with pride, or tinged with all possible infamy, by the allurements of a feather or a ribbon ! If the desire of superiority, whether in power, in wealth, in titles, tinsel, and parade, was not a radical malady in the mind of man, the experience of past ages must have convinced him, how ill it is to exchange tranquillity and virtue for all the toys and trifles in the power of a court to give. Whilst supplicants to royal pageantry, like untaught savages, bend the knee for beads and baubles, the service will be similar to the reward.

Happily the points of honour amongst merchants are integrity and good faith ; and the habit of preserving these saved me from the worst of poisons, a corrupted heart. An hundred times, sick of pomp and perfidy, I have determined to withdraw ; but the united powers of ambition and avarice were too strong ; the opposition of still more powerful passions was necessary.

In this situation I remained till the age of forty-five, having formed no attachments with women, except those transient ones arising from appetite ; nor friendships with men, (one excepted,) save what arose from interest. This exception was a Moses Cotrà, an Armenian Jew ; a man of agreeable manners and sound probity ; he, as well as myself, had grown rich by loans to courtiers, and by the profitable monopolies arising from such connections. Cotrà had been some years a widower, and the interest of two daughters prevented a second marriage.

In the bosom of this family alone I was accustomed to repose all my cares : this confidence was mutual, and not in the least interrupted by difference of religion, though the principal foible that distinguished the Jew, was what I thought a blind attachment to the ceremonious rites of his ancestors. A man who has seen the world, has seen these weaknesses everywhere ; but considers them as blemishes of no importance in a bosom full of true benevolence.

This was our situation, when one day in the morning a hasty messenger brought me a billet from Ruth, the eldest daughter. I had spent the preceding evening full of mirth and good

humour at my friend's house. Judge then of my astonishment on reading the contents of the billet: "The Nabob's officers have seized my father, and hurried him away to the palace; pray hasten to his and our relief."

I flew to the house, and found other officers sealing up the effects; his books and private papers had been seized, and conveyed along with himself. I hastened to the palace, where I thought my interest considerable: I desired to see my friend; no, he was accused of treason, and all access to him denied.—Of treason!

I had known Cotrà and his most intimate concerns so long, that I was convinced of the futility of the charge; but I knew also the dark, vindictive spirit of the court, and its slender regard to justice, when a rich subject was marked out, the victim of malignity and avarice; I made immediate application therefore to several of the first lords of the court, and urged the innocence of my friend, from my certain knowledge of all the important particulars of his life. One of them surlily advised me not to boast of this: I got nothing more satisfactory from the rest; they told me, indeed, a privy council was to be held that evening, and the proofs of his guilt exhibited; I need not in the least doubt but justice, equity, and honour, would preside at the board. The statues of some of these were indeed on the outside of the council-chamber; but their influence was as cold as their composition.

I returned to Ruth and Rebecca, with whom I spent some very disconsolate hours, till our minds, weary with wretchedness, turned the other side of the tablet, and drew themselves a picture of consolation.

Happy versatility! The next day's portrait was as hideous as human nature could furnish; the lords to whom I had applied the preceding day had the goodness to assure me, in the politest terms, that my friend had died the death of a traitor, his guilt being indisputable; as a proof, they shewed me the following letter in Cotrà's hand-writing:—

"Your interest, and the cause you speak of, are both so much at my heart, that I leave my affairs here, involved as they are, to fly to your assistance; and be assured you will find my interest strong against your opponents. As to what you say concerning Abufed, and his master Cajare Cuhda, you have nothing to fear from them, the moment I appear as your friend. The Rajah has already very powerful obligations to me; and, in fine, is at this instant about a matter of great importance to himself, in which he cannot succeed without my assistance.

I enclose you a bill of exchange for three hundred rupees to support your suit, and remain, star of my heart,

Your adoring
MOSES COTRÀ.

Surate, 26th of the month Rajah,
in the year of the Hegira, 1118.

Now, it seems, in less than a year after the date of this letter, the Rajah Cajare Cuhda, (part of whose lands, lying in a remote province of Bengal, had been wrested from him on various pretensions by the Nabob,) after two years unsuccessful negotiation for their restitution, had openly rebelled; and by the help of a Mahratta alliance, had at one time become formidable. Upon a defeat of part of his troops, these friends not only deserted his alliance, but seized and delivered his person into the Nabob's hands, who ended the rebellion by the bow-string with true Asiatic celerity.

About the time of the date of this letter also, money lent to the Rajah appeared on the debtor-side of Cotrà's books. On which proofs the council, on their rising, signed an order for his immediate execution, and another for the confiscation of his effects; a proclamation was issued, that the proofs were clear and strong against him, but improper to be laid before the public at that period, the state still smarting under the wounds given it by the rebellion in which he was an accomplice. Lastly, and to complete the business in its usual forms, his house was razed to the ground, and salt sown upon the foundation.

The daughters of my friend, thus stript of everything valuable in life, I took home to my own house; we lived long in all the luxury of woe, and the tender communication endeared us to each other beyond the common ties of friendship or of love.

I had long been disgusted with the court; I now became so with the world at large; but my business with both was too great to permit me to quit either in haste. To this end I now began to apply all my faculties; I had lost my ambition, and to accumulate wealth seemed to be heaping coals of fire upon my head; my present policy, therefore, lay in contracting my concerns, and diminishing the appearance of my riches.

Whilst I was intent upon this, one Saib, a secretary to the principal secretary of the Nabob, an officer of great power, applied to me for the loan of one thousand rupees, to fix the establishment of his son. I complied without hesitation, requiring neither interest nor security: the man had gratitude; he cultivated my friendship with assiduity, and gave me many little intelligences which facilitated my endeavours for calling in my court loans.

We spent one evening together at a tavern, where, in return for his kindnesses, I tore to pieces his note for the thousand rupees: in fact we had sacrificed plentifully to the god of wine, and became in consequence wonderfully loving. Betwixt the effusions of mirth and this new-acquired affection, many detestable court secrets escaped him; amongst others, a hint that my friend Cotrà had fallen a sacrifice to the diabolical vengeance of his (Saib's) master.

This hint operated upon me like sickness ; I grew instantly sober, and though of no apparent use, my curiosity was excited to know the bottom of that dark affair ; I plied Saib with wine and kindness till he had lost all reserve, and even all necessary caution for himself ; the sum of what he told me concerning my friend was this :—

Saib's master had applied to Cotrà for the loan of a large sum for government uses ; Cotrà refused on pretence of inability ; in reality he doubted the security.

The secretary offered an increase of interest ; this served only to double Cotrà's suspicions, and make him firm in his refusal.

The disappointed secretary vented his rage in very angry and threatening expressions before his domestics ; one of these, a young Gentoo Indian, was at this very time a favoured lover of a mistress of Cotrà's, whom he had long supported at considerable expense, and whom he was very fond of. At the time of Cotrà's absence at Surat, this young man was the adviser in a law-suit she had for lands in the territories of the Rajah Cajare Cuhda, and the confidant of her correspondence with Cotrà.

The commotion raised by Cuhda had been quelled almost three years, and everything relative to it seemed buried in oblivion ; when, on occasion of the minister's anger, the letter before-mentioned occurred to the memory of this young man, who thought it might be used to intimidate Cotrà into a compliance with his master's demand.

Nature has endued a greater number of little minds with cunning, than of great with magnanimity ; in the softest hour of blandishment he accused her of want of affection, calling hers poor and cold, compared with his own.—But how should it be otherwise ? says he ; you have my heart whole and undivided, whilst I only share yours with another.

My affection for you, replies she, arises from a soft and forcible impulse of nature, which I can neither restrain nor control ; for Cotrà I feel the greatest esteem and respect, such as the many obligations I have to him demand.

A good distinction, returns the young man, well suited to his age and gravity, and to the mercantile eloquence with which his letters to you were composed.

Oh ! as to eloquence, says she, your *billets doux*, in spite of your vanity, were much inferior.

It will be difficult to bring my vanity down to the belief of that.

See then, says she, taking out of a drawer two or three of those letters wrote by Cotrà from Surat ; see, says she, not one of these but brought me substantial bills of exchange ; yours nothing on earth but whines and pines, and hearts and darts.

'Tis true, says the young man, there is no standing out against such solid eloquence ; but

pray what engagement was this he mentions with the Rajah ?

I don't know, says she ; some money matter, I suppose.

You know, says he, what followed on the part of the Rajah soon after the date of this ; there is great cause, from this letter, to suspect Cotrà to have been an accomplice in the rebellion.

Not in the least, says she ; I dare say they never had transactions together but for loans.

Even that is treasonable at such a time.

What ! is the lender of money obliged to know the use the borrower means to put it to ?

No man is allowed to lend to the enemies of the state.

No, not when they are known ; but that is not the case here.

How do we know that ? However, as an officer of the Nabob, it is my duty to inquire into all suspicious circumstances ; this letter I must keep to forward my inquiry.

May the earth open and swallow you up, if you are guilty of this atrocious treachery !

When I fling half a lack of rupees into the lap of my morning star, she will wish the other way.

This altercation, says Saib, was told me in confidence by the young Gentoo, who boasted of it as a master-piece, because, in the end, he brought her over to his wishes.

In consequence of this letter's being delivered to the minister, Cotrà was seized and brought to trial ; on which nothing appeared against him but this letter, and his account with the Rajah.

He was interrogated concerning the matter of importance which the Rajah could not execute without his assistance ; Cotrà explained it thus :—

It is well known to many of the council here present, that the Rajah had a long negotiation with this court concerning his territory of Sulva ; sometimes circumstances of hope arose, sometimes of doubt ; I had often been his creditor for small sums ; he applied to me at this critical instant for a large one, which I have the greatest reason to believe was designed for presents to some of the officers of the court ; he offered me high interest, and my avarice got the better of my prudence ; I have the securities now in my possession, which, though useless for the recovery of the loan, will be a sufficient proof of what I now advance. Why the Rajah did not succeed, is well known to many of the lords here present ; he retired to his lands, and soon after rebelled ; from that hour I neither saw nor heard of him more, but by the public accounts.

It was owing, continued Saib, to a total want of proof, that Cotrà's execution immediately followed the rising of the council ; had there been real proof, his trial and punishment would both have been public.

I know too, says he, the exact proportion in which they all agreed to share the spoil ; but

mum for that. The Gentoo, I promise you, had the least share. But what will you say when I tell you, that the minister had it in contemplation to have accused you, you yourself, Signior Duverda, on account of your known intimacy, as an accomplice with Cotrà?

Impossible!

Nothing more true, however; but he laid it aside from the mere want of intrepidity. I will not answer though, that he never recogitates this business, especially as you have taken Cotrà's daughters into your protection; but never fear, I am your friend.

From the heads of this drunken effusion which I have now given you, Mr Foston, judge what must have been the sober reflections of the succeeding morning; passion knows no bounds; the hatred I felt for courts and courtiers extended to mankind; I began in earnest to detest the species, all but my two Jewesses, whom I loved in the same proportion: I lived, however, in the utmost terror whilst that Nabob reigned, and that minister ruled the helm: happily it was of short duration; revolutions are things of such frequency here, that they astonish nobody; the minister was put to death with many others, Saib amongst the rest; I lost money by the change, but gained tranquillity.

The very house you are now in belonged to Saib's master, that infernal minister who cogitated my destruction.

I bought it, and removed here with Cotrà's daughters, those good and grateful creatures, who would have died for me, or anything, but omit the passover; they were addicted beyond measure to their superstitions; I was cured of mine: but well knowing the influence these things have upon human minds, I never opposed or thwarted their enthusiasm, save by a kind and good-humoured raillery. According to their own rites, and by their own desire, I took Ruth for my wife, and Rebecca for my handmaid. Every year they killed the paschal lamb, seven days of the year they eat unleavened bread; the meat-offering and the peace-offering were ever before my eyes; and though never had women more unblemished hearts, the sin-offering of ignorance and the trespass-offering passed with great frequency to the priests of the synagogue at Muxadavad.

The mere ceremonial rites of every religion I had before learned amongst you English to think of very little account.

The perpetual view of these absurdities engrained in my mind a strong contempt.

Thus I came at length to bound my own religion within the narrow (though to me all comprehensive) bounds of the silent meditation of a contrite heart, lifting up its humble aspirations to the Author and Preserver of all being, by what name soever called throughout the universe.

All the rest appears to me invention, or convention; sometimes useful, sometimes detrimental to mankind. I speak not of moral duties, they are of another class.

My loving wives each brought me children, of whom Cara alone survived; and both of them had paid the debt to nature before this girl had reached twelve years old. The loss was severely felt by us both; but something less, I confess, by me, on my daughter's account, it being their desire to imbue her with a love of their superstitions; mine to keep her totally free from all this I have effected.

To me she appears to possess the only true religion; I can pardon the influence of education, if she seems to you to have none at all. As to my temporal concerns they stand thus: I have so far declined the business of a merchant, that I have not a bale of goods in the world; but there are few large emporiums either in the East or West, in which I have not considerable sums lodged in the hands of capital merchants. The real design of this was to get the principal part of my wealth out of the reach of the powerful and avaricious leeches of my own country. But in order to render it of some use, and to keep the debts duly acknowledged, by the single aid of the pen only, and that of my daughter's, I pass it perpetually from hand to hand, whenever the different pars of exchange will allow a moderate gain upon the transfer. Thus I still keep up a commerce with most of the known parts of the world, whilst in this country I am almost forgot. In this safe, though scattered state, I possess upwards of an hundred thousand pounds; besides which, I have loans here still unrecovered, to the amount of sixty more. It is true, many of these are irrecoverable without the hand of power.

You have now before you, continues Duverda, everything necessary to enable you to judge of the eligibility of an alliance with me—supposing you to gain my daughter's affection. If you do not succeed in this, or decline the attempt, you must grant me your company as long as agreeable; and I must, for the benefit of our lives preserved, insist upon your acceptance of ten thousand pounds.

Let it be twenty, my dear sir, interrupted Cara, it cannot be better bestowed.

Bidding for his heart, Cara?

No, sir; only endeavouring, as much as possible, to prevent the idea of your wealth from biasing his judgment, or corrupting his integrity; I want to see his mind totally divested of simulation or dissimulation.

By heaven! interrupted I, and so you shall.

Well, children, says old Duverda, one word more, and I have done. If you should be able to unite your affections, which I confess is the first wish of my heart, let me not again be a wanderer upon the face of the earth; indulge my age, by staying to close my eyes in this se-

questered spot; then carry my Cara to your own country, and shew her the blessings of freedom; and may Heaven reward you according to your treatment of my child, when she looks up to you alone for protection; when she confides in you for every earthly consolation!

It would be tedious to relate to you the progress of my courtship; never was time more sweetly spent. In a few months I had the happiness to vanquish all the fears and the scruples of my gentle Cara, and to convince her she ran no risk of misery from a weak and bigotted mind. We were united according to the English rites; and, with his daughter, Duverda gave me possession of all his effects in all the formalities of the Hindostan law. Circular letters were sent to notify this to all foreign correspondents; no difficulties arose from any of these.

But it appeared by the litigations I was soon involved in, that none but an English son-in-law could have recovered a fourth of the debts due from the courtiers.

It would not have been very absurd, notwithstanding the warm and tender ideas of lovers, to expect some little matters of contest might arise betwixt my wife and me, considering the difference of our education and habits. But for mildness and evenness of temper, for justness of reasoning, and depth of understanding, my Cara was a prodigy. To her excellent disposition it was owing that nothing like a quarrel ever subsisted between us. In spite of my better reflections I was still subject to little violences of temper when my opinions were contradicted. In order to cure me of these, Cara engaged me in a thousand little agreeable arguments concerning the origin of ideas, and their association; she taught me to consider how opinions were formed; how little share man himself could claim in the formation; and how unjust it was to attach the idea of turpitude to speculative notions, created or changed according to the disposition of external objects, and the sport of a thousand accidents. By these sweet means, she brought me to look upon a man's habits of thinking and acting, where the one does not necessarily lead or follow the other, as two distinct things; one altogether worthy of my esteem, although I might judge the other involved in a labyrinth of error.

In short, during the whole of our ten years co-existence, I enjoyed as much of human felicity as the nature of man will permit. She was an angel; she left the earth as angels should—she fell by Heaven's own fire. In some moments of cool reflection I am able to thank Heaven for it; in others, of which this is one, it overwhelms me with sadness and horror. I cannot relate it.—Julia, my love, I will attend you a few minutes to your dressing-room.—Excuse me, my dearest friends, this is

the last time I will sadden your hearts with sorrows you have no right to share.

He led out his weeping Julia. Every soul of us, man and woman, caught the contagion. Harriet and Laura were encircling each other, and sobbing in one corner; Miss Melton and the lively Mrs Tyrrell in another: the stouter men made shift to catch up their hats, and bear their brimful braveries out of sight; for it is the fashion, I find, for heroic men to be ashamed of tender emotions.

The rest of Mr Foston's story, my Nancy, except his travels, with which he often entertains and enlivens us, may be comprised in few words. Old Duverda died a year before his daughter: soon after her death, Mr Foston took an opportunity to put his only surviving child, Julia, under the care of a respectable French family of Boulogne; with a request that her peculiar residence might be the English Convent there, but under their inspection. With this family she often resided two months at a time, whence it happens that her manners are more easy and engaging than those of the generality of boarding-school misses.

It is now twelve years since the death of Mrs Foston, the greatest part of which he has spent in travelling. His large fortune is now nearly collected and established in the English, Dutch, and Venetian banks; so that to enjoy himself, and establish his daughter, is almost all he has to do. He will *do the more* for it, Nancy; his active mind and benevolent heart are formed for each other, and for the benefit of society. Dear Nancy, adieu.

Thy affectionate brother,

THOMAS SUTTON.

ANN SUTTON TO HER BROTHER.

London.

WHAT thanks do not I owe my dear and generous brother for all his kindness! How grateful am I to Heaven, which has raised him friends resembling its own inhabitants! Much do I long to become a denizen of Henneth Castle, to reverence Mr Foston, and love his Julia. This happiness I hope to have in a month, as Lady Morell's stay here will be no longer. To say truth, I care not how short the visit is; a certain insipidity, a nothingness, in Lady Morell's character, after the portraits you have drawn, and the descriptions you have given, makes it uncommonly tedious. The season of the year too renders London unpleasant, and the dearth of *beau monde*, and want of public diversions, make my lady splenetic; at which time she is only too apt to remember who I am.

But what will you say to an insidious sister, who has once or twice taken it into her head,

to plot herself into the same place of an uncle's affections your worship once held, until you was pleased to resign, as they say at court? Say what you will, but so it is.

Here, says I, on the one side, is a gouty old uncle, churlish, peevish, vain of his wealth, and wonderfully fond of submission, possibly of adulation, from the folks about him; on the other hand, is his hopeful heir, full of high notions of honour, and dignity, and independence; in short, too proud of heart to pay the drafts said uncle drew upon him.

Now here am I, bred up in lowliness, and trained to humility; rich, therefore, in the stores my dear uncle is so craving of; poor in those he has too much of; and as willing to ease him of a troublesome superfluity, as mortal woman can be.

The day after my arrival, I wrote him by the penny-post, a very humble billet, requesting leave to pay my respects to him on the morrow. He could not deny me, you know; for I sent him no address. Lady Morell's chariot conveyed me to the door, and Mrs Betty, in a very prim and stately manner, ushered me into the parlour, where sat my loving uncle in his chair of state, and his legs wrapt in flannels.

It was my business to suppose he would be monstrous glad to see me, and that he was unable to shew it after the usual manner. I ran and kissed him, like a loving niece as I was. My ardour seemed to Mrs Betty rather too impetuous; she begged I would take care, for her master could scarce bear touching. I know not whether my kind uncle had yet opened his lips, but he looked as if he wanted to say something cross, and could not find in his heart. I took the liberty to sit down by him; Mrs Betty did the same. I made kind inquiries after his health.—Mrs Betty answered. I began an unmeaning chat about the vast greatness of the city of London. Mrs Betty allowed that it was vastly big and fine, but that too much talking made her master's head ache.—Mine aches a little too, says I, and I shall be much obliged to you, Mrs Betty, for a dish of coffee.—She rung the bell—a footman entered.—James, says she, bring in the coffee.—I saw by this she was determined not to leave us. I took my coffee in silence, and as I sipped, the mortifying scene of my uncle's unkindness, and his servant's impertinence, sunk my spirits so much, that I could not help bursting into tears. In this soft mood I took my uncle's hand, and kissing it, asked, with a trembling voice, how I had offended him to merit so unkind a reception.

I thought he appeared softened.—I suppose, says he, you come to plague me about your brother.

I have no intention to give you a moment's pain of any kind, sir; I am sorry my brother has forfeited your favour; but I came hither to

pay my duty to you, without his commission, and without his knowledge.

That may be, niece, or it may not be. Howsoever, you know, when your mother died, I offered you to come and keep my house, and you refused, and choose to live with that cross-grained bitch your god-mother, so I owe you no thanks.

I thank my dear uncle for that kind offer, though I suppose my youth at the time has made me lose all remembrance of it; and hope he will impute it to that, and perhaps to bad advice, that I ever deserved his disapprobation.

Bad advice! ay, mayhap that was given by your brother, for he never asked me to let you come hither in all his life,—an ungrateful dog! But let him follow his own foolish ways; he'll be punished enough, I warrant him. What, is he gone off? Is he aboard ship? He sent a damned fine fellow, with a gold-laced waistcoat, here to affront me; his name was Ch—Ch—Cheslyn, one of his fine pot-companions; he said he was a gentleman—a rascal! his name is in the Gazette, niece; I did not know it then—wish I had.

When my uncle talks, I find, he talks very thick and fluently; and, indeed, I think it was a full quarter of an hour before he concluded a rhapsody, all in the style of the above. In short, he abused you so much and so virulently, that I am certain he must have been very fond of you; perhaps, he is so still; perhaps, his conscience reproaches him, and he endeavours to frighten it away with big words; perhaps, Mrs Betty practises upon him: her behaviour, for a servant, is quite astonishing.

When my uncle had done, this good creature took up the subject, and bandied you about through all the moralities, till not a glimpse of my brother remained.

To all these fine sayings I made no other answer, but that I was sorry, exceeding sorry—'twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful. And then I joined the pious Mrs Betty, in a long declamation against the vices and follies of the age.

And I write you this, as if I was applauding myself for my hypocrisy. Can this detestable quality ever deserve applause?

After half an hour's conversation more, such as it was, I had the satisfaction to find something less forbidding in my uncle's features, and Mrs Betty's carbuncles (does the woman drink, brother?) of a less sanguine hue. I rose to take my leave, and was surprised to hear these sugared words,—Niece, I hope you will make your next visit something longer—fall from the lips of my honoured uncle.

To be sure, I made a most gracious reply, and departed. So for the present, my dear brother,

Adieu.

ANN SUTTON.

THOMAS SUTTON TO HIS SISTER.

Henneth.

It is plain, my dear Nancy, that the old gentleman, at parting, had formed some resolution in thy favour. I will venture to predict it. Thy tender uncle, at the end of thy next visit, which I suppose will be final, will give thee a fond paternal kiss, bid thee be a good girl, that God may bless thee, and crown this overflow of affection with a spick and span new King George's guinea. Then farewell, nuncle.

Thou dependest upon thy witchcraft, Ann ; but it will never reach a heart made out of a rugged rock, and guarded by a hag.

I think, Nancy, in a former letter, you spoke of the little god of flames and darts, as if you defied his power, unless he came in the shape of an elderly gentleman, bearing in his hand a — settlement.

We here have no such defensive armour ; the mad deity throws his burning flashes across and athwart, and sings us all, like pigs. Struck with this electric fire, the lofty mind of the son and heir of Sir Richard Stanley descends from the high contemplation of his illustrious ancestry, to look down upon the dirt of Henneth ; in favour of which, he seems willing to overlook Julia's want of a genealogical tree, though with visible compunction. He is a gentleman of infinite heraldry ; and, like other learned folk, ill brooks a censure or a sarcasm on his favourite science.

Once upon a time, having astonished the company with the magnificence of his conceptions, What a pity it is, papa, says Miss Foston, we of the *canaille* cannot, a single instant of our lives, taste this sublime, this ravishing sensation, bestowed upon these favourites of fortune. If your India bonds could buy me a coronet, papa, I should still sigh, and be "no countess at my heart," for want of that incommunicable something, which high blood alone can bestow.

But it will be communicated to your posterity, Julia, says Mr Foston.—In how many generations, Mr Stanley ? says she.

Would you believe it, the personage, instead of answering this simple question, caught up his hat, adorned with the *button d'or*, bearing his armorial crest, crowned his lofty capital, and stalked forth of the room. The matter made some farther disturbance, which it may fall in my way to speak of hereafter.

We must do Mr Stanley the justice to confess, that he does not carry on his approaches in secrecy ; he vents the overflowings of his fond heart in public, and is as ready to pour out the overflowings of his gall also, if the charmer charm not according to his own desire.

Julia's eyes, Nancy, are black, not blue ; they have pierced deep into the breast of Mr John Cheslyn, who, being but an untitled gentleman,

has the modesty to suppose, that Miss Foston's fortune and excellencies combined, may be above his merit. Reserve to his brother and myself he has long laid aside ; but to the mistress of his affections, unless accident discover it, he will keep his love a secret for ever.

Miss Melton is still pining with grief for the loss of her father, who was swallowed up by the waves, with his vessel and all his effects, in consequence of his engagement with Captain Suthall.

Mr Melton, it seems, had taken an active part in our ever-memorable quarrel with the colonies, at first when the troubles broke out ; but having lost his two sons at Bunker's Hill, and thinking himself not well used by some of his own party, he determined to leave the country and seek an asylum in France.

He was actually on his way to Nantz, and within twelve hours sail of Brest, when he met Captain Suthall on a cruise.

The fight was long and stubborn ; at length the American vessel struck, and was boarded by the English. It was now near dark, and they had not been many minutes in possession, before a cry arose that the ship was sinking ; the English, who came in their long boat, hurried back in it to their vessel, and from a principle of gallantry and humanity combined, took Miss Melton in with them ; as many American sailors and officers crowded in also as the English durst admit, amongst whom Miss Melton doubted not was her father. Think of her distress, Nancy, when the mistake was discovered ! Could ruin be more complete ? The barbarous use that Suthall made of this victory, you know and detest, and of course bless the spirit and virtue by which she was released.

It is evident this young lady has a soul melted with tenderness and gratitude for her deliverer, independent of whom she seems not to possess one earthly comfort ; and this is repaid by an affection as sincere and ardent on his part. But still she repines for her father ; and to this grief adds a stubborn delicacy of sentiment, that refuses to carry ill fate and calamity into the bosom of the man she loves.

Nancy, thou hast seen a candle, and a beautiful little moth fluttering about it till it has scorched its wings. If the rash animal ventures another circle, he gets his heart burnt to a cinder.

—Just such a silly moth is thy brother ; the flame is kindled by the laughing dimples of the fair Euphrosyne, under the form and figure of Miss Laura Stanley, the most enchanting, satirical, arch, mirth-diffusing girl that nature ever formed, whose sportful lash I have very often the honour to feel ; her brother and sister feel it also on the score of family pride, but are not so thankful for it as I am.

Insolent plebeian ! says she one day, when I had been endeavouring to persuade her I wanted only wealth to make just the sort of gentle husband she ought to choose ; thou wantest wis-

dom also. Know, that we people of a certain rank ought to keep ourselves to ourselves, and not puddle ourselves with the clay and dirt of manufactures, or descend towards the lesser gentilities. This was one of the wise precepts of our grandmother, Harriet; was it not?

It was, sister, replies Miss Harriet, with a fine quality toss; and, notwithstanding your scorn, a precept that the good of society requires to be duly observed.

A very just observation, says Miss Foston; I will take care not to counteract the good of society. Harriet perceived the lapse, and blushed.

Nor will I, says Mr John Cheslyn, degrade a long train of family honours, by any aspiring presumption of mine.

The lily drove away the rose. Alas, poor Harriet! I am this instant called upon to take a morning's ride through the environs. Dear Nancy, farewell. Thy affectionate

T. SUTTON.

ANN SUTTON TO HER BROTHER.

London.

THANK you, my dear brother, for the little history of your loves; women like to know how the play goes on, whether they act a part in the drama or no; my *persona* is, at present, of a different kind, and, what will astonish you, performing under the very roof of our uncle.

I had, indeed, an inclination to live a fortnight with him *en famille*, in order to get rid of a very disagreeable visit I must otherwise have made with Lady Morell, but never durst promise myself the least success.

When I paid him my respects the second time, I found an odd sort of a reception, which could not properly be called kindness, and yet was something more than the imitation of it; Mrs Betty was abundantly simpering and courteous: I took advantage of these halcyon moments to insinuate Lady Morell's intended visit, and the dislike I had to it. This overture produced nothing. I ventured to wish I had a female friend in London, who would receive me for so short a time. Nothing. I lamented the ill state of my uncle's health, which would render a visit of that time disagreeable to him, or else I should be very happy to be under his protection.—If I had a wife now, niece, says he.

I wish you had, with all my heart, says I, sir, provided she was such an one as would make your life more comfortable and happy.

Mrs Betty bridled and simpered again.—I think, sir, said she, as Miss is so desirous of coming here for a fortnight—

Well, well, says my uncle, with all my heart: but hast any lovers prancing after thee, Nancy? —No, indeed, sir, nor any chance, nor any desire of any.

It would be the mere empty prattle of a woman, brother, to write you all the unmeaning things that were said before the final establishment of this convention; but it was agreed I should come to his house when Lady Morell left town: this happened three days after, and I have been here almost a week. I cannot complain of my own treatment; but they try me to the extent of my patience, by their illiberal railings against my brother, which are so evidently malicious and ill-agreeing, that I suspected they were the result of something more than common malevolence. This something more, my dear brother, was yesterday communicated to me, and would, indeed, have been a heavy stroke of fortune, if the kindness and generosity of your friends at Henneth did not alleviate its weight.

After some hesitation and preamble, my uncle yesterday opened his heart to me; and who should I find there, contracting and dilating it at her pleasure, but Mistress Betty herself; our aunt that is to be, and please you.

In the preface to this grand disclosure, my uncle politely informed me, that seeing how all his substance came by himself, his relations had no right to it; for what a man gets, a man may give, you know. To be sure, when a fortune has been a long time in a family, it is hard for it to go out; but if it never has been in, why nobody has no right to complain.

Howsoever, he was minded to have made Tom the first gentleman of the family, if so be he had taken good ways; but as he thought proper to brew, so let him bake. For his part, he had done his duty. It shan't be the worse for you neither, niece; for you must know, that as I thought to make Tom a gentleman, he must have had the main part of my substance; and between you and I, niece, I have a clear eight hundred a-year. But be that as it will, as I was saying, I designed to give you, niece, one thousand pounds, and no more; and pretty well, too, you know, when I gave all the rest to your own brother. Well, no matter, things are as they are, and so I may give you two, and mayhap a better penny, if so be you marry to please me. But as I was saying, niece, here is Betty now, a good orderly body, has lived with me twelve years, and for aught I know has saved my life as often, by her care and diligence; she is a tender creature indeed, niece; and loves me as she loves her own soul; and so I have some thoughts of marrying her; for I want a handy body to be about me, and one as knows my ways; so tell me, niece, what you think on't?

But this, brother, you know, (as my uncle says,) I durst not do; so was forced to proportion my answer to my courage: Heaven forgive me for my dissimulation.

In the first place, I returned him thanks for his kind intentions towards myself, which, I said, were greater than I could expect or desire. As to Mistress Betty, I had nothing in the world

to say against her, nor against his design of marrying her ; for there was all the reason in the world why he should please himself, being accountable to nobody. But if my dear uncle would forgive me, I would beg leave to ask one favour in behalf of my poor brother—No, no, no, no, Nancy, sputtered he—only not to put it out of your own power, in case he should hereafter please you, to be as kind to him as you have been to his sister.

The dog would have been hanged before he would have asked as much for thee, Nancy ; but thou wert always the best of the family. No, never fear, wench, I'll keep staff in hand, I warrant thee. If I should have children though, niece—hah !—

They have an undoubted right to the whole of your fortune, sir ; neither my brother nor myself could, in that case, expect to be benefited by it.

I'll be damn'd if thou sha't lose a penny by it, Nanny ; I'll make that safe before I begin, I promise thee. As to thy foolish brother—Well, I see thou dost not like to hear him abused ; however, bating a handsome maintenance for Betty's life or so, I tell thee I'll keep staff in hand.

Thus ended, for the present, this important business, which, I assure you, agitated my uncle's easy chair in no small degree. What say you now to my ladyship expectant, and to your insidious sister,——

ANN SUTTON ?

THOMAS SUTTON TO HIS SISTER.

Henneth.

WHAT do I say to thee, insidious Ann ? thou who hast deceived thy brother, and ensnared thy uncle ? For this superlative wickedness may thy favour and thy fortune increase, till thy brother repines, and finds his sister's felicity no longer a cordial to his heart.

I well know thy generous purpose, Nancy ; but man pursueth vain shadows, and woman also. Let my uncle marry ; if I meditated revenge, I could not find a more effectual mode of inflicting it. When Mrs Betty's heart lies open to him, as thou callest it, Nancy, I am persuaded he will not find it possessed by anything, save the demons of avarice and—lust : a harsh expression, sister, but justified by a perfect knowledge of the woman.

Think, Nancy, of thy brother's house for thy asylum ; and his arms for thy happiness : thy gentle spirit may bear insult, and even oppression, but thou hast nothing in thee that can be assimilated to the nature of thy present associates.

When I finished my last letter, I was upon the point of taking a ride with some of our so-

cietie into a part of the country we had not yet seen ; it proved an interesting excursion.

As we were passing through a village, we saw a crowd of people about a small farm-house ; the goods were selling by auction ; the house was divided from the church-yard only by the road which lay between ; at one of the windows, stood a woman with a young child in her arms, looking mournfully at a new-made grave ; her pale face exhibited the unequivocal signs of fixed and settled woe. Without stopping to ask a question, Julia was off her horse, pressed through the crowd in the kitchen, and made her way to the poor creature in the inner room. Mr John Cheslyn, animated by the same emotion, was instantly at her side. The room was stripped of its furniture, except some articles of a man's apparel ; a girl of six years old was sitting on the floor, encircling in her little arms a sister of two, playing with nut-shells.

The poor woman turned her head at Julia's entrance, glanced upon a coat hanging on the opposite side of the room, cast a piteous look upon the children on the floor, kissed the infant she held in her arms, and with a deep sigh fixed her eyes again upon the grave.

You seem, good woman, says Julia, uncommonly distressed ; what can be done for your assistance ?—She sighed, and made no answer. Julia took her hand ; Suffer yourself to be comforted, says she ; no human being can be miserable beyond relief.

I don't know you, says the poor creature, and what you can do for me, though you were an angel. That new-raised earth there is the grave of my husband, the man I loved more than myself ; the father of these three children, and of a child unborn ; and of my little Billy and Tommy, who lie buried with him : and I have neither father nor mother, nor brother nor sister, nor relation in the world, to shelter my little ones, and my husband owed an hundred pounds and other little debts, and they are selling up all his goods, and the two cows that gave my children milk ; and I am not well, and cannot struggle for their livelihood ; and when I look at my husband's resting place, how do I wish and long that I and my poor babes were laid by his side, and quiet as he is !

By this time the tears flowed plentifully down Julia's cheeks, and Cheslyn's words were stopped by his emotion.—And they will turn me out of this house, continues the poor woman, and I had rather live upon bread and water in this room, than upon the finest dainties in the world out of it.

But they have taken away the bed my husband died in, and it was a great comfort to me to lay me down in it and cry. But I know some good Christian will give us straw ; and it is such a pleasure to me, when day light comes, to see the ground that covers my poor William.

To be forced from this house, in the midst of

this complicated distress, thought Mr Cheslyn, will tear this poor creature's heart in pieces; something else must be thought of. Leaving Miss Foston with the poor woman, he went out with an intention to purchase the household furniture. He found himself anticipated; Mr Foston, after a little inquiry into circumstances, had stopped the sale, and commissioned me to buy the whole by the lump. The bailiff eagerly embraced the offer, and few words concluded the bargain. The stock and utensils had been bought in the morning by an honest kind-hearted Welchman, who had taken the house and farm. On application made to him for leave to let the woman remain a while in the house, Ay, Cot pless you, hur is welcome to stay till Michaelmas, and to live in this room, after that, as long as it will do her any good, look you.

The furniture was then replaced as usual; and it touched every heart with sympathizing pity, to observe the intermingled grief and joy that appeared in the poor woman, when she saw the bed restored to its old situation.

It was something extraordinary, that during the whole time of replacing the furniture, bringing provisions into the house, and other acts of kindness, Mrs Williams, for that was her name, had never uttered an expression of thanks; her mind seemed wholly occupied by the bed and the grave.

But when Miss Foston rose to go, her mind seemed opened to new conceptions, and the full flow of gratitude burst forth; not in words, for of these she was deprived, but in a paroxysm bordering on frenzy: she caught hold of Julia's clothes, with an action that seemed to indicate fear lest Miss Foston should escape, and resolution to hold her fast. Julia humoured this emotion, and at last obtained her release, by a promise to see her again on the morrow.

Whilst we were mounting our horses, the poor creature had taken her station at the window, alternately looking at Julia and her husband's grave.

The next day Miss Foston chose me as her attendant to the village. Mrs Williams thanked her with the truest eloquence, a copious shower of tears; the preceding day her grief had been too high wrought; it was a relief to her to be able to weep.

In reply to Miss Foston's representation of the necessity of leaving that place, she sighed, and said she knew it well; and knew also the duty she owed her children was incompatible with the indulgence of her fond melancholy. She had already, she said, considered of two or three methods by which she might be able to get her bread.

She mentioned these. Miss Foston thought them too precarious and scanty.—My father, says she, has commissioned me to offer you the occupation of a dairy-maid.

Heaven bless him, and you too, my dear lady,

for all your goodness! but how shall I leave my sweet babes? and I am with child too, says she.

That shall be no impediment, replies Miss Foston; nor shall you or your children be parted, that would be a hardship which no state could recompense. Within half a mile of the castle is a neat cottage, with betwixt twenty and thirty acres of very good grazing-land; these will keep eight cows winter and summer, the butter and cheese to go to the castle at a market price. Thus you will be a dairy-maid, but not in the common way; you will find the cows upon the spot, and no rent to pay till the second year, then you fix it yourself by your own experience.

Lord of Heaven! says the good woman, can all this be? I resign myself to your direction, Miss Foston; and, when I am able, will endeavour to prove myself not wholly unworthy this goodness.

Then shall I send for you to-morrow? says Julia.

Yes, says she, turning her eyes with a deep sigh upon the church-yard.

The cottage is furnished, said Miss Foston; can you recommend any worthy poor people of this neighbourhood, to whom those goods would be acceptable?

O yes, dear madam, all but this bed.

There is no room for it, says Julia.

Forgive my folly, said Mrs Williams, but I think I should rest so much better and happier in this than any other.

Well, we will talk of that at the cottage.

Miss Foston's may truly be called an active benevolence. Instead of sending for Mrs Williams, she went herself, because, from what she had already seen of this poor creature's sensibility, she feared the parting scene might exhibit some touches of passion, which, to the unfeeling vulgar, might shew like folly. She judged right.

To part from the grave of her William was agony: I shall not attempt, my Nancy, to tear thy tender heart by the description.

By the time she arrived at the cottage, much of this agitation had subsided. The maid, sent there to assist her in the business of the farm, shewed them into a small brick parlour, where a neat tea equipage was set out for their refreshment. Mrs Williams sat down, and looked her thanks in silence; rose up, as if instinctively, and went to the window; turned from it with a deep sigh, threw herself into a chair, and fainted away.

Nancy, I will write no more; what signify these minute details? this was three days ago. Mrs Williams is now tolerably serene, and begins to take pleasure in her business. Adieu.

Thy

T. SUTTON.

ANN SUTTON TO HER BROTHER.

London.

I THANK my dear brother for his affecting story of Mrs Williams. I have a tale to tell too, of terror and distress, of the downfall of all my hopes, the overthrow of my insidious arts. A simple tale of facts, that will draw no moisture from any eye; no pity from any heart. I know not if my own patience will be sufficient for the dull recital.

You cannot conceive, brother, how very lovingly and cordially everything went on at my uncle's, after breaking the ice in the manner I informed you of in my last. Preparations for marriage, indeed, were not carried on with that precipitate ardour some bridegrooms feel; for, I must confess, my uncle's passion does not seem superabundant in the ardent; but they *were* carried on, however; and Mrs Betty was so excessively civil and courteous as to intimate a sort of wish that I would grace the nuptials with my presence; in short, her behaviour was so suitable and full of decorum, that I began not to hate her; which, at my first coming, in spite of myself, I could not help.

My uncle had been ill for a few days; that is, not so well as usual, and had called in a young Scotch physician, whose name is Gordon, and who is rising into great reputation, though he has been from Edinburgh only two years. He speaks broad Scotch, and seems to be a man of humour, and good humour too.

Maister Sutton, says he, this gouty humour of yours is *mal-à-propos*. Ken ye what we must do with it, mon? If we drive it awa for the present, that it may no' interrupt your nuptial joys, ten to one it comes with double fury upon ye. And 'gin we bring it to a regular gout, it will postpone the hymeneal bliss, and that, to a young bridegroom, like yoursell, would be mickle irksome.

What the devil is it to you, doctor, says my uncle, whether I marry or not; cannot you cure my disorders without troubling yourself about other things?

Aw the deel, mon, ye do na understand the nonnaturals, nor ken ye weel the muckle influence the mind has over the body. How are ye sure, Maister Sutton, that this irregular proceeding of your humours does not arise from the agitation o' your mind, upon the prospect o' your approaching bliss?

Let it arise from what the devil it will, says my uncle, testily, 'tis your business to get rid on't, and not concern yourself about foreign matters.

I tell you, Maister Sutton, that nothing is foreign to a physician that concerns his patient; for sin Dr Priestly found out, that the soul of man is made of the same materials as the body, the parsons have given up all care about it;

and the poor physician is obliged to administer now for the maladies of ambition, pride, avarice, spleen, and petulance, as well as gout and fever.

And I tell you, Doctor Gordon, that if the devil had all the parsons, and the physicians into the bargain, I don't believe the nation would thrive a bit the worse for it.

Aw in gude time, sir; gi the black gentleman leave to do his work at his own leisure, and don't hurry him. But, as I was telling you, Maister Sutton, since this additional burthen has been laid upon the physicians, all their care is to construct an instrument, to be applied to the patient's imagination; to indicate the heat and cold thereof, and shew what part of the compass it points to; and till this can be effected, they have issued out an ordinance from Warwick-lane, enjoining all patients to answer interrogatories made by physicians, as fully and faithfully as their fathers, in times of yore, answered at auricular confession. And my first interrogatory is, when do you design to marry? for, on the answer to this, the nature of the prescription will depend.

Pho, pox, says my uncle, you're such an odd fellow, a man does not know when to be angry and when to be pleased with you.

I will give him a gude general rule for this, Maister Sutton, when he can't help being the one or the other.

Well, I can't help being very angry with you at this moment, says my uncle.

Then I have aw my diagnostics to learn over again. Pray, Maister Sutton, (pulling a small mirror out of his pocket,) do me the favour to look at this, and tell me if you ken the face of an angry mon in it? Your judgment upon the case, Miss Sutton.—My uncle could not help a smile.—Is that the frown of anger? No, Maister Sutton, gin ye attempt to deceive your physician in this manner—

Now, brother, you must know that all this is nothing to my story; but when a woman is pleased with a man—pshaw! that is, with his manner, she is mighty apt to be tediously profuse in her encomiums.

Doctor Gordon amused us some time longer with his pleasantry, prescribed a few powders to be frequently taken, and left my uncle in high good humour.

As Mrs Betty had sat up a great part of the preceding night, I offered to attend my uncle the night following; and at last it was agreed that she should wait upon him till twelve, then call me, and go to rest herself; at the same time she informed me where I might find the powders. There was a small bed put up in a closet adjoining my uncle's chamber, where Mrs Betty used to sleep when my uncle was neither so ill as to want much attendance, nor so well as to do quite without. But her proper apartment was one pair of stairs higher, a middle room be-

twixt James's and Jenny's, the under maid, and thither she went when I relieved her.

About three o'clock, I wanted to give my uncle his medicine, and, looking where Mrs Betty had instructed me, I found two sorts of powders in nearly equal papers, but differing in colour.

Neither my uncle nor I could determine which was right.

I took a candle and went to Mrs Betty's apartment, and was a little surprised to find two faces in the bed, till it occurred to me that, for some reason or other, Jenny might lie with her that night. They were both asleep; and, looking a little more intently, I perceived one wore a man's night-cap, and appeared to be no other than James himself. Good God, how I trembled! To be certain, I brought the candle nearer till the light flashed in his face. He started, swore a great oath, and jumped out of bed on the other side. I flew back to my uncle's chamber breathless with terror; I sunk down upon the bed, and with difficulty kept myself from fainting.

My uncle all the while kept tormenting me with questions and exclamations, to which I made no answer, but,—I cannot tell you, sir, indeed I cannot.—He swore and stormed, however, till I did; and then no expedient would serve but to put them both to death directly, which, however, he did not find himself strong enough to go about. At length he swore himself asleep, and I had a couple of hours relief.

I was still involved in the consideration of this affair, and wondering how it would terminate; when, to my entire astonishment, about the usual hour of rising, in came Mrs Betty, calm and composed as innocence itself.

My uncle assaulted her with a torrent of reproaches.

I thought, says she, there would be some mistake, from what Jenny told me this morning: she says that you, miss, came into my room about three o'clock this morning, and frightened her out of her wits, by holding a lighted candle to her face; she thought the bed was on fire, and jumped out, and that you, if it was you, ran away as fast as you could.

Jenny! says my uncle; so it was Jenny all this while; and how came she to lie with you?

She did not know I should sleep there last night, sir; so she lay in my bed to air it, as she often does.

After a little more altercation, Jenny was called, who confirmed Mrs Betty's tale in every particular.

My uncle asked me if I was convinced of my mistake.

I answered, I must beg leave to be silent about it; that I had already said everything I could say; that the face and voice appeared to be James's; and he himself was as good a judge

as any one how far I might be deceived by my fears.

James's face! says Jenny; James has been out all night; his bed this morning is just as I left it yesterday.

The words were scarce out of her mouth when we heard a gentle rap at the street-door. I suppose that's him, says Jenny.

My uncle ordered him to be called; he came in his afternoon dress.—How comes it to pass, rascal, says my uncle, that you dare lie out of my house of nights?

I beg your pardon, sir, says James; I never did so but once before, and not for any wickedness, I assure you.

For what, then? says my uncle.

James made many hums and hahs before he would tell; but at last it came out that he had fallen in love with Peggy, the cook at a noted eating-house; and that they had agreed to be married together, and set up one of their own, as soon as ever they could raise money by saving or borrowing.

He added many particulars of his courtship, and with such an air of plausibility, that I could not in the least wonder at my uncle's being fully convinced.

What say you to all this, niece? says he, a little gloomily.—Nothing, sir; only I will entreat your permission to return to Lady Morell's; I cannot now expect either you or Mrs Betty to look favourably upon me.

Lord, miss! says she, I owe you no ill-will, not I, since it has pleased God to prove my innocence. I dare say it was only owing to fear, and a body in a fright may well make a mistake; for my part, miss, I shall never think no more about it.—Good creature! says my uncle; and this good creature continued as smooth as oil all breakfast time; at last she went about her ordinary occupations.

The remainder of the morning was spent by my turbulent uncle in endeavouring to convince me of my error. All my answer was, that I was convinced the whole affair would appear to every unprejudiced person as it did to him. Unhappily, at present the impression upon my senses was too strong to allow free scope to my judgment; and till it was otherwise, I thought it would be better to return to Lady Morell's.

Doctor Gordon interrupted this debate.

Weel, says he, this is right now. Your gude folk in the kitchen are as merry as Hogarth's laughing audience, and mirth is an enemy to the doctor; while in the parlour ye are aw in a state o' perturbation, and that bodes as muckle gude. What the de'il are ye at now?

Would you believe it, brother? my absurd uncle blundered out the whole affair, by way of appeal against my obstinacy, as he called it.

Maister Sutton, says the doctor, ye certainly see the thing in its right light. The senses

are for aye geing us false intelligence ; and I dunna think miss knows enough of the difference of sexes, as to ken a mon fra' a woman, without mair circumstance. Besides, in cases of doubt and perplexity, it is right to determine in favour of the moral goodness o' the parties concerned, especially when it coincides with our own propensities. Notwithstanding, we are not altogether to condemn Miss Sutton, for the eyes are powerful persuaders. There are people who have ventured to believe their eyes in spite of the positive establishment of an *alibi* in the Old Bailey. But they are clearly in the wrong, Maister Sutton ; for a body canno' be in twa places at the same instant of time. As to the need of miss's returning to Lady Morell's, ye are the best judges. The peace o' families should na' be endangered when it can be prevented without muckle ado.

I was sensible the doctor, by this insinuation, was indirectly advising me to go ; and though I could not conjecture why he did so, I determined to take it. Accordingly, a few hours after, I took a formal leave of my uncle, and your aunt that is to be, who supported her specious character admirably to the last, and with a heavy heart left the house.

Lady Morell received me in an easy picktooth way, neither pleased nor displeased ; so that in a few days you may expect to hear I am flying to forget the crosses and the freaks of fortune in the arms of my brother. Adieu.

ANN SUTTON.

ANN SUTTON TO HER BROTHER.

London.

How manifold, dear brother, are the changes and chances of this mortal life ; I am not flying to Henneth, I am not with Lady Morell, I am in the house of my uncle, I am his heart's dear niece ; his heiress, brother, if an old man's obstinacy can stand against every argument of truth, reason, and justice.

Over and above all, I am his housekeeper and privy-council ; the importance and occupation of which offices are so great, that I really have not time to say more by this post, than that my uncle sends his love to you. Patience, dear brother, is the advice of

Your sister,

ANN SUTTON.

THOMAS SUTTON TO HIS SISTER.

Henneth.

I AM all astonishment, Nancy, at the contents of thy last. Housekeeper to thy uncle ? his

heiress ? and truth, reason, and justice, all against it ? This is inexplicable, or it is an effusion from the generous bosom of a sister in favour of a less deserving brother. Thou art the only daughter of his brother, Nancy, equally near in blood with myself, and in every virtue how infinitely superior. And my uncle sends his love to me ! cruel tormenting Ann ! and my sister sends patience ! a medicine for a mad dog.

The whole scene, Nancy, described in thy preceding letter, was natural in all its parts, and suited to the actors ; there is nothing new, save in the character of Doctor Gordon, who pleases me exceedingly, and thee too, Ann, or I am a bad soothsayer. That Mrs Betty was a w—e and a hypocrite, I knew before ; I knew my uncle was a dupe, and thee a gentle timid thing, who wouldst scarcely lift the hand against a wasp about to sting thee. Nature has kindly suited the drama to the persons, and the piece ended as it was like to end.

If I may be allowed to foretell, as an Irishman would say, a thing that is past, I should guess that love and Doctor Gordon had somehow changed the scene ; for there seems a quickness of apprehension concealed under the drollery of that Scot, that honest Scot I hope, well adapted for the purposes of discovery. Explanation is upon the wing, I hope, or dread the vengeance, Ann, of thy —. Fill the gap as thou wilt.

T. SUTTON.

ANN SUTTON TO HER BROTHER.

London.

I AM absolutely vexed with myself for sporting thus wantonly with the patience and good-nature of my brother. What if I could not write that post, it would have been easier and much kinder not to have wrote at all. Forgive me, my Tommy ; I will repair the fault, if the sacrifice of half this night's repose will do it.

The next morning I was surprised by an unexpected visit from Doctor Gordon ; he was pleased to say my innocence and gentleness were very unfit to cope with the people I had to deal with at my uncle's, and, on that account, he was glad I was removed ; he was very well convinced that I was not deceived as to the transaction of that night ; he thought he saw the whole train of management ; if so, it should go hard but he would counterplot them. That he had taken, and would continue to take, an honest liberty with his patient,—that of persuading him that his illness was of consequence, when, in reality, it had scarce an existence ;—that this would gain time to search the bottom of the affair, which, if they should find as represented by Mrs Betty, the matter must be left where it was ; for though, says he, I have

heard an excellent character of your brother, and it would give me the utmost pleasure to be an instrument of restoring him to his expectations, I will not descend to a dishonourable act for that or any other purpose in life. But, in detecting villainy, I will assist any honest man ; and in the service of a lady, and—permit me to say—of the lady who now honours me with her conversation, I will not be outdone by any.

Here was gallantry, brother.

The first step I will take, says the doctor, shall be at a proper time to pay a visit to Mrs Peggy, at the eating-house, supposing Mrs Peggy to be. If she is a shadow only, I shall detect Mr James by that circumstance ; if she is substance, I don't see why a woman may not be bribed to truth as well as falsehood. But with every step I take I shall do myself the honour to make you acquainted.

As he was taking his leave, I thanked him in "the best terms I had." But, permit me, doctor, says I, to ask you, why, in this conversation, you have so much less of the Scotch pronunciation, and none of the words which belong to that language *only* ?

It was an innocent deceit, he said, by which he found he could keep the generality of his patients in good temper, with very little aid from wit and humour ; but with you, miss, says he, I never intend to use deceit at all.

More gallantry, brother. The next day, instead of the doctor, I received a card in these terms—"Doctor Gordon's compliments to Miss Sutton—denies himself the pleasure of seeing her to-day, in order to do it to-morrow with more satisfaction. Peggy is a real being—James and Betty are too provident to trust to an ideal personage. An incident has fallen out from another quarter, which he hopes may be improved to produce his wishes ; will have the honour to explain it to-morrow."

I was as impatient for the morrow as I suppose my brother is for the next post from London. It was near evening before the doctor came, and Lady Morell being engaged abroad, I had all the leisure to receive him I could wish.

I am happy to inform you, madam, says the doctor, that this affair is already brought to an éclaircissement, and to a termination such as you would wish. I am only sorry I can claim no share in the merit of the discovery, which is owing entirely to the honest zeal of a Nanny Garton, a young woman, who lived at Mr Sutton's some months ago. She is, it seems, own cousin to Jenny, who lives there now, and being out of place, calls often to see her.

It is very lucky, Miss Sutton, that the order of the apartments in your uncle's house is such as no man of fortune would bear besides himself. The only entrance into the parlour is through a corner of the kitchen, and there is another room to pass through before you arrive there.

When I knocked at the door yesterday morning, this Nanny Garton opened it, and passing into the kitchen, I saw Jenny in tears.

Beauty in distress, you know, miss, is a touching thing, and it is a doctor's business to cure all human complaints—if he can.

With as much tenderness, therefore, as the disposition of my features will allow, I set about inquiring into the poor girl's disorder.

Jenny kept crying on, but chose to make no answer.

It does not signify, says Nanny ; you say the doctor knows all about it hitherto, and so tell him the rest ; perhaps he'll stand your friend with master.—I cannot tell him indeed, says Jenny, I am so ashamed.—Then let me, says Nanny.—O dear, O dear, says Jenny, what shall I do !—Why be honest, says the other, and God will prosper thy gains. But it don't signify talking, Jenny ; out it must come one way or other ; for as fine a gentleman as ever trod upon shoe leather shan't be ruined by such a—a—a—

I understand you very well, young woman, says I ; but Jenny need not gi herself any trouble about the matter, as the old gentleman wull be well acquainted to-morrow with aw the circumstances, except the sum that Jenny pocketed for gi'ing false evidence.

Christ ha' mercy ! says Jenny.—However, continued I, as I like to be a woman's friend when I can, if Jenny wull confess everything to her maister to-day, I wull stop Peggy at the eating-house from doing it to-morrow.—Good God ! says Jenny, can Peggy betray James ?—You fool, says Nanny, you shall in to my master this very minute, before James and Betty come from the market. I swear if she won't I will.

Weel, let it be as you think fit ; gien Jenny doesna strike while the iron is hot, she wull repent it all her days.—Saying this, I passed into the parlour.

Having made the common inquiries into my patient's health and so forth ; Maister Sutton, says I, what the de'el is the matter in your kitchen ? Yesterday they were laughing mad, and to-day they are aw in tears.—Before he could reply, in came Nanny, lugging Jenny along, with a little lump of money in her left hand.

Nanny was the first spokeshöman ; I assure you, sir, says she, my cousin Jenny here is as honest a girl as ever was born, but she has been betrayed into doing a wrong thing all of a sudden, as one may say, for want of time to consider.

Jenny now threw herself at her master's feet, and, sobbing, begged his forgiveness. As to your poor uncle, he was tongue-tied with amazement.

The substance of Jenny's confession was this : That about four of the clock in the morning of your adventure, Miss Sutton, Mrs Betty comes wringing her hands into Jenny's room, crying out she was undone and ruined for ever, for

Miss Sutton had seen James in bed with her ; and that James also came in, and they both fell to entreaties, and Mrs Betty put ten guineas into her hand, and promised to give her as much more, and be her friend as long as she lived.

So Jenny was over persuaded. Now whether it was conscience or the vanity of wealth that induced Jenny to confide all this to Nanny the very next day, does not clearly appear. Nanny, however, saw the affair in a very different light, and threatened poor Jenny with fire and flame for ever, if she did not make recantation. The chief argument which Nanny used, was the heinous sin of letting her old master marry a w—re, and her young one, the best gentleman in the world, be disinherited. Whether all this would have conquered Jenny's repugnance is uncertain, if fortune had not kindly conducted me at the critical instant to take a share in the debate.

Whilst Jenny was making her confession, and Nanny strengthening it with little anecdotes of her own, in comes Mrs Betty. I expected a continuation of that charming serenity and composure for which this virgin is likely to be celebrated in after-times ; but the suddenness of the explosion annihilated all her intrepidity.

Mr Sutton swore, Nanny railed, and Jenny repeated the terms of the convention. How Mrs Betty tutored her, what answers she should make to such and such questions ; how James was to get out of the house in his afternoon dress, and pretend to have lain out all night ; and for fear of the worst, how she bid him go to Peggy, and prepare her to answer, in case she should be asked about it ; and, finally, how she gave her ten guineas, which Jenny threw upon the table with the air of a person conscious of unsullied honour.

To complete the overthrow, Nanny stepped in with a new accusation.—You know very well, says she, that you lay with James often enough when I lived here ; but I should not have minded that of a farthing, if you had done nothing worse, for I hates to make mischief in families about such things ; and see and say nought is a servant's maxim. But you told master how Mr Thomas Sutton wanted to corrupt your virtue, when you know, in your own conscience, it was quite a contrary thing ; and seeing you could not gain your ends, you set master against him, and got him turned out of the house ; and this was a hundred times worse than lying with James.

Here Mrs Betty assumed courage enough to tell Nanny that *she* had no right to be so pert and forward ; for she had acted like the best of friends to her, by turning her away when her virtue was at its last gasp. Nanny replied to this sarcasm. Betty rejoined. The matter was going fast into a war of tongues. Mr Sutton was quite helpless ; and the elements would have

been all in confusion, if I had not taken upon me to appease the storm, by dismissing Nanny and Jenny into the kitchen.

Mrs Betty, having once found her tongue, grew quite eloquent in her own cause. It is true she did not deny the principal fact, but she opposed to it twelve years faithful service ; how often had he confessed she had saved his life over and over by her cares as a nurse ; And, in short, says she, sobbing, you have had in me everything you could have had in the dutifullest wife, except the expense.

By my soul, Miss Sutton, I thought this an unanswerable argument. Mr Sutton thought nothing of any argument at all. The poor gentleman was sorely buffeted by two contrary winds. That such a man as he should be made a dupe and a cuckold by a couple of low wretches ! But what should he do without Betty, his nurse, his handmaid, his habit, his second nature, the best half of his existence !

I thought it did not become a doctor to leave the mind of his patient exposed to such cruel contrarieties, therefore I made a long oration concerning human nature, and human frailties, and human benevolence ; and, in short, said as much, with as little in it to the purpose, as Cicero himself could have done.

The sum of all was this ; that as forgiveness of injuries was the most glorious attribute of man, I hoped to find it in my friend in its brightest lustre. But as there were certain decorums to be attended to in all civil societies, I did not see how it was possible for them to continue to live together, the matter being rather too public to admit of it ; and, supposing it otherwise, the thing was of such a nature as would be perpetually engendering strife betwixt them, so that each would be happier apart. I therefore proposed that Mr Sutton should settle a handsome annuity upon Mrs Betty for life ; and to Mrs Betty I recommended it to marry James ; in which case I should farther propose to my good friend, to make them a present of a couple of hundred pounds to set them up in business.

Your uncle's mind, Miss Sutton, as you well know, is not formed of the most ductile materials ; propositions of parting with money are not what it yields to most easily. I saw, by the manner in which these were received, that they would go down heavily, and therefore hinted to Mrs Betty that she had better retire ; and, if she pleased, consult with James about the last proposal.

When we were alone, Mr Sutton began to abuse me liberally, the principal article of which was, my having taken liberties in his private affairs, which I had no right to do.

Now this was so exactly true, Miss Sutton, that my own impertinence had flashed in my face a thousand times : I had therefore nothing to do, but either take my hat and walk out in a huff ; or wear the matter off by a civil and

submissive demeanour. For reasons that did not respect myself, I chose the latter.

My apology was couched in these terms. That when I had first the honour of knowing him, I was called in at a very critical instant, when being given over by his old physician, his death was expected every hour ; that by a happy exertion of some of the most dangerous powers of medicine, I had the good luck to save his life. In consequence of his sense of this, a more intimate acquaintance had arisen betwixt us than is usual betwixt physicians and patients. That I had been in the habit of visiting him as a friend, which, if no longer agreeable, I must, though with regret, cease to do. That it was himself who had induced me to take any share in this transaction, by appealing to me in his little dispute with Miss Sutton ; and, if I had taken more than was agreeable, I was sorry ; and was only justified by my intention of doing him pleasure and service.

Well, well, doctor, says he, I like your friendship and acquaintance very well ; by my soul I do ; but what the plague need you have been so damn'd liberal ? What sum might be in your head when you proposed a *handsome* annuity ?

I had fifty pounds a-year in my head, Mr Sutton.

The devil you had ! What a bountiful reward for vice !

By no means ; I would reward only the laudable part of her conduct ; the bad will *reward* itself. But, my good sir, you must give me leave to say, that in this affair, punishment does not belong to you.

Why ? how so ? is it not I that am wronged ?

Granted. But come, my friend, you cropt the rose, and should not resent being pricked by the thorns.

Why, I had the——, and so—damn it, doctor—I'll leave everything to you.

By my faith, Maister Sutton, then you will be very much in the wrong ; there is a much properer person to share your cares and counsils. Your niece.

I must beg leave, Miss Sutton, to suppress the remainder of our discourse on this subject. You possess a certain quality, which will make the repetition painful to you.

It will be sufficient to inform you that I am now here by your uncle's desire, to inquire how far it will be agreeable to you to take care of his house, and of himself. For he very justly considers himself as the most troublesome part of the business.

I believe, sir, the disposition I have to love him as my uncle, I may say as my father, for I am deprived of my parents, will make the task easy to me. All I can say, is, if my uncle will accept of my duty, it shall not be the fault of my will, if I do not render myself agreeable.

'Tis answered like Miss Sutton ; I am confi-

dent he will be a happier and a better man by your society. When may he expect you ? He is impatient enough to wish it as early as possible.

To-morrow morning then. And please, doctor, to accept my most grateful thanks for the friendly——

Gude troth,—and he put on all the Scotchman, gude troth, shall I not. Gin ye liken what I have done, I'se na be put off wi' sic a like empty meed. I canna think mysell paid according to my merit without a kiss, and I will exact the payment now.

And so he did, brother, but in such a manner I declare I could not be offended.

And so, doctor, you use the Scotch dialect when you are merry, and leave it off when you are serious ?

The observation is just, miss ; but as I am more disposed to laugh than be grave, few besides yourself have found it out.

The doctor was so kind to meet me at my uncle's at the appointed hour, and I was received with more kindness than I thought my uncle could assume. He expressed much pleasure at my readiness to come to him, and swore ten times the first hour he would have no other heir.

And very right too, Maister Sutton, says the doctor. For though the law o' the land, and the law of equity, happen, in this case, to agree in favour o' your nephew, who 'gin report ga true is every way worthy of the inheritance, yet he couldna himsell reasonably grumble to be superseded by sic a pretty girl ; and the Lord Chancellor himsell would ha' nothing to reprehend, 'gin he did na tie the band o' justice so strait about his eyes that he could see nae mair than a mill-post.

I fancy, doctor, says my uncle, you was educated on the top of some mountain, where the wind blows two ways at once. Zounds ! you have missed your profession. You should have been bred to the law, man ; you would have made a rare Serjeant Puzzle.—Prithee, Nancy, is he of thy side, or thy brother's ?

Of mine, sir, if he pleads in my brother's favour.

Riddle me, riddle me, ree ! says my uncle.

Yes, in troth, says the doctor ; 'tis in the free-mason way ; a sign of the order, which none but a brother can understand.

I understand neither of ye, says my uncle.

Weel, weel, you mun wait till ye are initiated ; and ye wull hae one of the vary best instructors in your niece, 'gin she can impart her science of feeling.

Feeling ? A plague of your fine understandings. But, niece, I want your opinion about Betty's annuity. Here, James and she were married this very morning, and the doctor persuaded me to give 'em two hundred pounds, and

now he wants me to settle fifty pounds a-year on the b—h for life. I think twenty quite enough.

Perhaps, uncle, it may be enough for her to receive, though it may not for you to give. Rewards of this sort are generally proportioned to the giver's fortune; and I have reason to believe my dear uncle can, when he pleases, be as generous as any man.

Ay, gude troth, Maister Sutton is one o' the best natured men in the world, 'gin he did na tak sic muckle pains to conceal it.

Pox on you, doctor, you never speak but you need an interpreter. Well, let the b—h have forty then, but I'll be d—d before I'll give her a farthing more.—So this affair was settled.

Out of my brother's bounty I gave Jenny ten guineas, that she might be no loser by honesty, and the same sum to Nanny, whom I keep with me as upper servant. This girl, brother, has so lively a zeal for your service, that I suspect Mrs Betty's sarcasm, concerning expiring virtue, might not be wholly without foundation. But in this good town, no one now, I perceive, affixes the idea of criminality to male incontinence. All the guilt, and all the burden of repentance, fall upon the poor women. Such are the determinations of men. Adieu, dear brother.

Your affectionate,

ANN SUTTON.

THOMAS SUTTON TO HIS SISTER.

Henneth Castle.

THANK thee, Nancy. Few words are best, when all that are in the world cannot express a man's love, gratitude, and affection. The *dramatis personæ* at my uncle's are well disposed of. Though Mrs Betty did make an attack upon my virtue, faults proceeding from tender love, you know, Nancy, are scarce punishable in the code of gallantry. As to Nanny Garton, sister, I am not sufficiently wicked for premeditated seduction; nor sufficiently virtuous, I doubt, to withstand temptation. I made free with her lips only; it is true, I did it in such a manner, that I declare I believe she was not offended.

Doctor Gordon has acted a very friendly part; I esteem and respect him, but must confess myself something puzzled to assign the motive of his taking my part of the question, concerning my uncle's inheritance. Whatever it is, I think it arises from a noble mind; yet the wisdom of it may be called in question. The same sweet affection that now reigns between us, will exist, I trust, as cordially after the succession, let it fall to which it will. If you possess it, Nancy, I shall possess as much of it as I shall wish or want; and can my sister believe a benefit conferred by herself, will not be more agreeable to

me than by any other person living? My advice therefore is, that this matter be left to take its own course; for a head, like my uncle's, once put out of a right way, may possibly go wrong for ever after.

Cupid, Nancy, was a child two thousand years ago, and will be a child all the days of his life. One poet calls him blind, another wanton, another mischievous; and he has an undoubted right to these distinctions, and as many more, as folly can have different epithets.

Would you believe the little imp of a god-head should have the power to upset the august Minerva in ninety-nine of an hundred of their contentions?

Mr Stanley has a good deal of learning, some good sense, and genteel manners, when he is in the humour to shew them; but can neither conceal his pride, nor govern his tumultuary passions. On his arrival at Henneth, he declared himself a lover of Julia, by the customary form of asking her father's permission to address her.

Oh! attack her heart, and welcome, replies Mr Foston; but observe, Mr Stanley, unless you fairly win that, no other circumstance on earth will give the least support to your suit.

This attack, Miss Foston always parried with the greatest sweetness of denial, so long as it was made with mannerly decency; but when he changed the deportment of a gentleman into a sullen demeanour, she grew more peremptory, and distinguished him in common behaviour by a less portion of that sweet regard which she bestows upon all. He took it into his head too, that she distinguished Mr John Cheslyn with a greater than that due portion, and by certain distant allusions, which my good-humoured friend always overlooked, denoted that he considered himself as supplanted, treacherously supplanted, by this gentleman.

About a month since, the two rivals accompanied Mr Foston in a ride to Carmarthen, where they were to sleep. After supper, all three indulged themselves with a cheerful glass; perhaps something exceeded the strict and formal line of sobriety. Mr Foston retired first; Mr Cheslyn prepared to follow him, when this, or a very similar dialogue, passed betwixt them. You will know the speakers by the matter.

Stay, Cheslyn, we will positively finish the bottle.

I have drank already till the wine has lost its relish. But come, your toast.

Julia Foston.

With all my heart. To the first of women in beauty, grace, and virtue.

Yes, yes, it is evident she is the goddess of your idolatry. But is it honourable to supplant your friend?

Supplant! I don't understand you.

The flattering, insidious attentions you pay her, what do they all tend to?

To make myself agreeable. Every one has his

own way of doing this: yours is peculiar to yourself.

Yes, by G—d, sir, I owe it to your friendship—but for your ill-timed visit, and insinuating manners, I should have been master of her hand and heart long ago.

I doubt it much.

You doubt it, sir? I have at least as good pretensions as yourself.

If you have no better, your chance for success is small.

Curse your humility. But you admire Miss Foston?

Extremely.

Love her, perhaps?

Very much.

Then, sir, I insist upon satisfaction.

I answer your questions, Stanley, and if that does not satisfy you, 'tis not my fault.

Rot your prevarication. But I will have the satisfaction of a gentleman to-morrow morning; so choose your weapons.

The weapons of a gentleman, Stanley, are good sense and politeness; never will I use any other against you if I can help it.

Perhaps you call by these fine names, the arts you have used with Julia, to the destruction of my hopes; but curse me if I forgive you!

I have neither done, nor intended, you any injury, Stanley; this childish talk I impute to wine and anger. Good night.

May I be d—n'd, Cheslyn, if you go off so. Meet me in the morning, or take your sword to-night; snatching up his own from the parlour window.

Neither. Once again, good night.

Will nothing provoke you? throwing a glass of wine in his face. Take that then.

Take that then, replied Cheslyn, returning him a box on the ear that made him stagger. His sword was out in a moment, and without reflecting Mr Cheslyn had none, he made a push at him.

Mr Cheslyn caught up a chair, and by its interposition retreated to the window-seat, where his sword lay, together with his riding cane. Not having time to draw the first, he was obliged to make the best defence he could with the latter. Indeed, in the science of defence, few gentlemen excel him. Stanley grew outrageous, and made a most furious lounge. Mr Cheslyn turned it aside, and, before he could recover, gave him so smart a blow upon the right elbow, that his sword fell out of his hand.

Mr Cheslyn took it up. Your life is now in my power, Stanley, says he, and it is safe. Thank Heaven, I am not so mad as you are.

The words were lost upon him. Not regarding his own safety, or the entrance of the landlord and a waiter, he flew to Mr Cheslyn's sword, which he drew, and began to push as before.

The landlord inadvertently threw himself between them, and received Stanley's sword into his right side. Out again he ran, calling upon the tevil and St David, and bidding them kill one another and be tamed.

Stanley's frenzy now surpassed description: he made a most furious attack, but left himself so unguarded, that he gave Mr Cheslyn an opportunity to pass his sword through his right shoulder, the point coming out under the blade bone: he dropt his sword, and reeled into a chair. This action was almost instantaneous, or would have been prevented by a number of people now entering the room.

Mr Cheslyn sent out for the best surgeon immediately; and Mr Foston, who had been alarmed by the chambermaid, thought a physician also necessary.

Stanley and the landlord were immediately put to bed, and their wounds dressed; the physician gave his opinion, that no danger arose to either patient by the wounds alone; but how temper and temperament might heighten the fever, could not then be judged of.

In the morning the landlord, a gross man, was by far in the greatest danger of the two, so that they were under a necessity of giving bail to a magistrate for their appearance in case of his death.

They stayed at Carmarthen three days, at the expiration of which the physician thought Mr Stanley might be removed without danger.

The morning after their arrival at the castle, the first who met in the breakfast parlour, were Mr Cheslyn and Miss Foston.

There was a tender languor, yet mingled with some severity in her looks.—Ah! Mr Cheslyn, says she, could I ever have believed I should have heard your name sullied by the low indignity of a midnight brawl!

Pardon, Miss Foston, says he, a fault I had it not in my power to avoid.

Tell me, says she, ingenuously, was I, directly or indirectly, the cause of a quarrel betwixt Stanley and you?

You was, Miss Foston.

Good Heaven! what forward, what imprudent behaviour have I been guilty of, that should subject me to such disgrace.

The boldest breath of calumny, Miss Foston, has never dared to touch your character, even in a whisper!

And you, Mr Cheslyn, you! It is not altogether foreign to the character of Mr Stanley to fall into absurd and unjustifiable actions to suppose what he is pleased to call his pretensions.—But you! Good Heavens! what could be your inducement? Have you pretensions too?

I have not, Miss Foston; if I had, never should I have defended them with the rude licence you so justly condemn. But, thus accused, punish me not with your displeasure, if I presume to say what truth and the occasion demand.

That I admire, esteem, and respect you, far beyond any individual of your sex, is true. It is true, I love you also, as far as love can exist in a breast, which never admitted the least ray of hope. I never was romantic enough to look up to such excellence, connected also, as it is, with such high fortune. Honoured, as I am, by the friendship of your worthy father, I never aimed at more with regard to you, than some share of your esteem and friendship also. No hour, no moment of my life, has given way to an arrogance beyond this. Let me not, therefore, lie under an imputation, an unmerited imputation, that will lessen me in the only thing, respecting you, I dare aspire to—your good opinion. My want of merit is sufficiently known, sufficiently felt by myself, to need the increase of imaginary errors.

I am too little versed in the manners of mankind, Mr Cheslyn, to determine whence such an excess, such a profusion of humility can arise. But—no more of that. I esteem you, sir, for the same good sense and benevolence of heart that attaches my father to you. If I have injured you now, impute it to the horror I have of being made the public talk on such an occasion.

Mr Cheslyn kissed her hand in silence, for his heart was full. Just at this instant came in Mr Foston, who saluted his daughter with his usual fervour of affection.

But what is the matter, says he, Cheslyn? Have you been making unsuccessful love to Julia this morning?

I have had the misfortune, sir, to incur Miss Foston's displeasure for the rencontre at Carmarthen.

How so, Julia?

I was the subject of their odious quarrel.

Odious! Julia? Why, it will make you the toast of Wales. No other accident could have given you half the celebrity. You ought to return the gentlemen thanks; Stanley at least. Cheslyn, I believe, has only a negative merit.

I am sorry Mr Stanley is not in a condition to receive my thanks in a proper manner.

Proper manner, Julia! What may that be?

A profound acknowledgment of the obligation he has conferred, in raising me thus from obscurity; and a request that he will retire to the seat of his noble ancestors, lest the terror of his fell sword should deprive me of the advantages which ought to accrue.

There will be propriety in this, Julia, by and by; but what will you do with Cheslyn?

Nothing, papa; negative merit is no merit.

That is to say, Julia—

What, papa?

Nothing.—Miss Foston blushed.—But, Cheslyn, since Julia will not punish you, I must. Though you have never presumed to speak, you have had the insolence to wish; for the which high crime and misdemeanour I do condemn you henceforward to speak to this lady like a

man in love; that is, like a fool. Search the poets for epithets—call her the blue-eyed Pallas, or the ox-eyed Juno. Borrow the cestus of Venus.

Oh, papa, a minute before you came in, he had taken a still higher flight—I was all—excellence! Whereupon he renounced me for ever, in such a strain of deep humility, that it was quite lamentable to hear.

Mr Cheslyn owned to me, Nancy, that he was perfectly confounded by this double raillery, and wholly incapable of speaking. Mr Foston observed it, and said with a smile, Come, Cheslyn, you have been punished enough; let us be serious for a moment. You love Julia: I think I can depend upon my own silent observation for the proofs. Whether she has any aversion to you, I leave to your own disquisition. You have all the qualifications I wish for in a son-in-law, and one or two more perhaps. Get her to confess she loves you, and she is yours.

Lord have mercy, papa, says Julia, you fright me out of my wits. Confess! no—I shall never conform to any such papistical rites. Besides, I like your gentle authority better than—

Stop her mouth, Cheslyn, says Mr Foston; beautiful lips are not always put in motion by the heart.

I declare, papa, says she, that you are quite—

With some confusion Mr Cheslyn did dare to avail himself of Mr Foston's commands.—I must seek for help, says Julia, running out of the room.

Is it possible, sir, says Cheslyn, that you can be in earnest?

Ay indeed it is, replies Mr Foston.

Then, sir, if I meet with no obstacle on the part of your amiable daughter, there does not exist on earth so happy a being as myself.

No, to be sure; except all the sons and daughters of Eve in the same predicament.

Julia mine! such exquisite happiness! says Cheslyn, turning pale and reeling to a chair. Miss Foston re-entered with Laura.

Julia, your salts, says the mischievous old gentleman. I always thought the breath of virgins had been salutiferous; but it does not agree with all constitutions, I perceive.

Miss Foston, a little hurried, applied her salts really to Mr Cheslyn's nostrils, whilst Laura, stroking his face, Poor thing, poor thing, says she; and so it has an antipathy to lip-salve, has it?

Selon la mode d'application, replies Cheslyn, rising and kissing her outrageously.

Lord have mercy, says Laura, what ravenous beasts are men.—Miss Stanley enters. Mr Foston takes her gravely by the hand, and leading her up to Mr Cheslyn; Miss Harriet Stanley, sir. The same friendly office he performed for Miss Melton, Miss Caradoc, Miss Patty Price, who came in at this instant, accompanied by Sir Owen Caradoc, his son, Mr Henry Cheslyn, and myself.

This is a religious ceremony, I suppose, says Mr Henry, needful to be followed by all good Christians. I am no infidel, says one; I have faith, hope, and charity, says another; I thank my God I can kiss anything, says the son of Sir Owen. It was the prettiest scene, Nancy—and the old gentleman enjoyed the confusion so heartily—but all things must have an end, and so must this chapter.

Adieu, my sister.

THOMAS SUTTON.

ANN SUTTON TO HER BROTHER.

London.

AND so you are at your soothsayings, my dear brother? and because I expressed a good opinion of Doctor Gordon, it follows, of course, that I love him? Love him! that is, think of him; think of him always; and always tenderly; become blind to his faults; enamoured of his perfections; sigh when he is absent; pine at his neglect; and, finally, die if he does not become as infatuated as myself. What an enchanting progress! At present, brother, I am only in the first stage of it, and hope my Minerva will maintain her post a little more ably than you are pleased to say she generally does.

What a strange higgledy-piggledy thing of a letter is the last you honoured me with! Money produces love; love produces jealousy; jealousy begets fury; fury begets eclairsissement; and eclairsissement, kissing. A silly scene, brother! And who is this Sir Owen Caradoc, and this Patty Price?

In return, I must inform you of the acts and conversation pieces done and performed at my uncle's fire-side; very insipid, it is true, but that your worship has an interest in them, something beyond that of mere entertainment.

I have at different times entertained my uncle and the doctor with the histories of Mr Foston and Miss Melton; as also with the anecdotes concerning the Messrs Cheslyn. I found it was a grievous thing for my uncle to allow merit in a man, who had been your friend; your advocate; and, moreover, a man whose name was in the Gazette. And how should he allow merit in a man in those actions of generosity, which crossed his laudable design of teaching your worship humility? These actions, however, alarmed his pride, and probably produced some compunction; which, as is the nature of man, he endeavoured to throw off with all his might. No better way of doing this presented itself, than that of abusing you; and to the old subjects, he added that of your accepting an employ unworthy of a gentleman. When he had run himself out of breath, for on this topic his eloquence is unusually rapid, the doctor assured him that he considered the thing in a very right light; and that

your behaviour had run directly counter to all the current modes of action.

There is scarcely, says he, a well-bred young gentleman within the bills of mortality, who would not have anticipated Mrs Betty's application. To regret it, denotes a turn of mind altogether unfashionable and uncommon. Could he be supposed to have acted from a principle of chastity, even boys and girls would laugh at the extravagance of the idea. Did he consider her as a chosen vessel, consecrated to his uncle, his benefactor, bishops and archbishops would join in the laugh; for it is the church, Maister Sutton, the church, that ought to direct private consciences; and, since that had no hand in the consecration, you know, the young gentleman's conscience might have slept itself to death, and not a priest have pulled it by the nose. And then to have accepted a stewardship for bread! Wrong, very wrong, indeed! as if all the modes of a gentleman's living upon nothing were exhausted! And it is the mark of a very liberal mind in you, Maister Sutton, to get over the early prejudices of education, and rate the plodding arts of industry, as other people of fashion and fortune generally do.

I wish, doctor, says my uncle, you would but talk a little common sense, for the devil a syllable of it is there in all the peramblement you have been making.

Common sense, sir, replies the doctor, is a shy lady, not apt to come at everybody's call. Such as I have, I give you freely, and I wish it was more to your liking.

Besides the enormities already mentioned, you say he was extravagant; addicted to lying out of nights, wore fine clothes; and to crown all, that he had the impudence to ask you for six hundred pounds, to carry away, the Lord knows whither, where it was unlikely you should ever see it again or him either; and then, as you justly observe, who would have thanked you?

I dare say, Maister Sutton, you have, from mere tenderness to the young gentleman, suppressed the particular circumstances that prove these charges. A man of your understanding would never have credited these things merely from the report of a servant maid. You must have had ocular proofs, or other demonstration. The consequence of extravagance is debt; the consequence of debt is a gaol; from which, no doubt, you have saved him many a time. As often must you have redeemed him from the round-house, the effect of raking out of nights; and then, I suppose, your file is full of tailors' bills.

Now, as to the six hundred pounds, nothing in the world can be juster than your reasons for not parting with it. And yet you see what unaccountable heads some people have. This Mr Cheslyn, now, almost a stranger, bound by no propinquity, goes and does this silly thing, with twice as many reasons against it as an uncle could possibly have, and no earthly motive to

induce him, except the exploded ones of friendship and generosity.

My uncle began to look very glum. The doctor, who seems to know his temper exactly, adroitly changed the subject, and, after making us merry with the relation of an hundred comical stories, left us in high good humour.

The next morning, at breakfast, my uncle, of his own accord, began the subject of the preceding night.—Od rabbit that rattle-skulled fellow of a doctor, says he, one never knows what he would be at. He sets out with telling me I am right, and then blunders out some nonsense or another to shew me I am wrong. He is a sensible fellow too, that I must needs say, if he would but talk plain English, and has always behaved to me in a very friendly way. I have a notion he thinks I have treated Tom too harshly; and sometimes, Nancy, I can hardly help thinking so myself. To be sure I have only Betty's word for it—a d—d b—h! howsoever, I have a right to do what I will with my own, and I like thee best, Nancy, and thou shalt be my heiress; though, mayhap, I may leave Tom a legacy.

I ventured a remonstrance here, and concluded with assuring my uncle, that the restoration of my brother to his good opinion, and the natural consequence of it, would make me happier than any disposition of his wealth in my favour.

Rabbit it, says my uncle.

By the bye, he seems, in complaisance to me, to have given up, except when he is angry, the ruder execrations, and confines himself to those comfit-makers' oaths, as Shakespeare calls them.

My uncle was silent for some hours, nor did he renew the subject till the doctor's next visit, which was not till the following night.

If you would but talk sense now, doctor, says he, I should like to have a bit more conversation with you about Tom. I believe I have been to blame.

Enough, sir, says the doctor; the mind of a man of sense may be led astray by an unfortunate bias, but it is sure to return to itself, when left to its own reflections. I know very well, sir, what you will do, by and by, though at present, perhaps, you will feel some repugnance: you will restore the young gentleman to your favour, and to the hopes of your fortune. You will recall him to live with you, at least as much as his engagements will permit; and you will suffer yourself to be made happy by his dutiful behaviour, and the tender assiduity of your lovely niece. Your health will be amended by it, and perhaps restored; your life will be prolonged; and whatsoever you may say on the first proposing it, I know the rectitude of your honest heart so well, that I assure you, upon the word of a doctor, you will never find yourself in

perfect content and tranquillity till you have done it.

It will be unnecessary, brother, to repeat to you the whole of the doctor's discourse; but it was so soothing, so gentle, and so sensible withal, that my uncle cried like a child, and I am sure I shed the most pleasing tears I ever shed in my life.

At length my uncle, sobbing, cried, Say no more, doctor, say no more: it shall be as you have said. But one condition I will have, and if you won't join me in that, you may hang yourself; I'll have no more to say to you: Nancy shall have ten thousand pounds; she shall, by G—d.

Was it my business to remonstrate, brother? and could the doctor do it decently? Whatsoever was said, however, was said in vain; my uncle persisted, and swore all the world should not turn him. He has ordered me to write you these circumstances; and farther, that, now all things are settled, he is impatient to see you, (for he did love the dog, that he must say,) and hopes your engagements will not prevent your general residence at his house.

I hope, too, that you will fly to the embraces of your happy sister,

ANN SUTTON.

DR GORDON TO THOMAS SUTTON.

London.

SIR,

THERE are, amongst your countrymen, who say, that when a Scotchman speaks truth to serve anybody but himself, he must be possessed of *singular* merit; and also, that he is never unprovided with a *quantum sufficit* of impudence to make the most of it. Whatsoever you may be able to allow of the former quality, you will not dispute the latter, when I inform you that there is an impertinent fellow of that country, who is ready to besiege you, on your arrival in town, and will pretend a claim to your friendship; who pretends also to the surly honesty attributed sometimes to his countrymen: in consequence of which, he advertises you that he is, with all his might, endeavouring to steal the affections of your amiable sister; and that it is incumbent upon you to hasten to prevent the waste and embezzlement of so rich a treasure. I make my court to you by two pleas that would undo me with the generality of mankind; but you are the brother of Miss Sutton, in elevation of mind as well as in propinquity of blood; and I am, alas! a poor Scotch physician, very desirous of being as much more and better as possible, and in particular of being your friend.

WM. GORDON.

HENRY CHESLYN TO THOMAS SUTTON.

Henneth Castle.

I REMEMBER, my dear Tom, your affliction at parting with your friends, and your request of knowing how matters went on amongst us. *Imprimis*, all mortal men, at least all mortal men in love, are addicted to talk of themselves; I obey the propensity. My amour with my adored Miss Melton, is precisely where it was; I still press her to marry, and still she pleads against it, with such earnest and pity-moving sincerity, that I am forced to give up the point.

What would you do with me? says she. People marry to be happy. I cannot be so at present. How is it possible, with the horrid idea for ever before my eyes, of my father, buried with his vessel at the bottom of the ocean? The wreck of my fortune afflicts but little, compared with this, yet it is most humiliating. Still more humiliating is the remembrance of the situation from whence you took me. Give me time to render these ideas more supportable. I repeat it again, I love you. I have no other hope, no other comfort on earth. But I cannot bear to be a wife; I cannot bear to poison the happiness of the man I love.

Thus, you see, my dear Tom, a tender melancholy mixes with our love; and yet how sweet it is!

My happy brother's love is widely different. He goes on, stealing gently into the soul of Julia, by the small endearing attentions. He has not yet the exquisite felicity of hearing her say, I love; for Julia is happy, and at full leisure to attend to those respectable prejudices of form and decorum, which society has established. The unhappy, like Miss Melton, think little of these refinements.

But though my brother is not yet arrived at this voluptuous moment, he has the satisfaction to see it is not a delay of the heart.

And Tom loved Laura passing well,
And Laura she loved mutton;
What else she loved, she would not tell,
But 'twas not thee, Tom Sutton.

Poets, no more than other people though, are obliged to credit their own fictions. Thou art a most unhappy fellow, for thou hast neither money nor blood; the only passable commodities in the Stanley family. Laura, I consider not as a branch of this *stirps*, but as a slip. She laughs at all human prejudices, and at most human actions; but, alas! Tom, she laughs also at love and thee.

Harriet laughs at nothing. How often have we pitted this tender maid, whom even the pride of birth could not exempt from the pangs of unrequited love: how often has this pity passed from

the tender maid to the tendermaid's own brother, stricken with a similar dart! We might have spared our commiseration. Happy beings! Their affections were transferable; and well have they transferred them. The son and daughter of Sir Owen Caradoc were made for the daughter and son of Sir Richard Stanley.

No menstruum in nature can dissolve the cement that binds their hearts together. It is an extract of gold, whose power is heightened by the essence of two goodly genealogical trees; one deduced from the great Caractacus; the other from—faith I know not—one of the sons of Noah, I suppose.

This fantastical science was long the reproach of Wales; but now, thanks to the good sense of the ancient Britons, it is here, as throughout England, a singularity.

Your avocations permitted you to see but little of these children of their father. You would be astonished if I should give you the whole length and breadth of their terrible accomplishments. The son is an eminent member of the Antiquarian Society; the lovely daughter is monstrously enamoured of virtue; she minces snails to multiply the breed, kills cats in an air-pump, and generates eels in vinegar.

Yesterday nearly our whole society were enjoying the cool air of the evening on the terrace. In the beautiful hanging pastures beneath, amongst other quadrupeds, was your little roan mare, employed, as females sometimes are, in attending to the love of an ass. This animal was in love *à la folie*; had broke through three several barriers, and was eager to reap the fruits of his bold enterprize. To the philosophic eye all things are equal. Miss Caradoc was first struck with the view, and drawing Julia and Laura to the wall, See, says she.—Julia, blushing rosy red, withdrew her arm, and walked gently on. Laura, in a few seconds followed, and bursting into a laugh, See! cries she.—Fie, Laura, said Miss Foston, walking on.—Brother, says the contemplative Miss Caradoc, you have constantly asserted that copulation betwixt animals of different species is unnatural, and always committed by a rape of the female—see the contrary.—Miss Melton and Mrs Tyrrell turned across the area. Harriet followed something unwillingly.

Sister, says this solemn blockhead, the naturalists have not considered an ass and a mare so much of different species, as differing in specie. If you can comprehend this distinction, you will observe that my assertion is not in the least invalidated by what you now see.

A learned dispute followed betwixt these two originals, in which the whole science of generation was discussed. The brother maintained the egg system; the sister, Lewenhoeck's. They ended at last with an inquiry into the political cause of circumcision.

Besides the *novelty* of hearing these things from the mouth of a woman, we were extreme-

ly amused by the superficiality displayed on both sides. Equally ill-informed, the sister speaks with great gravity and sense of importance; the brother is solemn and pedantic. The old baronet applauds himself for having given his children so very proper an education.

To-morrow, thank Heaven! they retire to the seat of their progenitors, having given a general invitation to the company, which Mr Stanley and Harriet only have accepted.

This gentleman *has* condescended to make an apology to my brother for his behaviour at Carmarthen; and has almost a resolution to decline his suit. Miss Caradoc I hope will confirm it.

How like you the doctor? Tell of London to thy friend,

HENRY CHESLYN.

THOMAS SUTTON TO HENRY CHESLYN.

London.

How comes it to pass, dear Cheslyn, that we are perpetually combating prejudices, to which, notwithstanding, we always yield? In your relation of the terrace airing, you have contrived to render weakness respectable, and strength of mind, or at least what would deserve that name, if accompanied with judgment, ridiculous. Why should women be excluded knowledge which so very much concerns them, or denied the communication of it? Will reason for ever be at war with our feelings?

How strongly this question reproaches me with my own peculiar folly! I love Laura. I have, as you say, neither money nor blood; nor have I a shadow of hope, so often called the food of love; and yet I love her: nor can I give a reason for the faith that is in me, save this only, that I cannot help it. Once, the sorrows of Werter appeared to me *outré*, such as contradicted reason and common sense *from* their beginning.

The man, thought I, began like a fool, and ended like a madman; and all, because—— he could not help it. How silly!

But now, my dear friend, I feel the full force of this respectable reason; and find gentle pity a more agreeable emotion, than cool consideration. My uncle is cordially my uncle; my sister is tender, attentive, and affectionate; the doctor is friendly, and capable of "creating laughter under the ribs of death;" and yet I steal from them all three times an hour to kiss a cambric handkerchief which Laura wore, and I pilfered. And all, because I can't help it.

Tell you of London! I am in admirable disposition for this. Oh! I shall paint it as lovers paint their mistresses.

Wealth is no longer attended, as formerly, by pride, luxury, parade, and contempt of poverty. Poverty is no longer the running footman of

distress. Parsons detest pluralities, and live upon faith, hope, and charity. Lawyers plead——for the right only. Lords pay their tradesmen, and only run into debt—at hazard. Ladies spin, make raiments of needle-work, and are always to be found at home.

Chastity hath established her empire over all. The Court is the temple of public virtue; and lying is an abomination.

Witness my hand,
THOMAS SUTTON.

HENRY CHESLYN TO THOMAS SUTTON.

Henneth Castle.

ALAS, poor Tom! a madman, sensible of his wanderings, is a hapless object indeed. Alas, poor Tom! I will talk to thee, however, as to a man who has some lucid intervals; and lest the magic of these five letters, L, A, U, R, A, should bring on a fit, I will take particular care how I combine them.

After the departure of the descendants of the great Caractacus, we spent four days in such intolerable happiness, that it was judged necessary for some of us to seek abroad for a counterbalance. The lot, I will not tell you by what means, fell upon Julia and L—— pshaw! Julia's friend; Mr Foston and my brother.

They did Sir Owen Caradoc the honour to suppose that what they professed to seek, might be found in his domain. They found it on their road. They were to dine at a considerable village called Llan-Llwlth. The house had only one large parlour, of which they obtained one end, the other being occupied by a meeting of creditors, who were to examine the accounts, &c. of Hugh Griffiths, a celebrated shoemaker of the village. Debts were produced against him to the amount of eight hundred and sixty pounds. Credits and valuation of all his effects to four hundred and ninety. His exasperated creditors accused him of extravagant living. With the most submissive demeanour possible, he confessed the charge. They accused him of misspending his time, and not paying proper attention to his business. He confessed it. They demanded the reason of his falling into these habits. He burst into tears. This was the only question to which they could gain no satisfactory answer.

They threatened him with a prison. He replied, but without the least air of insolence, that he was in their hands; they must use him as they thought proper: he was ready to resign into their hands the last sixpence of his property; if more was in his power he would do it.

They dismissed him, and after some contention, because two of the principal creditors were absent, agreed to meet again on the morrow.

Our travellers dined, and as Mr Foston's pen-

chant is more towards benevolence than genealogy, he prevailed with the ladies to proceed on their journey under my brother's escort, and leave him to see the result of next day's meeting.

Julia wanted first to pay a visit to Mrs Griffiths.

Leave it to me, Julia, says her father; I conjecture, from certain circumstances, this woman is not a Mrs Williams.

One of the creditors was a farmer of the village, a man of good character, and tolerably opulent; and who appeared inclined to favour the poor shoemaker whilst his inquiry was on foot.

Mr Foston sent to desire his company for the evening. He came; and as it appeared from his general account, that Mr Griffiths' present situation arose more from weakness than any worse quality, Mr Foston was desirous to hear his tale from his own mouth. He was accordingly sent for, and, encouraged by a promise of assistance and a few glasses of good liquor, gave the following account of himself:—

STORY OF HUGH GRIFFITHS.

My father and grandfather lived and died the shoemakers of this village. They were honest, plain men, content with earning their livelihoods from day to day, without troubling themselves about bettering their condition; I might have been happier by following their example. My father bred me up with little scholarship, and a great habit of industry. When I succeeded to his business, it was just extensive enough to employ myself, a journeyman, and an apprentice.

In a few years I had six hands beside myself, and made shoes for exportation. I saved money apace, and could accuse myself of no extravagance, except spending a groat every Saturday night at this house. At this full time of my prosperity, it happened that Mr Evans, the rector of our parish, died. He was a good man, but rather extravagant; for though it was thought that his income amounted to sixty pounds a-year and upwards, and his wife being dead, he had only two daughters to keep, yet he died in debt; his goods were taken in execution, and the wenches turned adrift.

The poor creatures went, as it were, by house-row amongst us for some time, and being industrious good sort of girls, it came into my head, that if I married one, she might save her own keep by good management, for my family was large. So I got a neighbour to propose the matter, and the match was made; and the eldest, Miss Letitia, and I, were married, without any dilly-dallying about love and courtship, and such things. Well! I brought my wife and her sister home to my own house, which was

new furnished up for the occasion, for I had got it new white-washed, and the parlour grate new set, and twelve new Cæsars in frames, which cost me fourteen shillings. Letty was very well pleased with everything, and we lived two years and an half in the comfortablest manner in the world, in which time my wife brought me a girl, and then miscarried, which had like to have cost her her life; and since then she has bred no more.

About this time, it happened that a very substantial farmer of our village died, leaving behind him a son and a daughter, and about a hundred pounds a-year freehold estate.

He had brought the son up a surgeon and apothecary, who not having set up anywhere, thought the business might answer very well here, with the addition of his estate, which was only incumbered with seven hundred pounds for his sister's fortune. She was soon after married to the new rector, and everything went very well; and by and by the apothecary married a bit of a fortune too. Letty was acquainted with both the brides, and there was a good deal of visiting amongst them. The two brides had been school-fellows at a boarding-school at Carmarthen, and the surgeon had been at London; so having seen a good deal of high life, they vied with one another about their fineries.

I can't say that I much liked their acquaintance, or the tea-drinkings which came often about; but Letty assured me that the expense of this was so trifling as not to be worth notice; and indeed I should not have minded it much, if they had not turned up their noses at my wife's tea equipage, and the furniture of the parlour, and the white-washed wall; above all, at the brick floor.

One day the parson's lady happened to take her afternoon tea with Letty, and the next was seized with a cold and sore throat, which she laid point blank to the charge of my poor brick floor; whereupon my wife and sister never left teasing and quarrelling with me till I gave consent to have the parlour boarded.

When this was done, there was such a manifest incongruity, as my sister called it, betwixt a boarded floor and a white-washed wall, that it was — all one, says my wife, as if you was to put this laced edging round a blue linsey-woolsey apron.

I was a long time deaf to the proposal of a wainscot, as well as to other alterations, and when teased, grew surly. Against this humour my wife opposed sulkiness, and my sister railing. All would not do. At length, whether by advice of counsel I know not, they wholly changed this mode of behaviour. It was now, my dear husband, and my dear brother, what signifies doing things by halves? and did they ask for anything but what every genteel tradesman had? And how is it possible, my dear, to

keep genteel company, and not to do as they do?—But you can keep out of their company, can't you?—But, my dear, one might as well be out of the world, as not live in it as other people do; and you know that low company never does nobody no good. Besides, I wonder how Mrs Price is any better than us: if she is a parson's wife, we are parson's daughters. And what signifies being sneaking and niggardly, and hoarding and scraping for one does not know who, and never enjoying life?

A succession of these eloquent harangues produced a wainscot, a set of new china, and a kitchen, and twelve new prints from London finely framed and glazed, in the room of my twelve Cæsars.

After these concessions, I expected peace, and I was as far from it as ever. One grant only produced a wish for another. Nobody that had the least pretensions to genteel life could put up with oak chairs and tables, and such vulgar furniture. And my wife and sister assured me I was the genteelst tradesman in all those parts, and since I kept better sort of company, I was really grown polite, and very much of a gentleman.

I believe it cost the dear creatures near a twelvemonth to make me conceive I was a genteel tradesman, and very much of a gentleman. But after they had persuaded me to wear nothing but the best broad cloth and fine linen; and to have my hats from London always of the fashionable cock, I began to come myself into the same notion. And when my dear wife and sister had worked me two tambour waistcoats of the very same pattern as Mr Price's, the surgeon, I was convinced of it.

After this, everything was easy. My oak chairs and tables were all changed to mahogany; my little windows into sashes; and a fine pier glass was hung opposite to the fire-place, which reflected my tambour waistcoats to admiration.

Well, sir, I had now got the prettiest parlour in town; but the mischief did not stop here. This good-companyship had spread itself three miles round. Not a week passed without two or three parties at home, and two or three parties abroad. This laid me under the necessity of buying a horse, and building a stable to put him in. In winter time, too, the nights being dark and roads bad, our agreeable guests would do us the favour to sleep with us.

Now, so much of a gentleman as I was, could not, with any propriety, lay his guests, except in prepared rooms; and as to the curtains and hangings, good comfortable stuff, got up by the industrious hand of my respectable mother, the very idea of them was suffocating. All things, therefore, above, as well as below, underwent a thorough reform. Even my poor kitchen garden, productive of great plenty of the best peas, beans, cabbage, &c. was now condemned to ex-

otics, as they called them, flowering shrubs, and flowery clumps.

The candle was now lighted at both ends, and burned very fast indeed. Extravagant expenses, loss of time, and neglect of business, soon brought me into great familiarity with duns. My credit declined. Raw materials, worse paid for, were worse in quality, and it was beyond my abilities, of a piece of bad leather to make a good shoe. My business fell off. Even my wife's genteel friends deserted my shop, though they thought proper to keep up the acquaintance.

I saw the approaching ruin. I remonstrated with Letty. She was convinced. We wept our errors in each other's arms; determined upon plans of retrenchment, and went on as usual. One alteration, indeed, happened for the better. My sister-in-law, seeing our affairs wear a serious aspect, began to look out for herself, and had the good luck to obtain the place of Miss Caradoc's woman.

At length, no longer able to bear the horror of my situation, and the perpetual images of debts, duns, and a jail, I took the resolution to accelerate my ruin, by confessing my real situation to this gentleman, who has always been my friend. The consequence is what you have seen to-day.

You have told your story, says Mr Foston, in so ingenuous a manner, that I give you credit for every syllable of it. It is, indeed, only a copy of the original sin. Eve eat the apple; and then gave it to the man, and he did eat. Both repented; but both were punished notwithstanding. What sum, Mr Griffiths, would instate your affairs?

Reinstate, sir! to be reinstated as I was, is only to be ruined over again. If you want to make me miserable, make me rich. If happy, give me a cobbler's stall. In short, sir, neither Letty nor I ought ever to be trusted again with a house that has anything like a parlour belonging to it, or better furniture than a three-footed stool. I know, sir, the reason why you have so kindly heard my tale, for I know what motives must influence the benefactor of Mrs Williams; but money, at present, will be thrown away upon me. In order to recover my former self, I must eat the bread of poverty, and earn it by labour.

Well, Mr Griffiths, your friend here, and I, will talk this matter over, and we will either do you substantial service or none at all. Go home to your Letty. She is penitent, you say. Then you will never reproach her. Console her with the hope of comfortable days: those, at least, I dare promise her, unless she renders them otherwise by the worst use she can make of her memory.

God bless you, sir, and may prov—ov—ov—vi—Good night, Mr Griffiths.

And now, Mr Goddard, I shall be obliged to

you to let me know what kind of a woman your neighbour's wife is.

A very clean, neat, decent, good-humoured woman, sir, with something less than the usual share of understanding which God has generally given to the sex.

You are satirical, Mr Goddard. Does it appear to you that women are generally inferior to men in understanding?

You puzzle me, sir. No, much upon a level, I think; only vanity being their principal foible, it leads them, commonly, into what I should call sillinesses. Men under the same circumstances become vicious.

Are you of opinion this woman is capable of applying herself to habits of industry, and renouncing her old friends, without too much regretting their loss?

No depending upon the strength of a woman's mind for this, sir.

Prejudice, Mr Goddard. But I will tell you in few words, what I wish to be done. Vindictive minds prefer the gratification of revenge sometimes to money; and it is not impossible but some spirits of this kind may be found amongst the creditors. The cry of these will be, a jail, a jail; and their plea will be, that the man ought to be punished for wasting so much of their money before he discovered his circumstances. If any contention of this kind comes on to-morrow, I suppose it would be quashed, by saying, a friend of Mr Griffiths engages, provided the whole body of creditors will come in, choose trustees, and sell all the effects without delay, to make up whatsoever these effects fall short of fifteen shillings in the pound. If this is accepted, I shall then be obliged to you to buy the house, with a moderate proportion of the old plain furniture. When you are in possession, pull up the floor and wainscot, and restore the brick and the white-washed wall, by no means forgetting the twelve Cæsars. I dare say you will have no mercy upon the exotics, and the flowery clumps, and that you will agree with me, no remnant of finery ought to remain. When these things are done, I will make Mr Griffiths a present of the said house and furniture, and I will intrust him with the sum of one hundred pounds, interest free, for five years. I have a notion that not Hercules himself would have feared another poisoned shirt, more than honest Hugh will a tambour waistcoat and cocked hats, together with everything else that lifts its head above the homely; and that he will prevail upon his wife, one way or other, to think in the same manner; or, at least, to act as if she did. Should this be the case, I hope the man's firm obstinacy may be of use to others who may feel difficulties arising from the same cause; and two or three good examples may do some good in the neighbourhood, though by no means so much as two or three bad ones may do harm.

Faith, sir, replies Mr Goddard^d, I shall be glad to see a reformation in the neighbourhood for my own sake; but I must confess, I expect it sooner from some secret circumstances now operating, more than from my friend Hugh's example. In short, sir, the parson's wife's fortune is drawing towards its conclusion, the surgeon's estate is wofully dipped, and there are terrible arrears of rent. However, I shall obey your commands; and hope I shall always consider it as an addition to my happiness, to have been the agent of benevolence.

What would you have more, Mr Tom? they settled the rest of their contrivances, and then bid one another farewell, as I do thee.

HENRY CHESLYN.

THOMAS SUTTON TO HENRY CHESLYN.

London.

LAST night I entertained my uncle, my sister, and the doctor, with the tale of Hugh Griffiths; and afterwards we entertained each other with commentaries. My uncle was pleased to consider me something in the light of an offender in the tambour waistcoat way, and exulted egregiously. My pretty little sister ventured a few gentle sentences by way of excuse, and related to us sundry mortifications she had undergone in the country, by having the presumption to visit genteel tradesmen's wives or daughters, in dresses either not costly enough for their dignity, or whereof the fashion was become obsolete.—And, indeed, says she, I constantly found the respect paid me was in proportion to these circumstances.

I took a wider ground, and expatiated upon the utility of fashions in a commercial view; and of the deference we ought to pay to the general opinions of mankind; alleging what I have read in some good novel or other, that singularity is always a mark of something being wrong in the head or the heart. It was a most eloquent harangue, and silenced my uncle pretty effectually.

The doctor assured me that I considered the thing in a very right light; a certain indication that he is preparing an attack. Supposing, says he, that ten thousand families yearly, a trifle in this opulent kingdom, should chance to ruin themselves, what is that to the benefit accruing? Five hundred clothiers and jewellers, and tailors, and mantua-makers, and barbers, are quite at their ease by it, and fifty thousand of his majesty's loyal artificers have consumed double the usual quantity of gin, and punch, and ale, by which the price of barley is raised, and the revenues increased. Take a court ca-

lendar in your hand, and peruse the respectable thirteen lists of commissioners of bankruptcy, appointed for this good town alone; consider the number necessary in the kingdom at large; and think what would become of these good people, if the Gazette should cease its numerous notifications.

But, doctor, do you ascribe the great number of bankruptcies to the prevalence of fashion alone?

No, I am not so unreasonable; nine in ten only. High living, and all the arts of dissipation, are fashion, you know, and I believe I am within compass. In faith, it is incredible how much we owe to this presiding goddess. We owe that easy and delightful transfer of property, daily made by the auctioneers of this metropolis; of pictures, pagods, mandarins, and old china, which we, of the middle rank, should be excluded the possession of, by original purchase. We owe to her those charming repositories of coaches, berlins, vis-à-vis, hounds, and hunters, kept by the celebrated Mr Tattersall, and others. We owe that still greater benefit, a complete plenitude of the King's Bench, Fleet, and Marshalsea.

We owe—but I should make this letter a book, if I should enumerate all the doctor's owings; I shall never, says he, do sufficient justice to this liberal patroness of commerce and virtue: one benefit more, of inestimable value, I must remark. The laws of England, blind to the happiness of mankind, prohibit a few actions, which have a tendency to injure others; and in all those which are usually called indifferent, leave every man to do what seemeth good unto him. But as to govern one's self is found to be the most difficult of possible things, the Lady Fashion steps in to free us from this intolerable thralldom; kindly eases us of the wisdom we know not how to use, and gives to all the freedom of becoming the mutual fool of all.

About eight months since, I was called in to a patient, who lodged in a garret up three pair of stairs, at a green-grocer's. The room and its furniture were exceeding poor, but embellished with half a hundred little ornaments—in taste. There was a certain incongruity in the whole, which made me take more than ordinary notice. On one peg was hung a hat, fiercely cocked in front, the two hind corners extending an inch or two more or less than a yard. On another a half-worn slouch, of the last fashion, covered with dust. A third supported a genteel loose great-coat, made *a-la-mode*, of no shape at all, but adorned with glittering yellow buttons, and a red velvet collar. A gold-headed cane, six feet high, had got stuck up in a corner. On the chimney-piece, amongst macaws, and china josses, of the Worcester manufactory, lay a gold repeater, and a pamphlet, *The London Jester*. The chairs were furnished with a green coat,

buttoned with the newest pattern from the Soho; silk stockings, and embroidered waistcoats.

My patient himself exhibited a face with scarcely the vestige of a human feature. The hair, indeed, bore marks of having been dressed *à la merveille*, but the size of the head was beyond all proportion, being inordinately swelled by taking a mercurial preparation without proper caution. I prescribed and took my leave: the nurse followed me to the door, just to inform me that the young gentleman was quite out of cash at present, but that I need not be in the least afraid of my money, for my patient was a clerk in the Sun fire-office, had a salary of sixty pounds a-year, and would certainly pay me when the next quarter was up. Physicians make it a rule to pocket the fee when they can get it, and be quiet when they can get none. My patient was in his office about the eighth day, but the quarter is yet unexpired.

If, continues the doctor, fashion was to exert her influence only on coxcombs like this, I would be dumb about the matter: so I should be if it was confined to people of fortune. But property, or no property, all are swallowed up in the vortex. The first care of a young tradesman, or of a young tradesman's wife, is, though their stocks are bought upon credit, to put themselves into a condition to give genteel entertainments; a genteel entertainment cannot be given without a superb service of plate; and a superb service of plate would be incongruous without the due accompaniment of every new and costly piece of furniture the ingenuity of the age can devise. Fashion thus adopted, slides into, and mingles with, the general conduct of life. Few days pass but I am gratified with some of her agreeable productions: some debtor dragged to prison; some writ of goods in execution; some ruined widow, or children destitute of subsistence, who might have possessed fortunes, had the father possessed prudence; some pitiable calamity tears from me, in spite of the avarice and unfeeling nerves of a Scotchman, all that I got from those that have something left to give. In short, a perpetual review of scenes, like these, disgusts me with my business, and sometimes makes me weary of my existence.

So concluded the doctor's philippic, and so I conclude my epistle.

T. SUTTON.

HENRY CHESLYN TO THOMAS SUTTON.

Henneth Castle.

WE are taxed, as poor Richard says, pretty much by government, more by neglect of industry, but most of all by our follies; but these

follies are very dear to us. The doctor's philippic will be little regarded by those who defend fashion, because they love it, or by those who feel its advantages ; and leaves undecided the general question, whether the good or the evil be predominant ?

Such heads as thine and mine, Tom, are ill calculated to determine these high points, so let us silently join the crowd, and make no bustle about the matter.

I suppose you may expect to hear some particulars of the reception and entertainment of our travellers at Sir Owen Caradoc's. Sir, it was great, august, and solemn. Rude mirth and boisterous laughter were excluded : magnificence was all in all. The knight is great in arms, and mighty in his armour,

The first shines forth in an ample book, wherein the or, the argent, the gules, the ermine, and the azure, were displayed in rich emblazonry.

These splendid coats were supported by the noblest beasts of the field, and crested by the most sublime of the inhabitants of air.

This book, rich as it was, yielded to a fair and superb aggregation of parchment, containing the lineage of this august house, ascending, descending, and collateral. Of this constellation of heroes and heroines many were consigned to canvass ; and the knight rose above himself in eloquence and dignity, when he rehearsed their honours to his admiring auditors. This scene of grandeur was properly terminated by a visit to the great armoury, where all the suits, worn by the most illustrious of these heroes, were ranged along the wall in due and orderly progression. This spear had the honour to bear to the ground three famous French knights, at the tournaments held in the Court of our third Edward. This, more illustrious still, overthrew a Turkish officer, aiming a blow at Richard Cœur de Lion, at the instant he was unhorsing the mighty Saladin.

Lord bless us ! says Laura.

If this is not to your taste, Mr Tom, give me leave to conduct you to the hall of philosophy, over which presides the lovely Miss Caradoc. Here you are entertained with puppets dancing in water, electric shocks, and the humours of a magic lantern ; phosphoric letters shine upon the darkened wall, and living vipers crawl upon the ceiling : all the philosophic sorcery was performed which Ozanam taught, and Hooper compiled.—I am enchanted, says Laura, it is so pretty an amusement for ladies !

The son of Sir Owen took his turn to reign. His domain is called the Hall of Archæology. Here alone you find something solid and sensible. The young gentleman has ransacked Wales for Roman antiquities ; and has a good collection of medals, of which he makes a proper historic use. But, lest from these, and other circumstances, which smell of common sense, you might suspect him of degeneracy, he proves him-

self the son of his father by about twenty tons of urns and vases ; fragments of pavement, pateras, capedos, simpula, and lutini.

Here it was, in this very Hall of Archæology, that Mr Stanley took Mr Foston aside, and formally withdrew his suit and service from Miss Foston. His renunciation was graciously accepted.

The third morning our visitors took leave, intending to dine as before at Llan-Llwlth ; again they had the misfortune to find the house crowded by a Justice meeting. The ladies, therefore, dined by themselves in a chamber, and the gentlemen, as is usual, with the Justices.

The cloth was scarce drawn, when there entered a constable, guarding a fellow in a tattered sailor's habit, wanting his left leg and his right arm. A farmer came as his accuser.

Early in the morning, the man had been found in the farmer's field, devouring turnips with the rapacity of a tiger ; and had, moreover, stuffed ten more into his wallet, because, as the fellow said, he found they were very good ones.

Who are you ? said the Justice.

A poor soldier, please your worship, and a piece of a sailor.

Where do you come from ? Where are you going ?

From America. To my parish near Ruabon.

What induced you to steal ?

Hunger.

Do you know, sir, that hunger is no justification of theft ?

No, please your worship, except to those that are hungry.

You are saucy, sir ; I shall order you to be whipt.

For eating turnips ! says the fellow.

Hark you, friend, says the other Justice, mildly ; your offence is small, but still it is an offence ; and you aggravate it by this air of pertness to a gentleman, who at this time represents his Majesty's person : this is always punishable.

God bless your worship, says the fellow ; it is true, I was going to be saucy, very saucy. I have been nine years serving my country in America ; I lost my arm there, and my leg in a battle at sea. I am returning home to my parish without a penny in my purse, have had the misfortune to feel the keen pangs of hunger, and am going to be whipt for eating turnips. I would help being angry if I could ; but I own it makes me mad when I think of having been in fifteen engagements, shot through and through, and come home, poor and penniless, to be whipt for eating turnips.

Some manly tears fell from the poor fellow's eyes as he said this.

Well, go your ways, says the milder Justice ; we remit your punishment ; take care how you offend again.

You are too mild, brother, says the examining Justice ; the fellow ought to be whipt for his insolence, and, by your leave, I must have him chastised.

Do it if you dare, says my brother, fire flashing from his eyes.—Dare, sir !—Dare, repeated my brother ; I am in the commission of the peace as well as yourself, and shall think it meritorious to punish so glaring an act of inhumanity, if you dare commit it. You mistake your office, sir ; it is your duty to consider the living spirit, not the dead letter of the law. This, pointing to the farmer, this is the true object of your reprehension ; this rascal, whose unfeeling heart is dead to human kindness.

You are to blame, Cheslyn, says Mr Foston ; you forget, in your anger, that you insult the seat of justice. But let this go no farther.—Will you, gentlemen, do me the favour to release the culprit at my request ?

Most willingly, sir, says the humane Justice. —Certainly, at your request, Mr Foston, says the other.

I understand the emphasis, replies my brother ; I acknowledge I have been wrong, and beg your pardon ; rising to take him by the hand : he accepted it, and all was well. They parted. Take this half-crown, says Mr Foston to the soldier ; refresh yourself ; and come this evening, if you can get so far, to Henneth Castle : it is not two miles out of your road.

God bless your honour ! I will come, sure enough.

The next morning he was sent for into the breakfast parlour.—Sit down, says Mr Foston, and give us some account of your wars ; you seem to have had warm work, and must have experienced great hardships.

I have had bad luck, to be sure, sir ; but others have had worse : I can't complain of anything extraordinary. To be sure, every man's life is of consequence to himself, but I doubt there is nothing in mine that will give either ladies or gentlemen any amusement.

Let us hear it, however.

THE SOLDIER'S STORY.

I WAS born in a little village near Ruabon, the eldest of eight children of a very honest labourer. It was not to be supposed we could riot in dainties, but, thanks to my father's industry, we had always a good barley loaf and potatoes to eat, and sometimes had a feast of boiled horse-beans. One dry summer the potatoe crop failed, and the winter was frosty : work was scarce, and before spring our principal diet was grains. I was then about eleven years old, and a very thinking lad, for I concluded I could eat with pigs all the world over : so I set out one April morning to seek my fortune. Shoes and stock-

ings, as I never had any, I did not want ; for the rest of my rigging, it was still strong enough to hold together in spite of the wind. In this beginning of my travels, I met with the same mixture of good and evil that I have done all my life through—sometimes a bit of victuals, and sometimes a beating.

At last I came to a village in Staffordshire, where they wanted a lad like myself to tend the sheep upon the common. My pay for this service was a three-penny loaf a-day, clear water when I could get it, and a sweet straw bed at night. I took care not to forfeit these blessings by idleness ; and, at the end of summer, my diligence was rewarded by being taken into the house of a farmer as a plough-boy. Here I enjoyed the luxury of bacon broth, and a good coal fire ; accordingly I bound myself 'prentice for seven years. This term being expired, I set up for myself ; that is, I became a labourer for daily pay ; and being a handy lad at a job, in two years I got money enough to buy me a good Sunday suit of clothes, and a silver watch.

Go where we will, we always see pride of heart keep company with prosperity ; and pride of the flesh, with youth and a full belly. There was in the village a pretty and exceedingly good-natured young woman, who did me the honour to choose me out of several young men of the place, to be the father of her child. The Justice said I must pay two shillings a-week out of my wages ; but being a partnership affair, I thought I ought not to pay the whole expense, and so I moved to another village on the borders of Needwood forest, where I was obliged to lie concealed. Here I spent my ready money, and got acquainted with two young fellows, who, now and then, made free with the King's deer. One very fine night they prevailed upon me to accompany them ; and, I must confess, I did aid and assist to kill a fat doe, which, as we were carrying off, we were met by two well-armed keepers. My companions, who knew the consequences, threw down the doe, and scampered different ways, and I run myself headlong into a furze bush of extraordinary magnitude. Here I lay as round as a ball, and, though it was a cold night, had as fine a perspiration as could be desired. Notwithstanding this, when I heard first one gun go off, and then another, if I had been anything of a scholar, I would willingly have changed places with the Bishop of St Asaph. However, the danger ran away, and, with the first dawn, I ran after it ; not, by any means, to the town I had left, but to my former village, determined to encounter the terrors of matrimony itself, rather than look another fat doe in the face.

The parish officers did me the favour to congratulate me on my safe arrival, and, for the greater honour, carried me before a Justice, who gave me the choice to marry or pay. If my mistress had been hard-favoured and a termagant,

I would have taken her ; but I did not find I had merit sufficient to entitle me to so pretty, gentle, and kind a creature.

The next spring our parish had to choose a militiaman, and our directors managed so skillfully, that the lot fell upon me.

After I had been three or four times embodied, had learnt to march to common and triple time, to wheel to the right, to the left, to form the van, the centre, and the rear, I thought such eminent qualifications should be exerted in the service of my country, and so I listed amongst the regulars. It was not long before I was sent to America, where a great deal of victuals being to be got for a little labour, I was quite transported. This easy state lasted but a short time, on account of the grumbings that arose about tea and taxation, a whole ship-load of which these moody devils tost into Boston harbour. So we were called from our cantonments to keep 'em quiet, and then they grew madder than ever. At last we came to blows, and then farewell peace and pudding. I had the honour to be one of the number that went to visit them at Bunker's Hill, where, I protest, they kept me in as pretty a sweat as that I had at the forest, and at last gave me a dose that kept me quiet till our winter's expedition to Halifax.

We had our revenge the next year at Long Island, and the White Plains, and faith we carried the world before us till the middle of winter, when we found the air of several places, Trenton especially, not agreeable to our constitutions. In one of the skirmishes hereabout, I got shot over again, and taken prisoner into the bargain.

By good luck, they quarrelled a long time about our exchanges, and so I had a quiet life, and good living.

As soon as I was exchanged I was ordered for Quebec, and found myself one of that distinguished band who were destined to explore their way, like crocodiles, by land and water, through two or three hundred leagues of barren land. Though a cold country, I don't remember we were ever starved for want of work, or in any danger from repletion. We were attended by whole nations of copper-coloured gentry, who made most delightful bonfires all along the road. It was an unfortunate day, indeed, which did not furnish them with a house to burn, and a family to cut up. Our general, I believe, did what he could to restrain them ; but, without ripping and rapine, they did not seem to enjoy life at all. As we came nearer the end of our journey, our scouting parties began to find plenty of employment : skirmishes were almost as frequent as dinners. In one of these, where we had come to close quarters, I had the luck to be well pinked and slashed ; and having retreated as long as I could run, at length I laid me down quietly to die like a hero. I had not the least doubt of being

dead, when a smart pain on the top of my forehead opened my eyes in an instant ; and what should they behold but a young Iroquois gentleman, about twelve years old, busily employed in learning to scalp. I seized the young dog by the throat with my left hand, for I had no use of my right, and should have squeezed his soul out, if his cries had not brought two of our own female plunderers to his assistance. By their help, I was got back to camp, where the surgeon dressed my wounds, and the next morning, to save time, sawed off my arm, and seared the stump. This was the most lively sensation I had ever experienced, but then it was glorious, and soldiers should be content.

This accident deprived me of the honour of meeting General Gates, who, after he had settled a few matters with our general, sent a small party to visit us at our fort. We did not understand ceremony, so left them to entertain themselves, and marched back to Quebec. As we were very quiet, I should have had a pleasant winter, but that I found salt pork and the air of Canada not good for new ill-cured wounds. I was often sorry the young Iroquois whelp had wakened me ; however, I weathered it out till the sailing of the homeward-bound fleet, in which I was sent to England, in order to be discharged. I was dreaming of nothing but the sweets of a pension and a sunny bank, when, the ships having been scattered by a storm, a Virginian cruiser stumbled upon ours, and very politely conducted us to Williamsburg. They treated us very well here ; we had plenty of fresh provisions, and some money when we chose to earn it. I liked the country so well, that I began to care but little about old England, and towards the spring actually hired myself in a tobacco plantation ; and by this, I am told, I lost my claim to a pension. My employment was to whip the negroes, which it was possible to perform with one arm ; but, after a month's trial, mine was found too weak for the purpose, and I was discharged. I rambled all over Virginia, Maryland, and Carolina, hoping that, in so vast a space, I might find some one employment or other, where I might get my bread with one hand. But it would not do ; there was some awkwardness or imperfection in the performance of everything I attempted ; and this want of success, and the flies that tormented me, and the snakes that frightened me out of my senses, made me weary of the finest country I had seen, and turned my desires again to old England. At last I reached Charles-Town, where several vessels were loading for France : I thought if I could get thither, I could find my way into Holland, and thence to my own country ; so I offered to work my passage to Havre. They laughed at me, and I was forced to thrash one of the sailors for it, before they would believe I was good for anything. At last I was received on board, and a fine voyage we had till

we got alongside the Portugal coast, and came within reach of the guns of an English privateer, whom we wanted to deceive with English colours, but that would not do; some of their men came on board us, and some of ours on board the privateer, where we were kept under hatches. It is true I told them my story from beginning to end, and so often, that at last they began to believe me, and I had hopes of freedom, and becoming once more an Englishman. A little accident happened that brought this about sooner than I expected; for, off Cape Finisterre, our vessel engaged an American, who gave us a warm reception, and I verily believe would have beat us, if she had not been heavily laden. As we wanted more hands, I was released, and bestirred myself as well as I could: After four glasses, the American struck, and we sent off a boat to take possession; but, instead of that, it came back in the dark, and brought a lady and several —. Good God! says Miss Melton, sinking gently upon Julia's bosom; she recovered upon the application of a smelling-bottle, and faintly asked the name of the captain who commanded the privateer.—Captain Suthall, says the astonished sailor.—And what became of the American vessel? says she.—It went to the bottom.—She sunk again. Such is the effect of sudden recognition of sad events upon tender minds. However, I have the satisfaction to acquaint thee that the new impression wore off by degrees, and Miss Melton was not worse than before.

For the rest of the adventures of honest John Morgan, the sailor, they consist in his taking on in another privateer for half-pay; in an engagement with a French privateer, and having his left leg shot off. Lastly, in his travels towards Ruabon, and in a comfortable settlement for life in Henneth Castle, the chosen abode of love, friendship, and benevolence.

I am, dear Tom, thine,

HENRY CHESLYN.

THOMAS SUTTON TO HENRY CHESLYN.

London.

I HAVE a tale of the doctor's to tell thee, Harry, in which I am so much interested, that I cannot wait the next post, though I doubt not it will bring me a letter from my punctual friend.

There is, says the doctor, an honest hosier in High Holborn, who has put his wife under my care for a chronic disorder.

As I go at all hours, I had sometimes caught a view of a gentleman, who has boarded there some little time, a man of agreeable aspect, but of a wan complexion, and, as appeared, of settled melancholy.

A few mornings since I found the good wo-

man in tears, which, on inquiry, seemed to proceed from a little mixture of distress and gratitude. My husband, I thank God, says she, is in tolerable circumstances, and in a thriving business; but being disappointed yesterday of a sum, could not answer a fifty pound bill, which was due this morning. He was expostulating with the banker's clerk, and begging three days only, but was answered, The custom in these cases was so strict, that he was obliged to protest and return it by that post.

The gentleman, our lodger, came through during this parley, and, hearing the circumstances, coolly drew a fifty pound bank note from his pocket-book, and putting it into my husband's hand, without saying a word, withdrew to his own apartment.

Knowing he could repay it in three days, my good man gave it the banker's clerk, and then went to the gentleman to thank him for the loan, with a promissory note in his hand. The gentleman took the note and tore it to pieces, at the same time waving his hand for my husband to go out of the room. Poor creature! he never cares to speak. He has been with us now almost a month, and, in all that time, not one acquaintance has ever come to him. Where he eats we know not; for at home he never touches bit or sup. He goes out every morning, and seldom returns till night; and then throws himself into an arm-chair, and you may hear him so sob and sigh! Sometimes he leaves a handkerchief upon his pillow, wet through and through with tears. And we hear him walking about his room, every now and then, in the middle of the night, without a bit of fire or candle. I have sometimes asked him to supper or to a glass of wine; Come, says I, it will do you good, do let us have your company. The very asking of him seemed always to make him uneasy. Poor creature! something sits heavy on him, and he looks so forlorn.

The good woman told me a multitude of little woful particulars of the same kind, which made me desirous to know and relieve this unhappy man. But what pretence could I frame to introduce myself? The more I thought of the matter, the less I was able to come to any conclusion; I determined, therefore, to walk into his room, and to trust to circumstances and my own effrontery for a proper introduction.

I opened the door without his perceiving me. He was sitting in an elbow chair, and was intently contemplative of a miniature picture, which he held in his hand, whilst tears followed each other down the most dejectedly pensive, though venerable, countenance I ever beheld.

I moved forward, and accosted him with a bow, which he rose and returned with a sad politeness.—My business, sir, says I, is of that delicate nature, that I find it almost impossible to enter upon it. I must trust to your candour to

impute this intrusion to its true cause. I am a man, and you are unhappy. If you know the world, it will be difficult to convince you, that to lessen your afflictions is my only motive for this impertinence.

I confess it appears extraordinary. You are a Scotchman, I perceive ; of what profession, pray ?

I am a physician.

And you are come, as such, to offer me your assistance ?

I do. Maladies of the mind may be prescribed for, as well as those of the body.

Doctor, I confess I am sick at heart. Medicine I know has friendly powers. One way, at least, it may operate to my relief.

Humanity has powers more friendly still, could you confide in its prescriptions.

You have an open countenance, I own ; but the science of physiognomy is too fallacious for human dependence.

If you can be rendered more unhappy by treachery, your distrust is prudent ; if you cannot, you run no risk.

It is hard to say when misery has reached its summit. Yet I have lost my all, property excepted, the least of all. Parental and conjugal affinities, all are lost. My country, friendship, society, all are gone. My sons fell by violence ; their tender mother of a broken heart. My daughter, the last, sole comfort of my declining years, I lost by an accident, that appears almost fabulous in the relation. I am ignorant whether she is yet in being, or, if in being, whether she does not suffer all the evils of poverty, or dishonour.

The affecting manner with which all this was spoke, says the doctor, forced some tokens of sensibility from me, in spite of myself.

If the relation thus affects you, says the stranger, how must the actual sufferance, me ?

Your sorrows, says I, are undoubtedly great. I do not blame you for feeling them, but you are wrong in feeding upon them only. Mrs Wilkins, with a heart pierced with gratitude for your generous behaviour this morning, has described to me your manner of life. It appears calculated to nourish and increase your sorrows.

I am in search of my daughter, and have no clue to guide me, but that of going wherever I see women. I walk about all day, and satisfy my hunger at some coffee house or cook's shop ; I return home wearied in body and mind ; and rest, if I am able. What would you have me do ?

By no means what you now do ; it will infallibly destroy you. Permit yourself to be amused.

You do amuse me, doctor ; your character seems a singular one. I never was averse to society ; yours will possibly give me as much pleasure as I am now capable of receiving. But I cannot be amused with prate : this is the cause

why I choose to be silent to the people of the house.

Let me persuade you to rest to-day, and admit me to visit you in the evening. To-morrow I will contrive to walk abroad with you several hours. You know not what pleasure you will give the grateful Mrs Wilkins, if you will dine with her to-day.

I will, I will, doctor. I will do as you would have me ; you soften me strangely. Kindness to an absolute stranger is so uncommon : but I must treat you as a physician, pulling out his purse.

When I find myself more inclined to be your physician than your friend, I will take your fee. Adieu.

Though, continues the doctor, Mr Harris spoke little that evening or the following day, it was easy to see he had great knowledge of mankind, and a most liberal and manly way of thinking. If he betrayed any enthusiasm, it was on the subject of liberty. It was pleasing to see, after we had communicated notions on this and other topics, by what insensible degrees his reserve wore away. Last night he accosted me thus :—

The only comfort I have tasted since I came, Doctor Gordon, into this island, has been in your society ; your behaviour has been humane and generous ; I should ill repay it by keeping you in ignorance of the danger you run by my acquaintance. I am one of those unhappy people whom your Parliament have voted rebels ; an American, born in Rhode Island : more than this, I have been active in the cause of my country, and should be obnoxious to your government, if discovered.

Are you, interrupted I, acting here under any powers conferred upon you by your country ?

I am not : I detest treachery, and can never condescend to the office of a spy.

Then you have nothing to fear.

I don't know that. It is true, that, disgusted with some of our precipitate proceedings, and piqued at some particular ill usage, but above all, not being able to bear a place which incessantly put me in mind of the loss of two most amiable youths, and the consequent death of their mother, I sold part of my property, and abandoning the rest, left my country : but I chose France, not England, for my refuge ; and in my passage, our vessel fought one of your privateers with all the rage of an inveterate enemy.

By this fatal engagement I lost my daughter. The circumstance is singular : Our captain and nearly half the crew were killed ; and by my consent, for the vessel was my own, the lieutenant, a Mr Panton, struck the flag. It was evening and dusk, when an officer and men came from the privateer to take possession. The first thing they heard on board was a confused clamour, that the ship was sinking. The wary of-

ficer went into the hold, and saw with his own eyes that it filled above the power of the pumps. He retreated with all his men to the boat, took in a few of ours, and first of all, from a principle of gallantry, my daughter. I ran to the cabin to secure a few valuable papers, and hastening to the boat, was going to step in, when I was pulled back by Pantan. At the same instant an alarm was raised that we were going down, and the boat to avoid danger rowed away to the vessel, and left us to the care of Providence. All this was a well-conducted stratagem of Pantan's, to whom it was a sensible mortification that my daughter was gone; which happened only in consequence of his being obliged, after the English officer had left the hold, to take measures for replugging the hole in the vessel's side, which he himself had caused to be made, and setting the pumps effectually to work.

The preservation of the vessel would no doubt have been an agreeable event, had it not been attended with so fatal a circumstance.

A few hours after my arrival at Brest, I was taken ill of a fever, partly occasioned by anxiety, partly by a wound received in the engagement. I was long delirious, and my life despaired of: when I recovered to recollection, I caused letters to be wrote by several merchants to their correspondents in Holland, stating the case, and requesting them to write to the principal English sea-ports, to inquire out the vessel with which we had a conflict, and to give every necessary assistance to my daughter, if discovered. It is perfectly unaccountable that no intelligence should be obtained by this means: it served, however, to flatter my hopes for a while, and gave me spirits sufficient to sell my cargo, and procure payment of my bills of exchange.

The vessel I gave Mr Pantan, with a sum to refit it: he is probably cruizing at this hour on the English coast.

As soon as the spring came on, and my strength was tolerably restored, I set out for Helvoetsluys, determined to make a personal search throughout the English sea-ports. I embarked for Harwich in the packet; the packet was taken and carried to Dunkirk. I was under the necessity of ascertaining myself, for which I was obliged to write to Brest. It was a month before I was released.

Afterwards I went to Amsterdam, and came passenger in a Dutch ship to Southampton: I traversed all the ports on the south coast; I examined all the newspapers since the 29th of November, and made every possible inquiry that could be made without danger, by a person in my circumstances. Direct inquiries produced nothing. At length, being one day at a coffee-house at Plymouth, in a box adjoining to one where a couple of young sea officers were drinking punch, Jack, says one of them, didst ever hear

what Suthall did with his girl?—What girl? replies the other.

Why, the girl he brought from the American vessel that he sunk some time last December.

I never heard a syllable of it before.

No! that's odd. He came into this port much shattered; and sent the lady to his wife at Deptford. I suppose his living there, and his being so very a scoundrel, that nobody takes notice of him, is the reason the affair has been so little talked of. This was his first cruise, and having no other prize but the girl, I suppose he had nothing to brag of. He refitted, went out again, and had tolerable success. His principal owners are Pemberton and Co. in New Street.

You may imagine, Tom, says the doctor—But first, Mr Henry, let me say something to your imagination. I can guess its occupation when you begin to read, "By this engagement I lost my daughter." I can guess what your transports will be, when you come to the name of Suthall, by my own feelings at the time; but it would be the oddest tale that ever was told, if it was accompanied with our adjuncts; I have therefore chose to go straight onwards, and will go on, let the doctor *imagine* what he pleases.

It was easy after this, continues the gentleman, to get Captain Suthall's true address. I posted to Deptford in disguise; for it would have been imprudent, on several accounts, to have shewn myself to my daughter abruptly. The captain was out on a cruise; and Mrs Suthall, on the first mention of my child's name, flew into a most unseemly passion, and called my girl a strumpet, and told me, to be successful, I must search the bawdy-houses. Oh, my dear doctor, what a stroke was this! More modesty and a greater purity of soul never inhabited a virgin's breast. What may she not have suffered! I cannot hope to find her alive. Dishonour, if she met it, must have sunk her to an early grave.

The old gentleman, continues the doctor, left here the thread of his story, and overflowed with so many pathetic lamentations, that my conscience smote me for permitting such keen distress.

No more, my good friend, says I, of these deep incisions. Take to your wounded soul the balsam of health and life. It is not the assumed name of Harris, that can hide from all eyes the father of Camitha Melton.

A picture that would exhibit the very individual countenance of Mr Melton at this instant, would sell for a thousand pounds.

He looked—guess at it, Tom, for words can give thee no idea. Joy, surprise, astonishment; a most eloquent dumbness.

I am happy, sir, in being able to inform you, that your amiable daughter is safe in the bosom of friendship and honour. That her virtue, her well-tried virtue, has endeared her to worth like

her own: that nothing is wanting to her felicity, but the knowledge that you exist; for the supposition that you are buried in the ocean, destroys every growing comfort.

Mr Melton started up, and threw himself into my arms with a cordial embrace.—Would to heaven I could teach it thy sister, Tom! from her, it would be worth a world.

The first words he spoke were, Leave me, leave me, Gordon, do not look upon the weakness of a father.

I love and reverence the weakness of a father, replied I, and am half as happy as yourself in being—

Ah! no, no, interrupted he; leave me a few minutes, leave me.

I complied, and staid away near half an hour.

What an age have you been absent, friend of my heart, says he; and what recompence is it possible to make you!

Oh, nothing, nothing; do I deserve any merit?

Ah! says he, undervalue,—depreciate as you please this exquisite service—But—

Let us not talk of it at present; something infinitely more interesting waits your ear—when you are able to bear it.

Oh! I can bear anything now.

How many animal bodies, continues the doctor, have I hacked and hewed, in order to discover the pre-disposing and proximate causes of pleasure and pain. I discovered nothing; and am now content, since I cannot find out the causes within, to observe the operations within, and the causes without. You had made me so well acquainted with all the particulars of Miss Melton's story, that it was not difficult for me to strike the heart with strong emotions; softening the woe as much as possible.

He waits to consult you concerning the propriety of a man, in his circumstances, going down to Henneth. Eager to embrace his daughter, yet cautious of involving friends so dear to him.

This agreeable news I send express before I have seen Mr Melton. It cannot be too soon, or too cautiously, made known to his lovely daughter.

T. SUTTON.

HENRY CHESLYN TO THOMAS SUTTON.

Henneth Castle.

THE first hour I could spare from joy, I devote to thee, dear Tom; to the man who would, if he was able, send pleasure to his friends on the wings of the eagle.

The express reached us an hour before tea; and was circulated presently to all whom it concerned, except to her whom it concerned the most. We formed a little plan.

At tea, comes into the room, seemingly something elevated, honest John the sailor. Please your honour, says he, I went to Cardigan to-day with your honour's message, and stopt a bit to drink a can of grog with an old mess-mate; he was one of Suthall's sailors, and left him because he was a rogue. So talking over our old concerns, Jack, says he, that was a consumed clever bite the American vessel humm'd us with, that we thought we had sent to the bottom, nine and twentieth last November: she got safe into Brest next day, with the loss of twelve sailors and a wench.

We looked at one another like folks taken by surprise. I stole a glance at Camitha. I saw her bosom rise and fall, her colour change.

You sailors make it a pastime, I suppose, says Mr Foston, to hum one another. This was a hum of your mess-mate's, was it not?—I thought so, please your honour, and so I told him; but he swore he was a prisoner in Brest three months after, and actually saw Mr Melton, the owner, arm in arm with Captain Panton, walk along the streets: and how they could hear no tale nor tidings of the young lady, though they had writ a hundred letters: and how sad the old gentleman was about it.

Inexpressible pleasure animated Miss Melton's features; a saddening cloud succeeded; she dropt her head upon Julia's bosom; and, sighing, said it was too much to hope.

I thought so, says Laura; this is quite the way of your wise, sentimental, feeling people, never to believe their own happiness till they can't help it. Julia always did the same thing at Boulogne. When letters from you, sir, (to Mr Foston,) did not arrive at the expected time, we began to spin our *ifs* and *ands*. By and by we could not eat, and then we could not sleep. If I ventured to hint at the great regularity of the posts from Muxadavad, and the certainty of sea carriage, she would beat me. I am sure I lavished such a fund of wisdom upon her, that it will be an age before I shall be able to recruit my stock; and all to no purpose. The fond grief of these sentimental folks has, I believe, the same fascination as noble blood; it bewitches, and your vulgar and unfeeling people wonder why.

If it will purchase an hour of hope and comfort to my dear Miss Melton, says I, I will fly through Holland, where I can procure passports to Brest—and—

Oh, yes, yes! says she, weeping plentifully; can you doubt it?

If I was a lover, says Laura, I would have a specimen of this same hope and comfort before I went; then I would seal the bargain, Julia, and away.

Let us leave this madcap, says Julia, taking Miss Melton's hand, and try the efficacy of our own fond grief, as she calls it. Come, Mrs Tyrrell.

They brought her back in about two hours, informed of everything, charmingly serene, and her eyes almost swelled out of her head.—How efficacious ! says Laura.

I sit up to write, and am desirous to send Mr Foston's compliments to Mr Melton ; that he apprehends no danger, nor fears it ; that he hopes to see him immediately ; and under that hope has done a violence to Miss Melton's inclinations, who wanted to set out for London directly.

Adieu,

HENRY CHESLYN.

CAMITHA MELTON TO HER FATHER.

Henneth.

OH, my dear, dear father ! How is the remembrance of my deep-rooted sorrow lost in the excess of my present happiness ! Joy is so new a sensation ! I want to fly into my father's arms, but am restrained by the gentle force of the best of friends, who persuade me I may delay my own felicity by missing you on the road. To embrace a father, restored from his watery grave, is now the fond idea that occupies wholly the bosom of your ever dutiful and affectionate,

CAMITHA MELTON.

THOMAS SUTTON TO HENRY CHESLYN.

London.

YES, my best friend, my heart challenges the applause you give me : I would convey pleasure by the swiftest means—I would convey pleasure *only* ; but such are the vicissitudes of human life, that I *must* convey the things that are, though I plant daggers in those bosoms, whence, if I could, every corrosive should be excluded.

Unhappy Miss Melton ! Nature has bestowed upon you the finest powers of sensibility ; and fortune seems determined they shall not be bestowed in vain.

Mr Melton is in prison : informed against as an American spy by Captain Suthall. The unhappy gentleman could not rest till he had drawn from Mrs Suthall the name of the infamous Mrs P—, which she became acquainted with in consequence of her husband's wound. From Mrs P— he could gain no intelligence : nothing, save insulting sarcasms on the virtue of his daughter, in terms which conveyed contrary ideas. She was deaf to prayers, to tears—but that is nothing ; she was deaf to bribery. In the warmth of his pleading, he conjured her to pity the feelings of a father. No doubt she had him watched to his lodgings : immediately she sent off a messenger to Suthall, who was that instant getting under sail for a cruise. He wrote to

London, and our unfortunate friend was seized in the presence of Doctor Gordon and myself, just as he had determined to set out for Henneth. Possibly we may be involved by this transaction ; but that is little ; conscious of innocence, we visit, and will visit him, in the face of day ; regretting only our want of consequence, which is too feeble with men of power, to be able to give him the assistance his circumstances demand.

Adieu,

T. SUTTON.

WILLIAM MELTON TO HIS DAUGHTER.

London.

MY Camitha, thou wilt be told a dreadful tale. Thou wilt be told thy father is in prison. Let not this bugbear phantom, for to me it is no more, rob thee of thy early joys. Save that, for a time, it bars me from thy encircling arms, in comparison of the past, it scarce seems a misfortune.

They have seized my papers ; they will find nothing there, but the afflictions of a father. Though I differ in political opinion from those who compose administration here, I know them to be sensible, I believe them to be humane. They will respect my sufferings—my sorrows : they will allow that political error, for they *must* call it error, has been sufficiently punished. My Camitha, once more I must assume the harsh despotic tone of a father, and *command* thee, on no account to leave the arms of thy fostering friends. Take consolation to thy gentle bosom ; regard this trifle as it deserves : the smiling hours of peace and pleasure will again be ours ; soon thou wilt be pressed to the bosom of thy happy father,

WM. MELTON.

JOHN CHESLYN TO HIS BROTHER.

London.

WHAT an hypocritical rogue, and please you, has nature, and my good mother, given me for a brother ! A fellow, dissolved in the soft lap of ease ; surrounded by the Graces, exhilarated by an Euphrosyne, edified by a Minerva, and beloved by a Venus ; pretend to envy us our sudden expedition, under pretence that we were going to plunge up to the chin in the wide ocean of benevolence ; forgetting what dirty puddles we must drink of before we can taste its sweets.

But what have we been doing ? thou askest.

Making adulations, Henry ; putting Lord A. and Lord B. in mind of their infinite wisdom and goodness ; and bedaubing clerks in office. Endeavouring to persuade folks in power, that

to dismiss Mr Melton without condition, is wisest, virtuous, discreetest, best; whilst their heads run, *per contra*, on renunciations of rebellion, oaths of allegiance, and a farrago of political nonsense, which, if thou couldst hear for half an hour, thou wouldst feel in what a heaven thou now art.

We run from it to a jail, as other people run from misery to happiness. My father delighteth in thy father, and the doctor delighteth us all: a jail, therefore, is become our lyceum, and the hours we spend there, our true hours of enjoyment.

Shall I, or shall I not, give thee a specimen of our symposiacs?

I will not, Harry; and for cause,—

Tom Sutton beareth these our mandates, in which we enjoin thee to transfer thy proper person hither; and consign the ladies and the things of the earth to his care. We pay thee the compliment of supposing thou art endued with a competent portion of household understanding, and some knowledge of the *lex mercatoria*; and mayst be capable of assisting us to agitate a curious question proposed by a certain lord in office to Mr Melton: Will you, to all intents and purposes, become for ever and ever a true British subject? To which Mr Melton answers, I have property in France which this public act would endanger: I have landed property in America, which, these troubles over, I may hope to recover: if my country returns under the dominion of Great Britain, I shall rejoice, and become a true and loyal subject: if I remain free, I shall hope to be permitted to return there unmolested. Here we stick: your worship's sagacity, I suppose, will clearly perceive how much you may be interested in the decision of this question; for Mr Melton is eager to take thee for a son-in-law, with all thy vanities; nay, is silly enough to glory in thee, from hearsay only. It behoveth thee, therefore, to sift this matter to the bottom with thy beloved, and as far as thy understanding reacheth, bring us the meal. I am—thy elder brother,

JOHN CHESLYN.

JOHN CHESLYN TO JULIA FOSTON.

London.

YOUR most respectable father has, this very morning, enjoined me to write to you, as a penance for my sins. A penance, Julia! My pen, however, is not permitted to run its own course; it must, for a while, at least, confine itself to the giving intelligence.

There is a firm kind of heroism in the mind of Mr Melton, which will not permit him to yield to the demands of men in power here. Compliance he considers as a desertion of principle; it is baseness; it is slavery.

If ministry will permit him to sink silently

into the condition of an English subject, his honour untainted, no force exerted or employed, he will endeavour to conquer all other objections, and settle with us for life. At the same time, he tells us humorously, that though his obligations to us are greater than words can express, he shall consider them all as balanced by this—sacrifice.

Your country, says he, is ruined. To say nothing of the war, or suppose it successful, you are verging to destruction by the silent operation of finance: your public virtue is gone, or resident in an inconsiderable part of the middle ranks; the head and tail of the fish—stink horribly. As a friend, the best political wish I can bestow upon you is, that you may be undone with all convenient expedition: a lingering death is terrible. When the struggle is over, you may again be happy; for you *will* be poor, and *may* be wise.

Combating these opinions, and drawing pictures with a little more sunshine, form an agreeable part of our amusement, if anything can be amusement to a lov—pshaw!

My brother is gone to France, by way of Holland, with full powers from Mr Melton to gather into a heap about twelve thousand pounds, which lies scattered amongst the merchants of Brest, Nantes, and Bourdeaux. My gentle sister has nothing to fear on this account, procuring passports for the purposes of trade being a common matter. Till Mr Melton has determined, (for liberty of departure we could obtain for him tomorrow,) this money is to be deposited in the bank at Amsterdam. Should his determination be to go, Miss Melton must go also. Too well I know the despotic power of love, not to feel that my brother must forego his country, or his happiness. I love my brother; he is most worthy of it. I consult my own affections, therefore, my own felicity, when I labour to untwist this Gordian knot. Assist me, Julia; your gentle influence over Miss Melton may do much; for though I know her inclinations are ours, it will not be amiss to strengthen the plea of the heart, by the reasoning powers of the mind. Yours are strong, Julia; too strong, when they are opposite to *my* wishes.

Miss Nancy Sutton is a most engaging girl; her characteristic is sweet simplicity. Dr Gordon is her slave. Yes, Julia, he makes the fourth of this class of human beings in our society. He has the liberty of telling her so also. I, only I, am interdicted the use of those expressions the fond heart supplies so liberally. The common-place language of love you have taught me to despise: but *all* its language, Julia? Is it all, O sweet, O sweet Ann Page? Is it enough once to have said, I love, I love thee infinitely? My vocabulary, indeed, yields no richer expression, and you forbid me every poorer. Well then, Julia, I love thee infinitely.

JOHN CHESLYN.

MR HENRY CHESLYN TO HIS BROTHER.

Amsterdam.

WITH a heart full of love, and a head, at this present writing, fit only to hang a hat upon, I am ordered by my elder-brotherhood to amuse him with an account of my travels. As I have all the dutiful dispositions in the world—Amsterdam, the capital of the United Provinces, is bounded on the north by —; south by —; east and west by —; sends four members to parliament, and gives the title of duke to the noble family of —; it has 508 streets. After all, my most laborious researches into the present state of brick and mortar here, might serve only to draw your worship's nose out of the exact line in which nature has placed it; and then, what will Julia say? Already she laments the unaccountable bias which nature or fortune has given to both our heads, that whether we make love, or make mischief, tell a tale of murder, or of Mother Goose, it is all one way.

I have got my passports from the French ambassador at the Hague to Paris. Mynheer Van Hogen here will receive your letters, and forward them to me at Nantes. Let them be long, and full of comfort.

Thine,

HENRY CHESLYN.

JOHN CHESLYN TO HIS BROTHER.

London.

WHEN thou returnest through Holland, Harry, learn to salt herrings, and pickle sturgeon; but for Dutch politics, and Dutch wisdom, leave them to their owners. If Dutch economy, indeed, will mingle with the Parisian *savoir vivre*, pritheese smuggle as much as may be needful for family use.

Thy father was sunk under the force of one misfortune, the loss of his darling daughter: she recovered, the trifling incidents of a prison, and lying at the mercy of his enemies, sit light as feathers; and now he is one of the merriest men alive.

He perceives, by the specimen, that he shall have a son endued with a fine taste for travelling description; and recommends it to thee, as thou journeyest through France, to look at its antiquities, and into the heads of the French *paysans et paysannes*, if it be only to tell what money they have in their pockets. This whimsical demand originates in a tale of witchcraft by Mr Melton, which had like to have destroyed his generation. Suppose I lead to it by a brief summary of his family history? it is to no purpose, it is true, but I like to do things in a *brotherly* way.

His grandfather was an Englishman, and possessed of those three great requisites to hap-

piness, a wife, and money, and a friend. He lent his money to his friend, and lost them both; but, as a balance, he lost his wife into the bargain; for with this friend and his money she ran away into France. In those puritanical times, this was looked upon as a great wickedness; and because the land would not open and swallow them up, he would live no longer in it: with all his remaining wealth, therefore, and one son, he sought out a new world. In Rhode Island he bought a great deal of land for a very little money, and pursuing the beaten track of industry, in twenty years became a man of wealth and estimation; and when he waxed old, he died. His son married a neighbour's daughter, who, by her brother's death, became an heiress. In due time he died also, leaving one son, named William, exceeding rich, and, in matters of women, mighty delicate. William, thy father that is to be, took bad ways; he left Bunyan and Baxter for Shakespeare and Milton, and made several voyages in search of a wife.

The women of warm climates he found proud, lazy, luxurious, and very loving; of cold, tolerably industrious, but egregiously stupid. At length, to reconcile all his difficulties and delicacies, he married a squaw: on the body of this squaw he begot thy Camitha, and two boys, who fell by English bullets, in a very early stage of this war. This is a summary, Harry, and will admit only a few principal facts, not the manner and cause of their being performed. In consequence of this, and some disgusts, he gathered together all his personalty, some in mercantile wares, and some in bills of exchange on Holland and France: he set all the land he could, but sold none; so that there remains some possibility, that which soever side gets the day, something might be saved from the rage of confiscation.

I call this only a bare possibility; for the Americans will confiscate, because he deserted their cause; and the English, because he did not.

Having begun, continued, and ended this family history, in thy Dutch method, Harry, I pretend now that free egress and regress, in the episode way, ought to be allowed me into every part of it.

In the latter days of thy great grandfather, the saints of Boston, whose fathers had fled from religious persecution here, fell as naturally into it as wolves eat lambs, and with the same kind of appetite. They had not only the honour of driving from amongst them all who were not saints, but of burning and drowning a very considerable quantity of the elect, when they became witches. The frenzy began as usual amongst the mob; crept amongst the better sort; and at last drew the magistracy into the vortex.

At a trial of this kind, Mr Melton's father happened to be present. The culprit was a poor old man, who laboured under a complication of disorders. One witness swore that he

heard him talk to himself, and grind his teeth. Another, that he kept a great black cat. A third, that the old man talked very much about a broomstick, and riding in the air. A fourth, that the neighbours were all so afraid of him, that the women hid themselves and their children, whenever he appeared. A fifth, that one day he caught him gathering dry sticks in one of his pieces of ground, where two calves were grazing; that having taken the sticks of him, and beat him with one, he stood still and groaned, and looked hard at one of the calves; and the very next day the said calf was taken badly, and died in three days. A good substantial farmer said, that the old man called one morning at his house, to beg a jug of milk; and milk being scant, his wife was cross, and refused him. That the old man went back again through a field of cows. That he stopped and looked at the said cows. That his wife being six months gone with child, miscarried the next day, and, within a week, he lost a favourite cow. There was no resisting such a crowd of credible witnesses; the old man was condemned to be burnt at the stake, and executed the next day, greatly to the satisfaction of the mob.

At this trial Mr Melton's father was present, and being a man of good understanding, fell naturally into reflections concerning it. The more he thought the more he doubted. The madness was so general, that he durst not mention these doubts even to his father.

At first they were confined wholly to the nature of the evidence, which appeared to him to prove nothing. As human reason is progressive, and infidelity an encroaching malady, he arrived at length at the astonishing boldness of calling in question witchcraft itself. He digested his thoughts as he went along, but kept them secret. At length a poor neighbour, a very inoffensive deaf old woman, came into suspicion. The folly of it, applied to her, appeared to him, who knew her so well, altogether glaring. He got himself appointed foreman of the jury, determined to distinguish himself by opposition, cost what it might. The evidences were similar to the other. And having examined a sufficient number, one of the judges asked the jury if they were satisfied. One or two cried out, Yes.

Speak, says he, by your foreman. The foreman answered, Yes, perfectly satisfied that there was no sort of proof of the prisoner's guilt. The court stared. The judges called for more evidence. There was plenty, but all of the same kind.

We are Englishmen, says the foreman; we boast of the forms of English law; but we adhere neither to the letter nor the spirit. Too often has the evidence of suggestion taken away innocent lives. Nothing of which the prisoner has been accused, but might have happened had she been a thousand miles off, or the name of witchcraft never been heard.

It is not your business, says the judge, to dictate; consult, and give your verdict. The jury went out of court.

The eleven, who would without hesitation have brought in their verdict guilty, were satisfied with their foreman's reasons. They returned with a *Not Guilty*. The old woman was released, and the mob waited without, in order to try her over again, by throwing her into the sea. She was taken out a back way, and conveyed to Mr Melton's house in Rhode Island. To this sanctuary she was followed. His life, as well as hers, was threatened. Once the tumult rose so high as to set some out-buildings on fire. Mr Melton claimed assistance from the officers of the militia, by whom the mob was at length dispersed.

A printing-office had been lately set up at Boston. Mr Melton caused a narrative to be printed of the number of executions for witchcraft within twenty years. He shewed the futility of the evidence, and rising from small things to great, at length boldly denied witchcraft ever to have existed.

This unheard-of impiety procured his book the honour to be burnt by the common hangman. It run immediately through twelve editions. It was the subject of continual discourse at taverns and coffee-houses, and at length made its way with such evidence of truth, that the parsons durst no longer oppose it. Men's minds being thus disposed to reason, Mr Melton made a bold attack upon the intolerant principles which had driven away so great a number of useful citizens. This brought upon him a severe persecution, from which he was obliged to fly.

But the foundation was laid, and in three years' time he had the satisfaction to find all the banished people recalled, and an universal toleration established by law.

The good effect appeared in a few years by the flourishing state of the colonies, both with regard to population and wealth. Ever after he lived a member of the House of Representatives, and died lamented and beloved.

Harry, no more complaints of my obliquity. I have produced thee an orderly tale, with a competent quantum of dulness.

Thine,

JOHN CHESLYN.

JULIA FOSTON TO HER FATHER.

Henneth Castle.

OH, my dear papa! how cruelly altered, since your departure, is this beautiful abode! The trees, indeed, still grow, the shrubs and flowers still bloom, but they no longer impart the same agreeable sensations. This morning, too, Laura and I were awaked by the horrid noise of cannon.

We ran, half dressed, to the apartment of our only protector, and met at the door Miss Melton and Mrs Tyrrell, under a similar terror. Mr Sutton was asleep, and the poor man's senses were in eminent danger of taking hasty flight, when he found his repose invaded by two pair of such wild creatures. We quieted and removed his terrors by a peaceable demeanour, and retired to give him time to dress; after which we went upon the leads of the castle, to make discoveries with telescopes. Alas! we might as well have sought for Jupiter's satellites, so much had the glasses caught our trepidations. Mr Sutton had better success: he discovered two fiery monsters breathing flames at about three miles distance, and kept viewing them very composedly, till one had struck its flag. O, my dear sir! to enjoy the delights of Henneth, there ought to be peace within, and all around; there ought to be its kind, its benevolent owner. In lieu of these we have fear and discontent. Our dear Miss Melton's impatience to see her father is too strong for reason, and almost for duty. Nor is the necessity for this harsh command apparent. If you do not design to return immediately, I must become a humble petitioner for leave to attend you in London. I must beg it also on another account. Preparations are making at Caradoc Castle for the double nuptials. I am invited, and my sweet Laura commanded thither. I am too selfish to sacrifice my quiet and peaceful hours at the shrines of pomp and grandeur. I cannot go; and how can I excuse myself?

Another circumstance. You want to bring Mr Melton to subdue his stubborn patriotic virtue, and settle peaceably into an English subject. On this determination also depends the happiness of our beloved Miss Melton. My dear papa! with what supreme felicity have you filled the bosom of your daughter, when you have acknowledged the silent power of her asking eye. And has not Miss Melton an asking eye also? Is anything in nature so likely to reach a father's heart?

Inflict no more penances upon Mr Cheslyn, my dear sir. Already has he exhausted Love's vocabulary in one short sentence. I love thee infinitely. It is a pretty word, papa, as all words are with so many flowing vowels; but has it any meaning?

O yes, infinite meaning. Apply it to magnitudes, it does equally well for little or much, for great or small. Apply it to duration, it will do alike for long or short. By dint of application, however, I think I have discovered its precise signification. I love thee infinitely; which, being interpreted, is, I love thee as well as I can. Ah well, papa, assure him I return his affection in the self-same way. I love *him* as well as I can.

Men are such conceited beings, they imagine themselves adepts in science, when they scarcely know the first rudiments.

I will retract this opinion the moment this infinite love-maker answers distinctly, and rationally, this simple question, What is love?

My dear papa! come to the embraces of your dutiful and affectionate

JULIA.

WILLIAM MELTON TO HIS DAUGHTER.

London.

No, Camitha, no. It was not cruelty, it was not harshness, that dictated my prohibition. It was love, true paternal love. I know, too, it was thy fond filial affection that gave it the epithet of harsh. Such errors cannot be pardoned, for they cannot offend.

Come then, Camitha, since his daughter wishes, and Mr Foston approves, come to thy father's arms. Bring with thee thy own, and Julia's asking eye. But remember, Camitha, honour and integrity have powerful rights. Never yet did they want their influence over thy own heart. Camitha, I fear thee not. Come.

Thy affectionate father,

WM. MELTON.

JAMES FOSTON TO HIS DAUGHTER.

London.

You anticipate my wishes, Julia. When Mr Melton's affair seemed likely to detain me longer than I expected, I found my wants. You little encroacher! Already you have forced me to depend upon you for my daily happiness! Must my mornings be joyless, because uncheered by your dimpling smiles? Must my food be tasteless, because you no longer administer it? And must London be a desert, because it holds not my Julia?

Bless me! this is Cheslyn's pen. Here, take it, sir; I suppose in your hands it will burn the paper as it walks.

[MR CHESLYN, *in continuation.*]

Burn, sir! I dare not even indulge myself with epithets born and brought up in Lapland. If I, in character of lover, had wrote the interrogatories you have done in that of father, I should have trembled under the keen lash of your Julia for a month. And yet, I am persuaded, you did not design to be hyperbolic. You found your expressions ascend in a climax, merely from the fond indulgence of the lively idea you set out with. But what must I do? Even in the discussion of her own question, should I dare to attempt it, she will not permit me the common terms of art. Definitions, propositions, and collaries, drawn from the very soul of Euclid, must be applied to carry into the head a science which can be known only by the heart. I am

the first lover to the first mistress, whose extraordinary caprice determined, that the only entrance to her heart should be through her understanding.

What is love? What, says the blind man, *is* this blue colour you talk so much of? My friend, without the sense of seeing, you cannot comprehend a tittle; and if you had this sense, words would be needless. Make the application, Julia. Feel and know. Know how

The lover's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth o'er his mistress glance from top to toe;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown,
The lover's pen turns them to shape, and gives
Celestial attributes, angelic powers,
Sometimes to air, and sometimes to a sound.

Three hours, Julia, has this love-inspired youth been torturing his hapless head for a concluding line: I hit it off in an instant. Oh! but not to his taste. He wanted to comprize all thy perfections ——— in a single line. A presumption worthy death. Come, and kill him with a frown. The moment Laura goes, Mr Sutton will lay aside all earthly cares, to escort you hither. Adieu.

Thy affectionate father,
JAMES FOSTON.

THOMAS SUTTON TO JAMES FOSTON.

Henneth Castle.

MY dear sir! an event of the most alarming kind has happened to us, which it gives me unutterable pain to communicate. Miss Melton is lost. Gone irrecoverably. Unhappy father! All things being in readiness for setting out for town this morning, yesterday, after breakfast, Miss Melton and Mrs Tyrrell went, as they said, to take leave of their favourite walk, the footpath over the fine lawn that bounds the sea shore. In about two hours a countryman came, out of breath, to tell us that the ladies had been seized by four sailors, who came from behind some bushes, and carried, by force, into a boat which two other sailors were bringing close to shore. I ran to the leads with a telescope. I saw the boat arrive at a ship about two miles off, and the ladies forced on board. I thought the vessel had French colours. Most certainly it was a ship of war, carrying a great number of guns. I rode down to Cardigan, hired a light schooner then in the river, with intent to run all hazards to ransom the ladies. Unfortunately the vessel, as if it had got the prize it wanted, was steering under full sail to the south. We could come no nearer than to assure ourselves she carried French colours; which was confirmed by a sloop coming in from Ireland, who once gave themselves for

lost, but were suffered to pass unmolested. I have sent Morgan off with orders to go from port to port, and mingle amongst sailors. The chance of discovery this way is small; but in a case of this consequence I thought no chance ought to be neglected.

Miss Foston is disconsolate, Miss Stanley having left her three days since. Early in the morning I shall do myself the honour to be her escort. Am truly sorry I cannot bring you so great a pleasure unmixed with pain.

I am, dear sir,
Your much obliged,
THOMAS SUTTON.

JOHN CHESLYN TO HIS BROTHER.

London.

I THINK, my dear Harry, the metaphysical disquisitions now in vogue, concerning the nature of man, have hitherto given us a very imperfect satisfaction. Great pains have been taken to hold him up to view, in a state of nature, (as it has been called,) and in a state of polished society. In the first he has been considered as having just as many senses, and of the same kind, as a horse; in the second, the superior, and often too capricious use he makes of them, is the object of consideration. The grand inquiry is, what is the proper portion of happiness belonging to each? And if wants could be gratified with as much facility as they can be acquired, the question would admit a speedy determination. All the powers of man, which are not equally so of the horse, may, I suppose, be referred to intellect: it is to our imagination we are indebted, not only for a great number of exclusive pleasures, but for what we call refinement of those we enjoy in common with other animals. We owe to the imagination also, that bitterness of woe, that mental sense of calamity, which we possess, as well as certain pleasures, exclusively. But has not the imagination also some balsamic powers, capable of curing or alleviating the wounds it makes? Will it not help a man to steal himself away from the pangs of that misery, which arises from its own artifice?

Let us instance love, the keenest cause of affliction among the sons of men. To bring the matter home, let us suppose, for a moment, you had lost Miss Melton; lost her for ever. I see, my Harry, this imaginary idea makes thee tremble with horror. Is it absolutely impossible for philosophy to have directed the efforts of the imagination into another course? Once thou hadst her not; once she was not necessary to thy happiness: the ideas that made them so are newly associated. Is there not sufficient free agency in man, to enable him to determine his imagination *from* the objects that destroy his peace?—My dear Harry, I reason vilely. For

this impertinent, unsequential babble, forgive thy brother; forgive the man who wished to prepare thee for a severe stroke of fortune, but mistook the means. Miss Melton is lost; but not, I hope, for ever.

She was forced from Henneth on board a vessel carrying French colours: I cannot dwell on the particulars; you will receive them soon from Tom Sutton, who is now among the southern ports, making every possible inquiry. Mrs Tyrrell was carried off with her; that is a source of comfort. Mr Melton suspects that Panton loved his daughter, but deems him incapable of this, or any villainy, to obtain her: my suspicions fall on Suthall. We are miserable here. Mr Melton, uncertain whether to join you on the continent; but, Harry, Miss Melton is to be retrieved, not by despondency, but by exertion.

Thine,

JOHN CHESLYN.

JULIA TO LAURA.

London.

I wish, my Laura, I was philosopher enough to make an estimate of the average of gain or loss, to the whole human race, springing from the contrary sources of great indifference, or great sensibility.

Why should I walk about like a guilty thing, almost weary of existence, because of accidents in which I had no share? I hired not the ruffians who forced Miss Melton away; I am guiltless of the nuptials by which I have lost my Laura. Why, then, am I punished? The stern stoicism of a Cato would tell me, perhaps, I am punished neither by nature, nor by human institution; I am punished by my folly. What you call sensibility, is nothing but refinement on the common feelings of mankind. Observe the disposition of the crowd around you. You will be convinced, that this mere human acquisition is by no means necessary for ordinary happiness.

But, like other people, I am inclined to hug my folly, if it is one; and had rather be dead indeed, than deal to the lively sensations of love, friendship, and gratitude. Under the influence of these impressions, how little do I care for the boasted pleasures of this splendid city! I have been here ten days, without a single sigh for their Operas, Ranelaghs, or Vauxhalls; a guest of Mr Cheslyn's without the least indecorum. Our society consists of names well known to you. Mr Melton is free by the joint bond of my father and Mr Cheslyn, who engage, under that penalty, for his loyal demeanour. He is a most respectable old man, and by no means the least cheerful amongst us. Account for this, Laura. Is it because the human mind, late relieved from the depth of despondency, resists the being again

thrown into the same excruciating situation? Or has he hopes unknown to the rest of us? Miss Nancy Sutton, a most amiable girl, favours me with frequent visits; and Dr Gordon, one of the most engaging of men, by I know not what imperceptible magic, steals us away from our sorrows at his pleasure.

Your adorer—for in very sad earnest does he love you, Laura, though he dares to tell you so only in jest—is gone to Plymouth and other sea-ports, where, peradventure, some one of Fame's hundred tongues may breathe a whisper of this calamity.

Unless I regale you with some of our wisdom, Laura, for with our wit I cannot, I must bid you adieu.

Pray remember the poor,

The poor JULIA FOSTON.

LAURA TO JULIA.

Caradoc.

JULIA, I have received your very wise letter; and as I have a nimble apprehension, from the first reading I drew this sage inference, that in actual practical wisdom, I beat you and all the refining philosophers under the moon. Whilst you are doubting of the existence of happiness, or inquiring where it is to be found, or what stuff it is made of, I am humbly content with accepting it without any inquiry at all. Doubtless I prefer a full feast with my Julia, but when that is unattainable, I pick up my morsels and crumbs of comfort as I can.

Man is unhappy only when he reflects, says one. Man was created for happiness, says another. *Ergo*, man was not created for reflection.

Julia, I am astonished at my own wisdom. Till this moment of conviction, I as little suspected myself capable of making a syllogism, as a clock. Unless you can make syllogisms also, bow your head, and listen to instruction.

When I think of our hapless Miss Melton, it makes my heart ache; therefore I contrive to think of her as seldom as I can. It is true, I am forced to make pitiful shifts *here* for this purpose, because both the works of nature and of art are horribly out of tune. The intellects are all unstrung, as well as the violins and violoncellos. I do not mean out of humour, Julia; take care of your constructions; and for love, we will match any two pair of turtle doves in the area of Henneth Castle; at least we bill and coo as often.

These fond animals, you know, are the very patterns of true love and constancy; and since billing and cooing are their external signs, why not ours? Snarlers, indeed, say we can't hold out; but for my part I have been here a week before, and a week after marriage, and perceive no difference. Smack in one corner, and smack

in another, from morning until night. How, in the night, they may choose to vary this celestial music, it does not become us poor sinful virgins to guess. But as matrimony is a divine institution, all that belongeth thereunto must be heavenly also.

None of your wise reprehensions, Julia; I learn new things every day: your lessons, I find, only serve to keep simple girls in ignorance, under the specious name of modesty. You are a prude, Miss Julia, I have my new sister's own word for it, and she makes it a rule to speak of every thing—as it is.

Shall she, because she is a woman, be excluded from animadverting upon the works of nature? Whatsoever is, is right; and what is right, it can't be wrong to talk about. For her part, she is above so false and ridiculous a modesty. So she is, Julia. And under so able an instructor, so will Harriet in a little time; already she begins to talk learnedly of vulgar prejudices.

As to you, Julia, I have no hopes; you are the child of error; I should only throw away my instructions to continue the subject: suppose, instead of it, I indulge you with a description of the nuptial day; tell you how the lovely brides were decorated; with innocence and purity within, with raiment of the purest white without; how prettily the rural maids strewed the way to church with flowers; the number, the order, and the contents of the coaches.

In all marriages, you know Juno is a lady of prime consideration; nay, she has been known to condescend even to a clandestine marriage in a cave.

Some people make a greater account of Venus and her chubby lad, but we did well enough without 'em.

In their stead we had one Plutus, a dirty looking deity, but of monstrous great account. The Graces were engaged elsewhere: and indeed, of all the celestials, the lady and gentleman above mentioned were all we had, and all we wanted.

I don't reckon upon Momus, who only skulked and made mouths, but never came into company.

Of earthly stars we had—not one: no one virgin strewing the church-way path; nor any church-way path to strew; for at the uncanonical hour of midnight, by the good leave of the Archbishop of Canterbury, we did the business in a chamber. And then, Julia, good night.

After all this trifling, I am sick at heart. I have no wants or wishes that can be gratified *here*: that they all centre in the society of my Julia and her friends, witnesseth her affectionate

LAURA STANLEY.

HENRY CHESLYN TO HIS BROTHER.

The Bastile.

Yes, here I am, Jack, living in a quiet, snug way, at the expense of the Grand Monarque. I swear I never coveted this honour, but Fortune sometimes will confer her favours on humble, unaspiring people; and very often, as in my case, on slender degrees of merit.

I had business to transact at Amiens for Mynheer Van Hogen; it was the settling an account of years, in which some errors had crept, with a banker's house: I succeeded in discovering these errors, and paid myself the applause due to my parts. But as something or other of thee, Jack, of thee, my brother, will still mingle with whatsoever I do, so in making up the packet I clapt therein—my passport; which returned to the place of its nativity, whilst I journeyed forwards to Paris, where I arrived in the evening of the next day.

It is not without cause that the fame of French politeness has gone amongst the nations; for the following morning I had attending my levee an officer of the police, who, in the most agreeable manner, congratulated me on my safe arrival, and begged, as a particular favour, I would do him the honour to let him see my passport.

Without doubt, Monsieur.—Accordingly I produced it from the place of its usual deposition, and wrapt in the same covering as it had when I put it in the commandant's hands at Amiens, I delivered it to the officer of the police.

My gentleman returned it me with a look of displeasure, observing, he did not understand Dutch, and did not expect an insult. The paper was a very material one of my friend Hogen's, and informed me fully of my mistake: with great confusion of face I begged the gentleman's pardon, and informed him all I knew of the matter.

My representation might be true, he said, but it was also possible it might not; and whether it was or no, it was his duty to carry me before the lieutenant de police. *C'est très raisonnable*, says I, and away we went.

The lieutenant de police, with an excess of politeness, lamented the harshness of the duty that imposed upon him the necessity of sending to the Bastile a gentleman of my appearance.

What, before I have seen your *opera comique*, Monsieur? said I.

It will only be a small delay, says he, till your passport arrives.

But, replies I, I have been informed by some of my countrymen, that after they had seen the Bastile, they had no longer a relish for anything that France produced.

It was owing to too great delicacy, he said; had the Tower of London a similar effect?

No, Monsieur, says I; we never go there but *by our own consent*.

The lieutenant put the four fingers of his left hand upon his forehead, looked half a minute upon the ground, and then raising them to me, *Je vous entends*, says he; but it is a distinction without a difference.

It is right to think so *here*, says I; but in England, Monsieur, it would ruin us.

Ah, Monsieur L'Anglois, said he, foreigners are much mistaken, and some of your own countrymen also, if Englishmen now make their own laws.

Not having a repartee ready, Jack, I said nothing; and the lieutenant de police very civilly invited me to breakfast with his lady and a pair of smart daughters, who rallied me upon the compliment about to be paid me, and assured me, I should be a very happy man, if the ladies laid no heavier chains upon me.

Oh, but, says the lieutenant, the gentleman will love, *a-la-mode de son pays*, with his own consent.

Oh, *qu'oui*, returned one of the ladies, just as he now visits the Bastille.

At least, mademoiselle, you will allow a lady's bosom to be a much more agreeable prison.

More alluring at first view, says she, I allow; but few complain of the torments of the Bastille in such dolorous strains as lovers do of the torments of love.

Nor will I, says I, if you ladies will have the goodness to sweeten my confinement by the favour of your society.

An English lady, Jack, would have considered an hour about the decorum; these considered only the kindness of alleviating a misfortune, which chance, not guilt, had produced. The father confirmed the idea, and they drank coffee in my new apartments the same evening.

The Hotel.

Mynheer Van Hogen, on the fourth day, dismissed me from this agreeable abode by sending an express with my passport immediately on its discovery: with it came thy letter with two impertinent requisitions; to learn of the Dutch to salt herrings, and to look into French heads for ghosts. I cry thee mercy, Jack, the latter requisition savours of a little more depth than can be usually ascribed to thy productions. It came, I see, from the father of my Camitha.

And what hath angered thee with Dutch politics? Can any people look straight forward better, with or without spectacles? Can any people have better dispositions to take care of themselves? Good national qualities, Jack, notwithstanding John Bull's bellowing against Dutch avarice, Dutch meanness, and Dutch perfidy. For the first, it may be, for aught I know, altogether as wholesome as English profusion; for the last, find me one court, one cabinet, without

it, and abuse their High Mightinesses as long as thou wilt.

As to what remains, they are so like other people—Fare thee well, Jack.

Thine,

HENRY CHESLYN.

JULIA TO LAURA.

London.

As I know my Laura writes *archly*, only to her Julia; as I know she reveres true virtue, and feels the tender sensation of pity for another's woe, why should I quarrel with that playfulness, not *wantonness* of heart, which is one of Heaven's kindest gifts to the sons and daughters of men. I know my Laura's heart incapable of sporting *really* with circumstances that wear the appearance of producing misery to a brother and sister; for what happiness can result from marriages founded on gold and grandeur? Doctor Gordon says, that if a man and his wife have the good luck to be blessed with the same predominant passion, be it what it may, it bids fair to constitute a tolerable degree of happiness.—Avarice, for example, though, as a physician, I would by no means prescribe it to the fair, is often an excellent substitute for love; and in a case I have in my eye, did perform what love could scarce be expected to do. Mr Pattison, at the age of fifty, married a very handsome young lady of twenty-four, with a fortune, by the Smithfield notation, superior to his own. The lady had been brought up under the eye of her mother, a widow, and early instructed in the value of money; the contemplation of which supplied the place of plays, and play-houses, balls, visits, novels, and even romances. Had Mr Pattison been a man of splendour or gaiety; had he been intimate with the great, or possessed of a solid understanding, the world might have been divided as to the motive which influenced the young lady's choice: but he had none of these requisites.

The only books he was conversant with, were those which taught to add and multiply; journals and ledgers; but above all, a little favourite treatise, in the tabular way, of the amount of money at five per cent. Of this no man made better use.

Reasoning from our notions, Laura, our young notions, should we not have prophesied this marriage must have proved unfortunate? On the contrary, few married couples ever experienced so little litigation, so little separation of opinion; both are engaged in the same close pursuit, and both untainted by those sensibilities which rob the silly part of mankind, under the specious name of charity. Both, in short, are happy.

So may, and so I sincerely hope will be, your

brother and sister. After all, Laura, is it wisdom, or is it folly, that teaches us to dictate to others on what sensations they shall build their felicity? I begin to suspect the heart, though it feels strongly, reasons pitifully.

My dear Laura, I am interrupted by a letter from the Bastile. Here is a copy, read it.

Adieu,

JULIA FOSTON.

LAURA TO JULIA.

Caradoc.

How came I, Julia, to take it so strongly into my head, that you had so much more wisdom and sagacity than your neighbours? People, as they jog on in the journey of life, are under a necessity of correcting their errors. Sport with circumstances that may produce a brother's unhappiness!

To be sure I was exulting that he had missed your divine ladyship, who, notwithstanding you would have brought him wherewithal to feed his ruling passion even to excess, would have so tormented him, whenever you had seen him about to eat, that his food would have had no relish. Now, he is happy in a mate that will eat with him till "hunger grows of feeding." You, like rusty parsons, would have thought that the giver of all good things, is more worthy adoration than the things themselves; but his affections are otherwise settled, and I dare say nobody will ever be able to charge my brother with inconsistency.

There is Mr Cheslyn now, brother to the gentleman who rid post to the Bastile, a man of ordinary understanding; plain in his person, and, in short, altogether shocking to a lady of any delicacy: yet, it is possible he may, somewhere or other, by land or by water, find a helpmate meet for him, who may think him sensible and handsome, and not altogether shocking. And how would she like such a description?

Love a necessary ingredient in marriage! Another instance how superficially you have looked upon the things of this world. But the doctor and I shall correct you betwixt us. Love! the greatest thief of felicity, both in matrimony and out of it! If love, indeed, was a definite quality, or, in other words, if those who had it knew what they would be at, something might be said in its favour.

But it is absolutely undescrivable, untouchable, unvariable, immutable, and quite, as grammarians phrase it, of the adjective breed. Gold, on the contrary, is substantive, palpable, solid, immutable, even by fire; and those who love it are immutable also. *They* know what they would be at; and every sensible addition to the heap is bliss unequivocal.

Now love, being made up of light evanescent

things, or, more properly speaking, of nothings, cannot be gathered into a heap. Ogles, sighs, squeezes, oaths, do not admit of aggregation, and in the even scale of prudence, a guinea will weigh down a million. And yet this is the airy food young girls devour so voraciously.

The doctor told you a tale, Julia, for the improvement of your understanding; I will tell you another.

There liveth at Carmarthen, and hath lived almost fifty good years, Mr Abraham Pymnel, with the excellent character of thinking little, speaking less, and doing—nothing at all. But these are not his only talents. To sum up these as briefly as possible, he possesses paternally and fraternally (for a younger brother died at Madras in the very act of accumulating) ninety thousand pounds.

Now Abraham journeyed to Caradoc, and eat bread, and abode there many years.

And fire flew from the eyes of the maiden Laura, and burned and grieved him sorely.

And he said unto Sir Owen, speak thou now to the father of the virgin, and say unto him;

Abraham asketh of thee thy daughter Laura to wife; moreover he desireth no portion, nor any of thy wealth, for the Lord hath blessed him.

And Sir Owen spake unto the father, and the father unto the mother, and the mother unto the brother and sister;

And all with one voice spake unto the maiden, saying, art thou wise?

And the maiden answered and said, I am not wise.

Then said they unto her, if thou puttest wisdom away from thee, put thou not obedience also. And they departed, leaving the maiden to weep.

And weep she did, indeed, Julia; but the sorrows of children are short lived; they are soon at their playthings again; and, I suppose, over and above, I am to be favoured with severe reprehensions from you, Miss Julia, for levity, at least, if not impiety. But what shall I care till I am wise?

The next morning, before my father and mother came down, my brother and sister renewed the attack. I thanked them very respectfully for their kind and generous care; allowed that the gentleman had infinite merit: that the taking a daughter of Sir Richard Stanley, without a portion, was vastly heroic; and giving her so, would convince the world of its error in imputing pride to Sir Richard and Lady Stanley; and would confirm it in its opinion of my brother's extensive prudence.

Was this a compliment, Julia, that deserved the sullen for the remainder of the day? And ought my papa and mamma to have embraced this mode of shewing their displeasure?

After dinner the gentlemen sat rather longer than common at their bottles, applauding, as I

afterwards found, the uncommon generosity of Mr Pymnel, who whispered Sir Owen, that over and above his former offers, if the young lady could get over her objections to him, he would, on the day of marriage, make her a present of ten thousand pounds, for her sole and proper use, for ever and for ever. Amen.

And all for what? Only to let him lie with me. Now if the man would only desire this trifling favour for a month or two, without those indecent formalities of better and worse, and having and holding, it would indicate, as my sister said, a very shallow understanding to refuse him.

But year after year, Julia, till death us do part, requires a little more consideration.

Please to direct your next philippic to my father's, in Devonshire, where we are going in a group, Pymnel and all.

Yours,

According to the advice you give,

LAURA STANLEY.

JULIA TO LAURA.

London.

YOUR gaiety, my Laura, whatsoever form it takes, comes from a heart so innocent and pure, and by its being exerted on your own miseries, shews itself to be so constitutional also, that henceforward be as whimsical as you will; only do not lay me under the necessity of burning the lively and agreeable that falls from your pen, on account of a certain debasing mixture; that should it fall hereafter under the inspection of an ill judging or malevolent eye, the lovely writer may be supposed to possess a mind a little too *gaudy*.

You conclude your letter, Laura, as if you really hesitated about Mr Pymnel's offer: if so, your portrait of him is unjust. I know you too well to believe you would be induced by his ten thousand pounds *merely*, to hesitate a moment. I would lay a wager the man has other respectabilities, and who shall call his judgment in question, from an action that evinces its solidity? You are pleased, indeed, to assign a very vulgar motive for this action; but though you are a pretty little body enough, your vanity, child, must be conspicuous to suppose your person would fetch *that* price, even in Circassia.

Wit, you know, takes with some men, and sense with others; good humour is to the taste of all. Mr Pymnel may have an eye more penetrating than you are pleased to allow; and, possibly, may have discovered a few glimpses of these qualities in your ladyship.

I have reason to dispute them all, since you have so kindly disburdened me of sagacity. But I will strive to regain my lost credit with you, by giving, as you ask, advice in this dilem-

ma, which, I will presume, is the very best that can be given, whatsoever parents or guardians, fools or philosophers, may say to the contrary. Do as you like.

Ladies compound the matrimonial draught with a great variety of ingredients. Some season high with love; others are contented with a very moderate portion; and there are who reject it entirely. Do as you like.

At length, Laura, we have heard some news of Miss Melton: the intelligence comes from the mouth of honest John Morgan. The poor fellow, with ten guineas quilted in a belt, to be wore for safety next his skin, has been tramping on foot along the coast to the extremity of Cornwall, and thence by Plymouth and Portsmouth for London. The journey has taken him up two months, and is, in his opinion, amply repaid by a number of anecdotes respecting the bravery of our English sailors and officers in engagements of single vessels, with two, three, and sometimes half a dozen, cowardly French and Spanish. We were under the necessity of hearing several of these in the order they were learnt, for John assured us, that if he was forced to souse at once into the middle of his story, he should make neither head nor tail of it.

At length it appeared, that falling into company at St Ives, with a parcel of sailors, a gardener's servant came in, and accosted one of them with a How do'st do, Dick? When didst see thy old master, Captain Suthall?—Now this was a joke, and please your honour, said Morgan, because the captain had used the same sailor in a barbarous manner, and cheated him of half his pay.

The sailor making no answer, the gardener said he lately carried to his ship a boat-full of garden stuff. Whilst they were delivering, the gardener continued to ask of one sailor, and then of another, how many prizes they had made? To which no answer was returned. At length one of the sailors, with many sea oaths, fell to cursing two ladies who were upon deck, and swore that kidnapping them there jades, had kept them three weeks out of the Bay of Biscay, and spoiled their luck.

All circumstances considered, however, we have not the least doubt but this was Miss Melton, and must therefore wait patiently for the return of Suthall, when our gentlemen determine to take very active measures against him. Plymouth being his station, Mr Sutton is to stay there in expectation of his arrival, and John Morgan to be sent there also, as being likely to gain intelligence.

One circumstance concerning John I must tell you. He had learned to write at the village where his youth was spent, but after he had listed for a soldier, had no occasion to use this talent. Now John suspecting this intelligence might be worth communicating, got pen, ink, and paper, and began to scrawl away; but his let-

ters were so mis-shapen that he could not himself tell what they were designed for. Poor John was vexed to the soul, and wholly unable to account for this phenomenon, till he remembered he had left the hand he had learned to write with at Tyconderoga.

My dear Laura, I am impatient to hear of your budding loves.

Adieu.

JULIA FOSTON.

LAURA TO JULIA.

Wigton.

WHEN I received your last epistle, in which you have concentrated the very spirit and essence of admonition, I reinstated you in all your former rights of wisdom and sagacity.

Now, says I, by the help of my Julia's precept, I shall be able to surmount all obstacles that undutiful fathers and mothers are so fond of throwing in the way of their enamoured and obedient children. Now let haughty brothers and sisters insult, exult, and domineer, I am armed. The precept appeared so deep, so profound, so satisfactory, and, above all, so easy, that I never dreamt of the least difficulty in the execution.

Yes, says I, I will do as I like. Nature, reason, and Julia, all command it.

If nature, reason, and Julia, would teach fine ladies to *know* what they like also, it would be a most uncommon service. How I stumbled upon this unlucky thought, I cannot tell; but it haunted me like a troubled ghost, and convinced me, at last, your precept was not worth a straw.

Well, Julia, it is not my fault if you do not see and acknowledge the vastness of my comprehension; and if you do, you will not wonder at the number of arguments which occurred to me for the *pro* and the *con*, nor at the ease with which I reduced them to two of the utmost simplicity.

For the *pro*—Liberty and property;

For the *con*—A man I don't like.

Every Englishman feels the infinite value of the first: and few women set any value at all upon the latter. When arguments are so entirely equal, they might as well not be weighed at all.

I was as forward as ever: but though I could not answer my own wisdom, I was sufficient for that of others.

Against the arguments of my father and mother, I was armed by pride; against my brother and sister, by resentment and contempt.

A daughter of Sir Richard Stanley put up by auction to the best bidder; a-going, a-going; knocked down for ten thousand pounds.

This was the burden of my song, and I sung it with such spirit and so many variations, that of twelve pitched battles, I fairly won eleven:

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the odd one was lost by the high tone of severity in which my father, assisted by my brother, spoke.

Miss, truly, had behaved in so confident a manner, had said so many bold things, and seemed, in short, so impatient of a father's authority, that he thought, for his part, it would be right to lay it aside; and with it, all the other relations of a parent also. I burst into tears, and for this time yielded the victory.

This ungenerous menace was afterwards pushed so far by my kind brother, that my spirit was roused to the utmost; and I could not forbear saying, that since avarice was the only principle of action; since neither the honour of a family, nor the happiness of a daughter, were of any weight; and as I could not be rendered more unhappy by any possible event, than marriage with Mr Pymnel would make me, they must execute their pleasure. Alienation from my family, had my family been kind, would have been the most insupportable affliction; but my brother and sister had of late taken infinite pains to mitigate its severity.

And so you would fly to Miss Foston, I suppose, says my brother, whom you prefer to father, mother, every relation in life?

A kind friend, replied I, is at least as good as an inimical brother.—I had been utterly undone, he said, by my residence at Henneth Castle; so much freedom of will; so much acting according to the dictates of reason; he had no notion of it.

I believe so, says I.

If Mr Foston submits to be governed by his daughter, like a—a—a—A what, brother? It was no reason other fathers should; and, perhaps, in the end, it would not be so much for his daughter's advantage. It did not serve to raise the lady at all, in *his* opinion.

It is not worth your while, brother, to inveigh against Miss Foston *now*; it only serves to remind one of the fox and grapes.

The gentleman grew high in anger, and bit his lips most furiously.—I am not convinced, miss, but you have other views still more dishonourable, in desiring to fly from your father's house.

Desiring to fly, brother! that is an error of expression, I believe; if I am turned out, you know, I must go where I can.

And do you think, sister, Mr Foston's steward, the nephew of a dirty mechanic, a fit son-in-law for Sir Richard Stanley?

I suppose, sir, he will never aspire at the alliance, unless emboldened to it by a comparison with Mr Pymnel, to whom, in point of extraction, he is, I think, on a par: in all other respects, he must be humble indeed, not to be conscious of his own superiority.

And you really avow your affection for him?

Really I do not, brother. I think him too wise to encumber himself with a pennyless girl of quality, disowned by her family. But should

it be otherwise, your ends will be as well answered as if I married Mr Pymnel; and (bursting into tears spite of myself) when I am no longer the daughter, no longer the sister of anybody, no family blood can be dishonoured, should I contract alliance with a chimney-sweep-er.

If I may presume to give my father advice, it should not be to send you *out* of the house, but to keep you *in*.

Upon bread and water, I suppose. Do it, sir. Go on in that noble, that generous track: I shall not be behindhand in repaying these benefits with the consideration they deserve. And with this, I stalked away like a tragedy queen.

I am very unhappy, Julia; yet I must and will laugh; when this propensity leaves me, I am undone indeed.

Hitherto my noble lover had never opened his lip to me, except, Your health, Miss Laura; Miss Laura, your very good health: nor did he seem desirous of any nearer intercourse, for which very reason, perhaps, I did. Finding himself, one afternoon, betrayed into a *tête-à-tête*, the poor man seemed to be seized, of a sudden, with such intolerable pangs of body, that I was alarmed: his mouth opened also, and out of it came—a cough. I sat a few minutes with all possible patience, and the symptoms seeming rather aggravated, I expressed my sorrow for his disorder with the utmost tenderness, and asked if I should send for help.

Lord bless you, says he, no, miss, I'm pure and hearty, thank God; only, as I never went a-courting before, why, like, it had almost overcome me.

It seems hard work, indeed. And so you are come a-courting to me, Mr Pymnel?

Yes, miss. (Silence five minutes.)

Would you choose to court me now, Mr Pymnel, or defer it till another opportunity?

Nay, now's as good as another time. (Silence three.)

And you want to marry me, Mr Pymnel?

Yes, miss, that's the short and the long of it. And what would you marry me for?

Why, what do other folks marry for, miss?

Some for one thing, some for another, I believe. But you are old, Mr Pymnel, and I am young.

Yes, miss, and so I pays for the difference.

And is there never a woman at Carmarthen, about your own age, that you could like to marry, and save all that money?

Lord love you, miss, they be pulling caps for me at Carmarthen, both old and young; but I never fancied nobody but you.

And what did you fancy me for, Mr Pymnel?

'Cause you was so pure goodnatured and funny, miss; I thought if I could get you, I should be happy and merry all the livelong day.

Then all you want is to be happy and merry all the livelong day?

Yes, miss.

Well then, I'll have you. But I will have nothing to do with you at night—we won't lie together, Mr Pymnel.

What! never, miss?

No, never, never. I swear never to break this resolution.

Then the bargain's off, miss; for I have a power of money, and would fain have an heir.

Of your own begetting, Mr Pymnel?

To be sure, miss.

Then the bargain's off, as you say; and so, since we can't agree, I shall be much obliged to you to take your leave, and return to Carmarthen.

This, my dear Julia, is all the courtship I have yet had, but my gentleman seems in no haste to depart.

If he should prevail on himself to court me again, I shall endeavour, should it be possible, to make him feel.

Laugh as much as you will, Julia, but pity also your tragi-comic

LAURA STANLEY.

HENRY CHESLYN TO HIS BROTHER.

Corunna.

Yes, brother, metaphysical disquisitions concerning the nature of man, *are* unsatisfactory. As you say, man is a horse, and would be an ass, if the loss of a woman could give him corporal pangs beyond his power of patience.

I hope, brother, you will give me credit for no small degree of philosophy, when I tell you, that on the receipt of yours, containing an account of the loss of the truly lovely Miss Melton, I sought not, as many fool-hardy Englishmen would have done, the aid of a pistol; never once thought of my garters; and although the ocean was just under my nose, it never entered my head, how kindly and how soon it would put an end to all my cares.

Once more I read thy elaborate epistle, and, struck with the depth of thy reasoning on the power of the imagination to repeal its own acts, I called for a flask of Burgundy, and, looking up at the bewitching eyes of one of heaven's best and fairest gifts, who sat by my side, determined to try the cause after thy own prescription.

Once I had her not. Most true.

Once she was not necessary to thy happiness. What, before I had seen her, Jack?

The ideas that made her so, are newly associated. Meaning, belike, that a rope newly twisted is easier undone than an old one.

Once I had her not. That is to say, think no longer of what thou thoughtest on yesterday, the day before, and every day for six happy months. Annihilate this space, and all the fond ideas it brought: go not backward, like a crab, progres-

sively, but jump it back at once ; nothing so easy. If remembrance will set the lovely maid, with all her attractive powers, before thee, knock thy head against a post. What is man when he cannot exercise the power of omnipotence over his own faculties ?

Once I had her not. But I have her now, says I, catching the lovely maid to my bosom. The lovely maid returned my embrace with sweet, but modest ardour.

The fair Parisian who visited me in the Bastille !—Pshaw !—From Paris I rode post to Brest ; presented Mr Melton's letters, with my power of attorney ; met with a gracious reception ; dined with one ; supped with another ; laughed at the war, and at my country's politics ; received bills of exchange ; transmitted them to Van Hogen ; and finally, departed for Nantes. All over the globe, as far as I know, merchants adhere strictly to two principal articles, which may be called their points of honour, payment of debts, and performance of contracts. The exceptions are few. I should be sorry to find Mr Fabrier, of Bourdeaux, one ; though, the morning after my arrival, he crossed the bay to Corunna, without leaving me an apology. Whether a man's head, Jack, be running upon an old mistress or a new one, his imagination is apt to be troublesome in the fair one's absence. In order to get relief, I went to Corunna : Mr Fabrier was gone to Vigo, but his return was expected in three days ; two of these I spent in viewing the place. On the third morning I walked to the harbour, which I found unusually crowded : an English privateer, miserably shattered, was sent in, a prize to an American cruiser, who intended to run into Nantes or Bourdeaux, but was prevented by contrary winds. Curiosity led me to the side of the dock, where passed me the officers of the English privateer, and two ladies, guarded, or rather attended, by a party of their conquerors. Judge of my amazement when one of the ladies shrieked out my name, sprung into my arms, and fainted away. I supported her out of pure compassion, and so great was my blindness and confusion of thought, that I gazed upon the other lady two minutes before I could recognize the features of Mrs Tyrrel. Mrs Tyrrel, Jack ! It was two minutes more before I could be made to comprehend I had Miss Melton in my arms. I bore my lovely burthen to a neighbouring shop ; calling out to Mrs Tyrrel to follow, and begging loudly, in French, that the door might be kept clear. On the instant a genteel young man, in the English dress, spoke to some sailors with an air of authority, who effectually kept off the crowd. Miss Melton recovered, and recollecting her situation, fell into a most violent fit of trembling, during which she caught fast hold of my arm with looks of sweet terror. I soothed her into some composure, when she was again alarmed by a dispute at the door. Oh, says she, that

horrid Suthall !—Don't be frightened, miss, says Mrs Tyrrel ; thank God, his power is expired, and Captain Panton is your friend.—Suthall and Panton ! What a confusion of ideas did these names present !

I hope, sir, says a rough voice at the door, you are more of a gentleman than to abuse your victory by separating me from the ladies ?

I make no war upon ladies, replies the other, nor shall you whilst I can defend them ; they are at perfect liberty. Then stepping into the shop, he spoke aloud, Is it your inclination, Miss Melton, to go with Captain Suthall ?

Oh, no, no, says she, never, never, clasping her hands : he stole me by base violence from my father, Captain Panton, and from friends dearer to me than life.

You was my prisoner, madam, says Suthall, roughly, I had a right to you.

For the manner in which you exercised that right, Captain Suthall, I am much your debtor, as well as for the base revenge you have lately taken, in informing against this lady's father. These obligations I propose to acknowledge. Know in me, the assessor of this lady's innocence ; the man who once delivered her out of the power of that vile bawd, your infamous associate ; and know me your determined enemy for life.—Captain Panton, I am sorry our country's quarrel will not permit me to be so much your friend as your merit demands, and my heart desires. I have open letters to you from Mr Melton, which will explain to you the interest I have in his and this lady's concerns. In the meantime permit me to conduct the ladies to my posada, where your company will be an addition to my pleasure.—Panton thanked me politely, said he was happy to find the ladies had a better protector than the rough occupation of war would allow him to be. He would settle with the commander of the fort the manner of disposing his prisoners, and, that done, would wait on us.

Whilst Miss Melton, Mrs Tyrrel, and myself, were enjoying, in our posada, the sweet intercourse of love and friendship, and entering into the necessary explanations, my servant arrived from Bourdeaux with a packet from Holland, containing your short letter, brother, and a long one from Tom Sutton.

Captain Panton came to dinner, having disposed of the English crew in easy confinement, and obtained for the officers, liberty of the town on their parole. He gave us the history of the engagement, in which there was nothing extraordinary, except the inveteracy with which the crews on both sides fought, owing to the remembrance of the former engagement. He did justice to the bravery of Suthall, and owned his own weight of metal was superior. Of Mr Melton he spoke with reverence, and mentioned his generosity to himself in terms of the highest gratitude. He acknowledged also, that with

the utmost esteem and respect for Miss Melton, he had once conceived sentiments of a warmer kind ; but had never entertained sufficient opinion of his own merit, to dare to make the declaration ; and after what he had heard, (for we had communicated a little abstract of our story,) he should dismiss all hope.

Taking the opportunity of a pause in conversation, Miss Melton observed upon the words I had spoke to Captain Suthall ; said she very well understood their import, but not the point of honour that made it necessary for me to embroil myself with him. Then, with tears in her eyes, conjured me, if I had no value for my own life, to respect her miserable situation. More she could not say. I held down my head, not knowing what to answer, for I was filled with so strong a rage against Suthall, that I had determined to call him out the next morning.

Mrs Tyrrel, who has lost not a jot of her agreeable vivacity, told Miss Melton that indeed she asked too much ; that this savage point of honour, when it had once got possession of an English gentleman's head or heart, was wont to keep it in spite of the pleas of love, friendship, or any consideration, human or divine. That it was impossible Mr Cheslyn should give it up entirely ; but thought, perhaps, he might be prevailed upon to conduct her safely into the arms of her father ; and might then return post to give Captain Suthall an opportunity of preventing his rash commission of that desperate act, matrimony, which such a number of gentlemen so wisely venture their lives to avoid.

This lively sally a little restored our spirits, and Captain Panton, taking the matter up, said, that all circumstances considered, it would be better to postpone the affair, at least till Suthall's return to England ; for many unfair constructions might be put upon it, on account of his being a prisoner. Might it not also be suggested by partizans of ministry, that it was useful to take him off, on the score of Mr Melton ?

In short, Miss Melton would not give up the point till I gave my honour to take no notice of him—at least at Corunna.

The next point in debate was, how to get to England. All voices were against embarking in English, French, or Spanish vessels. Two Dutch merchants were in the harbour, but their accommodations for passengers were so nasty, that we were disgusted with the idea. We might go by land through France, but must have the trouble of procuring fresh passports from Paris. At length we determined to go to Barcelona, thence by sea to Genoa, and make the best of our way through Geneva to Holland.

This affair being settled, Mrs Tyrrel diverted us with her account of their capture, and the subsequent behaviour of Captain Suthall. You know, says she, our favourite walk by the sea-

side, and the thick bushes of willow which grow under it : we were looking at two sailors paddling near the shore in a boat, when four sailors leaped from behind the bushes, and seized hold of me. Miss Melton ran screaming away, and I began to rummage my pockets for money. The sailors muttered something one to another, and two of them sprung nimbly after Miss Melton, whom they soon brought back, and hurried us both into the boat ; then rowed away with great swiftness towards a vessel that lay at a distance.

During this most agreeable ride, very few words were spoke, Miss Melton resting her head upon my bosom, more dead than alive. When we came alongside the ship, she raised her head, and exclaimed, Gracious God ! Captain Suthall !

Right, cried the corpulent commander ; you are welcome, my pretty captive ; you and I have a long account to settle. But who the devil have we got besides, Ben ? I ordered you to bring only this lady : did not I point her out fully to you on Wednesday ?—Yes, noble captain, replies Ben ; I thought all along this was the hull ; but then this other had the rigging ; (in fact, a remarkable India shawl worn by Miss Melton on Wednesday, when we were attended, happened this day to have the honour to grace my shoulders ;) and so, not being sure, do you see, we thought better to bring them both.

Then, replied the captain, with an oath, you may take this brimstone back again, for I don't choose to run any hazard about her. As to this lady, she is my own property, which I have a right to seize wherever I can find it.

Property, captain ! replied Miss Melton, with more spirit than I thought she could have assumed ; how little you know of the laws of your country ! And what use do you design to make of this property ? Take care, gentlemen, (to the sailors who brought us,) I am betrothed to an English gentleman of fortune ; this affair will be inquired into.

The sailors hung down their heads, Ben observing, they had only obeyed orders ; and if there was any blame, it lay at the captain's door. As to taking this gentlewoman back, why, it was not to be done ; the country would be up, and they should be clapt into limbo. The captain swore he would put me on shore in Portugal, however ; and then giving orders for the ship to get under sail, conducted us to a neat little cabin adjoining to his own. Here the captain, in his polite way, made us a long speech, setting forth his great love, and Miss Melton's ingratitude ; what great things he had done for her when she was, as it were, an outcast upon the earth, not having even a parish to apply to for subsistence ; how he asked nothing for all this but her love ; instead of which she had stabbed him in the belly with a pair of scissars, which would had like to have cost him his life ; that

when he grew better he vowed revenge, cost what it would; being farther stimulated by the prosecution which Cheslyn had set on foot against Mrs P—; that she had made him acquainted with Miss Melton's motions, and had even given him a description of the situation of Henneth Castle, and had first started the idea of carrying her off; that he had been lying off upon this business above a fortnight, whilst the owners of the vessel thought him hovering about the Bay of Biscay; that if Miss Melton would consent to make him happy, he would throw five thousand pounds into her lap, and live with her in any part of the world; otherwise, he was minded to run the ship into the Brazils, or the Gulf of Mexico, where his property would procure him all the conveniences of life, and where the laws of the country allowed both male and female slaves. He concluded by throwing down a bunch of keys, by the help of which, he said, we should find the articles for a lady's tea-table, and some also for her toilette; though, as he expected only one, he was not provided in the latter particular so well as he could have wished; that he would take care our table should be well served, and that nothing should be wanting to convince Miss Melton of his affection. So saying, he left us.

Miss Melton soon became so ill, that she commanded all my attention. For three days and nights, she scarce ever left her bed. I began to believe that the captain already repented the step he had taken, as he molested us but little, and what he said was in the soothing strain. Afterwards I prevailed on Miss Melton, once a-day at least, to take the fresh air on the deck; and this gave her spirits to talk of her misfortunes. I convinced her, and almost myself, that neither her father, nor you, nor the rest of her friends, would abandon themselves to the despair she always raved about; that on whatsoever soil we landed, we should soon hear of some exertion for this purpose. That as to the captain's menace, it could impose on nobody; and I conceived we should be free from his brutality as long as Miss Melton would either be pleased to be sick, or pretend that she was so.

By a multitude of discourses of this kind, she began to recover comfort, and I impertinence, which I bestowed upon the captain in such proportions as I found his constitution would bear.

We had scarce lost sight of English land, when Suthall had the good fortune to light upon two Spanish vessels, laden with wine and fruit for Hamburg; they were worth, at least, twelve thousand pounds, and might have induced the captain to return home with great satisfaction, could he have known how to have disposed of his female bargain, so as never to have heard of it more; nay, so evangelical was his affection, that I dare say he would have signed our passports to heaven, could he have prevailed with any saint to have taken us off his

hand. But though he would willingly have provided thus well for our immortal souls, he had a certain prudential monitor within, that warned him how he trusted our bodies on English ground, without a substantial bargain.

From this dilemma he was relieved by a king's ship going to Falmouth, with a prize of her own; to whom he consigned his two Spaniards, and, to our great sorrow, tacked about again for the bay.

This success had given him a fresh flow of spirits, and he pushed his suit with redoubled vigour, swearing he would make the five thousand, ten. Miss had been ill so long, that she perfectly well knew how to put on the appearance of it, whenever the captain troubled her with his company, and she was constantly consigned over to me. One afternoon, when I heard he was half drunk, and apprehending a visit, I placed myself at the cabin door to stop his entrance, under pretence that Miss Melton had a violent head-ache. Damn her megrims, says the captain, then let me have your company to make me amends, pulling me into his apartment, before I had time to consent or refuse.

Mrs Tyrrel, says he, you are a clever woman; I like your humour, though it makes me smart. You have seen a great deal of the world, and know what's what. If a good offer should fall in *your way* now, you have sense enough not to reject it.

I don't know, captain, that ever I refused a *good offer* in my life, and should hardly begin now.

You see how that perverse little devil treats me; curse me if I would offer the same terms to any woman in England. To tell you the truth, she has almost tired me out. It's a strong constancy that can stand against time and ill-humour. Now, Mrs Tyrrel, if you and I could set our horses together to fetch her about, you understand me, it is not five hundred pounds that should part us.

I don't doubt your generosity, captain, but ruining young ladies is a very serious thing. They are taught to value virginity at such a monstrous rate, that, in order to obtain it, a man must do a thousand foolish things to get previous possession of their hearts; for in these ignorant young things they always go together. Now I think, captain, you have not taken the right road to this. You have taken her by force from her friends, and cooped her in a cabin where love cannot enter, and if he could, her bed will scarce hold him and herself.

Sly! Mrs Tyrrel, damn'd sly! Curse me if I have not almost as great a mind to you as to her; hah, suppose I should transfer now, hah? offering to kiss me.

Hands off, captain; words you are welcome to: but as for anything else, without certain preliminaries, I must desire to be excused.

Why, here is a very pretty preliminary in this

purse, Mrs Tyrrel, a cool hundred, I assure you, as earnest of future favours ; and immediately threw his horrid paws round me. I had foreseen this might be the case, and had provided accordingly ; not Miss Melton's defensive armour, but a couple of corking-pins ; with which I kept bobbing him in such a manner, that prevented his rudeness ; and soon produced a tingling in his skin, that made him jump about the cabin with great agility.

I laughed, and commended his dancing.

The conversation ended for this time, and we both sulked for two days. I acquainted Miss Melton with this dialogue, and the hope I had of inducing him to return to England by a little farther dissimulation. She was desirous of the end, but too delicate to approve the means. I was twenty years older, and thought the means very laudable.

On the third day he did me the honour again to desire a conference, which I complied with, in a very grave manner.

What a pity it is, madam, said he, that you should, at these years, have so much girlish green sickness about you ! But for that, you and I might be beneficial friends to one another. I believe, though, you only stand off to enhance your terms. If I was to offer you a thousand guineas now——

A thousand glittering guineas upon a heap before one is a tempting sight, captain ; but where are they ?

I presume to think, madam, my notes will pass for ten times as much. You don't imagine I would trust a quantity of specie on such an expedition ?

Well, sir ?

Suppose, I say, I should offer you a thousand pounds for the possession of your sweet person, how long might I depend upon being the sole possessor ?

As long as we bargain for, captain.

Then, madam, here is my note for the sum, and it is yours whenever you please to surrender.

We must postpone that ceremony, captain, till our arrival in England ; I have no taste for sea Cupids.

But what must we do with Miss Melton ?

I really don't know ; she has powerful friends.

She was my prisoner, madam.

Women, prisoners of war ! vastly heroic, captain ! You have too much good sense to entertain a notion that that plea can do you any service.

Damn her ! I wish she was at the bottom of the sea.

I fancy your best way would be to obtain releases from her on condition of carrying her immediately to England. I know she is such a

slave to her word, that what she once promises, she will strictly perform. But then you must insult her no more with your love, which, I can assure you, she will sooner die than listen to.

The captain caught greedily at this proposal, which, indeed, was the thing he wanted, and was willing to pay for. The other part of the treaty I am convinced he did not care a farthing about. But he wished to be in England, yet durst not take Miss Melton thither, and I was really terrified lest his fears should push him upon some desperate course. In the flow of confidence he told me he should never have ventured upon this foolish undertaking, if Mrs P—— had not represented Miss Melton as Cheslyn's mistress, who, she pretended to know, wanted to get rid of her.

The next day we settled the treaty in form, and the captain only waited a favourable change of wind, when he was attacked by Captain Panton, and the result is—we are now at Corunna.

The packet is this instant going off for Bourdeaux, with letters for France and Holland.

Expect to hear of our farther motions in a few days.

Thine,

HENRY CHESLYN.

JULIA to LAURA.

London.

I TRANSCRIBE for my dear Laura all that is necessary of a very interesting packet from Mr Henry Cheslyn, the contents of which have made us extremely happy.

My wild, my whimsical Laura, the post has just brought me your serio-comic epistle. Such is the effect of your ludicrous representations, that I have been forced to laugh at the very passages that fill me with the deepest inquietude for the fate of my lovely friend. You have a nice task, my Laura. How happy am I that my ever revered parent never issued, never will issue, a command, to bring the duty I owe him into danger !

Your brother and sister I give up ; treat them as they deserve ; but never lose sight of the respect you owe Sir Richard and Lady Stanley, even when you contend the most strenuously for the justice due to yourself. Mr Pymnel is so very poor a creature, that to marry him would be almost committing a suicide. Maintain this contest with firmness, but respect ; and remember when consanguinity denies her rights, those of friendship, warmest, tenderest, purest friendship, will be always yours. So speaks to its dearest Laura, the heart of her

JULIA FOSTON.

LAURA TO JULIA.

Wigton:

I AM equally sensible of my Julia's inviolable friendship, and of the goodness of her advice. Happy, if I was as able to follow the one as to return the other. But, as Mr Pymnel says, though I say it that should not say it, there is ne'er a woman in England more addicted to speaking truth, on certain occasions, than I am; and yet, Julia, in favour of two certain personages, and in conformity to your advice, I have listened respectfully to the abuse of the said truth and myself, for half an hour together, in perfect silence.

But silence will not satisfy. I must speak, and I must speak that which I do not think. Which, when in humble duty I attempt to do, I fall into such an awkward combination of words, that they are interpreted directly contrary to the letter, and I only get a double quantum of reproach and abuse.

So unequal, Laura, is the proportion of good and evil in this world, that we have had twenty bitter bouts of altercation since my last, for one sweet hour of courtship; nor would this crumb of comfort have fallen to my share, but for the observation of some very wise ancient, that a man could not be thoroughly known till he had been seen drunk and sober; and two hours after dinner yesterday, I had an opportunity of knowing the value of this observation; for I saw, from the window of my apartment, Mr Pymnel in the park, making the narrow path to the hermitage, as broad as a cartway. Now is the time, says I, and sallied out accordingly.

Wine rejoiceth the heart of man, and maketh his tongue to wag. So that I found Mr Pymnel as gay as a lark, and loquacious as a magpie.

Now I reckon, miss, says he, you thought, belike, I should ha' sickened and pined, or mayhap hang'd myself because of your cruelty?

Yes, to be sure I did, Mr Pymnel; all true lovers sicken and pine when they are cross'd in love.

More fools they. If they have no more wit, I have. Not but what I was out of humour, to be sure, when I found what a fool's journey I had made on't; a hundred miles from home, and winter at hand. But then, says I to myself, as the poet says, life is full of crosses; and he that can't get white bread, had best be content with brown. By next Lady-day come twelvemonth, I shall have another ten thousand ready for a mortgage, and belike if I had married, it might not ha' been ready time long enough.

Belike so indeed, Mr Pymnel.

Some folks, miss, don't know a good offer when it's made 'em; I reckon you never thought

as I laid up three thousand pounds every year; think of that, Miss, in twenty years' time.

Well, I declare I have a good mind to have you, if it was only to make ducks and drakes of guineas.

May be so, miss; but I'm not of that mind.

Why, you make no use at all of them now.

E'cod but I do though; I makes 'em breed; and I should like to make you breed too, miss.

May be so, Mr Pymnel, but I have no fancy for it.

What! not with a sweetheart as you liked? That there Mr Sutton, miss, as your brother tells of?

That would be quite a different thing, Mr Pymnel.

I'm sorry to think of your casting yourself away upon a man your father and mother don't like.

So shall I be whenever it happens, I assure you.

Your brother says, he has neither money nor generation.

More's his misfortune. Is yours a bright generation, sir?

Mine, miss? I don't value all the blood in the world a pinch of snuff; and so I tells Sir Owen Caradoc, when I gets a little roxey. What, says I, signifies, says I, a dozen grandfathers more or less? It's all as nothing, says I: money makes the gentleman now-a-days.

Did it make you one, Mr Pymnel?

Yes, to be sure, miss; what else should?

Nay, nothing, I think.

In this way did we court one another for a full half hour. How long will the heart of Julia bear with the follies that flow from the head of her

LAURA STANLEY?

HENRY CHESLYN TO HIS BROTHER.

Corunna.

IN consequence of having determined to go to England by Barcelona and Genoa, we have taken passage in a Dutch vessel for Rotterdam, the master Cornelius Huyckstrom: the Dutchman,—what will not a Dutchman do for money?—has, for thirty guineas only, consented to a thorough cleansing of the two state rooms, and resigned them during the voyage to our sole use and purpose. We sail in six days. In the interim, as I have yet heard nothing of Mr Fabrier, I have proposed to the ladies to take a trip by land to Vigo, and back again, just for the pleasure of dancing the fandango, and killing fleas in a country posada. Everything being provided, we set out to-morrow, and shall therefore finish this at my return.

* * * * *

Are there, in all the vast possible of human

incidents, anything that can bind in the bands of indissoluble friendship, Captain Suthall and myself? Four days since, I should have determined this question in the negative; now, I cannot decently do it, because the thing has actually happened. At least all outward human appearances declare it, though possibly it may be one of those events, concerning which the manners of society, and the feelings of the human heart, are at variance. In other words, it may have happened unto me as to many a widow, and many an heir, to think it decent to assume the outward visible signs of sorrow, which my heart has refused to feel.

Tales ought to be suited to the capacity of the hearers; for thy sake, therefore, I shall make mine like unto a ladder.

The day after our departure for Vigo, Captain Panton gave an entertainment to the principal Dons of Corunna, with a ball at the tail of it for the Donnas. To the dinner part of this were also invited Suthall and the masters of the two Dutch, and some other vessels in the harbour. As might be expected, this was very grave, and very dull, till Don Miguel Sarpello, the corregidor, who speaks French fluently, as most of the inhabitants of Corunna do, expressed a curiosity to be truly informed concerning the various reports of Captain Suthall's first engagement with Panton, and the double capture of the ladies who were gone to Vigo.

It was Suthall's misfortune to speak French also, just to be understood, and he took upon himself to satisfy Sarpello's curiosity, which he did with no small encomium upon his own bravery, concluding the account of the engagement with what he called the dishonourable *finesse* of the enemy to regain their liberty, after they had struck their flag.

Panton replied, that the stratagem, with all its dishonour, was all his own, and appealed to the company, whether it deserved Captain Suthall's stigma?

The Spaniards and Dutch agreed it was not only fair, but deserved applause for its ingenuity.

Suthall then proceeded to expatiate on his own merit with regard to the lady; how he had protected, how he had supported her; with what ingratitudes she had returned his obligations; and finally, how unlike a gentleman Captain Panton had acted in taking her away from him, and putting her into the power of the man, who had in England seduced her from him.

Panton reddened at this accusation, and was going to retort the falsehood in terms of very honest resentment, when, reflecting that a display of particulars might not be agreeable to Miss Melton, he checked himself, and only said, Captain Suthall, lay your hand upon your heart; I appeal to that for a refutation of this charge; only remember, that prevarication, and a partial

representation of facts, suit not the character of a gentleman.

Suthall replied in terms of abuse, which Panton bore in silence, and ended the dispute by saying, It was better to reserve the subject for another day; since, to descend to personal obloquy, would be equally disgraceful to themselves, and affronting to the company. Don Sarpello observing a quarrel likely to ensue, rose for the ball; the other Spaniards, with Captain Panton, rose also, leaving Mynheer Huyckstrom, Captain Vander Mulch, another Dutchman, and Suthall, over the bottle. This happy party pushed about the glasses with incredible perseverance for four hours, wrangling about politics, much longer than they could understand one another.

At length the company above and the people of the house were alarmed with a most uncommon noise, and rushing into the room, found the tables overturned, the bottles and glasses broke, most of the lights extinguished, and the four gentlemen rolling upon the floor, one over another.

Incapable of helping themselves, they were separated and put to bed; on the floor was found a clasp-knife half open, and a little bloody.

The next day a French physician and Spanish surgeon were employed in examining the state of their wounds and bruises; plenty of the latter were visible, of the former one only, which appeared to be a stab with a knife near the bottom of the belly. This had fallen to Suthall's lot; but by whom given was unknown, as no one owned the knife. Nor did they remember any more of the quarrel, except that it began by a dispute concerning Paul Jones.

At the third dressing Suthall's wound had a dangerous appearance; the gentlemen of the faculty went so far as to intimate to the patient, that events were in the hands of the Almighty; preparations for immortality were never premature; and that when people had settled their worldly affairs, their minds were generally more easy, and nature stood a better chance. The captain damned the faculty, himself, and the rest of mankind, in very plain English, which happened to be understood by no one present. In twenty-four hours more, as the fever abated, Suthall was sensible of an extraordinary weakness, and the wound had shewn the first signs of putrefaction. The Spaniard, who knew that all heretics were the property of the devil, would have had good-nature enough to have permitted his patient to die without knowing anything of the matter; but the Frenchman, who was of the Huguenot breed, thought salvation just a thing possible, and gave the captain notice of his danger accordingly.

Greater signs of pusillanimity were perhaps never exhibited; he sent for Panton, to whom,

weeping like a child, he bitterly lamented his folly and misfortune, and particularly deplored his villainous behaviour to Miss Melton.

Panton, who has the soul of a man, and the softness of a woman, gave him such comfort as a layman could be supposed to give, and accompanied it with a tear.

If I was dying at home now, says Suthall, I could have heavenly comfort administered by a parson of the church of England; but the clergy of this country—

If you would die in peace, interrupted Panton, have nothing to do with them. They will torment you beyond all human patience, till you have complied with their mummeries. Captain Suthall, depend upon it, repentance and atonement will render you more acceptable in the sight of God, than all the forms of all the religions under the sun. In my opinion, pardon and a prayer, from the sweet mouth of Miss Melton, would give more effectual comfort to your soul, than could be given by all the priests upon earth.

By heaven it would, says Suthall; but I have sinned there beyond hope of pardon.

You do not know her, replies Panton; already she has forgiven you, and supplicates Heaven to forgive you also.

If I could but see her, says he, I should be as happy as anything can now make me.

We had returned from Vigo the day before, and Panton came immediately to inform us of this new state of Suthall's mind. Camitha, like a pitying angel, complied with his request, on condition only of being accompanied by Mrs Tyrrel.

Miss Melton and Mrs Tyrrel added benevolence to forgiveness; one or the other was his constant companion and nurse; and every moment of his life was made as happy as his condition would admit. I also added my mite of pardon and consolation to the general sum.

Easy in these particulars, he now bestowed his attention to his temporal concerns. A Spanish notary made his last will and testament in the French tongue. He signed it with all the formality of witnesses. It was then translated by Panton into English, and signed before English witnesses from his own vessel. At length, after having expressed a desire to be buried at Deptford, he resigned his soul into the hands of him who gave it; which is, I think, the prettiest expression for dying that at present occurs to my memory.

Judge of my surprise, when, a few hours after, Panton put into my hands a schedule of Captain Suthall's effects, and a paper, of which these are the contents:—

"Till I am entitled to it by death, as well as by repentance, I dare not to you express the last hope of my life. In all England I have no near relation, no respectable friend, in whose united

abilities and integrity I can place such confidence as ought to be placed in an executor: take that office upon you, Cheslyn; it is my dying request; Panton will give you some reasons for this, and my will more. Adieu.

"GEORGE SUTHALL."

A copy of the will was then delivered me, which, after a long preamble, bequeaths his effects thus:—

"To my wife, E. S. the sum of four thousand pounds, with the whole furniture of the house she lives in at Deptford.

"To Camitha Melton, (with her designation at large,) by way of atonement for the injuries I have done her, three thousand. One for the same cause to A. Tyrrel; and one to my executor, Henry Cheslyn, Esq. In case my effects should not amount to the above sum, I direct that the whole amount shall be divided in the same proportions. And for the overplus, be it what it may, I give it my said executor, with a list of six distant poor relations, to whom I desire he will give one thousand, in what proportions he shall judge necessary, provided that sum shall remain after all the above bequests are paid."

This affair has necessarily detained us ten days longer than the time we fixed, and which, indeed, we could not have kept; Mynheer Huyckstrom being confined to his bed, in consequence of that drunken night, six succeeding days.—This goes to Bourdeaux to-night, and we embark to-morrow. Adieu.

JULIA TO LAURA.

London.

LONDON, dear Laura, is a place so barren of events that can interest an honest plain simple Welshwoman, that I find it difficult to manufacture a letter that I can judge will be to your liking.

Never yet have I been endued with grace sufficient to visit the Tabernacle; nor am I yet a member of that brilliant assembly of speaking ladies. Never yet have I given audience to Prince Hamlet, or any other prince. The description of Ranelagh, like the picture of an ugly wild beast, has taken away all inclination to see it. To toil like a horse in a mill, the characteristic of the pleasures of this circus, is not at all to my taste. The idea of the sweet rural scenes of Vauxhall—is quite satisfactory.

The simple reason of all this is, that home at present affords me pleasures, not only superior to all these, but, if you *can* believe it, Laura, superior even to the admiration of beaux, and the flattery of *pretty fellows*. From the bottom of my heart do I pity all fine ladies and all fine gentlemen, who are forced abroad for pleasure. The principal objection I have to the manners

of the age is, that they are not social. To make dissipation the greatest pleasure of life ! Unhappy mortals, ye know not the greatest pleasure !

JULIA FOSTON.

LAURA TO JULIA.

Plymouth.

PLYMOUTH, Julia ! and thereby hangs a tale, which, though neither a fine tale, nor a long tale, is, like the miller of Mansfield's house, my own and a true one ; and he that can make a better out of the same materials, is welcome.

I think, Julia, we had been at Wigton one lunar month, four days, and some odd hours, in all that fine harmony of friendship I have described to you, and which, notwithstanding your proud boast, is, I think, wholly unknown in your house ; when a peculiar storm, or rather hurricane, arose, which crumbled our family fabric into dust.

To make you comprehend this, I must acquaint you with some preceding circumstances.

When the family compact was proposed between the house of Sir Owen and ours, the alliance appeared so flattering to my father, that he agreed to give up all his estates to my brother, and to my sister, thirty out of about forty thousand pounds, which he had in ready money, reserving to himself one thousand pounds a-year, and his house at Plymouth, in which he used to reside about two or three months every winter, when he did not go to London ; and these to be continued to my mother in lieu of jointure, in case she survived my father.

In this convention, poor Laura was no more thought of, than if poor Laura had never existed. It is true, that before the writings were signed, my father remembered himself of his virgin daughter, and mentioned it to my brother as a matter that ought to be rectified. My brother answered, it was scarce worth while to delay proceedings on that account ; that I was his well-beloved sister, and whatsoever more of fortune my father desired to give, he held himself bound in honour to supply. These things are necessary, added he, to be settled in case of mortality, otherwise all my father's possessions should be as much his own during life, as they would have been had not this generous investiture taken place.

Now, it was my father's intention to stay at Wigton till after Christmas, and then to retire to Plymouth, according, as the lawyers say, to the true intent and meaning of these presents. As the time was so short, my mother never thought of making a formal resignation of her office of lady paramount, but continued giving her orders as usual to the housekeeper, cook, &c. Three days since, as she was performing this daily duty, my sister-in-law, whose politeness you are ac-

quainted with, dropt a sort of insinuation that she should like to manage her household in her own way. My poor mother was struck dumb, and retired with a full heart to my father. He, whose temper is hasty, complained in passionate terms to my brother.

My brother replied, he was amazed his wife's demand should be resented, as it was a necessary consequence of the arrangement preceding marriage. You may be sure this answer did not mitigate my father's anger. He was, I believe, pretty liberal of abuse, often bestowing upon him the name of ungrateful viper. My brother, in the heat of *his* passion, which also ran pretty high, lost himself so very far, as to drop the words peremptory old fool. As scarcely any provocation could justify this, so scarcely any father could bear it. Mine could not ; and, had it not been evening, would have ordered his coach for Plymouth immediately.

He retired to the apartment of my mother, whither I followed as soon as I heard the secession. What supper we chose was served in that apartment, no application being made for reconciliation by the opposite party. Nay, so far did spleen predominate, that my brother and Mr Caradoc actually rode out in the morning, and we were suffered to depart without seeing any one but Harriet, who, I am sorry to say, did not behave according to my ideas of the fitness of things.

My father and mother were so pleased with my early decision on their side, that I am their dear, their darling daughter ; they have almost begged my pardon for their late persecution, and, above all, for attending so little to my interest in the marriage articles. I, on my part, assure them, that the diminution of my fortune never will give me the least imaginable pain ; but to be restored to their paternal affection, is more pleasure than I am able to express ; and that, except in the single point where my own happiness is so immediately concerned, never will I pretend to a will different from theirs. Yes, Julia, and I intend to keep my word too, as far as is possible for such a volatile mad-cap as you

LAURA STANLEY.

JULIA TO LAURA.

London.

YOUR last letter, my Laura, has only served to strengthen my conviction, that whatsoever airs and graces your vivacity may sometimes infuse into your pen, your mode of action will be what it ought. I congratulate you on the propriety of this, in the late astonishing revolution of your house : I congratulate myself in possessing such a friend ; and give me leave to do it also, that I am not your sister.

O, my Laura, how terrible it must be to a woman to be forced to despise the man she has vowed to love and honour ; and how could I not have despised a man capable of acting as your brother has done ?

I never made it a secret to you, that I had given my heart's tenderest affections to Mr Cheslyn ; I have hitherto had no reason to repent the gift, but if I could suspect him of harbouring any of those *little* passions that contaminate the mind with meanness, that heart should break before I would unite my fate with his. Thank Heaven, his faults, for faults he has, are of a contrary tendency. Generous to profusion to worth in distress, and passionate to madness when he sees humble poverty insulted by pride, or merit suffering under the gripe of rude authority.

In these faults he has a counterpart in Doctor Gordon : this gentleman is neither handsome nor ugly, tall nor short. His solid understanding gains him the esteem, his wit and humour, the love of all who know him. Betwixt the endeavour to conceal his keen sensibility at scenes of distress, and his eagerness to relieve, his actions have sometimes the appearance of singularity.

A few days since, he broke abruptly into the room where Mr Melton, my father, Mr Cheslyn, and myself, were enjoying the "feast of reason, and the flow of soul," and, without the least attention to the common forms of salutation, Gentlemen, says he, do me the favour to make me master of your purses for one three hours, for, by my soul, mine is empty. By Heaven ! if I could obtain them no other way, I believe I should rob you of them. Upon honour, I am in sad earnest ; life, liberty, and everything dear to man, depends upon a moment. Each of us eagerly delivered him one, which he as eagerly clapt into his waistcoat pocket, and vanished in a moment.

I remember an observation you made, Laura, on reading Miss Sutton's letters, that you thought it a blemish, when she discontinued giving the form of the Scotch pronunciation. Mentioning this to her, she said, she found it was a very imperfect attempt, that it fatigued her to mis-spell *on set purpose*, and that having apprized her brother of it, she thought it better left to his own imagination. I follow her example ; and whenever the doctor speaks, desire you will read it in broad or narrow Scotch, as you think proper.

He returned to dine with us, with quite another face, and, after the servants were withdrawn, gave us, in language I am sensible I spoil by endeavouring to imitate, the following account :—

I had been sent for about a fortnight since, says the doctor, to a poor woman, who lived in a little court near Drury-lane. There was an air of neatness in the poverty that surrounded

her. A decent-looking young man, who himself looked sickly, sat supporting her head upon his bosom, and three children, the youngest just able to walk, were playing on the floor. Doctor, says the man, I am ashamed to tell you that I have had the boldness to send for you, without being able to pay you your fee ; but this young woman, without relief, must die ; and if you dare trust a stranger, I will work myself to a skeleton, as soon as I am able, to pay you and everybody else, that has had the kindness to trust me during my long illness.

The poor fellow was almost a skeleton already, and thinking, when he was quite reduced, I could not lose much by taking him instead of the fees, I proceeded to inquire into my patient's case, who, it seems, having lately had a violent fever, through which she had struggled without medical assistance, was now dying of actual debility, for want of a due quantity of nourishing food.

Keep up your spirits, my good woman, says I, I will bring you certain relief in a quarter of an hour ; I must see my prescription made up. And I got it made up very soon, principally at a tavern. It was absolutely necessary also to attend the administration, lest it should have been unskilfully performed.

The needful being done, This, says I to the young man, is the only kind of medicine your sister or you want at present ; and I doubt it will be as difficult to procure as any that come from an apothecary's. But as you are got into debt, you say, a guinea more or less is no great matter, and you may as well have me for a creditor as anybody else. So, very unlike a Christian, I took thought for the morrow, of what they should eat, and what they should drink ; to which having added all the heart-ease I could procure, I took my leave.

It being a matter of great consequence to my reputation to cure these people, I was obliged to attend them every day ; and, as soon as I was able to subdue the quivering lip, which would not do its part in the function of speech, I came to be honoured with an insight into their history, which, as it may be told in a few words, and has besides nothing at all in it, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of communicating.

The father was a journeyman carpenter at St Alban's, and made his son a journeyman carpenter also. The daughter went young to service, and rose by degrees to the important station of woman to Lady Mary Wingham. The father and mother died ; the son continued to work at St Alban's, and the daughter fell in love with the butler. Now, I have been told that the common order of progression of young people in love, is, first to get a livelihood ; secondly, a house ; thirdly, to get married ; and, fourthly, to get children. How it happened I know not, but there is all the reason in the world to believe that this young couple began

at the wrong end of the progression, and went through it backward. The house proved to be a small coffee-house, which happened to be vacant at the critical instant; and being able of themselves and friends, to procure the sum of three hundred pounds, they set about the last of their progression with great spirit and alacrity.

The butler was a perfect master of his art, both in its scientific and practical parts, which was attended with this small inconvenience, that much too large a portion of his liquors coursed through his own bowels, instead of those of his customers. Yet he had the extreme felicity, enjoyed by few, of reaching the end of his life, and of his means, nearly at the same point of time.

The creditors, thinking such a man not fit to be trusted any longer, seized all his effects, except his wife, two children already born, and one that was only begotten. The woman found credit for a small apartment, took in needlework, and sent word to her brother of her present situation.

The young man posted to town with ten pounds in his pocket, the sum of all his savings, and a soul that would have done honour to a prince. He took the little house in which they now live, hired himself in London, and supported his sister during her lying-in. About five months ago he fell ill, and not having done a stroke of work since that time, his ready money slipped away, and he found himself involved in great and little debts, to the amount of almost the enormous sum of twenty pounds. But what of that, says he, we can live upon eleven shillings a-week; I can get a guinea, and, in a year's time, if God pleases, I shall be even with everybody.

Be even with everybody! poor fellow! Yes, thou art so, according to thy own reckoning: but it happened by the coincidence of a pair of events, which never coincided before, that I know of, though extremely common in their separate capacities. Going down the street this morning to work, a bailiff seized him on the right shoulder for a debt of ten pounds, at the same instant a press-gang took him on the left.

The first step, in order to settle their pretensions, was to a beer-house; but although this liquor has been invoked by several poets of reputation, for certain qualities of inspiration it has been thought to possess, it failed here of the end intended. Therefore each party having deputed one of its gang for orders from higher powers, they consented to indulge the young man in his desire, to return home a few minutes to comfort his poor sister. At the door he met a part of his goods moving off at the request of the landlord, for a whole year's rent.

At this critical instant I happened to arrive; the young man, the picture of despair, was wringing his hands over his sister, who lay in

a swoon, whilst the poor affrighted children had huddled themselves all together under a table.

To apply to the peace officer on the score of humanity, I knew was vain; but as soon as I had informed the man of war that pity and benevolence were visible in all the features of his face, he assured me that he was of the same opinion; and one guinea, given to his gang to drink, procured the carpenter's delivery from this set. By a similar argument I prevailed on the other two gangs to wait one hour, which I employed in committing my robbery of the morning here.

Nineteen pounds eleven shillings and sixpence, cleared their whole debts and charges; but having plenty of money, and being, like the rest of my countrymen, fond of a good name, when it can be easily come by, I added ten guineas, whereat they made such horrible wry faces, that I ran away. After all, I believe I shall lose my fees by the rascal, for before this accident happened, there was such an air of comfort and plumpness in his looks, that his promise of becoming a skeleton for my use, seems quite out of his head.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, here are your purses, safe and sound, and all their contents, except, as before excepted. Settle your several proportions as you please; it is sufficient for me, like other despotic monarchs, to announce to my subjects the sum-total of my wants. If they will do it, *quantum sufficit*, let them tax themselves, and welcome.

Julia, says my father, how many boys and girls have you got?

Nine, papa.

It is hard the poor carpenter should find himself yoked in wedlock all his life long, without any of its joys; and as I, like this great prince here, am for turning all human accidents to my own advantage, if you, Julia, will take the children upon your list, I will settle the woman in a cheese and bacon coffee-house at our village of Henneth, which really wants one; and as you, Julia, are determined to make this village a town, and fill it out of the highways and ditches, you have twenty years' work for half a dozen carpenters, and, as far as I know, all sides may be benefitted.

The doctor, whose hat happened to lie within his reach, took it up, and screwing hard the muscles of his face, threw it with great violence at a set of chessmen who inoffensively stood upon a corner table. Down fell kings, queens, and bishops, and the doctor having quietly reinstated them, walked composedly back to his seat. The carpenter's affair was then settled more deliberately, and they are, if they like it, to be transported early in the spring.

By my soul, Mr Foston, says the doctor, if you will not keep a father-confessor, for the government of your conscience, you ought at least

to keep a household physician to correct the errors of the first concoction; and if you will furnish me with a house, that my Nancy, if I can get her, and I may dwell therein; and give me to eat of your meat, and drink of your drink, whenever I choose to save my own; may I be eat by rats, if I don't leave the fine air of London, and all the pleasures thereof, and bury myself alive in the smoke, and dust, and noise, and hurry, of a Welch mountain.

And may I be worried by cats, replies my father, if I accept the conditions! But as our household will be large, and our village larger, if you will contract to keep us all in repair for the moderate stipend of three hundred pounds per annum, here is my hand, 'twill be the cheapest bargain, and one of the most pleasing, I ever made in my life.

By the soul of Ossian! returns the doctor, I will have the post, and upon my own conditions. Neither will I be a physician of straw, but shall assume to myself the right of restraining, within proper bounds, your generosity, as well as your other inordinate appetites. Besides, ken you not that I am a mon of inheritance? Two hundred and seventy pounds per annum is regularly paid me for certain houses and lands in the neighbourhood of Inverness; two hundred more, upon the faith of a Scotchman, I engage to draw from the ancient Britons, unless the territory is peopled only by goats; and the uncle of my Nancy is so obstinate a chiel, that he swears he will not give her unto me, to have her, and to hold, unless I will at the same time ease him of the encumbrance of five thousand pounds; and his nephew of the like sum, when himself takes the road to Elysium. The last depredation, however, I by no means intend to commit, if the hot-headed young jontleman, my brother, will be pleased to keep his sword out of my guts, which, he assures me, he will make a scabbard of upon my refusal.

And he will keep his word, says Mr Cheslyn, or, if he won't, I will.

This, Laura, is the most enormous packet I ever wrote; whether it will pay the postage I know not, but I give you leave to retaliate upon your

JULIA FOSTON.

LAURA TO JULIA.

Plymouth.

RETALIATION, as my spelling dictionary sayeth, is a returning like for like; an eye for an eye, or a tooth for a tooth; but a Christian body, like me, seeketh not after revenge. And if I did, where should I find it? My father and mother are indisposed; we are not in the world, and the world is not in us. Two letters, indeed, have arrived from Wigton, signed by personages, once known by the names of brother

and sister, now better distinguished by those of Mr Caradoc's wife, and Miss Caradoc's husband. They are wrote in a sort of a dignified way, rather expostulatory than submissive; and which have not convinced my father that he has more dutiful children than—

Your humble servant, Miss Stanley, says Mr Thomas Sutton, cap in hand, as I was taking my morning's walk the day after our arrival, with my maid, Mrs Eleanor Randle.—To what happy event do I owe the pleasure of this agreeable surprise?

I have been driven into this port by a storm. May you find shelter. But have the goodness to explain the metaphor.

In plain English, then, I am turned out of my father's house.

More enigmatical still. For what offence? Obedience.

Dear Laura! how you love to perplex!

Don't all dear Lauras do the same? But I tell you, here are honest Nell and I turned out into the wide world to seek our fortune; arn't we, Nell?

Would to heaven I could understand——!

Ay, that was Solomon's wish, and when he obtained it, he found out that woman, as well as everything else, was vanity. Depend upon it, friend, you are in danger of making the same discovery.

Not these thirty good years, at least. But, dear Laura, keep me no longer in torment. Ease my labouring bosom of its pangs.

Yes, hapless youth, I will. Know you Mr Abraham Pymnel of Carmarthen?

I have heard of him—to my sorrow.

And I to mine. This man of wealth and philosophy, having taken a liking to my curvetings and prancings at Caradoc-hall, came to Wigton to buy me for a wife. No steed that Newmarket ever produced, was ever bid for at so high a rate. The best bargain that ever was struck, was spoiled by my running restive. My brother proved incontestably that I was the damndest fool in Devonshire. I told him his arguments were pregnant with sense, reason, and politeness; but being his dear sister, I thought I had a right to partake with him the exemption he claimed of not being influenced by any of these. Then did my dear brother swear his swearing over again: then did he inform papa how a beggarly fellow, ycleped Thomas Sutton, a squire of low degree, had had the insolence to make love to me at Henneth Castle, and was, he supposed, the cause of my preposterous and undutiful behaviour.

Good heaven and earth! Miss Stanley, are you serious?

Yes; arn't I, Nell? A pretty kettle of fish you have made of it, with your flames and darts! I always told you your folly and presumption would meet with their rewards. But as you never would take advice, you must take

consequences. I suppose I can learn to milk and make butter; and Nell here, if you can teach her Welch, will sell it at Cardigan market as well as—

Miss Stanley!

Mr Sutton!

If you have the least spark of pity and compassion in your nature, do not any longer distract me.

See, Nell, the very mention of matrimony drives the man mad. False to his vows, as I live.

What a fool am I! this gaiety is incompatible with so horrid a circumstance.

Ay, the first symptom of a man's recovering his senses, is the acknowledgment of his folly. If I could depend upon your being sound of mind for one half hour, I would tell you every bit of the sad serious tale.

He promised, and I performed. But then, Julia, poor youth, a fit of a different kind seized him; a fit of softness. Soft is synonymous with silly, Julia; is it not? He did vow and protest, that if the diminution, or the total loss of my fortune, would pave the way to a hope he had never yet dared to admit, he should think it the most fortunate circumstance of his life.

In short, he said so many foolish things, and folly is so catching, that—So no more at present, from

Yours to command,

LAURA STANLEY.

JULIA TO LAURA.

London.

IF wonder be admiration, Laura, I admire you more and more. But that I may know with what quantity of applause to season this admiration, condescend to instruct me how much of a vivacity so uncommon, in circumstances so serious, is to be set down to the account of reflection or philosophy, and how much to the "heedless temper no husband can bear."

As far as my slender capacity can judge of character, this Mr Thomas Sutton, this squire of low degree, is one of the worthiest, as well as one of the best-natured of human beings; and though he may not deserve the daughter of Sir Richard Stanley, he deserves at least as much happiness as any daughter of Eve can bestow upon him. For which reason, if my Laura will listen to the admonitions of her friend, she will be careful both of his peace of mind, and her own; nor raise a hope, which, if her power should prove unequal to her will, may hereafter be succeeded by despair.

My dear Laura, I am, at this instant of writing, weeping with excess of pleasure; a tender melancholy invades me, from a cause which

would make most other people overflow with joy; my poor philosophy cannot assign the cause of such an effect.

In the parlour below, I have left Mr Melton seated beside his happy daughter, his hand locked in hers, their silent eyes superseding all the use and all the desire of words.

It brings to my mind Rousseau's picture of a breakfast scene after the English manner, on the meeting of St Preux and Eloisa, after many years' absence.

There are the two Mr Cheslyns, their eyes sparkling with the most lively pleasure, from the truly fraternal emotions of their hearts, endeavouring, in their usual way, to abuse one another.

The doctor and Mrs Tyrrel are supporting a humorous dialogue, and my father is enjoying his own benevolent feelings in silence. This scene I have left, my Laura, to write to you—and to cry.

These valued friends arrived last night a little before supper, having sent an express from Southampton, where they had persuaded the Dutch captain to land them, by a purse of twenty guineas.

Mr Melton, uncommonly agitated, begged permission to receive his daughter in a parlour alone.

On her alighting, I clasped the dear trembling girl in my arms, who returned my embrace with transport, not a word escaping her lips, and her eyes wandering in search of her father.

I led her to the door of the room, saw them rush into each other's arms, and was retiring as quick as possible, when I perceived them, sink gently on the floor together.

The old gentleman was so little sensible of his daughter's having fainted, that he was stifling her in his bosom with the utmost fondness. Without calling any other spectator to this scene, for it was not wholly unexpected, I applied the usual remedies of fair water and salts, and had the pleasure to see her revive immediately; and as the old man "hung over her, enamoured, she threw her arms round his neck, and glued her lips to his in speechless ecstasy. In this situation I left them, and went to welcome Mr Cheslyn and Mrs Tyrrel. In half an hour we were all summoned to supper, where we supported, very ill, a disjointed conversation, till Miss Melton declared her wish of retiring to rest.

After devoting this day to the society of his friends, Mr Henry Cheslyn goes to Deptford to attend the widow of his new friend Capt. Sutton; and after the funeral is over, the duty of his executorship will carry him to Plymouth for a month. Mr Sutton has been requested to stay till his arrival, and transact a few preparatory matters.

Adieu.

JULIA FOSTON.

LAURA TO JULIA.

Plymouth.

THAT you may not waste your admiration upon the idle air, Julia, take the following little tale, which, knowing your want of learning, child, I have been at the trouble to translate from an old Greek manuscript, found in one of my antiquarian researches.

Once upon a time, when the Athenians and Lacedemonians were at war, there lived at Athens two very pretty girls.

Their father, who was a captain, had a comfortable estate in land, which happened to be situated near the borders of the Spartan territory. Now, it came to pass, that news arrived at Athens of the defeat of their army, and the loss of a long tract of confine; and to the young ladies, of the death of their father, and, consequently, of the loss of all their worldly wealth.

All Athens grieved, and did not go to the theatre that day. The next they laughed and joked, as the citizens of Paris did after the battle of Malplaquet.

Some time after, the eldest of the two ladies says to the other, Sister, our ruin is complete; nothing is left us but sorrow.

We are not obliged to accept the inheritance, says the youngest.

Alas! nothing else is left us, replies the other.

I give up my portion, says the youngest; and immediately trips away to a very sprightly seller of silks, who had sworn, by Mars and Apollo, he loved her infinitely better than his mother.

Leander, says she, we have lost our father, and our wealth; nothing is left us but sorrow; and sorrow is not to my taste. I am determined to make you happy, since you say it is solely in my power. Lead me to the temple of Juno.

Yes, miss, the power of giving happiness is yours, and yours alone; but the best road to it lies through the temple of Venus. That of Juno is up to the knees in dirt, and clogged with briars and thorns.

They disputed some time, without being able to weaken the attachment of each other to their particular deity. She leaves him, and flies to Alcippus, a very honest and agreeable young olive merchant.

I am come to make you happy, says she; my father is killed, my fortune lost, and nothing is left me but sorrow. I had rather pickle olives. Lead me to the temple of Juno.

With more pleasure, says he, than I would lead thither Cydippe, the daughter of Ariston, the Areopagite.

They burnt incense upon the altar of Juno, without more delay.

The eldest, in the meantime, the darling child of sensibility, stayed at home to enjoy her inheritance; expecting, every day, the presence

of Alcander, son of the Archon of Athens, to share it with her.

Alcander was a young orator, in the zenith of reputation, and was, at that time, so much engaged in persuading the mob of Athens to mind state affairs, that he never once thought of his beautiful Melpomene. And as a lapse of memory in this particular is, and hath been, a most unpardonable offence, the pride and delicacy of young ladies will seldom admit the thought of making a remonstrance.

From this circumstance, she derived so large an addition to her inheritance; her cup of sorrow, always full to the brim, afforded her such copious draughts, that notwithstanding all her sister could say, nay, though she assisted largely in emptying her cup, a very few weeks conveyed this poor martyr of sensibility to the Elysian shades.

Soon after this event, the Athenians were victorious; the territory was retaken, and the estate reverted to the fair olive merchant; who, for fear of such another slippery accident, got it converted into drachmas. After this, says the manuscript, they begat sons and daughters, and died in a good old age.

I hope, by this time, Madam Julia, you may be a little ashamed of your insinuation of the heedless temper; and, for the future, place all my *égaremens*, whether you choose to distinguish them by the names of vivacities, caprices, or follies, to the account of my wisdom, my philosophy; and, above all, my knowledge of Greek.

And now I come to the second part of your performance, which treats of happiness, hope, and despair.

Alas! your sagacious admonitions, sweet daughter of prudence, came too late. After many vehement expostulations with the best-natured of human beings, concerning his folly and rashness, in pure pity to the infirmities of human nature, I have promised him, Julia, absolutely promised him, that within the compass of ten years, be the same, as the lawyers say, more or less, I will go with him to the temple of Juno, provided I can gain my father's consent—and my own.

Before I can give you the why and the wherefore of this, I must make you acquainted with another rapid and most extraordinary revolution at Wigton-hall. Farmer Spriggins doeth suit and service to my maid, Mrs Eleanor Randle, and came to Plymouth a few days ago, to pay personal homage.

Strange doings, Mrs Ellen, at the hall, since you left; all topsy-turvy now.

Oh dear now, Mr Spriggins, do tell me all about it.

Nay, I knows nothing about particulars; only I hears the upper servants han all gin warning; and, between you and I, they talken o

madam, as how she's a fool ; and it's thought by some, there's bad blood already 'tween landlord and she ; and poor Miss Harriet as was, is no much better off with her husband, than Mr William with his wife. But I tell you, I knows nothing about it ; for a body cannot go to th' hall now as one used to do, and get a can o' good October.

You will allow, Julia, that here was reasonable matter to excite curiosity, but it remained ungratified two days. At length arrives Mr Smith, the good old steward, a servant of forty years' standing, with the unaccountable luck to have everybody's good word.

The old man, when introduced to my father and mother, was utterly unable to speak ; all he could do was to kiss their hands, and burst into tears. He would have kissed mine also, but I have so long loved the venerable old man, that I made no scruple to kiss him like a father. To this kindness I added a biscuit, and a couple of glasses of wine ; for all which he desired God would bless me ; and then gave us, in his methodical manner, the present state of affairs at the hall.

About a week since, says he, Mrs Nelthorp, the housekeeper, with great humility, and some tears, informed my master, that she found herself under the necessity of quitting her place, and should consider it as an obligation, to be permitted to leave as soon as possible. My master demanded her reasons. There were some peculiarities in her lady's temper, she said, with which she found it impossible to comply.

In an hour after, the butler and cook preferred a petition to the same import : the first said, he had always had the power of giving away a jug of beer and a glass of wine, according to his own opinion of what was proper for the honour of the house ; this was taken away, and he had, besides, received reprimands from his lady for offences he never committed. The cook, an unpolished animal, swore, that his lady's orders were so damn'd whimsical and contradictory, that sometimes he could not understand, and oftener could not execute them.

My master was at this time in his study, where I happened to be with him, about another affair, which I am sorry he should think of at all, much more at such a time as this : it was about raising the tenants over again ; for, in the advance about ten years ago, he said, they were raised only half what they ought to have been. I begged him to suspend that design, at least till the war was over. As he would listen to nothing against it, I was just requesting he would be pleased to appoint another agent, when the cook and butler entered.

My master, much agitated, went to seek Mrs Caradoc : what he said to her I know not ; but it seems she soon after sent for Mrs Nelthorp, to sound her more particularly about the nature of her complaints. Mrs Nelthorp, I doubt, gave

her too copious a detail ; for it is seldom necessary, and can hardly ever be right, to render a husband more quick-sighted to the faults of his wife. My lady's errors arose from meddling with what she did not understand ; but were, I fear, aggravated by a learned pride, that would not let her suppose she could be mistaken.

Be this as it will, it was visible to the servants who waited, that a very violent quarrel had arisen.

How it began, or how it was conducted, we know not ; but it ended in that hot-headed Welch gentleman's taking away his sister, yesterday, from the hall, and setting out for Wales.

My father and mother lifted up their hands in great amazement, and exclaimed both at once, What, without his wife !

There is reason to believe, replies the steward, that Mrs Caradoc refused to accompany them. Both she and my master have been excessively uneasy ever since ; and he, this morning, sent me off hither to beg your pardon and my lady's for their past behaviour, and to beg you will either return to the hall, or permit them to wait upon you here, in order to receive your advice how to proceed.

A visible joy appeared in the countenances of my father and mother at this conclusion ; for, as saith one of my old Greeks, repentance of a beloved child is always welcome to the heart of a parent.

Debating some time about the option offered them of returning to the hall, they condescended to ask Mr Smith's opinion.

He gave it decidedly for receiving their visit here, and then surprised us all by this pathetic address :

I have now been your servant, my good old master, upwards of forty years, during which I have been so kindly treated, that I hope it will not be thought presumptuous to say, the cold duty of a servant has given place to a much warmer sentiment : I beg it may be imputed to this cause, and not to impertinence, that I now presume to intrude my advice.

Be reconciled, my good sir, to your son and daughter ; live with them upon those terms of kindness which the paternal relation requires, but live in separate households. The temper of my young master is not adapted for control, and little subjects of controversy would daily arise, that might embitter your latter days. For my part, I am now too old to contend against the passions of youth, and have determined to retire from business upon that little competency, which, I am sure, you will be pleased to know I have saved for the support of my age.

And, oh, my good sir, in the choice of a husband for my dear young lady present, do not be biassed by wealth or grandeur, for which, I am sorry to say, I fear, my young master and Miss Harriet have bartered peace of mind for ever.

Life is not life without content, and content

is not to be found in an alliance with repugnant tempers, though possessed of the riches of Cræsus. Permit your lovely daughter to seek her kindred heart: she will find it in a bosom as gentle as her own.

Once more I entreat your pardon.—Then bursting into tears, he hurried out of the room.

My father and mother were both affected; he, without saying anything, went out, and returned immediately with Mr Smith, whom he called his good old friend, and thanked for his cordial advice.

Yes, says he, after a pause, Laura *shall* choose for herself; only let the choice fall upon a gentleman, who will not disgrace an ancient family. Let it not fall upon that Sutton.

It shall never, says I, fall upon any man whom my father and mother disapprove. I have, at present, no wish so great as to live with my honoured parents, and shew the respectful duty which my heart feels. But, the occasion calling for my utmost sincerity, will my dear father give me leave to ask his objections to a man, whom, I think, he has never seen?

Your brother, my dear, called him a man of no birth, and a beggar.

My brother, sir, lived with this beggar at Henneth Castle in the greatest familiarity. Pardon me, if I say, in the manners and liberal behaviour of a gentleman, he is my brother's superior.

Laura, does not this warm encomium shew that he has already engaged your affections?

I confess it, sir.

Indeed, child, I am sorry to hear you say this.

You need not, sir; he knows it not, nor ever shall, till I have your permission to impart it.

How had he the presumption, says my mother, in his situation and circumstances, to address the daughter of Sir Richard Stanley?

Till our arrival at Plymouth, madam, he never did presume it; all my brother alludes to, was mere jest and pleasantry. Here, indeed, having heard a story falsely told, concerning my ruined fortune, he confessed his affection in the deepest tone of sorrow, and offered me—all he had to offer.

To be a steward's wife, says my mother.

He has certainly accepted agencies from Mr Foston and Mr John Cheslyn, to the amount of four hundred pounds a-year. If this be an indelible disgrace in your eyes, sir, I shall be sorry, but I shall be obedient also.

This, in itself, says the good old steward, can never be deemed a disgrace in a man, in other respects a gentleman, since it is the condition of many worthy members of Parliament. But if this be all his property, my dear young lady—

I know what you would say, sir: he is heir to eight hundred pounds a-year.

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Then I hope my good master will let affection take its course. The gentleman has a worthy character.

Do you know him, Mr Smith? says my father.

Not personally, sir. Mr Cheslyn's tenants, whom he has been lately amongst, speak of him with the greatest respect.

Well, says my father, we will talk of this hereafter.

And now, Julia, read this long epistle over again, and take notice what an altered body I am. How staid, grave, serious, and dutiful! Not one capriole, not one *le volt*, since I left Athens. This comes of poring over Greek. Oh, Julia! that you would but apply your mind to learning, child, and imitate, in all things, as far as your inferior talents will permit,

Your prudent friend,

LAURA STANLEY.

JULIA TO LAURA.

London.

REALLY, Miss Laura, you give yourself so many self-sufficient airs about your learning, that I am afraid the Christian virtue of humility goes out of you as your heathen Greek enters. Not to be ungrateful, however, (for ingratitude is no better than pride,) for the pains you have taken for my instruction, and to shew you I am not altogether so illiterate as you may think, in return for your old Greek manuscript, making such honourable mention of the battle of Malplaquet, I will translate you a little piece from the Arabic, wherein you will find the opinion of the Caliph Al-ma-moun, upon the decisive battle betwixt the French and English fleets on the 27th of July last.

That steward of yours, my dear Laura, is a divine old man; I absolutely envy you the kiss you gave him. I am enchanted with the whole of that conversation, and more particularly with the *naïveté* of the confession of your faith in Mr Sutton; for although I knew long ago you loved him, I did not imagine your ladyship had equal sagacity. This affair, I flatter myself, will secure me two of the nearest wishes of my heart; it will secure the happiness of my dearest friend, and it will secure the sweetest fruits of friendship, perpetual society.

Let me turn the attention of my Laura to what passes here, upon a similar subject. Many and fierce have been the contentions between Messrs the Cheslyns and Doctor Gordon, on the one part, and three spinsters of the names of Camitha, Ann, and Julia, on the other: the first contending to reduce the latter into bondage, and the latter, yet a little while, to preserve their liberty.

The advocates for freedom had much the ad-

vantage of their antagonists in that part of speech, which I believe grammarians call quantity, and would have reduced them to silence, if not to submission, had not a tribe of fathers and uncles, self-constituted judges, under pretence of keeping the peace, given a decree directly in favour of slavery. An instrument containing a contract, a preamble, and an arrangement, has been drawn up by the hands of the learned Doctor Gordon in consequence, and is as follows:—

Man, by sundry shallow naturalists, and others, hath been called a social animal; but a little inquiry into the world as it goes, will convince us that he is only gregarious.

To see and to be seen, to visit and to be visited, by all the world, hath also been called sociability; when, in fact, it is only a herding together.

The requisites for this are fine clothes, cards, tea, coffee, chocolate, and scandal: whereas for true sociability, friendship, esteem, and confidence are constituent principles.

A certain James Foston, Esq. having taken these premises into consideration, and conceiving it would be for the good of the species, if it could be taught to *associate*, rather than to *herd*, doth appoint himself to be the world's schoolmaster, and professeth to teach by example.

To carry this great work into execution, he hath established his dwelling upon Mount Henneth, in the land of the ancient Britons, because from the days of Julius Cæsar, to those of the bold Baron North and the good Knight Probert, they have shewed themselves—so easy to be governed.

On the east side of the said mountain he hath determined, after the example of Sir Benjamin Beauchamp, to build himself a green, to be called the Green of Association.

But he hath not, like Sir Benjamin, determined to people the said green with vice and folly, to the utter exclusion of common sense and common gratitude; on the contrary, he chooseth to dwell therein,—

Any man of title, who came into the possession thereof, not by descent, or court favour; but by virtue *only* :

Any man of wealth, who will spend a moiety of his revenue, in the purchase of felicity for others :

Any man of learning, who will take the trouble to compare the utility of Greek and Latin, with plough driving, and assign the preference without partiality :

Any statesman, whose endeavours have been to turn the wheel of state against the stream of corruption :

Any bishop, who can demonstrate to the general conviction of America, that the pastoral staff was made for the benefit of mankind :

Any beneficed clergyman, who, without im-

peachment of his Christian verity, will undertake to say, *nolo episcopari* :

Any lady of quality, who loves her husband better than a rout, and her children better than flattery and admiration :

Any lady, who, having by accident slid into her youth, hath recovered the lapse by a chastity of ten unspotted years, and a prudence that hath sustained all the attacks of calumny, save only those of beaux and ancient maiden ladies at the tea-table.

The said James Foston, not having been yet able, probably from the want of notoriety of his scheme, to collect tenants qualified as above, finds himself under a necessity of accepting such as he can get, in order to make a beginning; and hath accordingly accepted,

First, John Cheslyn, Esq. because he is not altogether so great a fool as a man of his fortune customarily is.

Secondly, Henry Cheslyn, Gent. his brother; because he is almost the only young gentleman of his age, who would not rather carry a beautiful girl into a house of ill fame, than fetch her out.

Thirdly, Thomas Sutton, Gent. because the man is of a sheepish disposition; and had not spirit enough to prefer gaming or the gallows to the dull arts of industry.

Fourthly, Doctor Gordon, a Scotchman; because the fellow hath much impudence, and is considered as a phenomenon.

But as it is the opinion of certain moralists, that every iota of happiness obtained must be paid for some way or other, and that matrimony is generally found a sufficient compensation for any bliss this world is known to afford, the said James Foston doth decree, that these four elect do take unto himself every man a wife.

And first, he giveth unto John Cheslyn, Esq. his own daughter, because the girl is so ignorant of life, as to conceive that love is the best foundation on which matrimony can be built; and in a paroxysm of frenzy, the man hath said, I love thee infinitely.

To Henry Cheslyn he assigneth Camitha Melton, because of the young woman's headstrong disobedience to—the best of mothers.

To Thomas Sutton he giveth Laura Stanley, if she can be so blind to her own interest, as to prefer happiness and friendship, to a coronet and the—

And to Doctor Gordon he granteth Ann Sutton, a peaceable, inoffensive, young woman, whom, it is supposed, the said doctor hath phylacterized into love.

Besides these animals of the yoke, four others are to be provided with arm-chairs and flannels, and to be considered as semi-associators; namely,

James Foston, the projector.

William Melton, who, having taken a dislike

to the deceit of courtiers, is desirous to lead a retired life.

Samuel Sutton, whose soul, like the soul of Saul, hath been converted from passion to peace, by the voice and harp of that sweet singer of Israel, Ann Sutton.

Hannah Tyrrell, a spinster of forty, who, having made a vow of virginity, chooses to keep it without the walls of a nunnery.

Finally, the contracting powers, or as many as it may suit, do agree to marry one another, on or about the first of March next ensuing, and afterwards proceed to Henneth Castle in a body, and plunder the said James Foston into repentance.

Heigh-ho, Laura ! as bride or bride-maid, remember the first of March.—Adieu.

JULIA FOSTON.

LAURA TO JULIA.

Plymouth.

I CANNOT, at present, my dear Julia, take the notice I wish of your agreeable letter, and the doctor's whimsical state of your future arrangements. My mind is at present torn to pieces in resentment. Julia, I am a prisoner in my father's house.

As well as this resentment will permit, I will give you an account of our transactions.

The old steward set off for Wigton the next morning, and the day following arrived my brother and sister.

I do not love this brother and sister, Julia.

This sentiment, so bold, so harsh, so opposite to good and gentle natures, if it appears so atrocious to myself, what will it do to the well-corrected mind of Julia ? But before you sign my condemnation, determine how far I am culpable for a feeling, Heaven knows I regret, and which is obtruded upon me in spite of myself.

Would you believe it, Julia ? After the reconciliation had proceeded according to form, and my father and mother were acquainted with the particular reasons for this doughty quarrel, my brother took the trouble to recapitulate mine. This brought on a repetition of our conversation with the good old steward ; and my confession of faith, as you call it, in Mr Sutton. My brother stormed and raved ; my sister insinuated the ancient plea of—disgrace to the family. So zealous were their acclamations, that my poor father and mother, wholly converted from the old steward's humble way of thinking, absolutely interdicted me from seeing, or corresponding with, Mr Sutton, on pain of their displeasure.

Hitherto my spirits being uncommonly low, I had not answered, but with tears. Even these were construed into an indication of stubborn-

ness. Not content with silence, they demanded from me a full promise of acquiescence ; urged over again and again that preposterous match with Pymnel ; and concluded that it would be necessary to have recourse to other methods, to break my undutiful, my refractory spirit ; a humble diet, and the solitude of my own apartment, would, they doubted not, effect the desired change.

Julia, when anger is kindled by insult, the humanity of our laws changes even murder into the mild appellation of manslaughter. I plead, upon the same principle, for your pardon for the following bold reply :—

Addressing my father—You will pardon me, sir, if I express my astonishment at your sudden change of sentiment, and of your solemn promise made to a child who never offended you, even in thought, in pure compliment to children who have treated you in a manner I blush to think of.

To you, sir, and to my revered mother, I owe all the duties of a child, and hope I shall always be permitted to pay them.

But to you, sir, (turning to my brother,) I owe none, and none will I pay : since you have been pleased to cast me from your affection, I scorn to claim alliance with those noble qualities of the heart, your pride and avarice. The mean arts you have already practised with regard to my fortune, I might have overlooked ; desirous to see a brother's actions in the fairest light, I might have imputed them to some cause, that would not absolutely have disgraced a gentleman, had not your recent behaviour put it past a doubt. Take what you have got. Take all, if you will leave me peace. I resign it with pleasure. I resign with it the rank you esteem so highly, and the manners, since such are the manners, of wealth, and greatness. As to your base, unmanly, pitiful, menace of confinement, insult me with the execution if you dare. However you may use my honoured father's name, the malignant author cannot be mistaken. From that moment I renounce all consanguinity with you, for ever and for ever.

Saying this, I retired to my chamber, and gave a loose to my tears. Within an hour I received my father's orders not to stir from my apartment without his leave.

My dear Julia, I know not what your sentiments of my conduct will be ; but I know my own heart. I solemnly affirm, that before this treatment my duty was unimpeachable ; my intentions direct and honourable. But my spirit revolts against so unmerited a persecution ; nor will I bear it, be the consequence what it may. Julia, you will soon see, or hear of, your injured

LAURA.

HENRY CHESLYN TO HIS BROTHER.

Plymouth.

WHAT planetary conjunction governs this nether world, Jack, that I, one of the quietest men in it, and as little given to war and bloodshed as thyself, cannot get along without a rap upon the pate?

On my arrival here, the first interesting object was poor Tom, with a long face, and sighing like a furnace, because, forsooth, his dulcified Laura, for three successive days, had forsook her wonted path, the downland lawn; and had not so much as sent her handmaid, Nell, to impart a dram of comfort. Her father's house, and the vulgar method of inquiry at servants, had been both interdicted by her; and now he had nothing left to do, but to hope as much as he was able, and to fear—he knew not what.

I consoled the lad after thy manner, Jack, by a long harangue in praise of his folly, and with the pretty appellations of fool and blockhead. Nor was this the whole of my spleen, being determined to go and tell Laura herself of the whimpering puppy. So putting on decent apparel, I took myself to the knight's, and inquired for Miss Stanley. Answer, she was not at home. I sent in my name to Sir Richard, expecting it would be a ready passport to his presence; instead of which, being shewn into an empty parlour, I was surprised by the appearance of Mr Stanley, the married man.

Not having seen the gentleman since his nuptials, I was moving to give him joy thereof, *et dextram dextra jungere*, when I was stopped by an air of *fierté*. He desired to know my commands. I came to pay my respects to Miss Stanley, with compliments to Sir Richard and Lady Stanley, from Mr and Miss Foston.

Sir Richard Stanley, he said, was then indisposed, and I must pardon him for thinking I knew more of Miss Stanley's present residence than any person in that house.

Had the man been anything of a physiognomist, he might have discovered in me indubitable marks of surprise.

I desired an explanation.

The inquiry, he said, was ridiculous: I, who knew of her infamous attachment to my beggarly friend, was, no doubt, privy also to her elopement with him.

Infamous attachment, Mr Stanley! This is extraordinary language for a most deserving sister: her name and infamy cannot be joined together; nor should they with impunity, by any man less related to her, than a father or a brother.

My Quixote disposition, he said, was as well known as I could wish; but, notwithstanding the terror of my name, he should take the liberty to disclaim all relation to her, and an ac-

quaintance with those who support her in disobedience.

Admire my patience, Jack! I neither spit in his face, nor laid my cane over his shoulders.

I thank you, sir, says I, in the name of them all, for your renunciation. Upon my honour, I will never beseech you to retract it. But, for your sister's sake, I must endeavour to rectify one misconception: her elopement, if it is an elopement, I have the first information of from yourself; and as to Mr Sutton, I left him within this half hour, at his own lodgings, lamenting, in fact, the not having heard from, or of her, the last three days.

And you came hither to procure him intelligence?

Why not, sir?

A very honourable business! To promote a fellow without a shilling property, your brother's steward, to the daughter of Sir Richard Stanley, to my sister, sir!

Your sister, sir! Upon my word, in enumerating the perfections of his mistress, my friend has always unaccountably forgot this last great excellence; unless, as the fellow has odd notions, he may have taken it into his head, that this may be rather a drawback than an addition.

Sir, says he, his right hand touching the hilt of his sword, my father's house is your protection.

Most kindly considered, sir; perhaps most disinterestedly.

Your insolence, sir, says he, is not to be borne, drawing his sword; when in rushed Sir Richard, followed by his lady, screaming like a—woman. For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, desist, says the good old knight. What is the matter?

This is Harry Cheslyn, sir, says Stanley, the friend of that scoundrel Sutton, the ravisher of your daughter, come under the insidious guise of a friend, with the intentions of a spy.

Have some respect, Mr Stanley, to the presence of your father; it is really indecent to abuse his ear with assertions you yourself know to be untrue. I came to pay my respects to you, Sir Richard, at the request of Mr Foston and my brother: your son has thought proper to prohibit this: he has also thought proper to treat me with the native elegance of a porter. I feel such an infinite contempt for the gentleman, that I can easily overlook it; but to you, Sir Richard, and Lady Stanley, I should be glad to pay my respects alone.—Sir Richard looked queer, and said nothing; my lady gabbled much like unto a turkey-cock, whose language not having the honour to understand, I made the best bow I had, and departed.

I made myself sure of an invitation from Mr Stanley for the next morning, on which account I chose to acquaint Tom only with the elopement of Laura, and very little respecting her

brother. To-morrow and to-morrow came, and brought nothing hostile with them. The second evening I heard at the coffee-house, that an express having arrived from Sir Owen Caradoc's, Mr William Stanley and his sister were that day gone off post for Wales.

Then I ventured to let Tom into the whole of our discourse, of which I have given thee, Jack, only the marrow.

A man of observation, like me, is always picking up something useful either for the soul or body. To my store of axioms I added one more on this occasion: "If a man can contrive to be eternally in a rage, he may bid defiance to love and all its pangs." Tom thought no more of Laura than he did of Semiramis. Friendship had like to have gone after love, for he began to abuse me for my ungenerous silence, which had robbed him of the pleasure of cutting Stanley's throat—honourably.—But the time may come yet, says Tom.

Yea, lad, a man may always find time to get to the gallows. Come, here's Laura to thee in a bumper.

Tom drank, and fell into a profound reverie. I drank, and talked as wisely as old Nestor. At length, having gone through the human head, brains and all, physiologically, I was proceeding to do the same thing—spiritually, when Tom broke forth with A—a—Mr Cheslyn, if you could spare me from Plymouth, I should like to take a ride to Henneth Castle, to see if things are right, and put them into a train against spring.

Yea, Thomas, things must be sadly disordered in the long space of a month; and thou would'st soon set 'em to rights, I warrant thee; but Laura is not in Wales, though her brother is; whom, if thou should'st by any chance happen to kill, Laura *must* not love thee; and if he killeth thee, she *will* not, at least to any purpose.

Upon the road I dined with old Mr Foston, and his maiden daughter; both overflowed in blessings upon the son and brother, who, the old gentleman said, had rendered his life comfortable as age would permit. He wished only for one thing in life, to see as often as might be his son and grand-daughter.

Say something, Jack, fit to be said from me.

Good things are little the manufacture of thy brain, whatsoever they may be of thy brother's,

HENRY CHESLYN.

LAURA STANLEY TO HER FATHER.

London.

MOST HONOURED SIR,

PERMIT me to address you, and my ever-dear mother, in my usual style of duty and affection: these are as real, as my disobedience is only ap-

parent. Impute not to me a crime I disavow, as I never have for a moment imputed to you an usage, the remembrance of which will be heavy upon me through life.

Let me entreat you for a moment to look back upon the circumstances that preceded these disgraceful insults. When I professed the most implicit duty to your commands, I was perfectly sincere: you gave credit to my sincerity; you treated me as your child; my heart is all your own. I would have died sooner than have broke the promise I made, of not engaging with Mr Sutton against your consent. If I could not obtain this consistently with the most respectful submission, I had determined, whatsoever it might cost, to sacrifice my young affections to my duty.

Such was the state of my mind on my brother's arrival.

Think, my honoured father, what indignation a young heart, conscious of its integrity, unsullied innocence, and determined duty, must feel at the treatment I received. My honour suspected, and my word considered as of no value; my person confined, as if I had actually disgraced my family by a harlot's wantonness; and all this by a brother, recent in his want of filial respect for yourself!

My dear sir, this brother never can forgive me; he has injured me too much; it is, therefore, of infinite importance to me, not to subject myself to his imperious temper. A few days since an union with Mr Sutton was a weak picture of the imagination, scarce formed into a desire; my brother has now made it the wish of reason; it will be the cement of friendship, virtue, and all the social affections. It presents me with a prospect of as much happiness as I can enjoy, secluded from the affection of my parents; but, if the choice is permitted, to this affection I wish to return; if I may be allowed to return, to live as a daughter, to manifest a daughter's tenderness, and to receive a daughter's best reward, a parent's love; it is all I ask.

Do not imagine Mr Sutton is the companion of my flight; I assure you he knows nothing of it: I have no confidants, no companion except my maid. I flew to my friend Miss Foston. Hard, to be forced to receive that kindness from a stranger, a brother's cruelty denies. Shelter me, dear sir, from his unkindness, and let me be again

Your dutiful daughter,

LAURA STANLEY.

JOHN CHESLYN TO HIS BROTHER.

London.

POOR Harry! yet if thou must needs be cramming thy adventurous nose into all kinds of

matter, why should'st thou blame the planets, if it should be now and then led into a stink?

Thank thee for thy axiom; in my commonplace book it is down in these words:—A man who hath always a burning fever, need not be afraid of an ague. Deep, Harry, deep!

The most probable cause why thou didst not see the lovely Laura at Plymouth, was her being then upon the road to London.

She arrived in the evening, fatigued and dejected, without having stopt, or scarcely eat, from the time of her setting out.

Being refreshed with a night's rest, and still more by the assurance of Julia's undiminished friendship, she recovered something of her former spirits, and at breakfast gave us the following relation:—

I finished my last letter to you, Julia, in my prison-house, not with tears and contrition, as a good girl ought, but in high dudgeon and resentment. My supper was brought me, without message or apology. All the comfort I had, was in the pity of the good people in the kitchen, who, as Nell told me, agreed that I was worth half a dozen of my sister, and as many such brothers as would stand in a line betwixt there and Wigton Hall. No invitation to breakfast. About eleven I had the favour of a visit from my sister, who began to give me a great deal of good advice. I laid the Bible before her, opened at Solomon's proverbs, and told her, if she would please to read them to me, it would save her the fatigue of invention, and was quite as much to the purpose as anything she could say.

She left me in a mighty passion, which she found means to communicate to the gentle breast of my brother, who entered my room, swearing my proud heart should bend or break.

I was resolved upon neither, and therefore very composedly began to read in a very *à propos* novel, called *The Brother*.

Now this was wrong; for I could neither edify in a proper manner by the book, or by the copious torrent of eloquence issuing from my brother's mouth; it rolled rapidly on for near half an hour, before it shewed any signs of diminution. At length, shewing him the title-page, I asked, if he had sat for his picture to the author, which was so amazingly well drawn that I could recognize every feature.

Instead of returning me a civil answer, he snatched the book politely out of my hand, and skimming it to the other side of the room, what should it encounter but my poor dressing-glass, which, falling to the floor, ended this transitory life in an instant; it dissipated also a parcel of my little patch-boxes and other toilette trinkets, the disorder of which I set myself to remedy with all possible composure.

I had made some progress, and Mr Stanley had got forward in his declamation; but whether he had bewildered himself in the argument, or what had happened I know not; but all of a sudden, with the pious ejaculation of,

D—n your provoking soul! he seized me by the shoulders, and gave me a shake, that I thought had loosened some of my teeth.

Upon a stand by the side of the table stood a basin of very clear spring water, which taking gently up in my right hand, I sent the contents full into the face of my dear brother, with what little force I had. The larum ceased; he retreated towards the door, and mildly assuring me, he would be d——d if I did not repent this, departed in peace.

The next in succession was my mother. She entered with the inflamed air and manner of the mistress of a boarding school going to chastise a naughty missey of twelve years old.

When Lady Stanley is angry, you know, Julia, her articulation is not the most distinct, but it is very rapid notwithstanding. She took even more pains with me than my kind brother had done, for she added to her remonstrances many a shake and many a slap upon the arms and shoulders; all which I bore, as in duty bound, with the greatest degree of patience, only observing, that if she had brought a rod, she would not have found it necessary to fatigue herself so much. Then came the final shake, and after informing me that I was an incorrigible little gipsy, and should be punished in an exemplary manner, she departed also.

I was now in expectation of seeing my father, possibly with a good whip, and put myself in a pious disposition of mind to receive all things thankfully: in this I was disappointed; my father would not do me the honour, and I had peace for several hours.

After dinner, Nell came into my apartment with a face of tragical importance. The most perfect friendship subsisted betwixt Mrs Mary Kent, my sister's woman, and her; so great, that talking to one another, they said, was just the same as confiding a secret to their own bosoms. In dressing for dinner that day, my sister's anger was too great for confinement; she poured it, therefore, into her faithful Mary's ear, who rewarded her confidence as usual with, Yes, mem; to be sure, mem; your ladyship is vastly in the right.

Lord have mercy on us, says Nell, what doings there are in this world! As sure as you are alive, my dear lady, there is the horrid plot carrying on against you that ever was; nay, and against me too, says Nell; for I am to be turned away as soon as you are aboard ship.—On board ship! what then I am to be kidnapped, am I?

Yes, miss, into a convent at Lisle or Brussels, or some other nasty place a great way farther off than France.

When, Nell, when?

In a night or two, miss. A ship is going for Ostend; and young master is to conduct you. Your sister says she shall be even with you now for all your gibes and jeers.

And does my father consent?

Lord, miss, what can he do against 'em all?

It is true, that when Thomas went to change the glasses, he did hear master say, You are too cruel, son William, you are too cruel. But then it was all mum till Thomas went out again.

And Mrs Mary told you this?

Yes indeed, miss, and a great deal more. And for ought I know, Thomas has a bit of an inkling, for he sweethearts Mrs Mary; and I heard him cursing young master black and blue, and he swore he did not value his place of a half-penny, if so be as he could serve you, miss, for because you was one of the best-natured young ladies in the world.

Not having the least inclination to visit a convent in Flanders, I chose to engage Thomas to assist in setting me off for London; who very faithfully conducted at different times, first our baggage and then ourselves, to a post-chaise and four at one in the morning; and off we came like thieves in the night.

Laura having ended her relation, Mr Foston said, that in consequence of his father and sister's desire to see him, he intended to go directly to Plymouth, and, if agreeable, would wait upon Sir Richard, and talk the matter over. Miss Stanley expressed great pleasure at the proposal, and Mr Foston sets out to-morrow.

Thine,

JOHN CHESLYN.

MR FOSTON TO JULIA.

Plymouth.

YOUR grandfather and aunt did not receive me with *all* the pleasure I expected, when they saw I came without my Julia. I was obliged to quiet their revilings, by a promise you should pay them a visit before the first of March. The first of March, Julia.

I stayed dinner the next day, and then set out for this place. My friends were gone to Killington, so that I went to Sir Richard Stanley's immediately. I found my name rather a better passport than Harry Cheslyn's, for it introduced me directly into the presence of Sir Richard and Lady Stanley, and of a venerable old gentleman, who made a motion to leave the room on my entrance. I knew the good Mr Smith, and insisted on his resuming his seat; then, without farther preamble, entered into the business I came about.

You have received a letter, says I, from your amiable daughter; will you favour me with your opinion of its contents?

Sir Richard replied, that, like many other daughters of the present day, she could write with more duty than she could act.

I am sorry, says I, to hear you say so; and must beg leave so far to stand forth the champion of beauty and innocence, as to deny the position.

My dear good master, says the old steward,

she never gave you cause to complain; by my soul, she never did. I would stake my life upon her duty, and may Heaven forgive—

Hold your tongue, Smith, says my lady.

I will retire, my good lady, says the old man; but if my existence depended upon it, in this cause I cannot be silent.

Pray sit still, Mr Smith, says I; when Lady Stanley speaks, I enjoin you to be silent; in reason she can ask no more.

Very free, and peremptory, sir, says my lady; but let us hear what fine arguments can be advanced in favour of a disobedient and run-away daughter.

None at all, Lady Stanley, as long as the charge is general; particular motives might admit some very reasonable ones.

I have no notion, replies she, of exposing family secrets, and making anybody judges betwixt me and my children.

I applaud the sentiment greatly, Lady Stanley; I only wish your ladyship and Sir Richard had always kept to the spirit of it, and had never delegated your authority. It is not of a father and mother your daughter complains. It is of a brother and sister; it is of power assumed by those to whom neither nature nor human policy ever assigned it.

Her son and daughter, she said, had done nothing but what was agreed on in common consultation, and for the honour of the family.

That undue influence will sometimes creep into the wisest councils, we Englishmen, Lady Stanley, know to our cost. And I must beg leave to think you too just, too considerate, too humane, to have adopted harsh measures, from your own deliberate judgment. I appeal for the truth of this to your own retrospection. How kind, how proper, how truly parental, was your behaviour to your amiable daughter before the arrival of Mr Stanley! *Then*, there was no want of duty on her side, no want of tenderness on yours. All was cordiality and affection betwixt you. All was as it ought to be. Your son and daughter brought no new matter, no new accusation. Either, then, your first mild determination in Miss Stanley's favour was wrong, or you will allow your subsequent proceedings to have been so. But the first was your own, and, like yourselves, gentle and paternal. The second, we know by its effects, had other influence. I know also, by the kind benignity of your aspect, Lady Stanley, that you are now returning to your first opinion, and that you will win Sir Richard over with a single smile. I may cease any farther solicitation.

You run on too fast, Mr Foston; a great deal too fast, says my lady: I know of no such mighty obligation we owe you, as to suffer ourselves to be talked out of our senses by you, neither. Once you might have entitled yourself to our greatest regard, nor would an alliance with our house have degraded you, sir.

It would have done me honour, madam ; great honour. But once, unfortunately, in the hour of fondness, I promised Julia she should *choose for herself* ; and I have always thought it the best and safest way, in all human affairs, to keep my word whenever I can. Besides, Lady Stanley, young ladies' hearts are seldom under their own governance ; how, then, should they be under a father's ? Add to this, if you please, that if she takes her own road to happiness, and miss it, 'twill be some comfort that it was her own, not mine. And if she hits it, that is all I want.

You reason upon a false principle, says the lady, when you suppose girls are proper judges of the road to happiness. If they were, so many daughters, I believe, would not take the road to Scotland with players and lieutenants.

The case, Lady Stanley, would seldom happen, if every father would take the method followed by a judicious friend of mine ; the tale is short, and will illustrate this matter better than a thousand arguments.

Mr Winter had a large fortune and an only child, a daughter, very amiable, and something high-spirited ; perhaps not the less so, by having ten thousand pounds at her own disposal, left by an aunt. The young lady was in her twentieth year, when she happened to fall in love, somewhere or other, with a young military gentleman, a perfect master of the airs and graces. As a visitant, he was very agreeable to Mrs Winter also ; for he was smart, satirical, and, at proper times, addicted to flattery.

This affair fell out when Mr Winter was in Ireland, where a large part of his fortune lay.

It never entered Mrs Winter's head, that a man who pretended to no fortune but his commission, could ever presume to fall in love with an heiress, or an heiress with such a man. Yet both these things happened, or seemed to happen ; for there are, I believe, mistakes of the heart, as well as of the head.

Now Mr and Mrs Winter, each of them, deemed highly of the parental authority, and each exerted it, but in a different way. He generally took the soft road of persuasion ; she the high one of command. The natural consequence was, that the father was extremely beloved ; the mother as greatly feared.

When Mrs Winter perceived how matters went, the first step she took was to forbid the captain the house, and interdict her daughter all correspondence with him.

Had the captain solicited a clandestine correspondence with the young lady, her sense of duty and decorum would have made her reject it with disdain. Compulsion, which no human mind can be easy under, brought it on.

Letters flew backward and forward, and the lady indulged her lover with two or three private meetings. The mother discovered these,

grew outrageous, locked her daughter up, and wrote her husband a full account of all.

The effect of persecution, whether for love or faith, is generally contrary to the design. The lovers found means to correspond ; their ardour increased ; and matters were almost ripe for Scotland, when Mr Winter arrived.

Having paid his first devoirs to his wife, heard the pitiable tale, and applauded the lady's caution and sagacity, he paid a visit to his daughter. Such is the force of the transition from violence to mildness, that in half an hour Mr Winter was master of every secret of his daughter's heart, and of every circumstance of her conduct. Though he found much to blame, he found something also to commend, and a treaty was concluded on these conditions ; the lady to be released from confinement ; the house laid open as usual to the captain ; and everything that had passed on all sides, to be consigned to oblivion.

The young lady, for her own particular, staked her honour, not to marry, or come into any engagement to marry, for one year.

Mrs Winter pouted at this convention ; but twenty years' experience having convinced her, that though Mr Winter resigned his will to hers twenty times a-day in things of small moment, he adhered to his own in matters of importance ; she was obliged to acquiesce.

In this year of probation, Mr Winter carried his daughter into the midst of routs and drums, which he had before taught her to despise. Here, by a little artful management, miss perceived that an hundred fops, who deserved only her contempt, excelled her lover in his most distinguished excellence. He brought home also to his own table, men of sense and learning. Miss could not help making comparisons to the captain's disadvantage. In short, before half the year was expired, she gave him his final dismissal, and some months after, married a gentleman equally agreeable to her father and herself.

Now, Lady Stanley, I take my friend's method of proceeding to be right, because it answered the end proposed ; and Mrs Winter's wrong, because it did not. And as I am pretty clear your ladyship is of the same opinion, give me leave to propose a similar project. Take your daughter home ; treat her with tenderness and confidence ; let this formidable Sutton visit her sometimes in your presence ; make yourselves acquainted with his true character : if he proves unworthy, dismiss him ; I will answer for Miss Stanley's acquiescence : if he merits your approbation, I am sure you will allow that two people who love each other, may be as happy with one thousand a-year, which will be the least of his revenue, as with ten.

When I ended, Lady Stanley sat confused and unsettled ; Sir Richard seemed anxious for her reply.

The good old steward, who had testified with tears his approbation of some parts of what I had said, rose, and taking and respectfully kissing the lady's hand, with one knee half bent to the ground, and in a most engaging attitude of supplication, Let me, my good lady, says he, have the honour of offering up my earnest prayer and petition to the same purport; I will answer with my life for Miss Laura's conduct. She always was, she always will be, the delight of those who know her. I love her, if I may presume to say so, like a daughter. At my death she shall find I do, if she will condescend to accept my little all. I have no relations to injure, nor can I do better than return somewhere into the family, the gains, the honest gains, let me say, I have derived from it.

A tear fell upon the lady's hand, which he quitted respectfully, and then sat down.

Lady Stanley was moved. I believe, says she, we must comply, to get rid of these impertinent people. What say you, Sir Richard?

That I shall be happy to have it so, says he; you know, my lady, it was not my fault that—

Don't let us look back, Sir Richard, says I, hastily interrupting him; the future, I hope, will bring us nothing but pleasure. But, my lady, I have another suit; beggars are always encroaching. My Julia comes in less than a month to pay her duty to her grandfather. Permit your Laura to stay so long in London.

Let it be an exchange, on condition, my dear, says Sir Richard, that Mr Foston makes his abode with us during his stay at Plymouth.

Agreed, Sir Richard; I accept the terms with pleasure. But what must I do with my friends, Mr Cheslyn and Mr Sutton? I promise myself the pleasure of spending to-morrow with them at least.

Let it be at our house, says Sir Richard; under whose auspices can the young man be better introduced?

You give me great pleasure, Sir Richard. I have a little business at Plimley's the banker's, in which, Mr Smith, I will beg your assistance. We will return in two hours.

This is the longest letter I ever wrote; and what is worse, it is not finished. To any other mortal living, a fifth part should have sufficed; but you young ladies are so fond of descriptions of passion and sentiment, and I am fond of prating to my Julia, or of anything that resembles it.

I took Mr Smith with me to Cheslyn's inn, where the old man drew me such a picture of the temper and caprice of Mr Stanley, that I thank heaven for giving me a daughter, with discernment to despise, and spirit to reject him.

In his passage to Wales, Julia, he just stopped at Wigton, to discharge the old steward; and was mean enough to give the true reason; his taking Laura's part to Sir Richard and Lady Stanley. Mr Smith thanked him for the favour, and told him, that he should always consider

his dismissal for this cause as one of the greatest honours of his life. This retort procured him abundance of the grossest abuse.

An hour before dinner the next day, I introduced Tom and Harry. It was an hour of abundant stiffness and formality; nor could any man of my acquaintance, Gordon excepted, have rendered it otherwise. The afternoon was something more cheerful, and the evening became entirely so. Judge to how great a degree my lady's reserve and *hauteur* must have given way, when she herself condescended to give the young gentleman a general invitation.

I pass over, Julia, the nothings that ensued for the next two or three days, to come to an extraordinary manœuvre of Sir Richard's, which gave me some pleasure, and much surprise.

After having expressed himself pleased with the genteel, mild, and agreeable manners of Mr Sutton, he added, with a sigh, he was but too well convinced of what his daughter Laura had told him, that his son was, in the qualities of a gentleman, much Mr Sutton's inferior. He saw very plainly, that the great error of his own mind had consisted in attributing too much to wealth and high birth, of which he was pleased to say, I had taught him a more just and far different estimate. That he admired the steadiness of my character, even more than its goodness, perhaps from the consciousness of his own weakness. It was now, he said, too late in life for him to think of setting up a new character; all he could do was to guard against the bad consequences of his own irresolution. That he was very well convinced, from Lady Stanley's private intimations, and from her manner of writing into Wales, that her present behaviour was deficient in sincerity, and that she would relapse as soon as she saw her son and daughter. He had determined, as much as possible, to shelter Laura from the storm, and release her from any future tyranny.

For this purpose he gave me, in writing, his consent for her to marry Mr Sutton, and an assignment, making over to me in trust for her use, ten thousand pounds. These, says he, I put it out of my power to revoke; but there is a third thing which I cannot, knowing my own weakness, so absolutely answer for:—I have made a will, leaving her all my personality; if I can persevere, it will be a few thousands in her favour; if I cannot, she must be content. The old gentleman ended with thanking me for my goodness to his Laura, and hinting his wish that she might stay in London till after Mr Stanley's next visit, of which he would inform me by post.

There is a goodness and propriety in all this, Julia, that denote the old gentleman's disposition to be intrinsically good; I gave him due praise, and strengthened him as well as I could. This being all the needful, Julia, adieu.

J. FOSTON.

ANN SUTTON TO HER BROTHER.

London.

ALTHOUGH, my dear brother, this letter, by Doctor Gordon's advice, is sent express, I fear, before it reaches you, I shall be the whole of your near relations in this world.

There is little probability of our uncle's surviving many hours. The gout has got into his stomach. It was preceded by unusual pains, and a peculiar despondency; his peevishness had given place to a sort of melancholy tenderness, which affected me greatly. We part, brother, when we began to be mutually dear to one another—too often the lot of life. Death is a frightful thing. Hasten, dear brother, to the relief of your afflicted sister,

ANN SUTTON.

JOHN CHESLYN TO HIS BROTHER.

London.

MR FOSTON returning with Tom, gave us a very agreeable surprise. It is not, indeed, without some degree of pain, we bear the loss of a single individual of our junto. Nay, there are amongst us, Harry, some who, notwithstanding thou art as thou art, even wish for thy presence.

Old Mr Sutton died before our friend's arrival, and by the doctor's care, everything was provided for the funeral, so that Tom was at full leisure to indulge his grief. Nancy, whose heart is alive to all the sensibilities, shed unfeigned tears; the tears of heirs are sometimes problematical.

He is now, friend Henry, more shame for thy sneaking elder brother, a richer man than thyself, for his rent-roll is eight hundred and forty-seven pounds sterling, per annum. Repairs and taxes, about eighty. Six thousand four hundred pounds is found in bonds and mortgages. But this is Nancy's property, and is all the doctor will accept till the marriage of his first daughter.

The land is mostly on lease, expiring in about seven years, and will be cheap at one half more rent, provided this kingdom should chance to emerge, and recover its commerce, which I own is a slender dependence.

Harry, I give thee joy of the new year. The two last have been turbulent ones to thee, and they say thou art going to seek tranquillity in matrimony. There are at this day who hold the thing to be possible, though the two terms are generally considered as incongruous.

The ladies here, when they see me overwhelmed with apprehensions of that approaching evil, which, according to their pretty interpretations, is often the case, console me with wonderful variety.—Beware the Ides of March, says the sententious Camitha.—Two men went

to be hanged, says Julia, one guilty, the other innocent of the respective facts. Ah, Tom, says the first, if I was innocent like thee, I could be hanged with some comfort; but, alas! my punishment is owing to my own evil doings.

Now that is the very thing that vexes me, replies the innocent; if I had deserved it, I could have bore it like a man; but to be hanged like a dog, for no fault of my own, it makes me raving mad. So that whether Mr Cheslyn is brought to the noose by the influence of his stars, or by his own evil doings, small is like to be his share of comfort.

I fancy, cries Laura, matrimony is like our cold bath, which I used to approach with fear and trembling, and kept tormenting myself by dipping an inch at a time, till they had flattered or bullied me into the desperate act of shutting my eyes, and sousing over head and ears at once, and then I found it pleasant enough for a few minutes.

Ladies, says the doctor, it's a tremendous business for a poor man to vow and swear that he will have and hold a thing as slippery as an eel; and to take, for better and worse, things which the son of Sirach says are hardly ever known to mend.

Terrible indeed, says Laura; and that thunderbolt of a precept, doctor, "leaving all others, ye shall cleave unto her alone," is absolutely insufferable by man.

Matrimony, replies the doctor, as the Prayer-book informs me, was made for a state of innocence, which our bishops would do well to consider, and alter its form *pro tempore*. When a man takes an oath imposed by the legislature, it is always to the best of his knowledge or belief; a gude hint for a general saving clause in the marriage-service. As for example, when the priest saith, Wilt thou love this woman for aye? instead of the simple answer, I will, which even some canonists hold too presuming, the man should be permitted to say, I will, if I can. To the ladies, I would be still more indulgent; for, to the priest asking, Wilt thou obey? the answer should be, I will, if I please; and this, as far as I can ken, would bring the ceremony to an actual coincidence with the present state of things.

Thus do we sport with our future chains, Harry, all as blithe as birds before they have experienced a cage.

How goes on thy executorship? and how go matters at old Sir Dick's?

Thine,

JOHN CHESLYN.

HENRY CHESLYN TO HIS BROTHER.

Plymouth.

WHY, my executorship, Jack, goes on like a mule, and affairs at the knight's like a tiger.

Odd metaphors, John, but thy genius comprehendeth all things. The good old steward, having nothing to do, is so kind as to assist me very much ; at present, indeed, he is wholly with me, having been obliged to leave Sir Richard's on the arrival of Mr Stanley and Mr Caradoc, with their wives, all as happy as two pair of cats and dogs.

From Sir Richard, Mr Smith brought me a verbal message, importing that he should take it as a favour if I would forbear for a few days to call upon him as usual, assuring me this request did not arise from the least disrespect, but merely to prevent a quarrel.

The old gentleman I intend to obey ; for why should I, as thou elegantly phrasest it, run my nose into all kinds of corrupted matter ? but I will avoid no public place, and if the gentle Stanley bite but his thumbs at me, I will tell him to his beard, "thus did'st thou."

What a plaguy thing it is that our gall-cups should be so ready to overflow upon every slight occasion, without saying to the head, With your leave, or By your leave !

These Ides of March ! would they were over, Jack, and all well. How I pity the gentle Camitha, who hath undertaken to govern a man that cannot govern himself ! Thine,

H. CHESLYN.

SIR RICHARD STANLEY TO JAMES FOSTON.

Plymouth.

At length, by reflecting much upon your good advice, and still more upon your character, I have obtained resolution sufficient to emancipate myself from that most excruciating of all tyrannies, the tyranny of my own children.

My son and daughter, my son and daughter-in-law, and my wife, inveighed bitterly, and with one voice, against the dishonourable and disgraceful step, as they were pleased to call it, of permitting Mr Sutton to enter my doors, and suffering myself to be guided by the counsels of a stranger, in preference to my own family. I bore all with a determined patience for three days. At length, in the very middle of an universal clamour, I took upon myself your spirit, the spirit of a man, and spoke to this effect :—

You, Lady Stanley, being the mother as I am the father of Laura, have a right to take a decided part in what concerns her. But what right have you, Mr Caradoc, or you, Mr Stanley, to interfere with the rights of a father ?

Since you have thought proper to despise and insult the mild, perhaps timid, character, I have hitherto bore, I must assume a new one, and tell you that this mode of behaviour I bear no longer. I *will* consult my own judgment in the choice of my friends. I *will not* consult yours in the choice of a husband for my remaining daughter.

Already I have given my consent to her marriage with Mr Sutton ; and I thank Heaven that she will be no longer exposed to your capricious and tyrannic tempers. By an irrevocable deed, I have given her ten thousand pounds. By my last will, I have given her—all my foolish infatuation has left me to give. No consideration you can urge will make me revoke it.

Lastly, I take the liberty to inform you this house is mine, in which your present mode of behaviour has made you unwelcome guests.

So saying, I left the room abruptly, and withdrew to my own apartment.

What immediately followed this I know not, but in two hours' time I heard a considerable bustle all over the house.

Ringing for my servant, I learned that orders were given for instant departure ; My lady and all, says John.

Indeed ! Please to desire Lady Stanley will favour me a few minutes here.—She came swelling with anger.

What is it I hear, Lady Stanley ? says I ; is it possible you should be going also, without condescending to acquaint me ?

I had divided the family, she said, by a posterous adherence to my own opinions against better judgment, and she chose to go with her children.

Then go, Lady Stanley ; but remember you enter this house again, cured of your infatuation, and submissive to your duties as a wife, or not at all.

It is too late, replies she, scornfully, to learn new customs, and away she went ; and in an hour after went the whole group.

I assure you, my dear friend, I never found myself more at ease. I sent for old Smith, and Harry Cheslyn, to whom I imparted the whole, and we dined together with more cheerfulness than I have experienced for some time. Now, my good friend, I have a petition to you, which I am sure you will grant. Send me your Julia and my Laura directly. They shall go backward and forward to your father's as often as they please. Upon my honour, I will return them both to you in very decent time before the first of March, when Laura shall have it in her own power to be bride, or bridemaid, as she chooses. It would be superfluous to say I should be made still happier by your company and Mr John Cheslyn's. Harry, impatient to see Miss Melton, brings this to town with him. My best friend, adieu,

R. STANLEY.

HENRY CHESLYN TO HIS BROTHER.

London.

THOU art a good fellow, Jack ; it was kindly considered of thee, and I thank Julia for it,

to do my business in my executorship, and leave me a while at liberty to love.

In very truth, I was sick for want of genuine fond conceits ; those that are made at a distance from the fountain-head being all, one way or other, adulterated ; here, I have them like nut-ton pyes, piping hot ; and, to tell thee a secret, which Julia has already taught thee, unless thy head be made of leather, and thy heart of stone, they are the richest food that nature has provided for us.

What a life would that of matrimony be, could we always continue lovers !

There is but one way, Jack, a good Christian way too, and cometh from no less a teacher than the great Apostle Paul :—" Let those that have wives," says he, " be as those that have none." An excellent expedient, Jack ! But stay, there are certain commentators upon ancient fable who will have it that Tantalus was punished for following the apostle's advice, two thousand years before he gave it, with perpetual thirst, and a cup within an inch of his lips. I believe, therefore, I shall eat my meat like other people.

To tell thee a secret, Jack, the only fault I have hitherto been able to find in my Camitha, is, that she is too wise for folly.

I must lay down my pen. Nancy and the doctor are below, and wonderfully contentious ; it is the usual dispute, I suppose, betwixt love and decorum. She thinks it mighty indecent to be married within two months and a half of the death of her dear uncle ; the doctor gives her instances to the contrary, nay, even of widows who have been known to marry in the first month of widowhood.

Nancy, I think, will lose her cause ; the poor girl has not a single body to support her in it, male or female. Adieu.

Thine,

HENRY CHESLYN.

JOHN CHESLYN TO HIS BROTHER.

Plymouth.

In a court of love convened for the occasion, thy project, Harry, has been tried, condemned, and executed, as an impious attempt to murder all the fond conceits of husbands long before their natural termination, and to strangle all the fond conceits of fathers before they are born.

To comfort thee for this miscarriage, I have to inform thee, as by papers enclosed, Nos. I. to V., that the business from which thou expectedst the most trouble, is the soonest finished. And why, Harry ? By my superior faculties. Deny it, if thou canst.

This father-in-law of mine, Harry, ought not to be suffered to go about in a Christian country without a keeper.

Not able to conceive the reason of a particu-

lar fondness he has lately shewn for rambling over Plymouth by himself, I brought an accusation in form against him before our synod ; he pleaded guilty to the indictment, alleging that the privacy with which I charged him, was owing to the nature of his business.

And what is the nature of your business, papa ?

Intrigues, Julia, with the female sex.

That is a reason for excluding Laura and me, but by no means Mr Cheslyn, from your party.

The man is so near being your property, Julia, that without your leave I durst not expose him to the temptation.

Expose him, Julia, says Laura ; if he resist, he will improve in the exercise of virtue ; if he yield, he will improve in the exercise of—making love.

My principal beauty, Julia, is a fair maid just nine months gone with child ; her husband, a sailor, left her two months since with five-and-twenty splendid shillings in her pocket, and a promise to return in six weeks with a sack of Spanish piasters : the poor fellow is now sunning himself in a dungeon at Havre-de-Grace.

In short, Julia, I have been squandering thy wealth away upon a score of relics, thanks to this all-prolific war, who have become so by French and Spanish cannon, or French and Spanish jails. And what is worse, I have done all this without requiring a single certificate of marriage, or a single character of honesty, so that it may have gone forth amongst as arrant jades as any in Plymouth.

I have one adventure upon my hands of a different kind, which really embarrasses me much. In short, I have stumbled upon a German lady who speaks no tongue but her mother's, and whether she is maid, wife, or widow, I am wholly ignorant, and likely so to remain.

One day, passing by a house of common appearance, I saw a little hubbub, and was informed a foreign lady was arrested for debt, and going to prison.

This may redound to the discredit of my country, thinks I, and it has enough already. I entered the house without ceremony, and found two young women wringing their hands in an agony of distress. The very bailiff was cursing his lot because the job had fallen to his share.

The man of the house, though the author of the arrest, was much affected.—If necessity had not driven me to this step, says he, I never would have taken it : but I am neither able to support these poor women, nor to see them starve, and projected the sending them to a public prison, in order to draw some well-disposed persons to their assistance.

The debt was eleven pounds. That the man felt as he spoke, I could easily believe ; because he would not receive the charges of the writ ;

but gave three guineas of his debt to one of the women, and sending away the bailiffs, made signs to whom they were obliged.

This being understood, the elder lady threw herself upon her knees, and kissed my hand, which is a language, I believe, would be understood from Lapland to Ethiopia. I, for my part, was never more at a loss to make my meaning known ; for after I had seated them kindly, and screwed my features into an expression of compassion, I had done my all.

The man of the house gave this account : Five months ago, an English privateer brought into this port a French prize bound from Embden to Cherburg. A German gentleman and these two ladies were passengers ; they came to board at his house ; the gentleman spoke French, so that interpreters were easily had. The elder lady seemed to be his wife, as we judged from their behaviour, though the ladies always lay together.

There seemed to be much uneasiness amongst them, and sometimes they quarrelled. In about a month the gentleman went on board a Dutchman, saying, that he should be back in eight weeks. He left them very little money, and has not yet returned, nor has any letter, that I know of, ever been brought them. They have given me from time to time a watch, several toys, and two silk gowns ; all which are at the pawnbroker's.

I left ten guineas with the ladies, who seemed, by all I could guess, to implore me to visit them again. I have called again upon them twice.

Two reasons operated against my making you acquainted with my bargain ; first, because one extravagant fellow in a family is quite enough ; and secondly, because it may not be altogether proper for them to receive visits from men whose heads are not grey.

No news from Wigton-hall. The old knight is transported with Laura's behaviour ; will have her a bride on the first of March ; and seems inclined to make one amongst us at Henneth, if Lady Stanley still continues refractory.

Thine,

JOHN CHESLYN.

HENRY CHESLYN TO HIS BROTHER.

London.

WITH a retrospect to her own once forlorn situation, my tender Camitha hath painted to us the probable distress of the two German ladies in a foreign land, ignorant of the language, without a single friend, or a possibility of procuring the common aids of life, in such pathetic colours, that our hearts have become interested in their future welfare, be their indiscretions what they may.

I am now, Jack, as all good Christians ought,

looking forward to my latter end ; and, to borrow a phrase from the good housewives, am winding up my bottoms, in order that the day of my regeneration may be burdened with no evils but its own.

In the first place, I have contented the widow, which I take to be a capital performance : secondly, I have found out five of Suthall's poor relations, to whom I have paid two hundred pounds each, which is fifty more than some of them deserve, but that is not my affair.

But the deed for which I most applaud myself, is the bringing a bawd to repentance : not that the case is singular ; for poverty, bridewell, the pillory, and John Wesley, may each of them have done the same thing.

Judge of her penitence, Jack, by the conditions she has subscribed to : To refund the sum for which she arrested Miss Melton ; to pay all the law charges ; and lastly, by way of poetic justice, to give, not to bequeath, one hundred pounds to the Magdalen Hospital.

I feel so much satisfaction and self-complacency, at having conducted these matters to so desirable an issue, and at receiving remittances from America, by which our house will have an overplus of some thousands, after paying twenty shillings in the pound, that I must go and get drunk, either with wine or love. For to-morrow's sake, I choose the latter ; so fare thee well.

HENRY CHESLYN.

JOHN CHESLYN TO HIS BROTHER.

Plymouth.

As all things are ready for our departure hence in three days, I write this as the last letter, to tell thee I rejoice at thy rejoicings, Harry, and at none more than thy last article, because it will be a joy unto thee, by reflection, to thy life's end.

The history of our German ladies, as to us, is arrived at its catastrophe ; but the veil of mystery which covers them, cannot at present be removed. Whilst we were searching Plymouth for a German interpreter, we heard a vessel was just come into harbour, with a battalion of sick and wounded Hessians, on the way from America to their own country. The commanding officer, a genteel young man in black, and of courteous manners, came on shore. We offered him our services in the way of business ; he was thankful, and we became of some use.

We took him to the coffee-house, the usual resort of strangers ; dined there, and afterwards mentioned the little embarrassment we had been under for want of a person versed in the German language. He offered to attend us, and we went together : he speaks no English, but French fluently.

Mr Foston led the way into the ladies' apartment; the elder, on throwing the first glance of her eye on the officer, clasped her hands suddenly together, screamed aloud, and fell back into the arms of her attendant. I threw my eye on the officer, whose right hand, I suppose by an involuntary motion, had seized the hilt of his sword. A flash of disdain seemed to fill his eye, whilst anger flushed his cheek: add to this a strange stare of astonishment, and you have the best of my painting. The lady opened her eyes with a wild vacancy, and when again they had fixed upon him, sprung from her attendant's arms, and threw herself at his feet: the other lady first found her tongue; what she said we knew not; but the gentleman, who had not seemed to notice her before, no sooner cast his eyes upon her, than he underwent, as we thought, passions of a complex, and to us unintelligible nature. At length he found words; questions, I suppose, and she answers: at first, these seemed to indicate anger, afterwards were more gentle. By and by he condescended to raise the weeping lady, who was still clasping his knees, and led her to a seat; then turning to us, Gentlemen, says he, this lady is my sister; will you add to your other goodness, that of leaving us a few hours together? I will then attend you at the coffee-house, where I shall be happy to have you my guests for the evening. We accepted the invitation, and departed.

Sir, says he to Mr Foston, when we met at night, it is incumbent upon me to express the gratitude I feel for your most generous support of my sister. Unhappy girl! I fear she has been imprudent; I fear she has reposed her confidence in a wretch who has abused it. On this account, and on the death of my father, I have been recalled from America, where I have served three years, but have now thrown up my commission. The letters of my friends have represented my sister's conduct in a very unfavourable light, and her seducer, the son of a German baron, in that of a villain, who deserves the gibbet.

My sister's account is an extenuation of his guilt and her own imprudence. Uncertain as I am of the real state of facts, you will excuse my entering into a detail; when I am master of the truth, you shall know it.

As to the other young lady, she was, and is still, dear to my heart. Friendship, to a candid mind, would palliate, though perhaps not wholly excuse, some improper steps her great affection to my sister has caused her to take.

Poor girls! they have been amply punished, and, but for your benevolence, must have sunk under their miseries.

Once more he thanked us, and regretted his want of time to cultivate our friendship and esteem; then seemed inclined to turn the conversation into a different channel.

It fell upon the American war. We wished

to have his opinion.—If, says he, you can make the Americans cut their own throats, you may succeed in retaining your sovereignty; for as to yourselves, and we Germans to help you, you really cut so few *per annum*, that you must call in the assistance of the next generation. The misfortune is, they breed as fast as you.

To be serious, says he, although I have been engaged in it, and am, besides, the subject of a despotic prince, I like neither the principle, nor the general conduct: above all, I detest the sordid part we have taken in it—for daily bread.

In short, Harry, we found the young gentleman's conversation so agreeable, so rich in information, so fruitful in anecdote, that we made a late evening of it, and parted with reluctance. This day we accompanied the ladies and himself to his ship, taking his promise of a visit this summer to Henneth.

This world, Harry, produces a number of chance medleys, which when we can solve no other way, we have recourse to the other. In compliance with the custom of the good old woman of all times, I shall tell thee, that by a wonderful providence, Jackson the tailor, the legatee of Suthall, and the landlord of the house where our ladies lodged, are the same identical personage, who received the two hundred with such all-out-of-proportion marks of joy, that I interdicted him the use of sheers for a week.

No correspondence hath as yet passed betwixt Sir Richard Stanley and the inhabitants of Wigton-hall. Yesterday Mr Smith had a letter from Mrs Nelthorpe, in which she says, they are all to pieces, that she is weary of her life, but declines all farther particulars.

Another associate, Harry. You will scarcely conceive Mr Foston's pleasure in receiving letters from his old friend Lewis, who informs him, that he is preparing to set out with fourteen thousand pounds, a wife and daughter, to end his days in his own country. Never man spoke so much in praise of a woman, as he of his wife, whom he humorously bequeaths to Mr Foston, in case his battered body proves unable to stand the voyage. Foston will accept the legacy.

Adieu,

JOHN CHESLYN.

MRS GORDON TO MISS POLLY JARVIS AT OTTINGHAM.

Henneth.

THE series of correspondence I have hitherto kept up with my earliest friend, under the simple name of Ann Sutton, spinster, must now, my Polly, be closed, but intend it shall be continued under that of Ann Gordon.

When I informed you about Christmas last, that the first of March was fixed upon for the union of two of our pairs at least, you returned

me a laughing answer, with a wager of a pair of gloves against it ; founded upon the palpable improbability of lovers continuing in the same mind two months together.

The thing, however, has actually come to pass, Polly ; and, by the growing grievances in the Stanley family, Miss Laura has been added to the group. St Bride's church in Fleet-street was graced with four virgin brides in white and silver, and four bridegrooms in brown and gold ; the first denoting innocence and purity, the last a resignation of all claim to those unmanly virtues.

There is a playfulness in my lovely, lively sister Laura's imagination, that would not permit her to compose herself to gravity, even on so awful an occasion. And since, when we brides are by ourselves, she is always letting fall some arch, humorous observation or other, that makes us laugh, whilst we are ready to beat her.

Having sent our male, female, and neutral baggage by another road, we ourselves made a little snug party of three post coaches and four, and came to this place by the way of Windsor, Oxford, Gloucester, and Hereford, travelling at great leisure, and seeing what was curious in all those places. There is, however, a sort of perturbation of mind attendant upon this important change of condition, which, I suppose, usually renders ordinary objects trivial ; at least I found it so.

I gave you, Polly, a description of this sweet place formerly, from one of my brother's letters.

The moment I get to house-keeping, I shall claim your promised visit ; and then you will see how little it is in the power of the pen to do it justice.

But what are the beauties of the inanimate objects around, when compared to the minds of the animated beings within, accompanied by every virtue ! My dear Polly, I cannot express my happiness.

Adieu,

ANN GORDON.

P. S. You will express it better nine months hence, sister Nancy, or give no credit to the arch deceiver.

LAURA SUTTON.

SIR R. STANLEY TO JAMES FOSTON.

Plymouth.

MY VERY WORTHY FRIEND,

I HAVE received my dear Laura's dutiful and affectionate letter, informing me of her marriage, which I rejoice at with all my heart ; pray give her my blessing, and the fond wishes of a father, who feels his future happiness dependant upon her alone.

I thank you, in the name of Smith and my-

self, for your cordial invitation to Henneth. We intend to accept it within a month. The good old man is overjoyed at the prospect. It is impossible to say how much he reveres you, and how much I think myself your debtor, for making me acquainted with his wisdom and his virtue. I have kept him forty years ; but, oh, pride, pride ! you knew him better in an hour.

All the correspondence I have hitherto had with Wigton-hall, has been in one letter, and its answer, of which I send you copies, because you will see in them our respective frames of mind, and rejoice in the new-acquired steadiness of your old new friend,

RICHARD STANLEY.

Wigton.

SIR RICHARD,

THAT ever I should live to write to you in such a cold formal manner ! but it is all your own doings.

How could you be so headstrong, and set yourself against your wife and family, all for the sake of a parcel of busy meddling people, and a disobedient run-away daughter ? And I hear she is going to be married to that Sutton ! if so, I have done with her.

My son William and daughter Harriet are quite enraged ; and well they may ; such a disgrace !

Yet notwithstanding you have acted so posterously, they say they are willing to meet you half way, which to be sure you will gladly accept, when you consider how wrong you have been. So I expect a line from you, inviting us to a reconciliation.

Your affectionate wife,

HARRIET STANLEY.

MY DEAR LADY STANLEY,

We have been husband and wife upwards of thirty years ; in all which time, to the best of my remembrance, your ladyship's will has been the sole governing power. Now it's my turn. Better late than never.

As to your dear son William, and your dear daughter Harriet, when I can prevail upon myself to pay the humble duty of a father, and implore their forgiveness, for daring to do what common sense must approve, I will fly to throw myself at their feet : till then, I will be silent.

Your daughter Laura, Lady Stanley, is married. I bless God she has so far degenerated from the family folly, as to prefer happiness to wealth. I am going to spend the summer at Henneth. I go to my Cordelia. Regan and Goneril ! farewell.

These doors, Lady Stanley, will be always open to their mistress. Only, if you enter them with your present way of thinking, they will be open also for my exit.

Still I am your affectionate husband,

RICHARD STANLEY.

DOCTOR GORDON TO ARCH. LOCHIEL, ESQ. AT
INVERNESS.

Henneth.

EVER since I left the blue mountains of Inverness, I have written, Archibald, for thy instruction, of all the good and evil of my conduct; but of the good or evil that befell me on the first of this instant March, have I not wrote.

On that day, it pleased the fates to deprive me of the solitary life of celibacy, and call me to a better, even the holy state of matrimony; into which I entered, like the starved weazel into the granary, without considering which way, when my belly was full, I should get out. Seven other spirits, bent on the same hazardous enterprize, almost petrified the poor priest, with the *quantum* of mischief done to mortal man in one day.

Thou art familiar, Archibald, with all their names; but we are associated together for no other purpose on earth (saving population, Archy,) but to sow the seed of happiness on our own ground, and diffuse the plant around us, as far as we are able. Now the point is, to go about it like workmen.

Zeno advises the soil to be manured with apathy; and then, says he, misery cannot grow upon it.

Nor happiness neither, says Julia; let us call another adviser.

Epicurus, Mrs Cheslyn, says I—

Is an apostle for pigs, replies she. Let us have no more of him than just to get fat by; pleasure is not *all* we want.

Julia has contracted to take no prescription but yours, says Mr Foston; let Greece and Italy, therefore, rest in peace.

Our pursuit is happiness; let us first consider of our ways and means. In the first place, we have four thousand acres of land to cultivate, and cause to be cultivated. We have houses to build, and the little village of Henneth to make into a town.

We have two thousand fine oaks to fell, and twice as many to plant.

Now, honest Hugh Griffiths assured me yesterday, that he thought it impossible a man should be happy who has nothing to do. When he wore a tambour waistcoat, and indulged himself in the noble employment of lounging; My heart, says he, was as heavy as lead. But when he was ruined, and had betaken himself again to the awl and strap, his heart was as light as a feather.

This *postulatum* being granted, I propose, continues Mr Foston, that every man amongst us should be a man of business, of science, and of pleasure.

We must have manufactures, that other folks may be as happy as ourselves, and that Julia's children may be brought up in the way they

should go. We must have commerce, or the manufactures will be useless.

Now the whole business relative to lands and houses I propose to be under the care of Tom Sutton and myself, because it is suitable to our tempers and inclinations; and that the rest of you, men and brethren, should consult your own propensities, and act according thereunto.

This general and extensive outline, says Mr Melton, pleases me prodigiously. I propose that Harry and I should associate in the mercantile way, and, making Cardigan our port, stretch our canvass over the Atlantic; that is to say, when ministers will permit. One of my occupations in Rhode Island was that of building ships. There is a little cove within four hundred yards of Camitha's lawn, which a little money might change into a dock. Let that also be assigned to Harry and myself. Your timber will find the most profitable market; and, in two years, the business, in all its branches, may give employment to about one hundred of your people.

Excellent! said Mr Foston; four of us are as well disposed of, as Solon himself would have wished.

Now, says Mr John Cheslyn, I find the singular utility of being brought up like an English gentleman.

Doctor, I propose that you and I associate; though education has done nothing for me, nature has; I have legs to carry me out for the gathering of simples, and arms to pound them in a mortar. One way, indeed, there is, in which I have thought I might be made useful to your society. My principal study has been the law. What say you to the novelty of an attorney practising—without a fee? This, properly managed, and extended only over our own domains, may possibly preserve something of the peace, and more of the pence, of our waspish Welchmen, as fond of litigation as their cousins the Normans.

It is a gude thought enough, Mr Cheslyn, says I, but, take my word for it, if you follow that business, and no other, I shall have a frequent patient of you; and, by and by, a crossone.

Faith, if you and I associate in manner and form following, you with the addition of law, and I of physic, we shall stand, according to Mr Griffith's *postulatum*, highest of all in the scale of felicity.

I understand something of my own country linen manufactory; Welch women may be taught to spin, and Welch land to bear flax. But, above all, I consult my own propensities in the erection of a dome to make glass bottles. I have marked a hill abounding with excellent flints for the purpose; and when we have made glass, man, it will be the easiest thing in the world to make spectacles.

Agreed, most worthy preceptor, says Mr Cheslyn; I trust you will find me no small block-head of a pupil; but that's your own affair.

Well then, says Mr Foston, so far for the disposition of business ; we shall have a thriving colony.

With regard to science, the whole range of natural philosophy lies before us. May it find successful cultivators. Let us pursue it, not as dilettanti, but as men in earnest to extend its boundaries. Let us divide the country into regions, and each preside over his own.

As to the article called pleasure—

Leave it, says Laura, to your wives.

To this we gave an assent universal, on condition there shall be no monopolies.

And now, Archibald, what thinkest thou ? If love and friendship, peace and plenty, a quiet mind, good digestion, and something to do, cannot procure happiness here below, I care not how soon I leave Mount Henneth for heaven.

So, fare thee well.

W. GORDON.

MRS GORDON TO MISS POLLY JARVIS.

Henneth.

I HAVE now, my dear Polly, had a four months' experience of matrimony ; a period of time in which it hath sometimes happened, that all its sweets have been exhausted.

I am not sensible of the least diminution of *my* felicity, nor have I yet perceived any reasonable ground of fear.

I should not scruple, like other honeymoonal brides, to call myself the happiest of women, did not I see, before my eyes, Julia, Camitha, and Laura, equally happy as myself.

How should it be otherwise ? I would tell you our husbands were the kindest, tenderest of men ; only that as you read novels, Polly, you would be apt to draw them in your imagination, making studied, formal, perhaps fulsome speeches, or languishing and dying by the hour ; not one of which things did they condescend to do, even whilst they were lovers.

Politeness of the head our gentlemen reserve for lady visitants ; for us they have a politeness as well as tenderness of the heart. The sure indications of both, Polly, are those looks of soft complacency and love ; that entire good humour ; that sweet serenity and ease, which denote their heartfelt satisfaction.

I cannot resist the desire I have of making you acquainted with our distribution of time, because our amusements are in themselves a rich source of pleasure. We breakfast early, because our gentlemen are all men of business, and generally devote the hours till three, the hour of dinner, to it. In fine weather, we ladies have a world of work in our plantations, groves, and grots ; or we make excursions into the country, as we best like.

When the air is sharp or rainy, we have our harpsichords, our tambours, and our pallets. At such times, the gentlemen have their philosophical experiments.

At the hour of three more properly commences the reign of pleasure, of which the ladies are entire arbiters. Wit, mirth, love, friendship, and good humour, combine to make the dinner and supper hours as lively as possible. No separation ensues ; an hour is generally given to music ; another, perhaps, to a pleasing walk ; perhaps to cards, which we are not philosophers enough wholly to despise. Sometimes a dance, sometimes one of those ingenious plays of the intellect, frequent enough in Wales, where wit, and whim, and chance, combine to produce something, like the cross reading of newspapers, droll, extravagant, yet of applicable allusion.

Thus, dear Polly, have I given you a kind of skeleton of our life ; nothing but your own eyes and ears can make you comprehend it substantially. To see it, you must marry, and *associate*.

Sir Richard Stanley and old Mr Smith have been here a month. The knight declares he never saw happiness before, and has actually added a room to the house building for my brother, to be appropriated to himself only.

We have no correspondence with Caradoc Hall ; no notice has been taken of Sir Richard Stanley by any of that family. Mrs Nelthorpe has left Wigton, and, in a letter she writes to Mr Smith, says, they are in such a helter-skelter way, quarrels have been so frequent amongst them, that Lady Stanley is very unhappy ; torn by two contending passions—the wish of returning to Sir Richard, and the shame of submission.

Oh, Polly ! the transcendent happiness which has fallen to my lot ! Never, never can I think of it, without offering up my silent thanks to Heaven.

Your happy

ANN GORDON.

END OF MOUNT HENNETH.

BARHAM DOWNS.

A NOVEL.

BY

ROBERT BAGE.

BARHAM DOWNS.

MR DAVIS TO MR WYMAN.

Barham Downs, March 23, 1780.

THY counsels, William, have ever to me been productive of the highest utility ; thy prophecies, not worth a straw. Yet I confess them well grounded for the generality of mankind, to which, be it vanity or consciousness, I choose to consider myself as an exception. True it is, that one month, one little month, the whole of the time since I left the busy bustling world for this Elysian scene, is too small to permit me to say, I ground my preference of solitude on actual experience. No, William, I ground it on eight years' actual experience of the world of which I have had so perfect a satiety, that if thy prophecy of my wishing to return to it again, had been supported by the honoured shades of my father, grandfather, and all the ascending line to the days of Alfred, all would have been too little for my belief.

Do not imagine now that I am going into the common-place strain of railing at mankind, and all its wicked ways ; or that I imagine my own life has been marked by any peculiar wretchedness. Two instances excepted, of which I will disburthen my heart to thee as soon as I can think of them with more tranquillity, nothing has happened to me, but what happens to thousands ; and, in my present frame of mind, I am inclined to call *that* felicity, which others call ruin.

I was born the youngest of two sons of a family of wealth and title. My father was the second of a more numerous offspring. On this account he had been sent into the world to mend his fortune. When the title and estate fell to him, he was a merchant, and retained a bias in favour of the name to his dying hour.

In his idea, no character under heaven was

so useful, or so respectable. The philosopher, in the pride of his heart, says, we have polished and humanized mankind, by our writings. The divine lays claim to this honour for his order, to whose precepts and examples mankind is indebted, for that mild spirit diffused over society by religion. No, says my father, the history of all ages is a slanderous libel upon the clergy, if *its* pious endeavours did not always tend to keep mankind in a state of ignorance and barbarity, rather than draw it out. Something may be due to the philosopher, indeed, as an auxiliary ; but it is to the exalted character of a merchant, mankind owes its opulence, its refinement, its liberality of sentiment, and all the blessings derived from these rich sources.

Doubtless my father carried this idea too far ; but you will not wonder that I was placed in an eminent house, in consequence of it, at the age of eighteen ; nor that at twenty-three I should commence merchant upon my own bottom, upon a capital of fifteen thousand pounds.

Whilst my father lived, I succeeded very well ; but he died in the third year of this event, which was that of the year 1774. Neither my temper, nor the habits contracted from fourteen to eighteen, were fitted to encounter the approaching evils. If you did not know both perfectly well, I should give you sufficient information, by telling you that I relieved myself from the fatigues of business by a few pages of Virgil or Horace ; and too often, when I ought to have been answering foreign correspondents in my comptoir, I was in my secret cabinet, deeply engaged in the guilty coinage of a stanza, an elegy, or an ode. In 1776, my only sister married a lord ; an affair, as it proved, of some consequence to me : when I have strength to tell you my family history, this will form a part. Soon after this, I began to be embarrassed in my circumstances, partly by failure of remit-

tances from abroad, partly from other contingents. Two years I struggled against my fate, when fortune brought you to my relief. By thy friendly counsel and assistance, I escaped a broken heart. By these aids I have obtained freedom, health, a competence, and peace. In short, I have one hundred and fifty sterling pounds per annum, a little house on the edge of the Downs, a most faithful dog, and the neatest old woman in three parishes. For bodily health, I have taken possession of all the footpaths five miles round; and I have half an acre of garden; where the gaudy tulips shall "woo their flaunting lovers to their arms." For bodily recreation, I have Calliope and all her lovely sisters. There are men and women also; of whom I may chance hereafter to make honourable mention. Thine for the present,

HENRY DAVIS.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Barham Downs, March 30, 1780.

AND so it is still a firm article in thy creed, that a man who has once lived in a crowd, can never live long out of one? I deny the truth of the position; and if I allowed it, I deny that it can be applicable to me: I never *lived* in a crowd. But why trouble thy metaphysic brain with what man *must* do, and *shall* do, by hypothesis? I ask of thee only an ordinary belief of the things that are, and whilst they are. Men and women, thou sayest, are the most changeable animals in the universe. I answer in thy law language, Seen and allowed. And thou inferrest that I shall change also. Granted, William: My clothes yearly; my taste and opinions daily; all but one; when I prefer sickness to health, or, which is the same thing, London to Barham Downs.—Enjoy thy triumph, Counsellor William; thou hast as fine a disposition to travel on in the high turnpike way of thinking, as any son of Levi could desire. "If I continue my present way of life, I must be a misanthrope; for a man must either herd with his species, or hate them." And why? If thou answerest this question at all, it must be either as a lawyer, or as a woman. That is, thou must chicané it away, or say it must—because it must.

Another of thy wise observations, is, that a man, to be happy, must have something to do. True, William; but does it follow that he cannot set himself to work? The ingenious author of Columella, indeed, has wrote his book to prove man incapable of this effort, when pleasure or profit have no share in the inducement.

From the window of the parlour in which I now write, I have a view of a tall spire-steeple at the distance of three miles; I will go this instant into the church-yard, take its altitude with a quadrant, and leave thee and Columella to de-

termine the operating quantum of pleasure, or of profit.

* * * * *

The lord of a thousand acres, who procures himself an appetite by the destruction of his neighbour's corn and fences, is to be pitied. By what simple and innocent means have I obtained the same end? I hate argument; henceforward I will speak to thee only by facts.

Do not imagine, William, I am here a determined recluse. I neither hate, nor shun, nor court society. All I wish is, to be happy with or without it. All I contend with thee for, is, the possibility of being so.

One mile from my solitary dwelling is a large and pleasant village, inhabited by several opulent families, and honoured with the mansion of a lord. It has a pretty decent inn, with a good bowling-green, at which I have twice made my appearance, and set the Justice of Peace, the Justice of Peace's daughters, the Rector and his wife, and half the remainder of the parish, into a tumult of inquiry, concerning my birth, parentage, and education. This just curiosity will hardly be gratified, till I please. That I have changed my name, you know, and disapprove; but all my reasons you do not know. I do not pretend they are good ones, but the desire was too strong to resist. Not to dwell at present upon the resentment that occasioned this desire, I am going to give thee a little account of my vicinage.

To give due precedence to rank and high birth, I must first mention my Lord Winterbottom, a young nobleman whose very ample possessions are making frequent elopements to Jews, and pickpockets of sundry denominations; and whose integrity—has been at court. This place is honoured with his residence about three months in the year.

The next in rank is Sir Ambrose Archer, a gentleman advancing towards middle life. From twenty to thirty he embarked, like other young men of fortune, in the career of folly, and reduced his fortune from three thousand per annum to two. At thirty, he had sense to see his error, and, what is more uncommon, resolution to amend it. He took also an unusual method of doing it. Instead of hunting for a place at court, a wealthy widow, or a rich lady citizen, he retired to his country seat, retrenched his expenses, braved the laugh of the fools he had abandoned, and became—a Man.

The superintendent of the Baronet's house is Miss Patty Archer, a maiden lady of fifty, whose character I shall give thee a summary of, in the emphatic words of my old woman—Shoo's nought, mon, I promise yo.

Pass we therefore to Justice James Whitaker, Esq., a mortal rich gentleman, worth a hundred thousand pounds, and nobody i' all the varsal

world to give it to, but his two daughters, God bless 'em, for they are the prettiest bodies i' all the country; and as good as they are handsome. The squire's well enough too i' the main, but he's so easily turned and twined; the last mon has him.

These angel daughters, William! twice I have seen them at church; twice I have met them walking in a beautiful grove of oaks, their father's property, where, till I hear it is forbidden ground, I shall frequently retire to—muse upon the past. I have had enough of angels.

Mr Delane, the parson of the parish, has the reputation of being a good sort of man—in his way; and a powerful preacher; I have reason to believe this, having seen at least half his congregation at rest from care; and myself unable to resist the soft influence of his gentle monotony. He has a son at Cambridge, and two daughters at home; the eldest pitted with the small-pox, and vain of her sense; the youngest of her beauty.

Though last, not least in love, honest Thomas Parrett, the keeper of St George; a man of such infinite fat and good-humour, that his jolly sides shake from morning till night, in spite of his wife's shrill clarion. The first day of my going, I had the pleasure of hearing her assure Thomas that he was a pitiful fool, and a drunken fool, and an obstinate fool, and an idle fool. To which Thomas replied, Thou art a child of excellent fancy, Jenny; and hast the prettiest names for things. Do, Jenny, tell the gentleman in thy good-natured way, what a damned fool I was upon the third day of November, 1759.—Oh, you nonsensical oaf, says Jenny, this is all the good I get for the pains I take to keep things in order. This house will soon be at sixes and sevens when my head's laid. What will support your great guttling carcase then, you pot-bellied fool?

God bless thy sweet pains-taking face, my pretty little Jenny! replies Thomas; I shall for ever doat on thee, so long as thou keepest thy own excellent hand at brewing. Never think I shall long survive thee, pigsnye; I will only stay to drink up the last drop of thy handy-work, Jenny, and then lay me down, and—sleep.

Polly Parrett, the daughter, a plump lass, with a fine black and rolling eye, sat in the bar during the dialogue, which was of some length, without seeming to pay it the least attention.

With her own lily-white red hand, she made me sixpenny-worth of punch, and invited me into the bar to drink it. Several gallant things passed betwixt us, especially upon the subject of *Sir Edward Balchen*, who lay upon the window-seat, and upon concancy in love.

A constant lover, says Polly, (heigho,) is a black swan.

Abate of thy severity, William; what is life without its bagatelles? Thine always in earnest,
HENRY DAVIS.

MR WYMAN TO MR DAVIS.

London, 6th of April.

IF I was an absolute monarch, Henry, I would not only hang up all my idle subjects, such as thee, but I would cause the heads and precordia to be dissected *alive*, of all who pretended to think and feel contrary to the common course of thinking and feeling amongst mankind. Just as if I was a cowkeeper or a shepherd, I would extirpate from the herd or the flock, every cow and every sheep that sought the solitary corner to feed in, whilst the rest of the species was grazing in a distant part *all together*.

Zoons! Davis, I am in a paroxysm of rage whenever I contemplate thy folly.

A hermit at thirty-one! A fellow, too, who has health, the full power of his limbs, and an understanding, such as it is, unimpaired, except by this single frenzy. A fellow who can hew wood and draw water for ten, and yet will let the bucket down into the well, only to slake his own thirst.

In the common state of society, according to the best calculators, you owe at least two children to the state. This most just and necessary war has brought you in debtor for a third. Who is to get these for you, sir? An hundred thousand men in red are fighting from pure public spirit and *amor patriæ* for the rest of their dear countrymen. An equal number in black, are either praying, or putting cases from the same motive; a million are making buttons, or battledores and shuttle-cocks; whilst thou, useless to every purpose for which a wise father would have begot thee, art basking in the sunshine of the shade. "Ye gods! what havoc does the want of ambition make amongst your works!"

Supposing it possible happiness could be obtained by the pursuit of a good-for-nothing scheme like thine, tell me, Mr Henry Davis, what right have you to be happy your own way?

'Sdeath, sir! I can read Horace as well as you; instead of which, I am condemned to read Coke upon Littleton; to be harassed with the wills of the dead, and the wishes of the living; and to seek the elegance as well as the eloquence of Cicero, in briefs and pleadings. And when I have done this from morning to night, I *must*, by way of recreation, hear fools declaim upon politics, or fribbles upon dress; or the bawdry of ladies, in terms of the purest chastity; or I must hear Signora squall, or see Harlequin jump into a wind-mill; when, if I had been as impertinent and as selfish as thee, I should have chose the conversation of ONE SENSIBLE FRIEND, though I had *chained* him within ear-shot; and if I could have made him serve no other human purpose, he might have been of some benefit to the community, by bearing the foul discharges of a lawyer, which might otherwise have dirtied Westminster-Hall.

A very honest vintner came to me the other day for my opinion of his case ; and thus he stated it.

I bought, says he, a horse of Mr A——, the stable-keeper, and paid him honestly for it. I had not had him three days in my possession, before I perceived he was dim-sighted. Some friends of better judgment than mine, said he was going blind. I represented the matter to Mr A——, who pretended to know nothing of it. So not to be wanting in proper care, I called in a farrier, who did what he thought proper ; but the horse went blind in less than half a year, and that d—d scoundrel A—— swears the farrier and I have blinded him by unskilful treatment. But I will be revenged, if there's any law to be had for love or money ; so I come for your opinion.

My opinion is, that, for a great deal of money, you may have a great deal of law, but whether you can get a verdict in your favour will depend upon your proving Mr A—— to have defrauded you.

I can prove it as clear as the day, says the vintner, and I will set lawyer Felton to work directly.

A few days after this comes Mr A——, the stable-keeper and publican, to ask my opinion whether an action would not lie against Mr B——, the vintner, for selling him twenty dozen of red port, *for which he paid him honestly* ; but not having occasion to use it for five months, he found that in that time it had gone quite sour.

Now by dint of cross-questioning, and some suspicion, I found that this very wine had been paid for the very horse ; and that these worthy gentlemen had cheated each other ; and in their several statings, conscience-struck, neither Mr B—— had said one word of the wine, nor Mr A—— of the horse.

Now I swear to thee, Harry, that I would willingly have counselled them to *be honest*, and to dismiss the cause. But as I knew this could not be, I gave Mr A—— my verbal opinion, that an action would lie. And will it not, Harry ?

When my client was gone, I sat down to swear at the villainy of mankind, and at what is more troublesome, its folly ; for he who states his case falsely to his lawyer, is almost as great a fool as he who does it to his physician.

A man, Harry, who decides, *as I have done*, upon the cases of others, may have cases of conscience of his own to put ;—and to whom must he put them ? Not to the world, for the world has already decided upon lawyers' cases. Nor to the Pontifex Maximus, for the judgment of priests upon sinners, especially those who pay no tithes, are—such tender mercies.—

No ! ONE SENSIBLE FRIEND is here the pearl above all price. But the man is gone into the wilderness, not to repent, but to do things meet for repentance. I have heard him howl from the desert, and call it harmony. As melodious

as the song of frogs in March is it to the ears of his Counsellor,

WILLIAM WYMAN.

MR DAVIS to MR WYMAN.

Barham Downs, 10th April.

YES, William ; I grant thee, I am an unhappy maniac, of the penseroso breed ; in return, have the goodness to allow thou utterest thy strains, *con strepito, con furia*. In plain English, thou art *raving mad*.

Till I have told thee all my little tale, thou wilt be a demoniac under pretence of ignorance ; and *when* I have told it thee, perhaps thou wilt continue so, under pretence of wisdom.

Thou knowest my birth, and that eight of the first years of my young-man-hood were spent upon the Change, and amongst the "busy haunts of men."

My worthy brother, and I, from the time we whipped our tops together, had no sentiment in which we agreed, except a hearty dislike to each other. Notwithstanding which, during my father's life, we made shift to keep up a decent shew of brotherly affection ; and after his death, I still continued to use my brother's house in town familiarly, and sometimes took a family meal, without being absolutely spit upon. My sister, who still lived with my brother, loved us both so equally, and we returned it so exactly, that Aristotle himself could never have determined which of the three was strongest in affection.

My sister had a friend. Ah, William, *hinc illæ lachrymæ* ! This friend of my sister's had a lovely shape, lively spirits, and a most piercing pair of fine black eyes.

She was, when I first knew her, about twenty-four years old, had just lost her last parent, her father, who had left her about four thousand pounds ; and as my sister was at this time courted by Lord Conollan, and wanted a confidante, as all women do on such occasions, Miss Lucy Strode had accepted her invitation, to reside a few months, till she could settle herself to satisfaction.

Although at first they were only boarding-school acquaintance, the friendship betwixt these two young ladies soon grew to an astonishing height. A separation of a few hours was a burthen scarce to be supported ; and when together in public, they were quite unable to refrain giving each other the strongest and tenderest proofs of this violence of affection.

I ventured now and then to rally the ladies upon this mode of behaviour, and when this produced no effect, I was forced to inquire upon the lips of Lucy,

What secret charm there could in kissing be.

Miss Strode was by no means one of those prudes

who make a rout about the small favours. A kiss was, in her estimation, nothing but a kiss, and let a man make the best of it. I, however, who had not been accustomed to the food, found it delicious, and at last preferred it to my daily bread.

Something more than you already know of the character of my brother, is necessary to be given, in order to account for the little interruption he gave to any schemes carrying on in his own house, whether they were good or evil, unless they affected immediately his purse, or his humour.

I am as well convinced of the manner in which we come by our ideas, as Mr Locke ; and attribute as much to association as Mr Hartley himself ; but my brother, and a brood of ducklings hatched under a hen, equally inform me that organization and temperament are predisposing causes of no small moment. Else tell me, whence this brother and I, fed upon the same food, viewing the same objects, taught by the same masters, and instructed in the same rudiments, should still form principles, opinions, and habits, as different as two people educated in England or in Turkey could have done ?

He was, from a boy, surly, indocile, and intractable. So unsociable also, he would seldom be got to play with my sister or with me.

As he grew up, he conceived, I suppose, a kind of aversion to the Latin tongue, which our masters would have called incapacity, had not the progress he made in arithmetic forbade it.

Tales and little histories, the delight of lads in general, he detested ; but over a book of algebra he would pore with all the marks of stupidity, by the hour.

He kept, however, the progress he made in this science to himself ; and it was long impossible to judge of his genius or understanding ; when these were developed, he came out an astronomer, geometrician, and calculator universal.

On the death of my father, his propensities had to go their own way ; and they became the wonder of the *country* neighbourhood ; for in town, where my brother likes best to live, for reasons you will see hereafter, a man may shut or hang himself up, and the neighbours not care a straw about the matter.

My brother shunned all society, male and female.

His hours were spent alone in his library, amidst spheres, diagrams, and calculations ; at the head of this latter class stood Change-Alley transactions, annuities for lives, and bills of mortality.

As he was a considerable adept in these mysteries, he took it into his head to *speculate* a little out of his library ; and his first speculations being successful, he acquired a taste for growing immensely rich, and this was accompanied by its usual concomitant, Avarice.

To complete his character, he obtained the habit of drinking. Grave, and almost silent, at his only public meal, his dinner, he betook himself after it constantly to his library ; there, as mathematicians are the most regular of mortals, it was his constant custom to smoke tobacco, drink red-port, and go to bed drunk at ten.

A gentleman thus engaged was little likely to give fashionable lovers any interruption : My lord and I therefore enjoyed our *parties quarrées*, and matured our growing loves with all the satisfaction imaginable.

Lucy and I were now perfectly agreed. I lived but in this tender, kind, obliging maid ; and the tender maid consented to unite her fate with mine, on the day of my sister's nuptials.

In the meantime, the executor of Lucy's father had put the whole of her fortune into a banker's hands, to lie till a mortgage could be had. One, on which the sum of six thousand pounds was wanted, fell under my notice. I advanced the two thousand, and the deed was made in Lucy's name. I designed the whole for a marriage settlement ; and to have provided thus well for my amiable girl, gave me exquisite pleasure.

My sister's fortune was ten thousand pounds ; my lord wanted twenty. He got access to the mathematician, who gave him a very sedate hearing, and then assured him, the wisest nations on the continent gave no marriage-portion with their females, and that the English would do well to imitate this laudable custom.

My lord answered, that in England, where wives made so considerable a part of the expense, the custom would be a bad one. He then desired him to advert to his particular case, in which his sister would bring him a revenue of four hundred pounds a-year, and have the expenditure of as many thousands.

My lord, replies my brother, Mr Sympson, in his excellent treatise of Annuities on Lives, founded on the bills of mortality of the city of London, will inform you, that my sister's life being worth no more than fourteen years' purchase, and, if we take the danger of child-birth into the account, not quite so much, she has a right to purchase with her ten thousand pounds an annuity of—let me see—will your lordship repose yourself whilst I make the calculation, which is something long and laborious ?—beginning at the same time to set down his figures with all the composure imaginable.

You will make the calculation at greater leisure, says my lord, when I am gone. But to what end is it to be made at all ?

Just to inform your lordship, says my brother, how much, as a prudent man, you ought to allow my sister to spend annually, founded on the joint consideration of—

Founded on the d—l ! says my lord, a little too hastily for a prudent man ; Zoons, sir, do you mean to laugh at me ?

Let me tell your lordship, replies my brother, the pains I am willing to take for your lordship's instruction, are ill repaid by passionate exclamation.

I want none of your instruction, says my lord; Tell me in one word, will you, or will you not, increase your sister's fortune, to make her something a more suitable match for a man of my rank and affluence?

In one word, replies my brother, No. Take her, or leave her.

Do me the justice, then, says my lord, to inform her it is owing to your avarice solely that the match is broke off.

Conjunctively with your lordship's, replies my brother.

After a few more replies and rejoinders, the worthy peer departed, leaving his antagonist to make what report he thought proper.

Any girl of sense and spirit would have despised my lord for this conversation, and its issue, and would sooner have broke her heart, than have submitted to ask a renewal of the treaty. But my sister's affections were so deeply engaged, at least to the coronet, that she took to her bed in such a fit of disconsolation, that no soul but my brother's could have stood it out. Lucy also, as friendship required, vowed that she would share the woe of her wretched friend, and never again look up, to man at least, for happiness.

The sighs and sobs of these afflicted fair ones, moving my brother as they would have done Mount Caucasus, it fell to my share to expostulate with his lordship. My first overtures producing only contempt, I was under the necessity of informing his lordship in the most elegant language possible, that—he was a scoundrel.

This could be answered only in Hyde-Park, where we fired two pistols at each other with great politeness. The seconds interposing, we came to terms, my lord agreeing to remit five thousand of his demand, and I to advance the same sum, *pour l'amour de ma sœur*.

For this act of generosity, I could hope to receive my reward from no soul living but my Lucy; my sister indeed, as to exterior, was pretty, and not uninviting; but of liberality of sentiment, she had not a jot; and much more than her brother, she loved—herself.

In her way, however, she returned me thanks, and preparations for her nuptials were immediately made. But that Lucy was silent concerning this piece of heroism, mortified me not a little.

She seemed also to be graver than usual, and made some demurrers, I think you lawyers call them, to the celebration of our marriage along with my sister's. I endeavoured to remove them with all the fondness of a lover, and pleaded her promise.

Things were altered, she said, since she made

it; she had then no reason to doubt my prudence; but this extravagant act of generosity had given her no small alarm.

The hint operated *à la merveille*; I grew sick and dizzy, and in a few minutes took my leave.

This extravagant generosity! That appellation I knew would be given it by the good folks of *this world*, and all the folk of *this world* might have abused me for it, without causing any strong emotion. But Lucy! from whom I expected applause—in very truth, for whose sake I did it—To ease her gentle bosom of the pangs it felt on account of her inestimable friend—for whose happiness she would at any time lay down her life—Lucy to utter this!

She made, however, too much a part of my being, to suffer me to stay long from her. Our next meeting, on her part, was cool, formal, and reserved; on mine, it was elegy, complaint, and pathos.—To whom can I fly for consolation under the common evils of life, if my Lucy refuses to be my comforter? The last ships from Carolina have brought me no remittances, nor hopes of any. A sugar vessel, freighted for me, has been taken by the enemy, and by a mistake of my broker's, not more than half the cargo insured. But what are these and a thousand evils more of the like kind, compared with the loss of your smiles, my Lucy? *Love* is felicity, not wealth. There is no difference betwixt ten thousand, and ten times ten, except what the imagination makes; and mine is so taken up with the thousand thousand joys I am going to possess with my Lucy, it cannot descend to contemplate earth-born things.

Thus went I on, with the native eloquence of love, carrying everything, as I thought, before me; when, in the midst of a most tender strain, to enforce which I had laid my head upon her gentle bosom, as she oft had permitted me to do, she interrupted me thus:—

I think, Mr —, *all things considered*, it will be better entirely to drop our design of coming together. Our tempers are quite unsuitable. I should always be alarmed at the thoughts of what your heedless generosity might reduce us to; and don't find myself qualified to be a comforter of manifest imprudence. This disposition you would call by a thousand odious names; so we should substitute wrangling for happiness, and become the mutual plagues of each other.

This icy declaration, William, froze my blood. And this is really and truly, Lucy, the sentiment of your heart?

It is the sentiment of prudence, says she.

The prudence that dictates it is diabolical. What evil spirit has taken possession of thy lips? It cannot be my Lucy that speaks.

She rose with resentment. This is a specimen of what I am to expect through life.

I have had a specimen too, Lucy, that—sinks me to despair.

Gentlemen of such nice sensibilities, she had

a notion, were not the best sort of people to live with.

The woman who wants sensibility, Lucy, wants a woman's principal excellence.

She was glad we were come to a right understanding before things had gone too far.

They *have* gone too far, Lucy ; they have undone my peace.

I took up my hat, and with a bursting heart, walked home to my house ; the house I had newly taken, and fitted up with elegance to receive my beloved Lucy. I went comfortless to my apartment, threw myself dressed upon the bed, and—waked all night.

The next day I crawled to my compting-house, read a few letters, dictated the answers, and again betook myself to bed.

The following morning I had several foreign letters ; some contained bad news ; at another time I should have thought they announced my ruin ; I read them now with indifference.

I was sinking into a kind of stupid lethargy, when a footman from my brother roused me effectually. From Lucy he brought me the following billet-doux :—

SIR,

YOUR behaviour on Wednesday night convinced me of what I long suspected, that we were not formed to make each other happy in the marriage state. For which reason, I presume I am entitled to your thanks, as well as my own approbation, for having this morning given my hand to your brother.

Your affectionate sister,

LUCY * * * OSMOND.

This was accompanied by a letter from my brother ; the contents as follows :—

BROTHER HARRY,

I HAVE taken Lucy Strode to wife. No doubt, as you are a man of fine sensibility, which I take to be a fashionable word, invented to palliate half the follies of the age, you will think you have a right to reproach me. And why ? Lucy Strode assured me she never would be yours. Ergo, she was free to be mine if I chose it. But if I have done you an injury, let me repair it by giving you good advice. Either our actions are fated, or they are not. If they are, it is absurd to resist, or murmur at destiny. If they are not, it is equally absurd in a wise man to let his peace and happiness depend upon the actions of others. Whatever is, is right. Could you comprehend the all-embracing philosophy of this little sentence, the silly things done under the moon would never afflict or disturb you.

Whatever is, is right.

One day you may think so.

Your loving brother,

GEORGE OSMOND.

The reading of these letters made me at once a hero. I was above love, above resentment, above everything in this world. It was some hours before I could recover human passion enough to return the following answers :—

TO LADY OSMOND.

YOU are entitled to my thanks. I give them, *from my heart*. Be happy—if you can.

HENRY OSMOND.

To my brother thus :—

SIR GEORGE,

IF baseness, ingratitude, perfidy, be right ; whatever is, is right—for nothing can be wrong.

If you have not in the new state you have entered, a far greater portion of happiness than generally falls to the lot of any born of human race, you have made a bad bargain. Such as it is, I would not take it off your hands at *any price*. I renounce your consanguinity.

HENRY OSMOND.

These were fine braveries, William ; to keep them up, I sought out two or three companions to spend the evening at the London Tavern ; staid late, and came home decently drunk, and conqueror, as I thought, of all human infirmities.

I awoke the next morning in a burning fever, which made a rapid progress. The fifteen following days I was delirious and happy. When I waked from my long dream, I was reduced to extreme weakness. I believed myself dying, and was pleased with the belief. My physicians thought otherwise, and forbade me to be troubled with business a fortnight longer. Before that time, however, I insisted on being made acquainted with the state of my affairs. My most faithful clerk had omitted nothing in his power to stop my approaching ruin. My bills had been protested, my creditors had met, and a statute of bankruptcy applied for. This my clerk prevented. Nor was this all ; he wrote to my brother, explaining my situation, and requesting the loan of 2500*l.*, with which he engaged to reinstate my credit. Receiving no answer, he applied personally to him. My brother, with the utmost sang froid, shewed him my letter ; expatiated largely on the insulting conclusion ; said I had been long lost to prudence—and to him ; and finally ordered my clerk to trouble him no more. He would have waited also on Lord and Lady Conollan, who had been married at the beginning of my illness ; but they had set out immediately for Italy.

Reflect, my dear William, a moment upon this torrent ; consider the weakness of my body ; the disquietude of my mind ; and condemn me, if thou canst, for yielding to my fate without a struggle.

Bankruptcy now became my only wish. A statute was taken out at my own request. On the day of my surrender, many of my creditors shed tears. My books were clear, and the balance of good debts in my favour, though payment was unhappily procrastinated, was upwards of 4000*l*. I was solicited to suffer my statute to be superseded, and two very worthy merchants offered me loans to any amount I chose. I was deaf to every overture of this kind. Happily, betwixt my first and second division, large remittances came, just sufficient to enable me to pay eighteen shillings in the pound. My humane creditors insisted on closing the statute, and leaving me the remainder, if I could get it. Some matters left to myself required counsel. My good genius directed me to thee. By thy aid I recovered considerable sums, paid the two shillings wanting, to all my creditors, many of whom received it reluctantly; and finally, with the remainder of the money, obtained 150*l*. per annum, an annuity for life.

In short, I owe to thy spirit, thy kindness, thy friendship and humanity, more than my life—I owe the peaceable enjoyment of it, together with as much of happiness as angels and brothers, the memory of them I mean, will permit.

When I forget what I owe thee, William! Alas! I can *only* remember. Thine,

HENRY DAVIS.

MR WYMAN TO MR DAVIS.

London, 15th of April.

THY letter, Harry, for a while, deceived me into an opinion that thou wert justified in thy sentiments of the world, and right in secluding thyself from it. It was the momentary triumph of feeling over reason. I was betrayed, *against nature*, into a fit of *sensibility*, which, as thy brother says, leads to infinite absurdities. It has led thee to the absurdity of remembering exactly what thou ought'st to forget; and of forgetting what thou ought'st to remember. Under the figure of a man thou resemblest a petulant boy, who, because he cannot have the toy that strikes him, will not eat his dinner. Because thou could'st not have thy Lucy's love, a thing perhaps which never existed, thou didst not think thy rank in the community, thy utility, thy fortune, and thy fame, worth regarding. Now with respect to Lucy, what didst thou really lose? A train of fond ideas, of which thou wert become enamoured; change this train, and thou hast not, on this side, lost a groat.

And it is owing, I suppose, to some nice point of honour, some refined and delicate feeling, some species of *sensibility*, that thou hast never before mentioned to me, that singular circumstance of the 2000*l*. advanced to Miss Strode;

and thy perfect acquiescence, such I take it to be, in the loss.

And wilt thou do this, Harry? Has sensibility sunk thy spirit so low, that thou wilt bear to be robbed, insulted, laughed at? and suffer the inhuman pickpockets to wanton in thy spoils? Or hast thou delivered thyself over to the literal interpretation of thy Bible-book? and when a man takes thy cloak, givest him thy coat also?

A plague upon it! I am doomed, in spite of myself, to love those animals the best, whether of the male or female gender, who have the greatest share of this cursed *sensibility*, which I am every hour wishing at the devil, with all the appurtenances thereunto belonging.

A lady, a genteel lady, a lady of admirable shape and air, and motion and complexion, a sensitive plant like thyself, came to me yesterday in mourning for counsel.

It seldom happens that the history of a life is necessary to elucidate a case; but the little this lady was obliged to communicate of hers, was of such a kind—so sweetly told—so *instructive*, Harry, that I believe I shall not comprehend her case clearly—till I know it all.

When the lady left me, I set about the consideration of other cases left for my inspection—I could not understand these neither. Some of the lady's were perpetually mingling with, and confounding the others. My head, like uncle Toby's, was a smoke-jack. What the devil ails me? Pray for me, Harry.

WILLIAM WYMAN.

MR DAVIS TO MR WYMAN.

Barham Downs, 20th April.

IF thou hadst held metaphysic conversation either with thy own head, or anybody's else, thou could'st not have fallen into so egregious, so unphilosophical an error, as that of supposing the fond ideas of which a man becomes enamoured—Nothing.

They are the *Man himself*.

When the fancy of roasting live Christians had taken possession of reverend heads in the mild and merciful reign of Mary, a monk of magnitude comes to the lowly dwelling of Margaret Staines, and having squeezed through the door, caught her in the very fact of praying to the Lord, out of a book which those cursed Protestants had caused to be printed and dispersed amongst their heretical and impious crew.

After having questioned Margery of her faith, and finding that it went plump against the fundamentals of Holy Mother Church, the rosy priest denounced against Margery, roasting alive here, and broiling hereafter, in case she did not change her damnable opinions.

And how should I change 'em? says honest

Margery; they are got into my head, and for the soul of me, I can't get 'em out.

Then fire and faggot must, says the monk.

I don't see the need of it, replies Margery; if I have sinned, I have sinned against the Lord; and to the Lord alone belongeth punishment.

Damnab! woman! answers the priest, in a rage; knowest thou not the Lord hath given Holy Church the power to punish or to save?

'Twas the worst thing he ever did in his life, replies Margery.

Prepare for death and hell! thundered out the monk; in three days thou shalt be burnt *in terrorem*.

God's will be done, says Margery; if I am burnt, I shall be a saint in heaven, where I shan't be crowded with monks.

So Margery, because she would not change the train of fond ideas, suffered martyrdom.

Mend thy philosophy, William. But indeed it will mend itself; the lovely mourner will instruct thee far better than the seven wise masters of Greece.

Spare me, dear counsellor, yet a little while spare me, on the subject of demanding back the two thousand pounds from my lady sister. I acknowledge the justness of thy remarks; yet there is a something, an indignant something, I think, which swells my bosom, and raises me above the dead.

People who correspond in the epistolary way, for friendship or amusement, cannot avail themselves of the custom amongst men of business, who, when they have no more to say, say no more.

On the contrary, those who sit down to write upon nothing, have all the world before them, and amongst young lady correspondents especially, it is a sort of petty treason, to send blank paper to a friend.

These pretty creatures are seldom embarrassed either about the matter or the manner; men, on the contrary, if they have had the misfortune to learn to read and write per grammar, are often embarrassed with both, as I am at this instant. The world is too nice a world, and thou art too nice a fellow, to bear wise reflections. Sooner than hazard a moral sentiment with thee, *made on purpose*, I would write thee down the conversations betwixt my old woman and myself—upon household stuff. But nonsense from young and lovely lips is privileged from time immemorial, and no rough cynic under seventy dares to call it by its right name. From young and lovely lips therefore thou shalt have it.

A few days since, just at the dawn of eve, I met the two Miss Whitakers in my favourite walk, the grove. With all the grace my dancing-master gave me, I took off my hat, and in the prettiest words I could so suddenly put together, requested to know if the liberty I took in walking there would be taken amiss?

Certainly no, replied the eldest. Provided, says the other, you pay tribute.

Young ladies, says I, are accustomed to claim hearts for tribute; but where there is no property, kings, and beauty, still superior to kings, must lose their rights.

A very genteel way, Annabella, says the youngest, of telling us what we have to expect if we fall in love with this gentleman.—And have you really and truly disposed of your heart for ever and ever?

No, really and truly, replied I, I have got the fugitive safe *here*, where he is under the care of three guards, more watchful, I hope, than the dragon of Hesperia.

See, Peggy, says the eldest, what a lesson this gentleman gives to us giddy girls.—May we ask the names of these guardians, sir?

Poverty, honour, and a too faithful memory.

All three traitors, cries Miss Peggy, of a thousand years' standing. Not one of them will make the least defence against a pretty girl with twenty thousand pounds.

'Tis twenty thousand to one against their ever being put upon it. Their business is, to defend my heart—against itself.

Well, sir, says Annabella, may it rest in peace.—What was you thinking of, Peggy, when you asked tribute?

Of an ode, sister, to the divinities of the grove. I took it for granted, from Mr Davis's pensive step, from the place, and from the time, that he had an affair with one or other of the muses; and I thought the commerce ought to be taxed for the benefit of the Hamadryads.

It begins to grow too dark, sister, says Annabella, for us, who have no affair with any mortal or immortal *here*.—Mr Davis, we must wish you good night.

You will permit me, ladies, to see you in safety at the door of your house, and to thank you for the very great pleasure your condescension and affability have given me.

Your company will be very agreeable to us, says the elder, a little farther than the door—if you dare venture.

I dare do anything, returned I, but fall in love; that I *must* not do; but I feel that I am very sensible to the charms of wit, good humour, and politeness.

Amidst this pretty small talk, we arrived at the Justice's, to whom I was introduced, and we fell into a general conversation; I even staid supper, and received a polite invitation to afternoon tea when I found it convenient.

The Justice seems not to labour under any superfluity of sense. In politics, he is a tory; and defended the present ministry tooth and nail, till the last sixpence upon malt; a more violent attack upon the rights of the subject, than was ever committed by the Charles's and the James's—all together.

The young ladies are in person the most love-

ly my poor eyes ever fixed upon; they are also extremely alike; and in an engaging simplicity of manners, have no equals among the Lady-Maries of my acquaintance. Annabella, the eldest, is the gravest also, and seems the most reflective. The youngest, Margaret, has a greater portion of lively spirits. If effects follow their causes, this should have more wit, and that more understanding. How does thy mourner, William? Adieu.

HENRY DAVIS.

MR WYMAN TO MR DAVIS.

London.

DAVIS, you are right. Peace and a cottage are preferable to plague and a palace. Successive views of vice or folly often raise the temperature of my blood a score of degrees too high, and I find at length, bluster how I will, of all the employments on earth, I have stumbled upon one, the trade of a father-confessor excepted, the least adapted to my constitution.

No mortal counsellor dare tell his client-fool of his folly, or his client-rascal that he is a rogue. Every one would tell his own story, his own way, and combine to lie an honest lawyer out of his bread.

In former days, our order was principally employed in defending integrity against cunning, and weakness against oppression. Now, Scoundrel *versus* Scoundrel, is the proper title of a vast majority of those litigations which support our numerous hosts; whose myriads, pestilence and famine would less decrease, than the arrival of simple honesty amongst mankind.

Oh, for minds irradiated by the beams of the true sun of philanthropy! like that of my lovely mourner, who is to mend my philosophy—— Would she would become my tutor!

She is a Welchwoman born and bred, and an Irishwoman instructed; and yet she is of all the women I ever saw, the most — pox upon it! When I am about to praise the sex, thy Lucy comes into my head, and mars the eulogium.

Once upon a time, in great distress, by what means I do not yet know, she made a friend of an Irish quaker, one Arnold, who, dying, left her 9 or 10,000l. He was an apothecary in Dublin, and had a brother in London, who dying about twelve years since, left him a considerable fortune. About three thousand pounds of it were lent in London, by sums of three, four, or five hundred pounds; and the design of these several loans being to do good to the borrowers, the simple-minded quaker of Dublin thought it a sufficient reason for their remaining *in statu quo*. These sums were a part of Miss Ross's legacy, and at Mr Arnold's death, partly a desire of gathering them together, and partly a

wish to change the scene of sorrow, induced her to take a journey to London.

The principal debtor (for his sum was 800l.) was a Mr Cromford, a merchant, or styling himself so; a safe man, a smiling, a complaisant man; who not only offered his best assistance, but his house also. Miss Ross accepted the first; but being accompanied by a Miss Singleton, and both disposed to see all London, by night and by day, she chose to decline the second.

In conversation with Mr Cromford, Miss Ross found that it was the custom for ladies in such cases to give a letter of attorney to some friend, in order to avoid personal trouble; accordingly she gave one to Mr Cromford. It was necessary also to give him the notes and bonds, which she had not the least scruple of doing; and amongst the rest, his own. Ladies are apt to place too much confidence in men.

In less than two months, such was the diligence of Mr Cromford, that he had collected and paid into Miss Ross's hands upwards of a thousand pounds, and Miss Ross, to express her gratitude, had made Mrs Cromford presents occasionally of fine muslins, fine lace, and I know not what, to the amount of fifty guineas.

Things were going on in the prettiest manner in the world, when one morning, Miss Ross received the following letter.

COPY.

The bailiff who arrested, and brought me yesterday to this place, informed me where you lodged. It is true, madam, I owe you two hundred pounds. I inherited the debt from my father. The interest has been duly transmitted. I am a young man, and yesterday was happy in myself, my family, and prospects. I am cautious how I reproach you, madam, because you may have been deceived; but surely never was a family so wantonly ruined. In eight days I could have paid the money; I told Cromford so. Once upon the hustings at Guildhall, I called him time-serving scoundrel; I think him so still. It is to this, perhaps, I owe my ruin. If you are deceived, madam, and have a compassionate heart, No. 12, in Fare-street —— I cannot go on.

THOMAS HUNT.

King's-bench prison.

Miss Ross trembled as she read; and without losing a moment, Miss Singleton and she, attended by a footman, drove in a hackney-coach to No. 12, in Fare-street.

The shop was shut up, a prentice boy conducted the ladies to a small parlour behind it. A pretty-featured young woman, with a face pale as death, and expressive of unutterable anguish, sat suckling an infant three months old at the breast, and holding in her other arm a

sweet girl of a year and a half. Miss Ross, unable to speak, threw herself into a chair, and in spite of every effort to the contrary, fairly fainted away. Miss Singleton recovered her by the help of the smelling-bottle, and she was relieved by a copious shower of tears. All this Mrs Hunt observed, with a look of silent amazement. A very decent maid-servant had slipped into the room, and whispering her mistress the name of her guest, took from her the eldest girl. As soon as Miss Ross was able to speak, she spoke, and taking Mrs Hunt by the hand, bid her be comforted, and everything should be done to remedy this unhappy event. Mrs Hunt made no answer, but bending over her infant, and clasping it to her bosom, relieved herself as Miss Ross had done before. You, Davis, would have enjoyed this concert of tears. I had rather have been on a pilgrimage to Mecca.

By and by, they came to calmer sensations, and Miss Ross, having repeated her comfort, stepped into the coach with Miss Singleton and drove to the King's-bench. Mr Hunt appeared before her with the conscious dignity of an injured man. She felt herself the culprit, and asked his pardon. They understood each other presently. She intended to have sent him rapidly home to his wife, but soon found she had not credit to obtain his release. She drove to Cromford's. He was unfortunately out; so that she was under the necessity of going to her lodgings for money to pay a debt due to herself. I believe the case is singular. At length she got him released, and carried him to his own house, where, in the meeting of his wife and children, she enjoyed the most exquisite pleasure, that minds of a certain unhappy cast can receive. There are souls more substantially formed, who had rather eat venison.

As Mr and Mrs Hunt seemed at present too high-set for the dull conversation of business, Miss Ross took her leave, inviting herself to breakfast the next day. On her way home she called at Cromford's, with malice, she confesses, in her heart. He was gone to the King's-bench.

The next morning, she was waited upon by one of Mr Cromford's clerks, who brought her the money she had paid the day before, the remainder of the notes and bonds, all but Mr Cromford's own, and a letter from his master; wherein he informed her that as she had thought proper to set Hunt free without his consent, it was evident she intended to act for herself, and therefore he had sent—et cetera, et cetera—not desiring any longer to be the agent of a lady of such a capricious turn.

All she said to the clerk, was, Very well; and not having time to examine the notes and bonds, she went directly to Fare-street. The shop was still shut, and Mr Hunt who received her, had an air of dejection. When she inquired into the cause, he told her, that notwithstanding her great goodness, which he most sincerely acknow-

ledged, so great must be the run upon him in consequence of his arrest, that it was impossible he should stand it. He had therefore made up his mind about the matter, and had determined to sell all up; pay his creditors, and begin again with what was left.

This was a consequence, however, Miss Ross could not bear, and by mere dint of obstinacy, she drew from the delicate mind of Mr Hunt, that about four hundred pounds might stand his run; but that it would be six months before he could wholly repay it, and twelve before he could pay the original loan.

The original loan, Mr Hunt, says she, shall never be required; I make a present of it to Mrs Hunt, and a poor one too, for the anguish I have inadvertently caused her; and if you can support yourself by the loan of four hundred pounds for six months, or twelve, or by twice the sum, if necessary, it is at your service; and I shall be happy in having been able to repair my error.

I leave you, Davis, to imagine all the fine things that gratitude said, and goodness returned: shop was directly opened; Mrs Hunt's pretty features recovered their harmony; Mr Hunt the lively sharp air of a London citizen; and Miss Ross her spirits.

Not to discompose them again, she devoted the remainder of the day to amusement; the next she missed her bond. She wrote a civil note to Mr Cromford, requesting him to return it. The answer was that her note was unintelligible. She endeavoured to explain it. Mr Cromford's memory was defective; he totally forgot the bond, and the debt also. She called three times. He was always out. It became necessary to think of taking advice, and she had the whimsical peculiarity of desiring to be recommended to an honest counsellor, as if she had been ignorant of that well-tried maxim, set a thief to catch a thief. Somebody as ill informed as herself sent her to me, and I have given her some advice which she has taken, *and some which she has not*. Cromford is almost brought into subjection, by my airs, as I am by hers. Pray for me, Harry. My prayers are offered to a deity not perfectly pitiless neither; for though she will not gratify my wishes, she says she will one day tell me a tale that will cure them. Thine,

WILLIAM WYMAN.

MR DAVIS TO MR WYMAN.

Barham Downs.

WELL! let the stricken deer go weep! But is it not atrocious, William, endeavouring as thou hast endeavoured, to steel thy heart against that cursed sensibility, that thou should'st at length be wounded with an arrow dipped in its unhallowed dew!

Cupid did not take his stand
On a widow's jointure-land;
Neither did he set his foot
On a tall tree's ancient root;
But the random boy, oh dear!
Dipped his arrow in a tear;
And did make a sad example
Of a wretch, who dared to trample
On sacred sensibility.——

Vile slanderer of thyself! Where are now thy ravings? Wilt thou at length acknowledge, that in the whole compass of nature, there cannot be an object so interesting to a MAN, as a beautiful woman, exercised in acts of mild benevolence? Go on, lovely Miss Ross; *Macte virtute esto*; and may thy kindred angels inspire thy gentle heart, to punish first, and then reward!

Oh, but the tale—that is to pour the healing balm into thy wounded bosom. Ladies there are, who could, if they would, tell tales of themselves, would cure the arrantest puppy of his love. But these will not—and Miss Ross cannot. Tell her I defy her. Thine,

HENRY DAVIS.

MR WYMAN TO MR DAVIS.

London.

THY poetry, Henry, is just as good as thy penetration; and thou hast learnt, of our most worthy, most christian neighbour, to chant forth thy *Te Deum*, with a full throat indeed, but without a victory. It is true, Miss Ross has pitiful nerves; but I forgive her this, in favour of a certain Amazonian goodness, so very much unlike the feeble, gasping, dying virtue of the generality of the sex —— That is to say, in London, Mr Davis; sacred be the country, and the country maids. I'll quarrel with no man. But about this same love, Henry; I will point thee out a distinction. I love—naturally; thou—elegiacally, after the manner of Tibullus. I swear I will have her if I can. If I cannot, Henry; mark. No dying, or getting drunk. No green sickness. No pining in deserts. I will bully myself into reason as I would thee. And she has told me the medicinal tale—and she has given me leave to communicate. This favour thou owest to thy apostrophe. Thou wilt know by it she is a woman.

But the manner of telling this tale, Henry? Hers is frank, easy, sometimes humorous, but always tender, always modest. The two latter I cannot imitate; I will tell it thee, therefore, MY OWN WAY.

In the midst of a dark and dismal night in the month of February, a post-chaise, conducted by a neighbouring farmer, and his servants, arrives at the village of Llew, a little out of the road from Chester to Holyhead. The travellers were a gentleman and his servant going post to

Dublin. Their chaise had been driven against another in the night, and thrown into a ditch. The gentleman's left arm was broke, and he had a wound upon the head, from which the blood flowed plentifully. The servant, less hurt, scrambled to the farmer's house, conducted by the glimmering light of the kitchen. The farmer rose with the mingled irascibility and kindness of a Welchman, muttering, it was tamn'd shame for gentlemen to ride in the night, and break their ponies, and tisturb quiet people; but was very alert notwithstanding, in giving all the aid in his power.

He conducted the chaise to the house of Mr Ross the surgeon, under whose care he left the travellers, having been liberally rewarded.

Now, if I do not tell you, their wounds were dressed, the bone set, the chaise dismissed; and that they were refreshed with cordials, and put to bed, there will be a chasm in the story; and if I do, there will be a chasm in my system; which is, not to say a syllable of those small circumstances, which *must* follow the things that have gone before.

A lawyer clipping the wings of circumlocution, will at least be a curiosity.

Mr Ross's family consisted of himself; his daughter Kitty, a girl of sixteen; an apprentice lad; and Susan, a maid of all work. The morning had assembled these all together in the kitchen, to a breakfast of milk pottage; for the surgeon-apothecary, though a great man in his way, was almost as poor as a Welch parson. They were deep in speculation and conjecture, concerning the quality of their guest, but had agreed in nothing, except that by the information of a red coat, and a cockade, he was an officer, when the servant came in to desire Mr Ross's attendance upon his master. Overnight this man of science feared a fracture of the skull; a matter something above his abilities. In the morning it appeared to be a cut, the principal danger of which was, that it would heal too soon for him to boast of its being the greatest cure performed in all these parts. As to the broken bone, it was so common an affair, that Mr Ross's reputation was concerned to dismiss it hung in a sling in eight days at the farthest. But as this might not be altogether so agreeable, he was obliged to exert his skill in keeping the wound of the head in such a state as to justify a longer detention; and when the officer demanded his opinion, he answered with great solemnity of aspect, that could he, as he hoped, be able to repel the attack of the febrilious matter, and prevent a collection under the occiput, so as to establish a cure in thirty days, an account of it would make a conspicuous figure in the medical commentaries.

The officer gave this practitioner what credit he thought proper, and secretly determined to send to Chester for better advice; but as he was

charged with dispatches of some importance, he found it necessary to send forward his servant to Dublin, which he did on the following day.

The servant, therefore, had this day only to tell his own tale, and his master's ; and being a man of gallantry, he told it to Susan with such eloquence, and so much *à la mode de son pays*, that Susan declared him the best-spoken man she had ever seen in her born days.

My father, says he, was a gentleman of the very greatest distinction amongst the ancient families that defended their liberties against King Henry the Second, and there they lost their all, and their lives into the bargain, so that my father had no other inheritance but four acres of land, and a house at the bottom of it ; and as this was as well cultivated as any potatoe-plantation in the country, my father and mother and seven sons and daughters might have lived at their ease in it, like gentlefolks. But everybody, Mrs Susan, don't know when they are well ; and for my part, I conceived the noble ambition of recovering the inheritance of my ancestors, by the sword. For this laudable purpose I enlisted in the army, and carried a brown musket about two years, in all which time no enemy appeared in the field of battle against us.

Now you must know, Mrs Susan, that our corps was quartered in Dublin, which is the finest city in all England ; and the time I had to spare from the duties of my profession, I devoted to the service of the ladies, who are very handsome, and some of them so good-natured, they cannot find in their hearts to deny a pretty fellow anything. I always loved good-nature, and therefore never was better pleased than when in the society of these engaging creatures, and was always happy in defending them from insult.

One night it happened that a riot arose in a house where a few of these ladies had assembled together, in order to amuse themselves, with two gentlemen of the army, and two of the university. The sword and the gown, Mrs Susan, have been at variance from all antiquity, as that fine Roman history, wrote in question and answer, informs us. So it fell out this night ; but, contrary to the usual course of things, the gown this evening bore away the military palm from the sword itself. Death might have ensued, if I and one of my comrades had not marched boldly to the field of battle, and separated the valiant combatants.

One of them just sinking under the chance of war, proved to be my present master, the Honourable Mr Corrane, second son to the Earl of Cronnot, the noblest, bravest, most generous gentleman in all Ireland. And the gentlemen of Ireland are as much above the gentlemen of England, as a potatoe is above a turnip. Ah ! Mrs Sukey, I wish I had time to make you conceive something of an Irish gentleman ; by Jassus, he will make an Englishman drunk ten times in five hours, and run him through the body,

before he has time to draw his sword. And then for a pretty girl ! oh, let him alone for finding the nearest road to her heart. Well, the Honourable Mr Corrane was so grateful for the succour my invincible arm had afforded him, that he chose to have me always about his person, as the most honourable reward for my service ; and I have had the honour to be his friend and intimate companion ever since.

Oh Mrs Sukey ! how do I now wish I had had the good fortune to have broke an arm, or a leg ; or to have cracked the occiput ! Then would your gentle hand, Mrs Susan, have poured the oil of goodness into all my wounds, especially into my wounded heart, which you have transfigured with Cupid's keenest arrow. But I will fly on the wings of friendship to dear Dublin, and back again on the wings of love.

Mrs Susan's wishes run nearly the same course as the gallant MacDermot's, only she could not comprehend how the ladies of Ireland should be more good-natured than those of England or Wales.

Having dismissed the servant, let us now attend the master, who had the misfortune to be transfigured as well as MacDermot.

After the departure of the latter, it fell to the share of Miss Kitty to be the principal attendant upon the honourable Mr Corrane. Kitty was the opening rose, about to display its beauties and its sweets ; and never was there a fairer blossom, if one may judge by the full-blown flower.

The Honourable Mr Corrane had a passion for rose-buds, and a few of Kitty's simplicities had lessened his impatience to be at Dublin, and quite cured him of all inclination to send for medical aid to Chester.

He was a young man, whose character was not fully developed ; time was wanting to confirm his opinions, and strengthen the powers of the mind. His education had been as liberal as his expectations were large. He was undoubtedly a man of modern honour, and might turn out a man of ancient honour also, for anything he yet knew to the contrary. In short, he was as most young men are ; a reed bending with the wind ; and likely to come out a great or little man, as situation and circumstances might determine.

When Kitty first caught his attention, he thought her a very pretty child, who would soon be a beautiful woman. By and by, she wanted so little of the woman, that the imagination might complete the work of nature, with more ease than nature herself could do. The Honourable Mr Corrane set about the work with such delectability, that had he been endued with the power of creation, it is probable he would sooner have thought of making a pretty girl, than a world. In a few days his honour began to be stung by some flying cupidities, which he flapped off as well as he was able, with a fan made up of broken bits of honour and humanity. Un-

fortunately, the fan wore out apace, and by the end of the week was all in tatters. He ceased to make use of it, and then clearly perceived, that in kissing a pretty girl, there was no moral turpitude whatever.

It was possible, however, that Kitty, one way or other, young as she was, might have formed a different opinion, and he therefore thought it necessary to consult her upon the subject.

I have been so happy, Miss Ross, says he, in your father's care and your kindness, that though my duty will shortly call me away, I feel I shall leave you with no little anxiety.

Your honour is very good, replies Kitty.

But you are not so good, Miss Ross, for you have stolen my heart, and whether asleep or awake, in this world or the next, I shall always be thinking of the pretty thief.

Your honour is pleased to flatter, replies Kitty.

No, my charming girl, taking her hand and putting it to his lips; no, Kitty, you are the most angelic creature my eyes ever beheld; and when I leave you, my life will be a burden.

Lord! how can your honour talk so? says Kitty.

I could talk so for ever,—giving her a kiss.

But it would not become me to hear you, says Kitty, going away abruptly.

Stay, dear Kitty, says his honour, you know not how you torment me. What shall I say to persuade you how much I love you?

Nothing, replies Kitty; your honour will never persuade me to any such thing; and what good would it do if you could? I'm too young to be married; and too poor and too low ever to marry such a gentleman. And I'm sure your honour's too good, and too tender-hearted, ever to think of me in a bad way.

Sweet simplicity! says he. What a wretch must he be who injures it!

Applauding himself for the virtue of this sentiment, he permitted Kitty to go away, and began to think seriously of his own departure. For notwithstanding the great abilities of Mr Ross in his profession, Mr Corrane found his wound so free from pain, and his arm in so good a way, that he was sensible his journey might be continued without danger. Under the influence of this resolution, I will stay only one day longer, says he, and I will spend it in fortifying Kitty in sentiments of virtue. The former part of this intention he announced to Mr Ross the same evening at supper, presenting him with a twenty pound bank note, and a speech in praise of his abilities.

Mr Ross accepted both with great expressions of gratitude, but wished his honour was not too precipitate.

I am equally bound, says his honour, to the kind care and attention of your amiable daughter, to whom I must make a present of the same value, presenting her with a note, and shall remember her assiduity on my behalf with extreme pleasure.

Kitty took the note, blushed, curtsied, and sighed; and his honour, after a profusion of pretty speeches, in the manufacture of which he was an adept, retired to his apartment.

Kitty retired also, and revolved all his honour's fine sayings over and over again, with a very excusable vanity; but mixed, she knew not why, with a profusion of sighs and tears. Her sleep that night was the sweetest she had ever experienced, for it brought his honour's image—so kind and so courteous.

With his honour, it fared much worse. Whilst he lay awake, the gentle Kitty filled his head, and when he slept, his arms. His new acquired virtue was scarce able to sustain the shock.

He rose late, complained of a violent headache, and summoned Kitty to his assistance. Mr Ross had rode out to visit a patient; Susan was immersed in household duties; and the apprentice was busy in the shop. A gentle languor and dejection, such as Kitty had never seen before, had spread themselves over his honour's features.

My dear Kitty, says he, I am very ill; pray sit down by me. Feel how quick my pulse is. I shall die, Kitty; but I shall die in your arms, and that will be preferable to living out of them.

Kitty answered only with sobs and tears.

What would I give, says he, to have this dear, this tender bosom, always to rest my head upon, when it aches as it does now! His action was accordant to his speech.

Kitty's dear and tender bosom panted under its burden. There was something so sweet in his honour's caresses; but there was a consciousness of something wrong in them also—an un-matured idea—a glimpse of reason, not shining with a steady ray, but glancing only through her imagination.

His honour took another kiss from her sweet lips, but accompanied with such sweet words, and so—almost paternally—that she could not resent. He kissed her bosom too, white as the snow-drop, which hitherto no envious gauze had covered.

Whilst this poor innocent was thrilling and trembling at all these movements, scarce alive to any sensation but of soft unutterable tenderness, his honour's erroneous hand raised the All of virtuous strength poor Kitty was able to command. She sprung from his lap, tottered towards the door, and sunk before she reached it, with the excess of her agitation.

Mr Corrane, ashamed, confused, and penitent, lifted the unresisting maid, more dead than alive, to a couch; kneeled before her; wet her lily hands with his repentant tears; a thousand and a thousand times asked pardon for his involuntary indiscretion; vowed eternal destruction upon himself if ever he injured such sweetness, innocence, and beauty; made professions of everlasting love; called her his lovely wife;

and swore to make her so in the face of men and angels.

Kitty, unable to resist the flood of tumultuous sensations, gave herself up to be plundered without resistance; his honour's penitence and virtue were lost in the conflict; and the scene was—ruin.

Harry,—Farewell.

MR DAVIS TO MR WYMAN.

Barham Downs.

THOU hast a heart, William, as soft and gentle as a virgin's. Whether thou assumest an air of asperity, and stormest at the world and me; or endeavourest to throw an air of playfulness or ridicule over a tale of love and innocence, its tenderness is conspicuous. Why art thou ashamed of it? For my part, I am not ashamed to confess a feeling heart, nor scruple to own that Kitty's ruin has cost me many a tear. I am not yet so callous with virtue, as to blame her with severity; even the Honourable Mr Corrane claims some abatement of the horror I hope I shall always feel for the *murderer* of innocence. Though he wished to commit the crime, he did not dare to premeditate it.

This little story of Miss Ross, as far as it goes, I have taken the pains to write over again, just as I suppose Miss Ross herself would have told it; and calling it a fact of the last century, read it to Miss Whitakers and Miss Delanes.

The two first honoured it with their tears. Miss Amelia Delane, vain of her intellectual accomplishments, (for her father has taught her Latin,) observed, that in favour of this young lady, nothing could be alleged; no arts of seduction were used; no train of dark contrivances. She fell at the first attack.

Unfeeling pedantess, says I to myself; thou art no wife for me.—That, replies Annabella, is, in my opinion, precisely the circumstance which most entitles her to compassion. She sunk under the full force of her own strong sensibilities. Can any other possible compulsion be half as powerful? A few minutes' time for recovery might have saved her, and saved her for ever.

I would love thee, dear Anna, thought I, if I durst.

Amelia replied, she did not very well understand what was a want of virtue, unless yielding to desire might be called so.

Doubtless it is, says Annabella; but I confess I am much Miss Delane's inferior in sagacity, if the word be remarkably applicable to the case of this young lady.

Miss Delane was going to enter into the proof of its being strictly so.

Annabella blushed, and endeavoured to change the discourse.

Amelia renewed the attack. Miss Peggy saw her sister's uneasiness.—Very true, Miss Delane, says she, interrupting her in the midst of a sentence; I am always edified when you are kind enough to declaim *en philosophe*. And what signifies, after all, from what motive a woman loses her virtue? When it's gone, it's gone. Who considers anything but the fact itself? Suppose the lover of this lady had tempted her with a purse of an hundred guineas, and the jingle had silenced the feeble voice of virtue, would this have made any difference? A judge upon the bench equally condemns a felon to the gallows, whether the thing purloined be of the value of two pound or two hundred. And this is right, Mr Davis; is it not?

It is not, Miss Peggy.

No, sir? Then be so good as to give us your opinion of the degree of this young lady's guilt.

I am sorry to give a decided opinion against that of a lady so sensible as Miss Delane; but when I consider the young lady's youth,—her inexperience, her respect and even affection for the gentleman, the novelty of her emotions, the unguarded moment, all together, in my eyes, do away the fault almost to nothing.

I was thanked by Annabella by a look of inexpressible sweetness; by Miss Delane with a flirt of the fan, and a toss of the head.

Oh! says Miss Peggy, if girls could always be assured of such father confessors, who would not become good Catholics?

The conversation was running on in this strain, when a servant entered with a card, which he delivered to Miss Whitaker. A flush overspread her cheeks as she read, which was immediately succeeded by a deadly pale. Lord Winterbottom, sister, says she. Peggy reads, and puts up her pretty lip. "Lord Winterbottom's and Captain Wycherley's compliments to Miss Whitakers, will do themselves the honour to drink tea with them this evening, if unengaged."

Here enters Mr Justice Whitaker, with a complimentary note also from my lord. Girls, girls, my lord and the captain! come, put on all your charms, as the poet says. Hay, Mr Davis! How do you do, Mr Davis? Do you know my lord, Mr Davis?—a very great man, sir. Expects a secretaryship. A great politician.

I have not the honour to be known to him, says I; and at present I have not the ambition. I will therefore retire.

Miss Delane seemed pleased. Annabella looked a kind dissatisfaction. Peggy alone found her tongue.

Why so, Mr Davis? are you afraid of a lord?

I am, Miss Peggy, and of a lady too, warm from the Pantheon and the Carisle-house.

Oh, there will be the prettiest opposition of notions. You must stay to oblige me.

You tax me, Miss Peggy, to the height of my politeness. If I only wanted inclination, I

would oblige you with pleasure ; but, for the bon ton and all its appurtenances, I have an unconquerable antipathy.

Pshaw, pshaw ! Prihee, man, says the Justice, stay. We shall hear how the world and the war goes. My lord's at the bottom of everything.

Come, sir, says Peggy, no sinking of the nether lip. Take your violin, and accompany me to the harpsichord. Learn a little docility. What a monstrous creature must a man be with no will but his own !

Conquered by this agreeable raillery, I took the fiddle, and played with an unusual want of execution.

I declare the fiddle's sulky, says Peggy.

I believe, says I, it has caught your sister's dejection. See.

Take no notice, says she, softly ; I will tell you the cause another time. Come, sir, let us try this lively piece of Tartini's.

Whilst we were in the midst of it, entered my lord and the captain. My lord advanced towards Annabella, as if to salute her. She, with a kind of fearful politeness, drew a few steps back. My lord changed the salute into a general bow.

After we were seated, and general courtesies performed, the Justice began the discourse.—Well, my lord—warm work in the two houses—you carry everything before you—victorious at home and abroad.

Yes, replies the peer, applying his finger and thumb to a fine diamond snuff-box, and displaying a beautiful brilliant—yes, his Majesty's arms and councils are attended with the most complete success.

And Opposition, poor devils ! says the Justice. Are silenced and put to flight, replies my lord. And how should it be otherwise ? For wisdom and fine parts, his Majesty's cabinet, although I have the honour to be of it, is absolutely superior to anything the universe has yet beheld. A firm band, Mr Justice ; a manifold cord that never shall be broken. The Lord Chancellor, indeed, is not exactly the thing,—a—
—a—a—

At this instant entered Sir Ambrose Archer, who calls her without ceremony. This produced a little reiteration of the ceremonials, which subsiding—Hah, well, my lord, says the Justice—

Oh, says my lord, what was I saying ? Something in praise of my Lord Chancellor, was not it ?

I think you were, my lord, says I.

Yes, yes, replies he ; a man of fine parts, extraordinary fine parts—penetrating—nervous—but rough—very rough. And then he has a way, a sort of a manner of his own, that is not altogether agreeable—is too apt to break out into fantasies of his own—not systematic enough—too much of the justly exploded mode of considering in a question—only the question itself.

Why, what the devil would you have him consider ? says Sir Ambrose.

Oh, there are a thousand little adjuncts, replies my lord ; little collateral circumstances, that might appear trifles to the public, because the public is never permitted behind the scenes ; but of which government knows the importance. Little things are only little in the eyes of men of small parts. *We* know they are the true hinges on which the doors of government turn.

Why, really, cries Sir Ambrose, I think they are. But is it true, my lord, that the Chancellor has refused to put the great seal to certain matters agreed upon in the cabinet, merely because they did not coincide with *his* peculiar ideas of right and wrong ?

Yes, replies my lord ; and upon my honour I confess I don't understand a man's pretending to have more sense and more probity than a majority of the King's cabinet council.

No, really, says Sir Ambrose, it is a comical circumstance. But he'll be wiser in time.

Well, but, my lord, says the Justice, is not it pity the King's friends should not attend a little bit more than they do to economy ?

National economy, my dear sir, is a very childish term. How can it have escaped the penetration of a man of your sagacity, that the more government spend, the greater circulation is produced ; and the greater the circulation, the wealthier and happier the body of the people. In short, sir, national wealth may be compared to the ocean. The sun, which is the government, exhales a part of it almost in an invisible steam, and returns it whence it came, by a thousand channels.

I protest, says the Justice, this is the prettiest simile that ever I heard. Yes, yes, it must be so. What say you, Sir Ambrose ? What say you, Mr Davis ?

Sir Ambrose replying only by a sarcastic grin,—Yes, says I, the simile is beautiful, and wants nothing of the perfection of a simile, except a certain congruity to its original. The earthly sun exhales at present with so visible a steam, that it renders the air cloudy all around. By no means the *whole* of the exhalation returns from whence it came. And that which does, instead of having run through beds which refine and fit it for the service of mankind, contracts a kind of putrefaction in its passage, and infects the body politic with disease.

My lord glanced a smile of disdain upon me, and applying the finger and thumb to his nostrils, Every gentleman, sir, says he, has his own peculiar notions. I have been too long acquainted with mankind to wonder at absurdity of any sort.

A too great familiarity with absurdity, my lord, may possibly be the cause of that effect.

I have not the honour to know you, sir, replies he, measuring me from top to toe.

The knowledge would do your lordship no honour, says I.

By my soul, nor credit neither, replies the captain, with something of the brogue.

At this instant I happened to turn my eyes upon the ladies. Annabella turned pale; Miss Delane bridled with pleasure; and the cheeks of Peggy were flushed with transient anger.

You know Mr Davis, then? says she to the captain.—Not I, faith, returns he.

Lord, Bella, says she, I wonder historians should persist in that egregious error, that Ireland produces no venomous creatures.

This little sally made the captain scowl, my lord simper, and Sir Ambrose laugh aloud. Miss Delane looked angry.

Pshaw! hang your historians and your fiddle faddle, says the Justice; let's have a little more state affairs. Is the Lower House pretty quiet and still, my lord?

Why, pretty well—a few factious demagogues still remain—but they are nothing—really nothing, in the hands of my Lord North.

No, really; nothing at all! cries Sir Ambrose.

Such an universal genius—so guarded at all points—so prepared for attack or defence—his wit so brilliant—his reasoning so forcible—

At least he can count twenty oftener, says Sir Ambrose.

Now that is downright malice, Sir Ambrose, says my lord; every one allows my Lord North to have the finest ability.

Flex-i-bi-li-ty, drolly accompanies Sir Ambrose.

And, in short, that he is such a man as the first minister of state in England ought to be.

He is a man of most powerful persuasion, indeed, says Sir Ambrose.

The discourse was here interrupted by tea; after which, the conversation turning upon the ton and the pleasures of the town, which my lord spoke of with rapture, I took my leave, and retiring to my cot, felicitated myself upon that happy ruin which restored me—to myself. William, I pity thee. Adieu.

HENRY DAVIS.

MR WYMAN TO MR DAVIS.

London.

I THANK you, Mr Henry Davis, for your liberal endowment of me with a tender heart and virgin sensibility. This is compliment too. A plague of such cant! Miss, in a tender mood, hears a piteous tale, and weeps. But it is heavenily to weep for others' woe. Miss, who longs to be all angel, indulges these "finer feelings of the soul," till she becomes one lump of tender sensibility, or, which is the same thing, one lump of affectation. Cherish, Henry, this child of flattery and weakness in thy own fostering bosom. I'll none of it.

If ever I condescend to give thee the sequel of Miss Ross's story, depend upon it, I shall

strip it of all Melpomene airs. I'll cater for no man's darling folly. At present, however, I have matter for thee of another kind.

That celebrated vehicle of scandal, the Morning Post, has, within a day or two, inserted the following paragraph:—

"It is reported that Lord C——n and Lady O——d have taken a trip to the continent together: She, to avoid the rage of an exasperated husband; he, the fury of an incensed wife."

The Temple Coffee-house, Henry, is the resort of several of those choice spirits of the present day, who sometimes act a part in these little extravaganzas of love, and who prefer these choice morsels of the Morning Post to any of the documents of my Lord Chancellor. To these counsel, learned in the law, I repaired for a solution of my doubts. They were actually busy upon the subject. Without once opening the mouth of curiosity, I heard the joyous tale six different ways at least, and with commentaries much more copious than the text.

Now, whether, when thou hast perused this curious anecdote, thou wilt fall upon thy knees, and give heaven and thy Lucy thanks, as a wise man ought; or whether thou wilt cull the choicest flowers from thy bed of sensibility, I know not. Neither do I care. What is it to me that thy brother and thy brother's wife, thy sister and thy sister's husband, reap a full harvest of the seeds of folly themselves have sown? What is to me the honour of thy family? Engender thy maggots as thou wilt, I will go on with my story.

Yesterday morning I was honoured with a visit from one of the prettiest gentlemen in nature. His buckles, formed into a half-moon, clasped his jetty shoe from side to side, and sparkled like—themselves. Silk stockings graced his legs, and his thighs were covered with queen-coloured breeches, hanging in folds like empty bags, the fashion of the day. From each fob depended a glittering chain, indicative of the automatons within. His waistcoat, inexpressibly engaging, flowered all over, and bordered with a running sprig. His coat, a morning frock, of one of the new invented colours, that go before their names. The beauty of his head, beyond description. A ring with a broad cornelian adorned the little finger of his left hand. His right swayed gracefully a clouded cane.

This elegant figure entered my chambers with a sliding bow. The celebrated Mr Hart took infinite pains when I was seventeen to have made me capable of this grace; till one day having exhausted the sum total of his patience, he broke his fiddlestick in a rage upon a pair of clumsy fists, whose gravitation baffled all his skill, and left Nature and myself to deal it—as we could.

I had the honour, sir, says he, to serve Lady Osmond, in quality of valet-de-chambre, having had the misfortune to serve the brute Sir George upwards of a year in the same post. My lady

is now taking a little innocent tour to the continent with Lord Conollan; and being in haste, contented herself with my lord's servant, so that I am thrown out of place by the accident. In consequence, I went to wait upon Sir George for my wages. Instead of money, he gave me a fine variety of curses, and concluded the entertainment by kicking me down stairs.

Indeed, sir! Upon what pretence?

Faith, a very odd one. For serving my lady with superlative diligence.

Superlative diligence! Oh, he suspected you to be aiding and assisting in the affair betwixt my lord and she?

Upon honour, sir, (glancing an eye down his waistcoat,) I believe his suspicions went deeper. He certainly thinks I have done him the favour—in my own person.

But he has nothing like proof of this, I hope?

No, sir, no proof at all. A few trivial circumstances. Nothing like proof, sir.

Well, sir, you best know how these matters stand. All we have to do is to guard against any little traverses, which is only to be done by a perfect knowledge of what may be urged by the opposite party. But as this is an affair of honour, perhaps you think yourself under an obligation of secrecy?

Not in the least, sir. They have not treated me at all like a gentleman, and curse me if I think I have the least cause to stand upon honour with any of them.

Did you know Lady Osmond in her maiden state?

Nobody better, sir. She was Miss Lucy Strode, a tradesman's daughter with a small fortune, and having some small acquaintance with Miss Osmond, lived with her about a year before her marriage. She was a pretty girl enough, but damned artful; she took in Mr Henry Osmond, Sir George's brother.

Did you know him, sir?

O yes, sir, perfectly well. He was a merchant, and reckoned rich. A man of some small accomplishment, I believe; but no spirit, no fire. Generous though to a fault, and in love with Miss Strode *à la folie*. You must know, sir, I have the honour to be well with Mrs Gadbury, Lady Conollan's woman; and if I can ever bring myself to endure matrimony, I shall marry the girl. She is quite the confidant of her lady; and it is by her means I know something more of the matter than common.

And how did Miss Strode draw Mr Osmond in, sir?

To give her two thousand pounds, sir; but indeed there would not have been much in that; for I believe she would have had him, if he had not been so damned generous as to give his sister five thousand pounds, for which the girls used to ridicule him behind his back, and Miss Strode never could abide him after. How the devil she drew Sir George in to marry her, who seemed to have as little penchant for women as

any man alive, I am at a loss to comprehend. But so it was, and most enchanting nuptials they have turned out.

Only figure to yourself an English lady of quality, married to one of the seven sages of Greece. The gentleman rises at eight, puts on a morning gown, a green plush cap, a pair of blue slippers, and with his garters in his hand, walks into his library.

There, he draws himself three straight lines upon a piece of paper, and writing A, B, C, and so forth at the corners, looks upon it with the most profound attention till ten. Then comes in his chocolate. After breakfast a turn in the garden, and a return to the library, from whence he never peeps till four, the hour of dinner. There he meets my lady, who rose at one, and has with great difficulty finished her breakfast and toilette. It was not quite a month, before these dinners, when they happened to be *tête-à-tête*, were accompanied with little sprightly dialogues of the following cast, which were seldom interrupted on account of my presence.

This is a damned fine life you lead, madam.

Better, sir, than no life at all.

What did I marry you for, madam?

For no earthly purpose that I know of.

Was it not to bring me an heir to my estate; to superintend my household; and to be my companion when I chose to relax the severity of my studies?

As to the first, sir, as Madame Sevigne says, he that will have a son of his own, must take the trouble to get one. For the second, I superintend your household as ladies of quality generally do; and from being a companion to a mere King Log, good Lord deliver me.

And do you imagine, my fine lady, a man of science can descend into the fashionable frivolities of this half-witted age?

And do you imagine, my Sir John Brute, a woman of spirit can submit to be immured with dead bodies? With the busts of Archimedes and Euclid? With a husband who sleeps life away, and dreams of tangents and bills of mortality?

These little conversation pieces generally ended with as much spirit as they began, though with something less elegance. Sir George always retired from them to his bottle; and my lady to prepare for the opera or a rout. He was usually carried to bed at ten, and my lady joined him about three.

I had the honour to attend her ladyship in these expeditions, and the happiness now and then to possess some little agreeable favours; but as I am not a man to boast of a lady's tendresse, you will excuse my being particular.

Most willingly, sir.

Lord Conollan was absent, I think, about this time. He returned in six weeks, in which time he had reduced his affections down to the bon ton standard; and Lady Conollan, as my dear Gadbury informed me, was not above a week behind

him. At the end of a month, my lord had discovered that his lady had nothing left which he cared a farthing about ; and she, that my lord's powers of charming womankind, lay wholly in his——lordship.

The two ladies soon became inseparable, and Lady Osmond, after the example of her friend, had card tables one night in every week, at which, in a few weeks, Lord Conollan was a constant attendant.

I have the vanity to believe that I know people of quality as well as any gentleman of my station in town ; and it instantly occurred to me my lord did not come there *pour l'amour de sa femme*. For what then did he come ? The answer always wounded *mon amour propre* ; but the immensity of my business on these public nights prevented the elucidation of my conjecture.

It was not long before I was *au fait* in this particular. Lady Osmond began to be indisposed a night or two in a week, so as to be unable to attend Lady Conollan in her engagements ; and my lord had the superlative goodness to administer condolence, preferably to all the joys of the bottle and the dice.

Sir George had no share in these charming parties : He was regularly drunk in bed before the fashionable hour of visiting ; and, if the house had been on fire, not a servant in it would have gone to have troubled his repose.

The care of the baronet's honour, therefore, fell upon my shoulders, and as it was a thing of weight, it was not long before I ventured to hint to my lady, that there were impertinent people in the family, who assumed——a certain——licence——of speech——

My lady replied in anger, she believed there was no puppy in the family so impertinent as myself.

Whether impertinent or humble, blind or *clairvoyant*, happy or miserable, returned I, with a most respectful bow, I shall always be your ladyship's most obsequious and devoted slave.

Now, Mr Counsellor, I take this to be as pretty a speech as half the Upper House could have made on such an occasion. But, vanity apart, I am most happy in a promptitude of replication. *C'est mon fort*.

My lady changed her frown into a smile, and, regarding me with a certain eye that said, or seemed to say, thou art really a pretty fellow,—I believe, indeed, Jessamy, says she, with a sigh, you are capable of serving me with fidelity.

With fidelity unparalleled, my lady, *Je vous assure : c'est mon ambition*.

And what do the fools say, Jessamy ?

Something of your ladyship's *tetes-à-tete* with Lord Conollan.

Sure they have not the impudence to think anything passes betwixt my lord and I, except the innocent pleasures of conversation, or a game at piquet ? Who are they, Jessamy ? They shall

be discharged directly. Is a lady to sacrifice her happiness or pleasure to their opinions, truly ?

By no means, your ladyship. Only if your ladyship thought it more prudent to see his lordship sometimes at another place, it might——lessen the singularity.

You egregious blockhead ! Would you have me run into actual guilt, in order to avoid the appearance of it ?

I would have your ladyship happy. And would just humbly insinuate that I have a sister in Bond Street who lets lodgings, and has genteel apartments at present disengaged. She would be most happy to accommodate your ladyship.

I will positively hear of no such thing ; you presume very much upon the mildness of my temper, to dare to mention it ; get about your business, sir.

Neither Homer nor Virgil, as I remember, have laid down rules to know when a lady's heart contradicts her tongue. I have the vanity to think I know more of the matter than Seneca. I was not much out in my prognostics here. Lord Conollan only staid twelve minutes and a half the following evening ; and at his departure, clapping a purse into my hand, informed me that I should lay him under infinite obligation, by calling upon him at the Cocoa-tree the next night at seven.

My lord's purse, Mr Wyman, contained exactly nineteen guineas, and one shilling. How the d—l the fellow could make so ungenteel a blunder, I am unable to conceive—for he certainly knows life, and has—to a certain degree—the graces. It must be owing to precipitation.

At the Cocoa-tree, my lord did me the honour to entertain me twenty minutes with praises of Lady Osmond's wit and virtue ; lamenting that he could not enjoy the one, without exposing the other to the rude licence of calumnious tongues. His lordship concluded with compliments on my understanding and fidelity ; with a request that I would directly engage my sister's apartments ; and with a purse of much more genteel as well as solid contents than the former : In short, a purse of fifty guineas.

It was not without repugnance, Mr Counsellor, that I served my lord on this occasion. It was not only contrary to my natural probity, but I experienced some of the keen pangs of jealousy also. I made up my mind, however, by considering, that no man living better deserved the honour of cuckoldom than Sir George ; and that I was not the first pretty fellow who had sacrificed a *bonne fortune* in reversion, to an interest in possession.

Twice or three times a-week they met at their new apartments, by the privacy of which they might have been rendered happy to this hour, but for an unaccountable unquality-like fit of the spleen which seized upon Lady Conollan.

In certain cases, I believe, we must allow the ladies a due pre-eminence in finesse. Lady Conollan set my dear Gadbury to worm the secret from me; and such is the power of blandishment, I trusted the dear creature with the whole tale, before I had time to consider that treachery might lie hid in a dimple.

To cut my story short, Lady Conollan runs with the story to her brother, who found it difficult to conceive how any woman should think of making a cuckold of a man of science.

He applied upon the occasion to Mr Timothy Thistle, who had been the family steward forty years, and who had acquired some little ascendancy over Sir George by the influence of grey hairs and proverbs. By the help of a little invention of my own, I was ear-witness to the following curious dialogue:—

Timothy, says Sir George, my sister informs me, Lord Conollan makes me a cuckold—Is it possible?

It is possible, says Timothy.

Yes, you fool, it is a thing that may possibly come to pass without a miracle, in the ordinary course of sublunary events; but is it anyhow probable?

It is probable, replies Timothy.

Unconconcatenating blockhead! I mean not that the matter is improbable, merely as they are man and woman; but considering them in the relation they stand in to each other, and to me. Can it be true?

It can be true, says Timothy.

The fellow is superannuated!

The years of my life, says Timothy, are three-score years and ten, and my latter days are full of trouble and sorrow.

And pray, sir, what extraordinary circumstances have occasioned this sorrow and trouble?

The master of this respectable house hath too much knowledge, and too little understanding: The mistress, too much vanity, and too little virtue.

And pray, most sententious and understanding sir, how came you to have any knowledge of an affair so atrocious, and conceal it?

Either it would trouble your honour, or it would not; in the first case, it would have been prejudicial; in the latter, useless.

Did ever anybody hear such damned distinctions! Pray, sir, how came you to know anything of the matter?

Partly I have information from my eyes, partly from my ears, and partly from my intellects.

What your wisdom hath collected, will you permit your solemn tongue to utter?

Jasper Jessamy (meaning me, sir) hath, for some time past, though it seemed needless, been a greater coxcomb than usual, hath used more pulvilio, hath beheld himself more in the mirrors, and hath been more insolent to his fellows.

When I reproved him, he called me an egregious and blind old fool, and told me there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in my philosophy. And thus speaking, he glanced an eye of approbation upon his own sweet person, and took snuff like the silken sons of this generation.

Your honour knoweth there is no effect without a cause, and that woman causeth vanity. Lady Conollan returned from Italy, and introduced into this peaceful house confusion under the name of a rout. One of these evenings, as I sat in my office, which your honour knows is upon the third story, meditating on the vanities below, I heard a rustling of silks in the passage, and a whisper also. Something entered my lady's dressing-room; all was dark, and all was hush, except a few soft murmurs. Nothing spoke aloud—except the couch.

Curiosity disquieteth a man. I stole down stairs, and planted myself in a corner of the passage, leading to the grand apartments, just where the lamps sent forth a feeble, but sufficient ray. First, came my lady; two minutes after, Lord Conollan. I was satisfied; but I doubt your honour is not.

Damnation! Do you know any more?

Lord Conollan hath supped with my lady two or three times a-week, when indisposition hath prevented her going abroad. All of a sudden that hath ceased. My lady smileth upon Mr Jessamy abundantly. Something is in the wind.

I'll tell you what is in the wind. That rascal bawd, that Jessamy, has got them rooms in his sister's house, to play their damned adulteries in. But they shall all feel my revenge!—What method shall I take, Thistle?

Challenge Lord Conollan. He will run you through the body. This is ample reparation on his part: And you will die with the comfort of having done all that *honour* requires.

You are pleasant, Mr Timothy; but I am no fool of modern honour. Discovery, divorce, and damages, shall be my weapons of offence. But I will have a little personal revenge into the bargain. They shall know that science may be called the mother of invention, as well as necessity. Come to me in two hours, Thistle; then you shall know my plot. I must employ you in it.

Thus, sir, ended the dialogue. I, not liking the situation of things in general, flew to my sister's. Told the tale to my Lord Conollan and Lady Osmond. And what do you think they did? Curse me if they did not go off for the continent in six hours, without the least reward to my sister, without the least acknowledgment to me. My bosom glows with indignity at the remembrance. To complete my disgrace, Sir George, as I told you, kicked me out of doors without a farthing of wages.

Here Mr Jessamy grew warm with the force of his own conceptions, and strode my apartment in all the lofty majesty of anger.

When he became something capable of attention, with all possible civility, I thanked him for my entertainment; was sorry any fantasies of my own should spring up to prevent my undertaking his cause with the ardour it deserved. That he was the most complete little rascal I had the honour to know, and ought to have a lawyer dignified with the honours of the pillory. That I was unqualified for his service, by having taken a fee on the part of Sir George, which conscience presented me with long before the conclusion of his tale; and that it was with some difficulty I prevailed on myself not to repeat Sir George's last courtesies to him.

Mr Jessamy assumed a look as full of the lion as the sheep would permit—damned himself—but it was most extraordinary usage—and departed.

Davis—Farewell.
WILLIAM WYMAN.

MR DAVIS TO MR WYMAN.

You was certainly wrong, Wyman, in your assertion that I should become a misanthrope by withdrawing from society. I was more in danger in the midst of society itself. Shut up in the walls of my cottage, and employed only in the cultivation of a mind addicted to hilarity, I could have thought well of mankind, if I could have remained ignorant of its actions. But what a tale hast thou told me, William? What passions, what contradictory passions, has it excited? Again are revived in dreams, the fond, the melting ideas, I was familiar with when I lay upon the bosom of my Lucy; I start, affrighted at the unwelcome image of my brother's wife; but at the associated idea of Lucy and adulteress, I grow chill with horror. In vain have you drawn the picture with the pencil of good-humour; spite of myself, it lies before me stript of ornament, in all its native ugliness. Lucy and Lord Conollan! Love, duty, friendship, consanguinity, what empty names!

This quiet cottage, I vainly imagined, would have sheltered me from moral as well as physical storms. No. Misery undeserved is the produce of the plains, as well as peopled cities; and the sympathizing heart, to be totally at ease, must have its dwelling in the desert.

Two days after the receipt of yours, I met Miss Whitakers in the grove. Annabella was pale and languid. Peggy had the soft eye of pity and compassion. I was in the mood to sympathize with any distress. We took a few turns almost as dumb as statues.

At length,—Sister, says Miss Peggy, it will be the prettiest entertainment in the world to Mr Davis to tell him a tale of love, especially such an one as yours, with so much of the tender in it; or, if you don't choose to be the relater of

your own sad haps, you have only to give me a commission.

I dare not trust you, Peggy, replies Annabella; the death of Desdemona in your hands would turn out a tragedy *bien comique*. But the cause of my distress is not a secret; and, if it was, it must be dangerous to reveal indeed, before I should think I run a hazard in confiding it to Mr Davis.

The noble Lord Winterbottom, continues she, honoured me with a declaration of his passion about two years ago. I thanked him for the honour, but declined the acceptance. After a little fruitless perseverance he withdrew his suit, and I heard no more of it till a little before Christmas last. Then he was pleased to protest he found it absolutely impossible to live without me, and applying at the same time to my father, drew such a picture of his own consequence, that he gained him wholly.

I am not, Mr Davis, far gone in the romance of love. To love, as the French call it, *à la folie*, or, as the English say, to distraction, is in my opinion so far from laying the foundation of felicity in the marriage state, that it endangers it. Passion carried to an extreme, usually denotes a degree of weakness in the mind that suffers it. Matrimony never fails to change those supernatural ideas, that constitute this fanaticism of love; and it depends upon far different qualifications, whether esteem or contempt shall be substituted in their stead.

I have seen just enough, continues this amiable girl, of fashionable life, to know that I never could be brought to endure it. I do not pretend to justify this aversion; there may be something wrong as well as right in singularity; but I cannot help it. My habits are those of domestic stillness; my needle is an inexhaustible source of tranquil pleasure, and music, reading, painting, above all, my sister's friendship, and the payment of the fond duties I owe my father, all together, fill up the full measure of my happiness. The common routine of visits, though insipid in the comparison, I submit to, as a tax due to society; but to be engaged for ever in a round of pleasures which never please!—

Thinking in this manner, Mr Davis, what superior pleasures can I expect from Lord Winterbottom's title and grandeur? Yet I should hardly venture to risk my father's displeasure on the mere ground of my dislike to fashionable life, were it not that I have still stronger objections to my lord himself. He is a gamester and a debauchee; laughs at religion, and at moral sanctions; and has private meannesses, which, in my notion of things, denote a corrupted heart.

In vain I applied myself to his generosity, and declared my aversion to matrimony in the strongest terms. He laughed, and told me, nothing changes so soon as opinion, and especially a woman's. At length I was reduced to the dis-

agreeable necessity of telling my lord in plain English, I did not like him.

His cheek flushed with resentment, but he has learnt, at court I suppose, the applauded art of stifling his emotions. He bowed with the utmost politeness, (how I detest these artificial manners!) said he was sorry he had not hitherto had the satisfaction of making himself agreeable to me, but as he was resolved to redouble his endeavours for that purpose, he could not help flattering himself with success.

This was a long conversation, in which I endeavoured to prove the impossibility of such an event; and he, that nothing on earth was so likely to come to pass.

But, my lord, says I, suppose I should already have disposed of my heart?

C'est une bagatelle, Miss Whitaker, says he, the most common accident of life. Young ladies do it every day with the greatest facility. If you will deign to make me the happy master of your person, I will take upon myself the consequences. I assure myself of your esteem at least.

May I beg leave to ask your lordship upon what foundation you build this assurance?

Oh, as to that, I must do myself the justice to say, that a man of my understanding, rank, and consequence, cannot fail (whatsoever may be the caprices of taste) of procuring respect and esteem.

I thought, my lord, says I, esteem had been the creature of the milder virtues; Candour, Generosity, Benevolence——

Without doubt, replies my lord; and I hope I may say without vanity I am not deficient in any of these?

For aught I know, your lordship may doat upon them, and lock them up, as a miser does his gold.

You are very severe, madam. And so it does not appear to you that I exhibit these virtues?

I can only say, my lord, you withhold them from me.

You astonish me, Miss Whitaker; if to adore you, to lay my rank and fortune at your feet; if to——

Permit me to interrupt your lordship; if a little plain common sense will do our business, why should we have recourse to these sublimities? Does your lordship call it benevolence to persecute one who never offended you? Does generosity consist in a regard for yourself alone? in an attention solely to your own wishes?—perhaps you wants?

Wants, Miss Whitaker!

Wants, my lord. A man of your lordship's consequence, cannot even ruin himself privately.

Damnation! swore my lord, and a few other flame-coloured ejaculations; and if he did but know the man that had thus abused my ear, he would——cut out his tongue at least.

But it happens to be a woman, my lord, possessed of so many thousand tongues, that all your lordship's prowess will be thrown away.

I believe my lord began to fear, that fawning civility, he thought politeness, might be in danger of a defeat. All he had left, he made use of upon this occasion; that is to say, he took up his hat, muttered betwixt his teeth, that he should find some happier opportunity, and making me a bow, low beyond all moderation, he retired.

What representation he made of this conversation to my father, I can only judge of by its effects. His behaviour, before kind and indulgent, is now intemperate and cruel. He has assumed a language altogether new.

O yes, indeed, says Peggy, a style positive and superlative. You must marry my lord, and you *shall* marry my lord; for I have promised him; and I would not break my word for all the disobedient daughters in the world.

Yes, papa, says I, but I suppose you promised with an If?

If what? Miss Pert, returned he.

If my sister liked him, to be sure.

No, brazen face, I made no such condition. What! are you ripe to dispute a father's authority?

No, indeed, sir; none they can shew a good title to. But I am told there are people in the world at this day, who make doubt whether a father can lawfully put his daughter to death.

What then, impudence?

Why, it is death you know, sir, to marry a young lady to a man she hates. But, papa, don't you think my lord would accept of me instead of Annabella? I shall make a better wife for him than she will; and sooner bring him to repentance; which is a very desirable thing for a Christian sinner, as my lord is.

The worst of it was, my father did not understand joking; and all we got by treating the matter in this way, was a full assurance, given in the very warmth of paternal affection, that if Annabella did not marry my lord in a fortnight, he would turn her out of doors, and me after her. And thus stands the matter at present.

I had not the least occasion for words to testify my sorrow for what I had heard. Though I had entertained no sentiments for the sweet Annabella that bore similitude to what we usually call love, yet I felt an inexpressible something that told me I could die to serve her.

In an hour of softness I had already made the lovely sisters acquainted with my little history, without revealing the name or title of my brother: It affected their gentle natures with a generous pity; we often spoke of it, and made it the introduction to inquiries into the nature of those phenomena in the creation, which go by the names of man and woman. Insensibly we had slid into that degree of familiarity which banished all *unnecessary* reserve, and were per-

haps become tender friends, without professing friendship, or thinking of the name.

Mr Davis, says Annabella, when she saw the expression of my concern, I have no right to trouble you thus, or add to sorrows quite enough for man to bear. But you have a gentle heart, and the tenor of your life, and particularly the choice of poverty, and this retirement, convinces me you are untainted with the vices of mankind. To you, as to a brother, I could most willingly resign the conduct of my life. Advise me in this most critical part of it, and if you can—console me.

This generous confidence, William, what does it not deserve? It is unnecessary to give the remainder of the conversation, which was of that *feeling* kind against which thou hurlest thy angry thunderbolts. It is sufficient to say, I left the amiable girls happier than when I met them.

If it lies in thy way, or not extremely out of it, to make some inquiries into my Lord Winterbottom's life and conversation, I prithee do it. Thine,

HENRY DAVIS.

MR WYMAN TO MR DAVIS.

London.

WITHOUT better reason for incredulity than the mere impossibility of the thing, I shall as soon expect to see the phoenix reviving from its ashes, unseen since the reign of the virtuous Tiberius, as a woman, the produce of this age, not charmed with dress and trumpery, with racket and dissipation.

And canst thou, Henry, resign up thy experience, thy strong experience, to the motion of a pair of ruby lips? Again trust a woman with thy heart? Or, because wisdom crieth loudly unto thee, Love no more, dost thou deceive thyself into a belief, thou lovest no more?

Barham Downs! The quiet cottage! That seat of tranquil joy! Where care can never come!—O Cupid, God of battles!

Henry, if thou wishest to avoid a second shipwreck of thy peace, steal off, and bury thyself in the solitude of Charing Cross.

And yet, if there *could* be two such women in the world as *thy* Annabella and *my* Ross!—but it is impossible.

Of my Lord Winterbottom, something I have the honour to know in my own person, and more from an intimate acquaintance, a man of undoubted veracity, except when he relates the follies and the vices of the herd of quality; his exhibition of these is indeed something beyond human credit.

My Lord Winterbottom, according to this gentleman, is one of the most respectable of the class; who, though he is little more than thirty years of age, pays to Jew annuitants the mode-

rate sum of 5700*l.* only, out of an estate of 9000*l.* per annum; so that he has actually a clear revenue of 3300*l.* a-year. This enables him to support Signora Mantorina of Milan, a lady once celebrated at the opera there, for extreme agility; and for the support of his household, he has posts to the amount of 4000*l.* per annum—with perquisites.

My lord was at Rome, improving himself in virtù when an express was sent to notify the illness of his father. He took post for England, but happening to call in at the opera at Milan, Signora Mantorina ravished him with her uncommon elevation of sentiment.

Sentiment! says I, with an air of surprise.

Sentiment, replies my friend. Her *le volts* were the highest of any saltatress in Italy; and it is an incontestible truth that the body is a mere inert and sluggish mass, when not *informed* by mind.

The Marquis of Carbatelli was at this time happy in the embraces of this lady, for the paltry sum of one hundred double pistoles of Milan, which everybody knows is about one hundred and fifty guineas, per annum.

My lord, whose grief for his father's danger was absolutely insupportable, and the need of consolation so much the greater, offered her five hundred guineas a-year for life, and a thousand during cohabitation; and whilst the bargain was driving, sent one of his servants with letters to England, expressing his sorrow that a sudden indisposition had forced him to stop at Milan; but that in three weeks at farthest, he hoped to throw himself at his father's feet, and rejoice with him on his recovery.

The servant was ordered to return immediately to Italy, with an account of his father's disorder; upon the strength of which, indeed, depended the complete cure of the son's malady.

In the meantime, the Marquis Carbatelli, alarmed at my lord's frequent visits, demanded an explanation of the lady. The lady gave it him with that unblushing frankness, that demonstrated her education to have been of the very best sort.

The Marquis talked of honour, gratitude, priority of affection, and so forth; Signora put them into a pair of scales, together with the hundred double pistoles, and balanced them fairly against my lord's thousand guineas; the former flew up with such a force of levity, that less than eight hundred guineas could not have restored the equilibrium.

All the hopes that remained to the poor Marquis, was that the old lord in England might recover; but this feeble expectation was cut up at the root, by the return of the servant, at the end of thirteen days, with intelligence that my lord had died the day before his arrival in the land.

You may imagine the increase of my young lord's affliction at these heavy tidings. He would

have set out for England on the instant, but that he was obliged to wait one week for the Signora, now his only consolation on this side the grave.

The noble Marquis finding the Mantorina lend a deaf ear to all his passion and his pathos, changed his measures, and wrote my lord a billet of infinite politeness, requesting his company at a specified time and place.

My lord answered it with the spirit of an Englishman, and determining to be early at the appointment, set out six hours before it was necessary; but his ardent courage rendered him so inattentive to surrounding objects, that he missed the road, and never found his error till he got to the top of Mount Cenis.

It was now too late to rectify the mistake, so that my lord chose coolly to proceed to Lyons, and there wait the Signora. Within three hours of the notified time of her arrival, my lord's valet saw the Marquis Carbatelli alight at the Fontaine d'Or, and communicated this intelligence to his master.

My lord was upon the point of abandoning himself wholly to the dictates of his courage, and to the desire of revenge, when the image of filial piety presented itself before his eyes, upbraiding him for having failed in the last duties to so good a father. Unable to bear the reproach, he set out for England on the instant, allowing himself no repose by day or by night, till he came on board a Calais packet, in which he took a sound nap to Dover. The next day his lordship arrived safely at his house in Hanover Square.

What passed betwixt the Marquis, and the fair Italian at Lyons, has not come to my knowledge. But it is certain the Marquis did not think proper to attend her to England, where she arrived eight days after his lordship, and condescended to fill up the measure of his happiness immediately on the receipt of a small preparatory parchment, expressive of the truest affection.

The harmony of this gallant couple has never once been interrupted during the space of eight long years, except by a few bickerings arising from a suspicion of contraband love on both sides; his lordship entertaining now and then *pro tempore*, a nymph of King's Place, or Duke's Place, for I am no connoisseur in this species of geography, and the Signora addicting herself to the society of the Venetian ambassador. For the rest of their feuds, they were not at all more in number or magnitude, than sometimes fall to the share of man and wife.

The life of a lord, continues my friend, consists principally of his amours, his pottle-deep potations, his politics, and his—hazards. If you desire more of the first, apply to his bosom friend Captain Wycherley, who has had the honour to be superintendant of my lord's private pleasures some years.

The manner how he came to this honour, belongs to the second class, and is a very fool-

ish story, not worth your hearing; for bacchanalian exploits are too numerous, too senseless, and uninteresting, to waste a breath about.

I was determined, Harry, to have all I could get notwithstanding, and calling for another bottle of port, for which my friend has no small relish, I paid him a few compliments on the manner of his telling a story, and desired him to proceed minutely.

My lord, says he, and two young gentlemen of his acquaintance, took it into their heads, by way of frolic, to go on horseback to Burford races, without any other attendants than one servant each. Night overtook them at a spacious village in Oxfordshire, possessed of one of those comfortable inns, which make more case of a waggon than a coach. The sole inconvenience was, that they were obliged to go to bed sober; or to get drunk with ale, which stupifies the finer faculties; or with brandy, that inflames them to a degree of insanity.

About the silent hour of twelve, perceiving themselves raised above common mortality, one of them proposed a sally into the village, just to break a few windows, to kick the constables, and beat the watch. The servants being nearly as drunk as themselves, out they went in a body. It was the time of hay harvest, a serene night, and the twilight strong. Not finding constables and watchmen, they contented themselves with throwing gates off the hooks, overturning waggons and carts into ponds and ditches, and other small mischiefs such as the country afforded. At length my lord, to the eternal honour of nobility, fell upon the most brilliant thought imaginable, which seemed inspired by the genius of the place. This was no other than to let out all the hogs into the streets and gardens. It had the finest effect in the world. The pigs set all the dogs a-barking, the bulls roared, the calves bleated, and the affrighted horses came upon the full gallop each to his own stable door.

What with this, the cackling of geese and hens, and the gobbling of turkeys, it was the finest tintamarre that could be conceived. The wits exulted, and swore the noted Buckhorse never did anything half so great. Some shouted to increase the concert, some sung; they were at the very summit of rural felicity, when they felt a sudden something, applied with wonderful quickness to their backs and shoulders, by no means calculated to increase their pleasures.

In two minutes they were all laid sprawling upon the ground, and howling for mercy; I am a lord, says one; I am a baronet, says another; I am a member of parliament, says a third.

Males and females now came pouring in from every side.—Woman, says one, if you'll believe me, there's not a pea nor a bean standing in my garden, and I'm four months gone wi' child.

And I promise you, neighbour, says another, the pigs ha'n rooted up all my carrots.

And Mrs Topham's in fits, says a third, and

like to miscarry. And there's Molly Bird, as was married but this very morning, and the rogues cried fire just under her window.

Let's ha' their heart's bloods out, cries half a dozen at once. The men readily resigned the conquest, and the good women, after pommelling and tearing till they began to be weary, dragged them to a clay horse-pond, and plumped them fairly in, one after another.

At this instant arrived the landlord of the inn, with the hostler, and Mr Gregory Wycherley, the son of an Irish butcher of some property, who, with a drove of fat oxen, had taken up his night's residence at the inn.

The landlord began to harangue the crowd, but the clacks of the women, with their eternal dashing of muddy water upon the hapless culprits, quite ruined his oration. Mr Gregory Wycherley, who feared no man at quarter-staff, began then to lay about him, and being seconded by the hostler, soon dispersed the females. The landlord, too fat to fight, supplied his own party with weapons from the neighbouring hedges, by the help of which, they made a tolerable retreat to the inn door, where the villagers, exasperated at being likely to lose their prey, renewed the battle stoutly.

It was owing to the invincible force of Mr Gregory's right arm, that at length they all got safely housed, but so bruised, so battered, and so bemuddled, that all the strength and spirits they had left, were but just sufficient to put themselves to bed, which they did not quit for the next six and thirty hours. Their levee was honoured with the presence of the constable, who politely begged the favour of their company to the house of a neighbouring justice of peace.

My lord and his companions swore oaths faster than the constable could count them, and Mr Wycherley, who had staid at my lord's request, gave himself twenty times over to the devil, that if such an insult was offered to my lord in his presence, he would knock out the brains of the first scoundrel who should attempt to attach him.

The constable was a principal farmer of the town, a man of sense and spirit, and by good luck, knew something of his office. Scowling contempt at Mr Wycherley, Who you are, sir, I do not know, and, to be plain with you, I do not care. But for this gentleman, who calls himself a lord, and these other two, who style themselves gentlemen, I attach them now, sir, in your presence, as disturbers of the king's peace, and destroyers of the property of his majesty's subjects; and as for you, sir, dare to interrupt me in the execution of my office, and you shall feel the full effect of my power. If I dare do justice on a lord, I am not likely to be frightened at the menaces of a bully.

A mild, venerable old gentleman, the rector of the parish, who had entered along with the constable, desired leave to speak with my lord alone; my lord retired with him into another

apartment. Soon after, the constable was sent for, and the result was, my lord left one hundred pounds in the rector's hands, to be distributed amongst the sufferers in the proportion of their damage; the overplus to the poor. Thus ended this most honourable frolic, except that my lord took a liking to Mr Gregory Wycherley, procured him a commission, caused him to sell it for half pay, rather than he should go into America, and keeps him always about his person.

As to politics, continues my friend, they are above my depth. I have indeed dipped into history, especially that of the Romans, and find that in the times of the republic, especially the earlier times, it was the fashion to live, to fight, to die, *pro patria*. When armies became mercenary, this feeling lost ground. The soldier fought always for pay, and sometimes for plunder; and the general also; and this seems to be the case at present all over the globe. However, abundance of fine things have been said about the *Amor patriæ* both in Greek and Latin, and some gentlemen who have a classical taste, talk of it to this day; and this is all that can be expected. Most of the English writers, I believe, translate this *Amor patriæ* by the single word liberty, and there is reason to think our ancestors might be in earnest about the thing. At present, we content ourselves with inquiring into the gentleman's birth and parentage, how old he is, and when he will come to be a man. Dr Price, a person of a pensive cast, who seldom laughs, says, He is still a child, and rickety, and that the nation will go to the devil, for taking no better care of him. On the contrary, Mr Eden says, he is as fine a youth as *need to be seen*, and the nation is a perfect paradise of wealth and happiness. Having little else to do, I looked into both the books, and after a year's attention, for I would not decide hastily, I made up my mind as to their respective merits. Dr Price's book seems to me to have two unpardonable faults: Too much truth, and too little complaisance. Mr Eden's corrects these errors, and may, not improperly perhaps, be compared to a garden full of the sweetest and finest flowers in the world, but with little or nothing to eat.

Be this as it will, Mr Wyman, since the world began, there have been but two general ways to govern mankind, by kissing, and by kicking. And it is astonishing, after such a world of experience, statesmen have not yet fully determined which is the best. It is owing to this I suppose, that the ministry of this enlightened age, kiss their own countrymen upon one cheek, their beloved Irish upon both, and kick America with all their might.

By this time I began to perceive my friend was rather giving me a sketch of his own politics, than of my lord's; I endeavoured therefore to draw him back to his original ground; but I found by his sparkling eyes and increased volubility, that orderly details were at an end.

Zoons, says he, what is to be said of the opinions of a man, who never formed an opinion in his life? To think for one's self has no definition in the Court vocabulary. In the world at large, indeed, there are a few who think, and the rest of mankind are their echoes. But at Versailles, Madrid, and other places of this stamp, which are all mightily like each other, courtiers are the universal echoes of those that will, not of those that think.

Sure, my friend, says I, you carry your satire here rather too far; the common occupations of government require intense thought, and unceasing application.

And where the d—l will they get it? says he. You may compare government, if you will, to a manufacture of buttons. These once set on foot, will continue to be made; WELL, if the master looks carefully into the whole; ILL, if in haste to go to dinner, to his wench, his bottle, or the bowling-green, he gives his orders as things strike him at a single view. Now, whether government plays the part of the provident or precipitate master, if causes are to be known by their effects—let effects speak.

Once more I endeavoured to turn my rambling friend back to the business of my good Lord Winterbottom. He was too far gone for anything but invective.

If, says he, a man is to be found of more servility at St James's, or tyranny at home, send me a pilgrimage to Mecca. Since he has been in possession of his estate, he has changed his household, I mean to say his household has changed, three times over. Many of his servants are unpaid to this hour, and for his tradesmen, there is not a nobleman in town, with a more numerous band of supplicants. In short, the man has a mean soul and a corrupted heart, and there's an end of the story.

As there was an end of the bottle also, which I made no motion of renewing, my friend took his hat, and his leave.

And who is this extraordinary personage, you ask, who knows so much of my lord, and my lord's affairs? His gentleman, Harry, who attended him in Italy when he bargained for the Signora, and who partook of the buffets and bruises, in the famous rural excursion; who left him about two years since, having served him seven, and who having beseeched him a twelve-month for his wages, has lately had the spirit to write to him, that he will seize his horses upon the road, if he is not paid without farther delay.

This man I have had the good fortune to recover an estate for, about two hundred a-year value. He is extremely grateful for this, and as he is sensible also, I sometimes see him with pleasure; the man; though he loves to hear himself talk, is not in the least addicted to lying, save when he abuses ministry. Thine,

WILLIAM WYMAN.

MR DAVIS TO MR WYMAN.

Barham Downs.

YES, thou slanderer of the lovely sex, I do love; I adore. How poor is language! We call a hundred different colours by the name of brown: we call those fond sensations with which Lucy inspired me by the name of Love: the respect, the esteem, the reverence I feel for Annabella, thou also callest Love. Be it so. The affections are as different as their causes.

If there could be such a woman in the world! If? Heretic!

I communicated the contents of thy last, Ifs and all, to the lovely sisters.

A penetrating gentleman, this friend of yours, says Miss Peggy, at thy insolent accusation, looking me full in the face. As I live, he blushes. Look, sister, did you ever see a man blush before? And you, too, Anna? Heyday! why the Counsellor does not accuse you too, does he?

Unkind, teasing, perverse Peggy, says Annabella: Don't let us mind her, Mr Davis.

We went on with the letter. Many passages made one sister merry, the other sad.—To what a man, says the eldest, am I in danger of being allied! Can a worse fate befall a woman of any sentiment, than to marry a man whom she cannot respect?

And yet this deplorable misfortune, replies the youngest, happens every day; and women live and do well under it.

I am unable to bear the thoughts of it, replies the other; and so determined against the thing, that I will sooner endure my father's cruellest displeasure, than submit to it.

And yet, Heaven knows, says she, the tears standing in her lovely eyes, how ill I am qualified to struggle with adversity. I have no friend on whom I dare intrude; I know no art by which I can earn a subsistence.

How the mind of sensibility, says Peggy, can frame for itself deep sorrows out of trifles. What likelihood, dear Annabella, that my father should proceed to such extremities as to drive us from his house?

Us! Peggy? replies her sister; No, it would be cruelty extreme to involve you in my misfortunes.

It shall be Us, for all that, says Peggy; or if I am deserted, depend upon it, the next news you hear will be, that I have begged your fortune of your father, and am become a countess. With sixty thousand pounds, I know Lord Winterbottom would marry Mother Shipton. You know he did me the honour to offer himself, when you refused him two years since. But at that time I was a giddy-headed girl, too proud and froppish to take up with my sister's leavings.

You might, indeed, replies Annabella, have

refused him with more grace; as I remember he durst not venture upon another attack.

No, says Peggy, but he sent Captain Wycherley, who was so eloquently ambiguous, that I could not tell whether he spoke for my lord or for himself. So, putting on one of my sweetest smiles, I asked him the plain question. His answer was ambiguous still; it intimated that his mouth spoke one language, and his heart another.

I told him, I always preferred the language of the heart. This gracious speech drove away all his fears, and he pleaded for himself most piteously. Having heard him out, I told him I was unfortunate in a peculiar aversion I had to treachery, and begged of him, when he did me the honour to renew his suit, he would bring my lord's consent in writing. By these silly tricks I lost them both; but people grow wiser by time and experience.

At this instant, entered a servant with tea, followed by the Justice with a cloudy brow. He never spoke to me, nor scarcely to his daughters, whilst this social repast was making, but often gave me a sidelong glance of disdain. When the servant was withdrawn, I requested to know how I had offended him, or why he was pleased to regard me with looks so different from those I had been used to see.

Mr Davis, said he, if your name be Davis, I am told that you make pretensions to my daughter Annabella; and that it is on your account she refuses Lord Winterbottom, and disobeys her father.

You are misinformed, sir.

I can't tell that, Mr Davis—you are quite a stranger here—You don't go by your real name they say; and besides you are a man of no property.

Very little, indeed, sir; as to my name, they who told you what it was not, might probably tell you what it was.

No, sir; but they told me you had been a London tradesman, and broke, and that you lived now upon charity.

Whosoever are your informers, Mr Whitaker, I perceive plainly they knew more than they have told you: it is possible, also, that they might tell you more than they knew. Will it be too great presumption to request their names?

Lord Winterbottom, sir, and Captain Wycherley. I am not ashamed of my authority. You'll not give 'em the lie, I believe. They sup here to-night. But, to tell you the truth, Mr Davis, my lord was not well pleased that you was introduced before; so, upon that account, and because of the reports about my daughter, I must desire you not to come here any more.

You are master in your own house, sir.

And is it possible, papa, said Miss Peggy, you can submit to be dictated to what company you shall entertain at your own house, by Lord Winterbottom, or any lord on earth?

Hold your tongue, Mrs Prateapace. If Mr

Davis was a gentleman, and known to be such, it would be another thing.

Whatsoever I am, Mr Whitaker, I will never intrude into any gentleman's house against his will. In one respect only, I must beg leave to do myself justice. You may boast of possessing two of the most lovely of women. If I had fortune or merit to entitle me to either of them, I should, though with diffidence, petition for happiness. But as I am, the idea is totally absurd. No, sir, I would serve them most willingly at the expense of my life, and it is paying them no great compliment neither. My misfortunes have made me weary of it. To ally them to my broken fortunes, would be at once the ruin of their peace and mine.

The pearly drop stood in Peggy's eyes. Annabella concealed her emotions by a handkerchief thrown over her face. The Justice was somewhat moved.

Well, well, says he, Mr Davis, if it be as you say—

But it is not as Mr Davis says, papa; for I declare I should have more peace in allying myself to his broken fortunes, than to those of any lord, gamester, or debauchee alive.

You would, minx, would you? And what do you say, mistress, turning to Annabella, are you of the same opinion?

I am, sir. At the same time must beg leave to assure you, I am desirous of no alliance at all. I have been the happiest of creatures under your roof, and in your protection. I wish for no change. Do not, dear sir, force me to marry against my own consent, and you shall never reproach me with marrying against yours.

Dear papa, says Peggy, what punishment can be half so bad, as to be tied to an odious man for life?

Odious! hussy; Lord Winterbottom odious!

Odious, papa. A detestable time-serving wretch; half undone by gaming, and the extravagance of an Italian mistress.

Did ever anybody hear such impudence! Was ever man so plagued! One daughter disobedient, the other saucy. I protest I have a great mind to turn you both out of doors this minute.

Do, papa, says Peggy; the overseer of the poor will be obliged to take care of us, you know; and a workhouse with content, is, in my opinion, an enviable situation, compared with the pageantries of greatness, and an aching heart.

Good God! good God! did anybody ever hear the like? A workhouse!

Dear papa, says Annabella, throwing herself at her father's knees, pardon my sister Peggy. Her apprehensions for me make her bold beyond her gentle nature. She knows how miserable a marriage with Lord Winterbottom would make me. Dear papa!—

Well, get up, get up, Annabella; I protest I don't know what to do—Made a bargain with

my lord—a fine jointure—settlements almost completed—My daughter a countess—Family ennobled—Anny, I will give thee ten thousand more, if thou wilt have him.

Give me twenty thousand less, dear papa, and make me happy. Or give it to my lord, for, believe me, sir, it is his only object. Let me still find my greatest happiness in pleasing my dear father.

Give him my fortune into the bargain, papa, says Peggy, throwing herself upon her knees by her sister's side. And love us as you used to do, papa, taking his hand and kissing it, and when we cry for husbands, whip us.

There was such a mixture of drollness and duty in this address of Peggy, that the old gentleman lost his anger.

Well, well, says he, get up, get up—We'll see what's to be done—I'll talk to my lord about it.

It gives me, says I, infinite happiness to see this reconciliation. May it never be interrupted! I will be no impediment to its duration. For though the condescending goodness of your amiable daughters has given me much happiness, and sweetly alleviated the remembrance of some misfortunes that hung heavy upon me; yet I know too well the value of domestic felicity, to disturb it by my intrusion. I go, sir, to fulfil the sentence of your banishment. If ever the particulars of my unfortunate life come to be known to you, you will find it stained with no dishonour, nor will you blush for the guest you have admitted.—Once more, ladies, let me acknowledge your kind condescension, and wish you every degree of human felicity. It would have been the summit of mine to have been still favoured with your friendship.

With a full bosom, I hastily withdrew, notwithstanding I heard the Justice's voice, as it seemed irresolutely, calling me back, and the lovely girls sobbing too audibly for my peace.

William, I have set thee up the monitor of my paths. Be free in thy reprehensions when it appears that I deserve them; but do not tax thy time and friendship with regularity of correspondence; nor think I am unjust enough to require an answer to every frivolous and idle letter I send thee. Only when leisure serves, remember me the continuation of poor Kitty Ross's history; for, whatsoever I may feel for myself, it does not dispose me to feel the less for others. Thine,

HENRY DAVIS.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Barham Downs.

I am going, William, to strip me of all covering; to put into thy hands the rod of satire, and submit me to the lash. I am going to confess my weakness.

Three days after the dispatch of my last, I remained at home, forlorn, desolate, full of bravadoes and challenges to the grim monarch, the son of Sin and Satan, to come and strike.

I traced, as well as my disordered mind would permit, my past misfortunes, and present afflictions, to their source. All originated, one way or other, in the detested modes of polished life. What else corrupted the heart of Lucy, and has perverted the understanding of Mr Whitaker? I will go, says I, to a country of pure and simple manners. I will seek simplicity in the *pays de Vaud*; I will climb the rocks of Meillery; and, if I can find the spot, I will live and die where Julia lived and died; Julia Wolmar, the most virtuous of her sex. I sketched, in my imagination, the face, the features, of this lovely woman; but, howsoever I began the portrait, the end was—Annabella. Now, William, exult in thy prophecy, insult me with thy wisdom; I confess I love; but do not think me so lost to all sense of honour, as to imagine that I admit of hope, or of a thought detrimental to Annabella.

No, I will go. Any distance is better than the infinite distance of Tantalus; and if I had free ingress, as I once had, the daily sight of the amiable fair one may be a cordial to me, but can never be a medicine.

I will go. (This resolution I should have put in practice when first I formed it, had not the image of Annabella, in tears, in despair, intervened; against which, reason, philosophy,—Aerial vapours! what are ye?)

In one of my most gloomy fits, Sir Ambrose Archer did me the honour to call. Since the day of our accidental meeting with Lord Winterbottom at Mr Whitaker's, our acquaintance had grown almost to an intimacy.—You must go home with me to-night, Davis, says he, my sister has a commission to give you.

Ladies' favours should be always attended to, Sir Ambrose, but I am not well.

I know it, Davis, that is my reason for calling you forth; my sister may have another.

You will excuse me this evening, Sir Ambrose; I have been much indisposed these three days.

I know it, Davis; your disorder began about seven o'clock on Monday evening. It is the plague, I believe. Anny and Peggy Whitaker seem to be infected. I think myself safe in visiting amongst you, because it seldom attacks males at my time of life. Females, who have not had it in their youth, are seldom secure. I am anxious for my poor sister, who, ever since she honoured you with her presence at tea, has been lavish in the praise of your bachelor-like neatness, and other cleanly qualities, which I cannot now stay to enumerate.—Come along.—This compulsion was of too good-natured a cast to be resisted.

As we walked, I have been witness, says he,

of a whimsical scene of bustle and confusion at Justice Whitaker's this morning, into whose parlour I entered with my usual freedom, and found the Justice sitting in his chair of state, with all the insignia of magistracy upon him ; that is to say, blue morocco slippers, a green velvet cap, and a morning gown of many colours. Annabella was crying, and Peggy biting her nails for vexation.

Let us appeal to Sir Ambrose, papa, says Peggy, after the usual salutations.

Appeal me no appeals, says the Justice ; is Sir Ambrose your father ? Did he beget you ? Did he bring you up ? What will this world come to ! Paternal authority set at nought by girls in bibs !

Girls in bibs should not be given away in marriage, papa, replies Peggy.

No, not by their fathers ; but they can fling themselves away fast enough. I shall have Anny, or you, for I don't know which is the forwardest, throw yourselves out of the window, into the arms of that scoundrel Davis. But I'll trounce him ; I'll scour the country of him, I warrant you. A broken rascal, to pretend to a daughter of mine ! A damned specious fellow !

A damned specious fellow indeed, says I, if he deserves all this. Are you sure you have good authority for this abuse ?

Authority, Sir Ambrose ! the best authority. Lord Winterbottom and Captain Wycherley have told me all about him ; the fellow's not worth a groat. Pretend to a daughter of mine !

And did Lord Winterbottom, papa, says Peggy, tell you also, that Mr Davis pretended to a daughter of yours ?

Yes, he did, minx. And how you met him every evening in the grove ; and Captain Wycherley overheard him making downright love to your sister.

Captain Wycherley surely should have ass's ears by the length of them, replies Peggy, for I am sure I heard no such thing, and I was never from my sister's side. And does Lord Winterbottom really mean to carry Annabella by these mean and infamous arts ? Heaven knows, I love my sister, dearly love her ; but I declare I would sooner mourn for her at the grave, than assist at her nuptials with such a despicable wretch.

Here's impudence for you ! says the Justice, blowing and puffing with anger. Thank God, Sir Ambrose, you have no daughters to plague you.

Would to Heaven, Mr Whitaker, I had a couple not a jot better or worse than these two disobedient headstrong girls of yours ! I would soon cure them of rebellion.

Ay, Sir Ambrose, you are a man of sense. I know what ought to be too, but then I have not your steadiness, Sir Ambrose ; my heart's too tender ; I am too easily mollified. However, they shall see that I can persevere upon occasion

as well as another person. They shall know that, when I am once firmly resolved, my will shall be as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. And I declare, that you, Annabella, shall marry Lord Winterbottom within this fortnight, or I will renounce you for a daughter. My lord has convinced me that this is the only way in which I can act with proper dignity.

My lord has convinced you of it ! says Annabella, who had never before looked up. My dear sir, I honour and respect you as my father, and will ever be obedient to all your lawful commands ; but everything I hear of Lord Winterbottom confirms me in my opinion that he is a monster of baseness. Sooner than marry him, I will wed my grave. Therefore, if no prayers, no entreaties, can alter your resolution, renounce me, sir, consign me to my fate at once ; and suffer me to find, as well as I can, the very little repose that will be my portion on this side the tomb.

Oh, Davis ! the sweet solemnity of this !

Peggy rose immediately, and, approaching her father with the air of a supplicant, begged him to sign her mittimus also ; for that she had as good a right to persecution, and even to martyrdom, as Annabella herself ; since she was not a jot behind her in detestation of tyranny, and abhorrence of Lord Winterbottom.

The Justice bounced up in his chair ; I thought he would have beat her. There, there, Sir Ambrose, says he, look now, what unheard-of assurance ! I'll turn 'em out of doors this very night. They shall sleep no more under my roof. Vipers, vipers ! This is what you would do, Sir Ambrose, is it not ?

Not quite, Mr Whitaker ; I think I should take a more effectual method.

Let me know it, let me know it, Sir Ambrose. Good Lord, what plagues are headstrong daughters !

If you will permit the ladies to retire to their own apartment, my best advice shall be entirely at your service.

Get you gone, gipsies ! Come no more in my presence till you are sent for.—And now, Sir Ambrose, impart, impart.

Why, faith and troth, Mr Whitaker, though I did not think proper to tell you so before your daughters, in my opinion, your conduct in this affair is not altogether right.

The Justice stared.—Hah ! says he.

I am afraid you will not find in all Mr Burn's adjudged cases, one that will justify you in forcing your daughter to marry against her will.

Zoons, man, what occasion is there for law to make children obey their fathers ?

The law, Mr Whitaker, must always be unhappily employed in cases of domestic dissension ; but if it is, you will find that children have rights of law as well as parents, and this is one of them.

Well, if I can't make 'em marry as I like, I can turn 'em out of doors, can't I?

You may, but not without a maintenance. Give me leave to ask you, Mr Whitaker, why you would marry your daughter to Lord Winterbottom?

Why, is not he a lord? is not he a great man at court? is not he mortal rich? and won't he make her a good settlement?

He may be all these things, for aught I know. I allow that he may make her great, but if he makes her miserable also, I doubt the bargain will go against her.

Make her miserable! Fiddle faddle! How should he make her miserable? She'll have everything she wants; ride in her own coach and six, and take place of every baronet's lady in the kingdom.

Why, these are fine things, to be sure; but I believe you perfectly well know that their value is not in the things themselves, but in the imaginations of those who possess them.

To be sure, I know that—Do you take me for a fool? And what hinders her imagination? Why can't she think as well of these things as other people?

Because she thinks well of certain other things, which your great folks, who delight in wealth and grandeur, seldom think of at all. She thinks well of piety, benevolence, humility, social affection, and the peaceable virtues of domestic life. Now, it commonly happens all the world over, that those people who are really fond of these, seldom care a farthing for the other.

It makes me mad to hear you talk, Sir Ambrose: Will a coach and six, and a great estate, hinder her from being as good as ever she has a mind?

That's not the argument. I say they are things indifferent to her; she cares not about them; consequently, they cannot make her happy. Now, I dare say also she has got it in her head, that a man who prefers debauchery to piety, dissipation to benevolence, pride to humility, and the glare of public life to quiet enjoyment, cannot be a good husband; and unless a good husband can be had, it is better to have none at all. There are a multitude of fine ladies, it is true, who think in a different manner; but since your daughter is not one of them, it can hardly be expected she will follow their examples. Before this marriage came upon the carpet, I think, Mr Whitaker, I have heard you praise your daughters for being the best and most dutiful children in the world.

So they were, and I was always a good father; and now I want to be better than ever, and settle them well in the world, they are undutiful! And here you talk and talk, Sir Ambrose, round about the bush, and all nothing to the purpose, when you said you would teach me to cure them of their rebellion.

I will tell you my method in few words. Let

them choose husbands for themselves. If they are good, they will have what they want; if bad, they can't blame you.

O Lord, O Lord! to hear people talk! Give 'em thirty thousand pounds a-piece to throw away upon some riff-raff beggarly fellow, because he can prate about piety and virtue!

Pray, Mr Whitaker, what did you say to your father, when he proposed to you to decline your addresses to the beautiful mother of these young ladies, and marry Miss Humphries, who was rich, and about your own age?

I see what you would be at, Sir Ambrose, but the comparison won't hold. Miss Humphries was crooked, and the small-pox had robbed her of an eye, and seamed her face till she was quite a fright. Now, my lord is as personable a man as you'll desire to see in a hundred.

Yes, the man has a good outside. Unfortunately your daughter looks within, and thinks Lord Winterbottom's mind quite as crooked as Miss Humphries's body.

Why, I never heard anything bad of Lord Winterbottom, more than doing what most young noblemen do.

Faith, sir, and that's bad enough, I think. But there are many young gentlemen who gamble, drink, and drab, and run through their estates with infinite velocity, who pay their debts, notwithstanding, as long they are able, act with honour and justice in their dealings, and preserve themselves free and independent of court slavery. I make this distinction for my own sake. I was a fool when I was young, but never a rogue.

And will you say, Sir Ambrose, that my Lord Winterbottom—

Sir, I will be no man's accuser, make your own inquiries. In the meantime, if it is possible you should carry your error so far as really to turn your daughters out of your house, mine shall be their asylum; and my fortune, such as it is, at their service. No man shall insult them, under my protection, with impunity, let his rank be what it will. So, my good neighbour, I wish you a good morning, and hope, when I see you again, to see you with better thoughts.

By this time, dear Wyman, we had reached Sir Ambrose's house; and though I had seldom spoke during the baronet's narrative, it was easy for him to see, by many a sigh which I strove in vain to suppress, how much I was interested in the detail.

Sir Ambrose introduced me to his sister, who received me with all the good humour a lady, not much habituated to that quality, could well be supposed to assume.

To a lover of delicacy, I imagine the least offensive thing belonging to this lady, except her money, would be her age.

She is very tall, and very thin; of a sallow complexion, and extremely meagre. A physiognomist, on observing the entire cast of feature, would be apt to conclude, that care, envy, and

calumny, resided within ; and physiognomists are sometimes right.

Observing, during our tea, that I was pensive and out of spirits, she endeavoured to be uncommonly lively, and entertained me with many a curious anecdote of the neighbourhood, which would soon have convinced me, could I have given entire credit to the fair relater, that my lot was cast amongst the beasts of the field.

But this lady's chief merit consists in drawing of character, or, in other words, in being a portrait-painter of deformity.

Miss Delane, purdigiously conceited of her parts, because, forsooth, her father's a parson, has the impudence to set her cap at Captain Wycherley, Lord help her ! As if a man in his style of life could take up with such an one as she, without a penny to her portion.

Those purse-proud hussies the Whitakers, what a rout do they make ! Turning up their noses at my Lord Winterbottom, I'll assure ye ! Marry come up ! Nothing less than a duchess will serve their turns, I suppose. Marry come up ! Who was their great-grandfather, I wonder ! That pert chit, Peggy, must be ripping up pedigrees, truly ! She told me t'other day, Cptain Wycherley was the son of a butcher, only because he chose to enter into close conversation with me, rather than flirt with her flippant ladyship. And what if he was ? Every man's the son of his own works. He's a man of purdigious fine sense, and monstrous handsome.

Thus did this entertaining lady spin out the social hour of tea. Sir Ambrose makes it a rule never to contradict her, and indeed seldom attends to what she says. I grew so totally weary, that I rose to go home, regardless of the entreaties of the brother and sister to spend the evening. He would needs accompany me homewards.

I see, says he, you are disgusted with my sister ; I cannot, therefore, expect you to comply with a request I had to make you. You must know she has five thousand pounds at her own disposal, and Wycherley has got scent of it. In consequence he pays her all manner of attention, and will, I fear, carry her off, if I don't take care to prevent it. It is true, I should be almost as glad as she, to have her married ; but cannot bear a scoundrel of his stamp for a brother-in-law. Of late she has been something lavish of her praise of you, as well as of the captain, and, I make no doubt, if you could conquer your disgust, so far as to pay her a few civilities, she would take them for marks of passion. By this means I could contrive to get rid of Wycherley, without involving you in the least ; and you would do us both an essential benefit.

I told Sir Ambrose, that though I was no friend to deceit anyhow applied, I could not deny him my assistance on this occasion, as far

as a little general flattery would go ; but at present I was really too ill to support anything of the kind.

You are in love, Davis, which is the most difficult disease in the whole *Materia Medica*.

I must not contradict you, Sir Ambrose, because I cannot tell precisely what feelings go under that universal denomination ; but this I certainly know, I have none of the views usually ascribed to lovers. I have, for myself, neither hopes, nor fears, nor wishes ; but for Annabella, if she would be mine to-morrow, I should, for her own sake, reject her.

I pretend to some knowledge of mankind, Davis, but I give it up for ever, if you are the impostor some busy circulators of calumny would have us believe.

Of what am I accused, Sir Ambrose ?

Of peccadilloes in trade, which have laid you under the necessity of concealing yourself, and of changing your name.

That I have changed my name I own ; but for reasons of a far different kind. The rest of the charge is totally false.

The world is so good-natured a thing, and, like my sister, draws its conclusions so charitably, that, unless your reasons are strong indeed, you will hardly be able to defend that step.

The world is welcome, Sir Ambrose. In these circumstances, however, it is doubly kind in you to take the generous notice of me you do. As to giving good reasons for my change of name, it is, I believe, an impossible matter. They are grounded on feelings of the heart, and condemned even by my own judgment. I am ashamed to ask you, Sir Ambrose, but if you will mortify with me to-night upon toasted cheese and ale, which, upon my honour, is my best provision, I think I can convince you that poverty is my greatest crime.

After some pressing, Sir Ambrose accepted my invitation ; I told my little tale without disguise—gave him proofs of the truth—and drew from him several testimonies of a feeling heart.

He offered me his friendship, his purse and assistance, with great seeming cordiality—wished his own youth had been marked with errors of as venial a kind—Congratulated me upon my friend—Joined him in condemnation of my retirement—Engaged to be attentive to Peggy and Annabella—and took his leave. Weariness makes me hurry over the latter part of the conversation, and conclude—Thine,

Dear William —

HENRY DAVIS.

MR WYMAN TO MR DAVIS.

London.

WERE it not for those *sinkings of the mind*, so unworthy of a man, that a woman might be

ashamed of them, which appear in thy last letters, I could take an interest in them. But that confounded habit, acquired at the expense of common sense; that artificial mode of thinking, or of feeling, I know not which, which those who have it, and those who would be thought to have it, agree to call by the flowing name of sensibility, spoils you for a man, whether you act or write. When a man cannot get the thing he wants, what a plague has he to do, but make himself easy without it?

Oh, but, say you, the world cannot subsist without the tender charities, and the tender charities can subsist only in minds sensible to the woes of others.

To which I answer, that I object equally to insensible, and to too sensible minds. There is a medium, a boundary, fixed by the nature of things, which it is folly to pass. Would you have mankind feel for themselves and others, till ease and happiness were banished the world? And would not this be the case if every one could really say, what the affected lady says, "Alas! I feel too sensibly for my peace?" In short, this overmuch of it is the weakness of the mind, and those who have it are such fools to think it virtue. One consolation is, the affectation of it is at least ten times as great as the reality; otherwise it would be almost as mortal to public tranquillity, as that other pest of human kind—the fashion. Heaven confound 'em both!

Here is my Hibernian now, as you call her, the most enchanting, silly woman, for aught I know, in the universe. To-day I am transported with her sense, her goodness, and her beauty; to-morrow overwhelmed with her sensibility, till I can neither recognize my own natural face in the glass, nor guess at my sex with any tolerable certainty.

And I have the remainder of her story to communicate, a story of sensibility that is to tear thy heart with sweet distress and pleasing torture. That is the cant, I believe. But this, according to the old homely adage, would be sending coals to Newcastle; and, besides, I have a little affair of fashion upon my hands, which I must get rid of, by venting my spleen somewhere.

Thou knowest I do not entirely depend for a livelihood upon the sweat of my brains. On the contrary, if I can put my faith in a piece of vellum, called a Survey of lands belonging to William Wyman, Esquire, of Norton, in comitatu Hants, I have 507 acres, 3 roods, 12 perches, of good arable and pasture. Nearly the half of these were set about thirty years ago to Thomas Stubbs, an industrious young fellow, new married, whose fund, with that of his wife's, amounted to £350, and upwards.

When I left my father's house to "study Shakespeare in the inns of court," Thomas was as topping a farmer as most in those parts. His house was plentifully provided with good brown

bread, milk, cheese, and bacon. Sometimes a piece of beef, of which an ample provision of broth was made; and now and then they even ventured upon a barn-door fowl. Good small beer all the year about, and at Christmas and the wake, two jolly seasons in which they entertained their friends with the most unbounded liberality, a good barrel of ale.

The apparel of honest Thomas for every day, was a fustian coat and waistcoat, buckskin breeches, stockings thicker than a modern shoe-sole, and hobnail shoes, which the dew of heaven could not penetrate. His Sunday finery was a sort of blue-grey homespun uniform, the manufacture of his dear Martha, who was a very decent body, and delighted to be clothed in good linsey-woolsey, the work of her own hands.

One son and two daughters were all the fruits of their industry by night; fine, healthy, mischievous children as could well be desired.

Having occasion to visit my estate about three years since, I took up my abode two or three days with honest Thomas, as being my principal tenant. I did not doubt but the good folks would exert themselves for my entertainment, and that I should create a monstrous bustle, and a furious ravage amongst the poultry. Alas! they were accustomed to entertain as fine fellows as myself any day in the year. Without any appearance of exertion, the table was regularly served with a variety of butcher's meat; good ale as plenty as water; and when the cloth was drawn, two decanters upon stands appeared, labelled Sherry, and Red-Port. Tea, coffee, and hot rolls, were our breakfast, and our evenings concluded with a bowl of punch.

Thomas, though much altered in dress, I knew again; but of my old friend Martha, very little remained. The house, too, was altered in its appearance. The parlour was honoured with a boarded floor; the little window was changed into a sash; and the whited wall had given place to paper.

The well-dressed Mrs Stubbs presented me her two daughters, very elegant figures, with fashionable heads, a peck in magnitude. The eldest about nineteen, the youngest a year less; both pretty enough. Master Tommy, the oldest of all, was a strapping youth with a bushy head of hair, reduced to order by the curling irons, and tied behind in a club. This young gentleman, his father being so mortal well to pass in the world, was sent to a grammar-school, where, besides writing and accompts, his masters amused him with Mr Lilly's Grammar, and having travelled him through forty pages of Cornelius Nepos, advanced him to the dignity of Caesar's Commentaries; all in four years' time. But this rapid progress in erudition was interrupted by a recall to the tail of the plough.

The young ladies had each of them two years

of a Winchester boarding-school, from whence they returned so genteel, and so perfectly accomplished, that they could trim, flounce, and furbelow to admiration; and could even make up their everyday caps. They subscribed also to a circulating library, and the seats were graced with *Visiting Days* and *Barford Abbies*.

In a walk with Mr Stubbs over his farm, I congratulated him upon his success in the world, which by his manner of living I supposed to be very considerable.

Mr Stubbs made me no answer. The man, thought I, is afraid of being raised.

I believe, Mr Stubbs, says I, that most landlords have taken advantage of these rare times for farmers, to lay a little more rent upon their estates, and mine I suppose will bear it as well as others.

By the fall of his under jaw, Mr Stubbs's face appeared to be lengthened one inch: Still I had no answer.

You must have saved comfortable portions for your daughters, I dare say, continued I; they seem to be handsome young women, and worthy of good rich husbands, who can afford to maintain 'em in the way of life they are brought up.

Mr Stubbs's countenance now exhibited a strange mixture of expression. Still he said not a word; seemed agitated, and increased his pace. At length, striking his stick into the ground, he exclaimed, That damn'd boarding-school! but for that I might have been wealthy and happy.

How! says I; Oh, but I suppose you are afraid to trust me with a true account of your circumstances, lest I should raise you too high. Is your money out at good interest? It may lie in the way of my business to be of service to you in this particular.

Four years ago, says Thomas, with a sorrowful look, I had three hundred pounds at use; and plenty of money always in the house; but since my children grew up, expenses have run high, and my money has dwindled away, I know not how, by bits and bobs.

You are sadly afraid of me, Mr Stubbs, to impose upon me such an improbable tale: Would any man in his senses, that was not a very forward man indeed, live in the elegant way you do?

All the world are out of their senses, I think, returns Thomas; such visiting and dressing, and dinnering and suppering; I never liked it, Mr Wyman, but it's hard for a body to stand out against one's whole family. My wife and daughters kept dinning my ears, Why, it's the fashion, father. Everybody does this, and everybody does that, and everybody does the t'other. One may as well be out o' the world, as not live in it as other folks do.

Why these are very fine sayings to be sure, and very sensible; and will go a great way towards a landlord's rent, or a daughter's portion.

Now you know, Mr Stubbs, that all callings are subject to accident, and none more than a farmer's. Two or three bad harvests; a murrain, or a blight, for example, might put you sadly to your shifts; and these pretty young ladies, as far as I see, are neither brought up to get a penny, nor save it when it is got. However, Mr Stubbs, you have been mine and my father's tenant a long while: Whilst you hold the farm, I'll not raise it. But for your son, I will promise no such thing.

I then gave Thomas a world of good advice, and the next day we parted.

He had been long in the practice of receiving the rest of my rents half yearly, and paying all to a banker at Winchester, whence it came to my hands in the shape of an inland bill of exchange.

Poor Stubbs was unable to weather clearly out the two or three first years of the American war. My remittances fell short twenty or thirty pounds at a time; but he himself was the only one deficient, because the rest having no pretensions to gentility, had been much less affected with the dissipation of the times.

The last rent day which is just over, brought me forty pounds short, and the following letter:—

KOIND SIR,

EVER sin I had the benefut of youre good advice at Norton I ha bin working and labring to bring my famuly dawn a bit, and a main peece o work I han had ont—But at last when they seed how stowt and stubborn I was, I got 'em to ley by their afternoons tea drinkings and their wines ater dinner and sich like, and to go out less and stay a whome more, whereby Wife said I shud ruin 'em, for haw shud they get husbands And this very last year they han had but one gawn a-piece Only what I saves in money I has it out i' maundring which I shud no much moind if so be I cud mak both ends mete but corn's low and wages runs high, and Wools stark nought so I'm forty pounds more in youre debt koid Sir which hopes you'll overluk a little till times mend But I've a worsor job still upo my honds Wud you think it Sir my eldest daughter Nan's wi child and the mon wo no ha her for all his promises You must kno he's a neigb-bring farmer's son as has a little estate ons own and main well to live and has courted Nan a year gon past and eery body thought it wud be a match and so the father comes o'er to settle purliminories as he call'd 'em and what does he do, but insist upon five hundred pounds down So I told him I cud gi her noght And the Mon stared like a pig and told me he thought I had been a tree thousand pound mon at least—and then he said flat and plane his son shud never marry nobody as had nothing Whereby I thought myself vary ill used for when the young man com a courting furst to Nan he said neer a word about money And then what busness had he to get

th wench wi child without hed ha had her Wife doo no mind it mich and Sal says it's so comon now a deys nobody hedes about it But Tums of another moind and the lad helps me aw he con Pray Gi me youre advice for Ime hauf mad and so koind Sir I remains youre sarvant till deth.

THOMAS STUBBS.

For this epistle I have caused to be wrote an answer nearly as long, and quite as wise, as many a sermon, possibly with much the same effect. The latter part of it is denunciatory. As thus:—I do not think myself obliged to support you in extravagance, and everything is extravagant in your situation more than the common comforts and conveniences of life. If you can prevail upon your family to return to the manner of life you lived twenty years ago, I will be your friend—If not—Provide yourself another farm as soon as you can. I shall have eyes upon your conduct.

And so I shall, Harry, for curiosity as well as interest-sake. It is a sentiment common enough with French novelists, that women in most cases will sooner part with their lives, than their vanities. I doubt not, as Thomas says, there will be a main piece of work on't. I will let thee know the result.—Adieu. Thine,

WILLIAM WYMAN.

MR DAVIS TO MR WYMAN.

Barham Downs.

If my heart, dear Wyman, had beat with its usual tranquillity, I must have been amused with the story of the unfeeling Stubbs's, and with thy philosophy; but at present it is torn by different emotions.

As I have already wrote you, Sir Ambrose favoured me with his friendly visit on Saturday night last. It is now Wednesday evening. I saw the worthy baronet no more till this morning. All the interval I spent with inexpressible inquietude; too restless to be easy at home; too languid to go abroad. We boast of the pleasures of the imagination, Wyman, and they are truly great; but the philosopher will reflect with a sigh, that the noblest faculties of man may be used to desolate, as well as console him.

Before I was up this morning, my old woman opened the door of my apartment, with an O, Lord! dear sirs, who could have believed it! Miss Anny Whitaker is run away from her father's house, and no soul knows whither.

Good heavens!—But why should Miss Anny Whitaker's running away cause such painful trepidations from the crown of *my* head to the sole of my foot? Divine powers! did you create us thus ridiculously wise, thus learnedly ignorant, solely for your diversion?

The good old woman retailed me a world of

gossipation, to which I was unable to give the due attention. I was buried in the profound stupidity of a man, who muses always, but never thinks. At length I acquired strength and recollection enough to rise.

My breakfast was ready; I eat it, I suppose, by instinct. I walked, or seemed to walk, into my little garden, and placing myself upon a rustic bench, two hours passed away almost unnoticed. From this reverie I was roused by the shrill clamour of my old woman, in a strain of abuse of two or three countrymen at the door. These proved to be the worthy constable of the village and two assistants, come upon an errand which proves malignancy *may* find its way into the breast of a magistrate, and that a lord *may* be a very ignorant and silly fellow.

Can it be believed, Wyman? James Whitaker, Esq. had given information to Justice Lord Winterbottom of the loss of some of his chattels, and of his suspicion that they were concealed in my house; and Justice Lord Winterbottom had signed a warrant to search my house for the same. But as neither of these powerful magistrates could find in all Burn, that men or women had ever yet been called stolen goods, the warrant was granted to search for a gown, a cloak, and other female wearing apparel, the property of the above-named James Whitaker, Esq. Here was a stroke of ingenuity, which I hope has no small claim to your admiration.

Whilst I was reading this judicious composition over the shoulder of my man of authority, who would not part with the precious morsel out of his own fingers, Sir Ambrose Archer drove up to the door; who, having had some previous hints of the matter, and thinking I might find some little difficulty in it, kindly posted to my relief.

Sir Ambrose very gently took the warrant out of the hands of the constable, glanced his eye over it, and bursting into a violent fit of laughter, put it mildly into his pocket. Then clapping the constable upon the back, Go thy ways, says he, thou faithful representative of the king's own person: Go, and inform thy worshipful employers what I have done; and let them know also, if I had found them here instead of thyself, I would have treated them in another manner.

But your honour has broke the law, says the constable.

I have so, returns Sir Ambrose, and I will break thy head into the bargain, if thou dost not go thy ways.

But I shall come to damage, says the constable.

If they hang thee, replies the baronet, I will pay all the charges.

God bless your honour, says the constable, your honour will bear me harmless?

Sir Ambrose gave a nod.

Then, says the constable, I do not care a straw, for I hold o'nother o'them.

Sir Ambrose insisted on my going home with him to dinner.

I pleaded illness, low spirits, distraction. All would not do.

As we rode he gave me the following account. On Sunday, says he, I attended divine service, morning and afternoon, the profane project of seeing and speaking to Miss Whitakers mingling with my piety. No one from that house appeared. In the evening I had company. About noon the next day I called in at the Justice's, and was going with my customary freedom into the common sitting parlour, when a servant informed me, his master was engaged with Lord Winterbottom. I inquired for the ladies. They were engaged also.

On Tuesday I postponed my visit till towards the hour of tea. Another servant, who had formerly been mine, told me his master was engaged with Lord Winterbottom.—And where are the ladies?—Sir, they don't see company.—Not see company, Peter? They are well, I hope?—Peter put on an air of mystery and importance, without answering my question. By the help of flattery and a bribe, the two great instruments of worldly success over the greatest part of the globe, I gained from Peter the following intelligence: That all the house was in vast confusion; the ladies confined to their apartment; the Justice eternally closetted with my lord and the captain; lawyers going backward and forward; silence enjoined to all the servants; and orders given to deny both the Justice and the young ladies to all company, and particularly to my honour.

I was determined not to call upon you, Davis, till I had made another effort; I went home, therefore, and wrote to Miss Whitakers, making an offer of my house, and of all my services. I intended this morning to call and engage Peter to deliver this letter, but my ever dear sister, impatient to oblige me, as she always is, when she can communicate agreeable anecdotes, opened my curtains, with the monstrous news, as she called it, of the elopement of Anny Whitaker. I rose and dressed in haste, and was taking a dish of chocolate, in order to go immediately to the Justice's, when one of his servants arrived with a letter, containing a formal requisition of his daughter, and a hint that I must be *prosecuted as the law directs*, if I detained her from his fatherly authority. I left my sister in the most agreeable employment imaginable, pumping circumstances out of the servant, and drove with all speed to my wise neighbour's.

I sent in my name. In about ten minutes, and not sooner, I received a note from the Justice, importing, that if I had brought his daughter, I should be welcome; otherwise he desired to be excused. I asked if Lord Winterbottom was with him? He was. I got out of the chariot, and springing into the hall, desired to be shewn in

to the gentlemen. There was a silly confusion betwixt the two footmen, and neither of them stepped forward. Then, says I, I must introduce myself, which I did without farther ceremony. The surprise at my entrance was very great, and my reception awkward enough. To add to the embarrassment, the constable was there, whose office I knew, though not his immediate business. I took the liberty to desire he might withdraw for a few minutes; and my lord said, You have all your instructions, you may now go and execute your office. We then entered into a pretty spirited conversation, of which I will give you the substance as near as I can remember.

Take it from me, Wyman, dramatically.

Sir Ambrose. I have received a very extraordinary letter from you this morning, Mr Whitaker; I hope you mean it for your diversion solely; if otherwise, I am sorry for the occasion; but do not think myself considered in it as our long friendship and familiarity deserve.

Justice. It don't signify talking, Sir Ambrose; it is very ill done to support undutiful children against their parents. My daughter durst as well have eat her nails as run away, if you had not encouraged her. Remember what you said with your own mouth, how your house should be their asylum, and your fortune at their service, and all that.

Sir Am. What I said with my own mouth, Mr Whitaker, I take the liberty to repeat, and you may hereafter, if you please, call upon my lord to witness it. My house *shall* be their asylum, my fortune, such as it is, at their service, whenever they please to command them. But let me tell you, neighbour, the counsels whereby you have been induced to adopt measures that make any asylum but your own necessary deserve your execration, not your thanks.

Lord Winterbottom. I suppose you intend this arrow at me, Sir Ambrose?

Sir Am. At you, my lord? Heaven forbid! A man of your rank, your honour, and probity, can never descend to abuse the credulity of a worthy man.

L. W. I suppose, sir, you know the treaty that is on foot between us?

Sir Am. I do, my lord, and am far from blaming your lordship for seeking happiness where it is so likely to be found.

L. W. And you know the obstacles the young lady's caprice throws in the way of her father's wishes and mine?

Sir Am. Caprice! my lord? It is a harsh, unseasonable word. I presume your lordship's vanity bestows this attribute upon her.

L. W. This is pretty free, Sir Ambrose.

Sir Am. It is honest also, my lord, and becomes an Englishman, and a friend to innocence and virtue. Your lordship, I suppose, means to say, that she does not receive your addresses

with all the ardour your lordship would wish to inspire?

L. W. It is well known she does not, Sir Ambrose; and it is well known why she does not.

Sir Am. I think it is, my lord.

L. W. Yes, sir, from the canting hypocrisy, the specious insinuations of your new friend, your broken merchant, a fellow forced to conceal his person, and dares not own his name.

Sir Am. You are politeness itself, my lord. And your lordship does really believe the young lady has a prejudice in his favour?

L. W. I do. The matter is too apparent.

Sir Am. And would your lordship condescend to accept the reluctant hand of any woman upon earth?

L. W. Mere moral cant, Sir Ambrose. Young ladies seldom know what they would be at. They think one thing to-day, and quite another to-morrow.

Sir Am. At least, your lordship should stay till that to-morrow comes. Till then, I must take the liberty to say, you decide against yourself.

L. W. Yes, and whilst we wait for to-morrow, she throws herself into the jaws of *your friend*—and ruin.

Sir Am. I must imitate your lordship's politeness. Save her from *yourself*, my lord; in my humble opinion, by much the most apparent ruin. (This bold answer struck my lord dumb; I suppose, with anger.)

Captain. Damme, Sir Ambrose, do you think I shall stand by and see my lord insulted?

Sir Am. Peace, wretch! Eat thy base bread in quiet.

Captain. Very unfit language, sir, to be given to a gentleman.

Sir Am. A gentleman! Force me not to despise thee still more.

Captain. Well, sir, I shall find a time. (My lord was now stalking about the room in sullen majesty.)

Sir Am. Mr Whitaker, I am insensibly got into an altercation with my lord, when my business was solely with you. What did you propose to yourself from this letter?

L. W. Will you say, upon your honour, Sir Ambrose, that the young lady is not at your house?

Sir Am. You have no right to ask me the question, my lord. Thus far, however, I will give you an answer. If she is, she is safe from your lordship,—and shall be so.

L. W. You mean to oppose the laws of your country, I presume?

Sir Am. I mean to oppose oppression by equity. Begin, and try its strength.

Justice. I hope I have a right to ask that question, Sir Ambrose?

Sir Am. You have. Your daughter is not

at my house; and, from my soul, I am sorry for it.

Justice. And, upon your honour, you don't know where she is?

Sir Am. I do not.

Justice. Then she must be at Davis's; but we shall soon ferret her out there, hay, my lord? —(*Winking.*)

Sir Am. Best send your worship's warrant to search for stolen goods.

Justice. Egad, and so we have, Sir Ambrose: Good wits jump.

Sir Am. You have?

Justice. Yes, really.

Sir Am. Then you are the most egregious fool I know. Good morrow.—The captain waited upon me to the chariot door, muttering something about satisfaction. If, says I, you design to preserve your ears uncropt, keep out of my way.—I jumped immediately into my chariot, and drove to your house.

Thus ended the baronet's account. You, as well as myself, will see the obligations I had to this gentleman. You cannot fail to remark how his temper, unmoved with regard to himself, kindled at the indignities thrown upon me. I expressed the sense I had of this generosity; but ill at ease, and longing for solitude to indulge myself with Annabella, I begged permission to return home.

To sigh in secret, says Sir Ambrose; to give up the reins of your imagination to sentiment and sensibility; to be a woman, when you are called upon to shew the active spirit of a man. You ought to appear in public, to counteract the malevolence of busy tongues, which will be ready enough to suggest that Miss Whitaker and you are gone together. It is bowling-green day, which my lord sometimes honours with his presence. There is no doubt, from what passed between him and me this morning, that he will plentifully asperse us both. Let us confront him boldly. For once let me be your physician. I cannot, as Hotspur says, allow you leisure to be sick at such a time. We will dine together; tuck up a bottle or two of claret, and go and tell the world to its teeth, that we defy its malice.

Your spirit, Sir Ambrose, excites mine: Give me one half hour of privacy, and pen and ink, for a very short, but necessary purpose, and I will endeavour to answer this call of generous friendship. Sir Ambrose shut me up in his library; where, having pondered the matter over with all the understanding I could at that time gather together, I ventured to write the following.

MY LORD,

UNFORTUNATE in life, I retired to this place to forget the world, and to drag out the remainder of my days unnoticed, and in peace. I have injured no human being. It has very undeser-

vedly fallen to my lot to be singled out as the object of your lordship's *peculiar kindness*; I wish to thank your lordship—as I ought. I hope your lordship will permit me to make my just acknowledgments *in private*, at six to-morrow morning, in the leasow grove; and that I may be the more entitled to this distinction, I now throw off for ever the name of Davis, assumed for the sake of living and dying in obscurity, could your lordship have been content to have permitted it, and take again my legal appellation, derived from my respected father, the late Sir George Osmond. I beg leave to subscribe myself, therefore,

Your Lordship's most obedient,
HENRY OSMOND.

I sealed this letter, and put it in my pocket, intending to slip it into the post-box at the George, where the London post leaves a bag for the neighbourhood every day but Sunday, about six in the evening.

At dinner, Miss Archer told us, that to be certain Anny Whitaker's elopement was the *cleanest done thing* that ever was, for no soul knew, or would own they knew, a syllable about it; no, not even Peggy herself, a perverse slut. I warrant she thinks secrecy to a runaway sister better than duty to a father. It is really amazing to see how wicked and wicked the world grows every day.

Abundance of these useful observations fell from the lady's lips, could we have known how to have profited by them. But prejudiced a little in favour of the world as it goes, and a great deal in favour of Miss Whitakers, it is incredible into what thankless ears so rich a profusion was poured.

The green was full, and more occupied by the news of the day, than by bowling. Till this day, I had scarcely been honoured with common notice there: Now, I had a very extraordinary portion of civility shewn me. Thanks to my good Lord Winterbottom, I had become more conspicuous than before; and as my lord was in full possession of a reasonable quantity of odium from the neighbouring gentry, the credit they gave his assertions was, as mathematicians say, in the inverse proportion thereof. Above all, I was countenanced by Sir Ambrose, whom everybody liked.

But these things, dear William, will not do. They counteract the end of my retirement. Friendship with the lovely Miss Whitakers would have been compatible with my scheme, and have added to its relish. A general acquaintance I *must* avoid, if I fly for it to the rocks of Meillery. Thee also, I *must* avoid, dear Annabella; too well I know the danger of growing familiar with happiness.

With difficulty I got from a party Sir Ambrose had formed to sup at the George; retired

to my cot, I devote the first hours to my friend, the next to—thinking of to-morrow.

Best of friends—of men—

Adieu.

HENRY OSMOND.

Lord Winterbottom came not
upon the green.

SIR AMBROSE ARCHER TO MR WYMAN.

Dover.

DEAR SIR,

YOU and I have been made known to each other by means of our common friend, Mr Henry Osmond. I wish our proper correspondence had commenced under happier auspices. This amiable gentleman is now under sail for Ostend; I have only his absence to lament; his safety is secured. The last letter he wrote you would, I think, prepare you not to be surprised at this event. The words of his parting embrace were, Remember Wyman—Satisfy that dear and respected friend, who will be all anxiety till he hears from me, or of me. I take the first hour to fulfil his request.

The spirited letter he wrote Lord Winterbottom, he gave you a copy of. Though done in my house, I never suspected the least circumstance of it; nor, to say truth, did I expect it from Osmond, who seemed to me to carry the virtues of meekness, patience, and forbearance, farther than the modes of the world will allow. These excellent Christian virtues, I am sorry to think, are ill adapted to our gentility; or our gentility to them.

I have killed Wycherley, says Osmond, bursting into my room yesterday morning whilst I was yet in bed. I have shot him against my will in self-defence. Cursed tyranny of fashion! to what evils does it not subject mankind! He went on moralizing.

I made haste to dress, and observed that Osmond's was the genteel morning dress of a gentleman; very different from what he commonly wore; for he had accustomed himself, since his residence here, to the greatest plainness and simplicity; yet, with a taste and neatness also, that did honour to his understanding.

It is very incomprehensible, says I. Wycherley! You mistook your man, sure.

No; my aim was better directed. My object was Lord Winterbottom; I suspect his cowardice has saved him. Poor Wycherley! At last he has paid for the abject bread he has eat.

Mr Osmond proceeded to give me the broken outlines of this unhappy affair; but neither was his mind in a tone proper for elucidation, nor mine for conception. I understood, however, enough of the matter to think he ought to leave the kingdom till the business was scrutinized.

I had something to do to make him assent to the proposal. He valued life too little, he said, to take extraordinary pains to preserve it.

Annabella values it at a higher rate. Preserve it for her. He looked astonished. I hope you are mistaken, says he, sighing; but direct me as you please.

My chaise was soon ready, and Osmond's house lying in the road, he stopped to give his housekeeper directions, and to take his most necessary apparel. We had scarce got twenty yards from the door before we met the formidable constable, who bawled out to us to stop, for he had a warrant to take Mr Davis up for murder. We had the pleasure also of bowing to the Justice as we passed.

When the tumult of our spirits had subsided, I desired a more circumstantial account of the morning's adventure.

Read, if you please, Sir Ambrose, this paper.

It was a copy of his billet-doux to Lord Winterbottom. I frankly confess, Osmond, this letter astonishes me.

Then you condemn it?

Not in the least. But you may remember, that, during the relation of my lord's behaviour, no expression of anger, nor scarcely of contempt, escaped you. Resentment seemed to be dead in you; and though, had you communicated your purpose to me, I should have endeavoured to dissuade you, because I knew the foul and cowardly antagonist you had to deal with, yet I wondered at, more, I confess, than I admired, your excess of meekness. How could this bold spirit lodge in your mind, without animating your features?

When I retired, Sir Ambrose, into your library, my resolution was but half formed; there, your expression, the active spirit of a man, occurred, and assisted the resentment I endeavoured to conceal. It did not glow the less for that endeavour. I thought, however, I should ill repay your uncommon generosity, by making you a party in the quarrel. My silence arose from this sentiment only.

Well, Osmond, the sense and spirit of your letter is not to be doubted, whatsoever the prudence may be.

Here is the answer, Sir Ambrose.

COPY.

SIR,

YOUR insolence is a very extraordinary circumstance. If peers of the realm; if privy councillors; if men endowed with public trust, are to be called out by bankrupt merchants, adieu all honour, all distinction. You pretend to be the son of Sir George Osmond. Suppose it to be so, what is that to me? You cannot call yourself a gentleman, when you reflect upon your past-gone occupation. But this consideration, and all others, I should have waived, merely for the pleasure of chastising your extraordi-

nary insolence, had not his majesty's express command arrived late last night, to attend a privy council this day at two. To this mandate you owe your safety. I am by no means certain whether I shall not now take a method of punishing your presumption, more suited to my own dignity, and that of my station so near the throne.

WINTERBOTTOM.

Well done, my lord! Go on, dear Osmond.

Mr Wycherley gave me this with the surliest air imaginable. When I had read it, I only said, very well, and wished him good-morrow. Stay a moment, if you please, says he, haughtily; though it was below my lord's dignity to meet your summons, it may not perhaps be below mine to chastise you for it.

I have no quarrel with *you*, Mr Wycherley.

That shan't do, sir. Come, what are you for, pistols, or the small sword?

Neither. I think the son of Sir George Osmond quite as much your superior, as Lord Winterbottom, his.

Sir, I have borne the king's commission.

And disgraced it.

Damn ye, how, sir?

By accepting the office of pimp, parasite, and bully to that egregious coward, Lord Winterbottom.

May I perish if your life does not pay for this insult! take your stand, sir.

I will not, sir.

Then, damn ye, have at you—and fired one of his pistols within five yards of me. I drew mine, and retreated. He pressed on, drawing out his second, and presenting it full at my breast. I was forced to fire. He fell, crying out, I am a dead man, by G—d!

I hope not, Mr Wycherley; live and repent. Two country fellows leaped over the hedge and came to us. I gave them my loose silver, and sent one for the surgeon, the other for help to carry Wycherley back to my lord's. I supported him in the meanwhile, and endeavoured to inspire him with sentiments of piety.

No, if I die, I shall curse you with my last breath; if I live, I will be revenged.

Then I hope you will live, Wycherley; for to die in these sentiments, what have you to expect from Heaven's mercy?

I viewed with a sincere pity the malevolence of this man's heart, and endeavoured much to mitigate it. I had nothing in return but curses; and when five or six men arrived of those who were to carry him, he ordered two of them to seize me for a murderer, for he should lay his death to my charge. I believe they would have done it, if I had not presented my pistol, and kept them at bay. The other fellow, whose name was Cooper, now came up with the surgeon, and hearing what the captain had said, cursed him bitterly, and told him, as he had

lived, so he would die a scoundrel. This man and I, says he, were close on the other side of the hedge when you first met Mr Davis. We saw you give him the letter, and heard you challenge him; and when you could not provoke him to fight you, like a rogue as you was, you fired your first pistol almost within arm's length, and would have done your second, if he had not prevented it by firing his own.—The surgeon also took the same side, so that I had no more trouble about it; so wishing the captain a speedy recovery from *all* his ails, which he returned by wishing me damnation, I came immediately to your house.

It is a happy circumstance you know the men who were witnesses of your rencontre.

One of them only, Sir Ambrose; the poor fellow has a wife and five children, and works to maintain them harder than a galley slave, upon a rack-rented farm of the Justice's, of less than twenty pounds a-year. Midsummer rent-day, he was a few pounds short, and all the family most miserable about it. My housekeeper is his aunt; she told me of it one morning when I caught her in tears. I had the money by me. It made a family happy, and an honest man grateful. I have formerly given away thousands, with neither of these effects.

It is amazing to me, Osmond, how you can afford to be benevolent out of your slender pittance. I have heard of a number of your little charities, and the poor bless you.

It is the good will and the good wishes with which they are given, Sir Ambrose, more than the gifts themselves, which obtain me this blessing. But I am a richer man than you think me. Before I knew Lord Winterbottom, I found I could be as happy as money could make me, with one hundred pounds a-year. I have one hundred and fifty.

The more Osmond spoke, the more reason I had to admire. Never in my life did I see such manly sense united with such mild manners. Such a cool and determined spirit too!

He is going to Lausanne; from thence he will write to you; I am returning immediately home to attend his concerns at the village; you, I am sure, will attend to them everywhere.

I am, dear sir,

Your most humble servant,
AMROSE ARCHER.

MR WYMAN TO SIR AMBROSE ARCHER.

London.

Sir,

YOUR favour from Dover has given me some concern, but more pleasure. Osmond is scarcely more lost to me in Switzerland, than at Barham Downs; but he has acquired another true

and disinterested friend; and, permit me to hope, so have I also.

Your distinguishing Osmond and merit under such doubtful appearances, is to me the most convincing proof possible of your good sense, as well as of your humanity. Soon, I hope, he will do credit to your penetration.

Though sorry for the occasion that has driven him to a temporary exile, I am pleased with the fact. His propensities were always toward the still, the silent, the contemplative life; and as man is merely the creature of habit, it is highly probable, a few years' indulgence of this turn might have ruined him—even for friendship.

Hermits and monks will never possess my veneration; and a man who lives totally secluded from society, has my free leave to ascend to Heaven, as soon as he is able.

Osmond must stay upon earth; he has virtues that adorn, and may amend society; and soon, I think, he will be called upon to act a distinguished part upon this theatre of human life. In one of his letters, he informed me he had communicated the *ALL* of his little life to you; consequently you are acquainted with the character of his brother Sir George, and the terms upon which he stands, both with him and the rest of his affinities. I am going to surprise you.

Sir George sent for me this morning. When I saw him a year ago, he was a jolly, handsome, portly gentleman; I was introduced to a man reclined upon a couch, with a face bloated, a drowsy eye, swelled legs, and a protuberance of belly.

The alteration struck me. I am sorry, Sir George, says I, to see you in so bad a state of health.

That, I believe, is what you men of the world call *compliment*.

Why so, Sir George?

Because I am told you are the friend of my brother.

Is that incompatible with wishing well to you, Sir George?

It may—or it may not. Read this letter.

COPY.

SIR GEORGE OSMOND,

A TRANSFER, I see, has been lately made of ten thousand pounds over to you, by Solomon Mordec, part of a mortgage upon my estate at Barham Downs. I have signed the transfer. This is nothing to the purpose. Please to read the enclosed copy. If you acknowledge the writer of the original for a brother, you know without doubt the power this insult has given me over him. I have the honour to be a peer of the realm, Sir George, and of his majesty's privy, I may add, of his cabinet, council. What need of a multiplicity of words? You know the world,

and I also. If I consent to overlook this affront, you will hardly consider it as more than an equivalent, to surrender up the transfer. Shall we make the exchange? Your answer will oblige,

Sir George,

Your most obedient humble servant,

WINTERBOTTOM.

Privy councillors, says I, may want wisdom as well as other folks; otherwise, this would have been a verbal proposal. Did you answer it, Sir George?

I did. This is it.

COPY.

My Lord,

What need a multiplicity of words? No.

GEORGE OSMOND.

Excellent! Sir George. What followed?
This.

SIR GEORGE OSMOND,

AN express has this moment arrived to inform me, that your brother has murdered, base-ly murdered, a very intimate and deserving friend of mine, an Irish gentleman, Captain Wycherley. There is, to be sure, an infinite deal of Lacedemonian wit in your answer to my note of this morning; but you must find superior arguments to that one I therein mentioned, before I can agree to put up a matter so highly offensive to public justice, and my own private honour. Yours is an ancient family, Sir George; and you, though a philosopher, might not perhaps think it altogether so agreeable an event to have a brother hanged.

WINTERBOTTOM.

One of the few good things I have learnt from a life spent in study is, not to waste words. This was my answer.

COPY.

My Lord,

To save a rogue from the gallows, I will not give a farthing; to bring thither a titled rascal of your lordship's acquaintance, I would bid as high as any man.

GEORGE OSMOND.

How do you like these?

Excellently well, as far as my lord is concerned; something more might have been said for a brother.

A brother? He has renounced my consanguinity.

Be candid, Sir George; remember the provocation.

Damn'd provocation, truly, to rid him of a bitch who would have been the plague of his life!

Did you intend him a benefit, Sir George?

Rot your interrogatories! but you are a lawyer.—Well, sir, suppose I meant him an injury, has he Christian meekness enough to forgive me?

He has forgiven you long ago. Though his brother, I find you do not know him. The mild virtues are all his own.

You are his friend. Love and hate equally exaggerate. I own I have prejudices against him. From a youth, he always appeared to despise me. I thought him an idle fellow, prone to extravagance.

If you call a romantic generosity extravagance, I will not defend him; if a strong propensity to peace, and the still shade of life, be idleness, I confess him guilty. I have lamented both.

How can you palliate his addiction to that most senseless study of poetry? What are the idle elegancies of Virgil and Horace, to the manly wisdom of the divine Newton?

What are any of them to Coke upon Littleton?

Hay, the devil! Where are we now, Mr Counsellor? would you compare the pedantry of a profession to liberal science?

No, Sir George; not to *liberal* science; all you have mentioned, and a thousand others, improve and adorn society. All are liberal, when they do not attempt to reign lords paramount, and look down upon others.

I excuse you. A lawyer cannot be expected to penetrate into the abyss of nature. Let us return to Harry.—The sense and spirit of his letter to Lord Winterbottom pleases me. I hate lords.

I think you wrong there, Sir George; our nobility have their virtues as well as their vices.

Well, sir, you are in a damn'd hurry to cure me of my prejudices. A little less contradiction, if you please. When a lord has married your sister, deserted her, and made you a cuckold, you will be qualified for my preceptor in this point.

I beg pardon, Sir George.

Can you exculpate Harry from these charges of Lord Winterbottom?

Entirely. I am informed of the whole. Are you at leisure now, Sir George?

Never more so.

The ample detail I gave him was received differently from what I could have expected from a man, destitute, as I always thought, of sensibility. I was pleased to find myself mistaken. Sir George *can* feel.

The moral virtue, delicacy, the mild determined spirit of my brother delights me, says he; Sir Ambrose is a most excellent fellow; I should be charmed with Annabella's notions, and Peggy's easy humour, if anything in woman could charm me. What have I lost? A surly unso- ci-able spirit has blinded me to the greatest pleasures of human life. I had the foolish notion of believing myself a man of wisdom, because I

could find out the longitude, if any man could find it out; and square the circle, if the circle was to be squared. I have shut up my heart against all the social affections; I have lived for myself alone, and what have I got by it? Hatred, disease, contempt, money, and cuckoldom.

Here Sir George fell into a profound reverie for some minutes, which I did not attempt to disturb. Again he burst forth into declamation.

That scoundrel Conollan is come home too. What he has done with my bitch of a wife, I don't know. I once intended to have shot at him, after the manner of these wise times; but not being much of a pistol-man, and considering that he would shoot at me too, no small mark, counsellor, hah? I changed my mind. I then determined to proceed by law; to sue him for damages, and institute a bill of divorce against him for my sister. This quality lady laughed at both the proposals; said, for her part, she had no quarrel with Lord Conollan; he did not interfere in her pleasures, and why should she in his? So I am where I was.

My wife may be with child too; adultery may give me an heir to my estate; and see these legs: What am I to do with them, counsellor? A young fellow too! Thirty-eight last birthday. Harry is six years younger.

You have the reputation of being a very honest fellow, Wyman; no small thing for a lawyer. That you are a dangerous enemy, and an ardent friend; and what is more wonderful, that you are violently disposed to kick all dishonest causes to the devil, and their institutors after them. That coxcomb, Jessamy, in his cups, communicated your behaviour to him to a fellow-servant, he to Timothy Thistle, my steward, and Timothy to me. Now this pleased me the more, because it could proceed from a regard to justice only. I don't like you the less neither, for the honest bluntness you have shewn in this conversation. You have never condescended to flatter me; nor once, that I remember, screwed your face into a grin of applause at anything my honour was pleased to utter. In short, you are a valuable fellow. Can money buy your friendship?

No, Sir George; nor would it be worth having, if it could.

You despise me, Wyman.

I do not, Sir George. I admire your understanding, revere your present sentiments, and thank you of a good natural disposition, but led astray by a wrong bias.

Is it possible to obtain your friendship?

If it is worth your having, nothing more easy.

Name the conditions.

Persevere in your present generous way of thinking; make Harry happy, and I am your friend for ever.

A match, by G—d! Give me your hand; for the future I disclaim all counsellors but you

and my brother. As an earnest of my good intentions, Wyman, I have sixty thousand pounds in the funds; the greatest part obtained by honourable gambling in the stocks. My broker shall attend you into the city this very hour. See it properly transferred to my brother. Draw up any deed you please, to strengthen the transfer. I will sign it.

Three days ago, Sir George, when I received Sir Ambrose's letter, I honestly tell you, I wished you might die; from the bottom of my soul I now wish you a long and happy life; and to obtain it, what can you do better than go over to Switzerland to Harry? The air of that country is the very air you want; it is keen and bracing; your system is relaxed; but you have youth on your side, and your disorder will yield to nothing so soon as fresh air, regimen, and exercise.

It is the advice of a friend; I will think of it. In the meantime go to the bank. Come and sup with me at eight; we will drink a cheerful glass together, and talk over the whole of our affairs.

Never in my life, Sir Ambrose, did I perform a business with more alacrity. Our Harry is now rich beyond his utmost wishes. But where is Annabella? That lovely girl must be his reward. Yet, if it be consistent with the state of things, I could wish you would not promulgate at present the good fortune of our friend.

I am impatient to hear of Wycherley. I am sure you will gratify me as soon as possible. I write to Harry by this post.

Your most affectionate friend
and servant,

WILLIAM WYMAN.

SIR AMBROSE ARCHER TO MR WYMAN.

Barham Downs.

MOST heartily, dear Wyman, do I congratulate you and myself upon the agreeable news of your last. This miraculous conversion of Sir George, seems to be the triumph of good sense over habit and prejudice, previously weakened by bodily infirmity. If he can be cured of *all* his ails, as Harry said to Wycherley, he will be a valuable addition to our society. A certain crust of pride, a scientific vanity, seems to have dominion over him. This weakness is not worth the curing. To be happy, a man must think well of himself; and it is always an agreeable circumstance when the predominant vanity is founded upon useful qualities of the mind. Sir John Jehu values himself upon being the best charioteer in the kingdom; Sir Dilberry Diddle, upon being the best contriver of spangles; and Sir George Osmond, upon being the best mathematician. What a difference!

Wycherley is yet alive. We do not, however, flatter ourselves with any hopes of his recovery. Winterbottom is down, attended by an eminent surgeon, whose report is rather unfavourable. The ball is not extracted, and he thinks it probable Wycherley may linger three months, and die at last. The good soul continues as mild, and as charitably disposed, as when Osmond and he parted. My lord swears, blusters, and denounces vengeance ;—a terrible animal, as fearful as the bug with gilded wings.

It would be too much to expect that fortune should unite every circumstance to render us happy all at once. All is day at Sir George Osmond's ; all is dark night at the Justice's. My lord has still the ascendancy there. The servants are silent and mysterious ; Peggy is confined, and Annabella unheard of. Rumour, indeed, has been busy, as usual, on this young lady's account, nor has the malignant voice of scandal been entirely silent. According to this industrious female, she is gone off with a man of the sword ; for, once upon a time, a young officer quartered at Canterbury, escorted the two sisters home from a visit to that ancient city. But she is gone off also with a man of the law ; for an attorney's clerk at Elham was once upon a visit at the house for a week together.

A villager, who has the reputation of possessing two good eyes, saw a well-dressed young woman, before day-break that very morning, take the foot-road down to the river-side. Another does verily believe he met her in the lane leading to the London road. A third, that about that hour of the morning, he saw a London coach stop and take her up, as he was coming home from Norton Wake.

Not to lose such excellent intelligence for want of inquiry, I applied to all these. The first told me—No indeed, he had never seen her, nor had said so ; he had indeed said, pray God she had not ta'en the road to the river, for he loved her dearly, she was so good to his wife in her last lying-in. The second was nursing his sick cow all night in the lane, and had said, If Miss Anny had come that way, belike he might ha' seen her. The third, That a coach had stopped over against him, and had taken a woman into the basket, but it was Moll Barnes a-going to Maidstone.

I learn that the Justice himself is confined by some flying humours of the gout ; and so violently pettish, that he flung the remains of a basin of gruel full in Peter's face, only for hoping it would turn out a fine day, when the Justice had said it was a cloudy morning.

I am full of projects for getting once more familiarly into the inside of the house. Peggy I must see ; and Lord Winterbottom, if possible, I must remove.

Were it not for these *absolute* duties, I would offer myself as a companion to Switzerland, to

Sir George ; and the moment I can put things here upon a desirable footing, I will join the brothers, with all my heart.

I am, dear sir,

Most affectionately yours,

AMBROSE ARCHER.

MR WYMAN TO SIR AMBROSE ARCHER.

London.

DEAR SIR,

SIR GEORGE is determined for Switzerland in a few days. Nothing, he says, would please him so much as to have you for a fellow-traveller, but he yields up this pleasure for the benefit of his brother. We are sorry your cloudy atmosphere does not yet begin to break. It is impossible to guess your projects for clearing your horizon ; all we can do is to wish them success.

All writers, whether of books or of letters, propose either to instruct or amuse, and often, unhappily, as may be my case now, fail in both. At present, having no matter for information, I aim at your amusement only, and if I do not succeed, have the goodness to own it is owing not to my want of abilities, but to your want of taste.

Sir George received me, the evening I last wrote, with much seeming pleasure. His first question was, if I had prepared anything to sign ? I had. I am glad of it, says he ; I love dispatch and punctuality. I am pleased also to see your activity in favour of your *old* friend, although it may carry some appearance of want of confidence in your *new*.

That's not a fair interpretation, Sir George.

'Tis a very natural one, though. But, in faith, you have nothing to fear. The delight I feel from my present sensations is too exquisite to permit me to relapse into my former. Shall we want witnesses ?

One, to see you sign, Sir George.

Then you shall have an original, an old fellow who never told a lie since he was a man, nor ever paid a compliment. Would he not have made an admirable lawyer ?

This original was the old steward, of whom mention was made in the narrative of Mr Jasper Jessamy.

Timothy, says Sir George, you are to see me sign this paper, and then to sign it yourself. Sir George signed, and gave him the pen.

Mr Thistle put on his spectacles ; It behoveth man, says he, to beware of wrong-doing, especially in matters of law. Signed and sealed in the presence of —. But your honour hath not sealed, says Mr Thistle.

True, Timothy. Sir George then sealed, and the old gentleman signed. By this deed, Timothy, I have given away sixty thousand pounds.

Sixty thousand pounds ! says Timothy, with the falling cadence, and sucking in his breath, as if he had received a blow. Then turning the paper about, which was only a common stamp, It is done in a small compass, says he.

Read it up, Timothy ; I have not yet seen or heard a syllable of it.

Your honour hath great confidence, replies Mr Thistle. The preamble stated the several funds; with the necessary incidents, which the old gentleman travelled through with great gravity of muscle. When he came to, "All and every of these sums I give, grant, and assign over, for ever and ever to my dear brother, Henry Osmond, his heirs and assigns, out of the great love and affection I bear him," Timothy began to falter, screwed his mouth awry, hemmed, coughed, blowed his nose, and at length fairly burst into tears. How capricious are the signs of pleasure ! Mr Thistle, audibly sobbing, ran out of the room. Neither Sir George nor I were unmoved. He returned, however, almost immediately ; and, first begging pardon, he took his master's hand, and kissing it respectfully, God for ever bless you, sir, says he, for this generous and noble deed ! All the world will applaud it, and what is ten times better, it will be a cordial to your honour's heart as long as you live. I always loved your brother ; he was the sweetest-tempered gentleman—

And I the sourest, I suppose, Timothy.—Come, draw our separate characters fairly ; let this gentleman know your talents for satire and panegyric.

Your honour is pleased to joke, says the old man.

Not in the least. I am going to mend my faults, Timothy, and as no man living knows them better than yourself, I shall be glad to have a catalogue.

It makes me happy to see your honour merry.

Yes, Timothy, I am merry, and would be wise. Now, the first precept for wisdom given by the sages of antiquity, is, *MAN, KNOW THYSELF* ; and this a man best learns from his neighbours. *Ergo*, Timothy, no more equivocations, but to the point.

I declare I see no faults in your honour *now*, and this noble act would eradicate a thousand.

Hey-day ! Timothy, why, thou art growing polite, man ? Never attempt the courtier's art, Timothy, it will sit ill upon thee ; with all my faults, an ounce of thy blunt honesty, though it bit me, was more to my relish than a ton of flattery. Pr'ythee, no more of this.

Your honour hath taught me some mathematics, where I find it a rule to make a proposition as general as possible, and let every one draw corollaries as they can. Now, the leading error of your honour's life, if I don't mistake, is, that of all the eight parts of speech, you never loved conjunctions.

Conjunctions, Timothy ! Well, go on.

Conjunctions, please your honour, neither copulative nor amicable. For when you was a child, you played by yourself ; and, since you became a man, whether you went abroad or stayed at home, got money or got in drink, it has always been—by yourself.

Your theorem is not general enough, Timothy ; one remarkable exception, one conjunction copulative, must stare you in the face.

Why, your honour did marry, to be sure, but it was rather a phenomenon than a conjunction—it was a meteor that dazzled for a while, and then went out of itself.

Well, draw your corollaries, Timothy.

As your honour lived by yourself, you could only learn to love yourself. We love those that love us. If your honour loved nobody, nobody could love your honour. In short, throughout the whole extent of nature, I know of no being *so like what your honour was*—as an oyster.

Well said, Timothy ! This conclusive conclusion is the very quintessence of mathematical induction.—What say you, counsellor ? ought I, or ought I not, to break his head ?

By no means, please your honour, says Timothy ; even Friar Bacon's brazen head, when it was broke, spoke not one word more.

I am of Mr Thistle's opinion, Sir George.—Break heads that have nothing in them ! I will willingly subject myself and my profession to the keen edge of Mr Thistle's pruning-knife, for the novelty of hearing a man speak straight forward.

Sir George continued in so good a humour, that after supper he indulged me in a desire to have Mr Thistle partake of our evening pipe and potation. Notwithstanding his threatening disorder, the baronet could not abstain from the too free indulgence of the bottle ; and by and by fell into a little abstract of his own life.—

If, says he, a human being was brought up in a pig-sty, such, I believe, is the force of habit, he would be a pig to all intents and purposes. How I acquired my oyster-like disposition, which this plain-spoken gentleman here imputes to me so emphatically, I know no more than a coach-horse. Why I hated my brother so early in life, is, I think, to be accounted for from his being the reverse of myself. My sister was more like me, and, by all the rules of philosophy, I ought to have loved her. This consequence, however, did not follow. She was caressed because she was pretty, and Harry because he was eager to oblige. Nobody took notice of me, except to express their disgust or contempt.

Nature had given me a strong intellect, though I could not direct it right ; and when my tutors presented algebra to me, I found it so agreeable to my appetite, that I might rather be said to devour than eat. It soon became the consoling power that recompensed me for all my mor-

tifications ; yet so strong was my churlish disposition, that it impelled me, against the stream of vanity, to keep the progress I made to myself, and everybody thought me a blockhead.

My father died. If I had manifested no delight in any of the elegant pleasures, it was not doubted but I should run headlong into sensuality, and the grosser follies of fortune. No. So much was I absorbed in contemplating the beauties of the divine Mathesis, I had no eyes for those lesser stars that set the world on fire with their petty lustres. I became a recluse at twenty.

One unmathematical passion, however, availed, the world, from my rage of accumulation, must have supposed had got fast hold of me. The world was mistaken—I never loved money. My excessive addiction to everything calculable, led me to consider the nature of our stocks. The whim of practical speculation seized me—I succeeded. The game amused me, because it flattered my vanity. Success was owing to superior talents ; self-adulation was the spur that kicked me to amass a fortune.

Lord Conollan courted my sister, and Harry my devil of a wife. I took no concern about any of them. My lord wanted more money ; I valued it so little, that I had actually determined to give him ten thousand pounds ; but the puppy demanded, rather than asked it of me, with such an insulting display of his vast consequence, his grandeur, his magnificence, that I could not resolve to give him a farthing.

My sister pretended to fall sick about it. The affectation only steeled me the more. Miss Strode was absolutely dying for the disappointment of her wretched friend ; I laughed, and Harry cried. The poor fellow gave up five thousand pounds of his own slender pittance ; and though I called it by indeed its real name, folly, yet, like Milton's devil, I could not help hating the goodness that produced it.

Now, whether it was design in my sister, or the effect of her own charming and grateful temper, I know not, but she had always something or other to ridicule in my brother, or to malign ; nay, she was so excessively disinterested, that she did not spare even the generosity by which she obtained her happiness. Miss Strode followed her lead, and so agreeable a subject making a constant part of our after-dinner dessert, I began a little to relish the company of the two women, which, before, was milk-and-water to me.

My sister happened to make one in a party to Windsor ; Miss Strode, by design, I don't doubt, stayed at home. At dinner she was peculiarly obliging ; there was something uncommonly inviting in her dress, and an air of voluptuousness all over her, which I had never seen before. How she managed, I know not, but she overcame even the strong sense I had of my

own awkwardness. I ventured upon a few liberties—her angel goodness resented them so sweetly, that she inflamed my senses. I wanted to go the straight-forward road of animal gratification. She wanted my estate and title, and her art in obtaining them was a master-piece. Panting with sensibility, her virtue was every now and then ready to give up the ghost,—constantly, at the dying minute, she recovered to a sense of honour. It is true, she almost revered my profound wisdom and vast abilities, but chastity was dearer to her than life. My profound wisdom fell into the snare, and I married her the next morning.

Six enchanting days and nights I lived in Elysium, and, could the delirium have been kept up, we should have been the happiest couple in the bills of mortality ; but my fever abated, and my lady's passion for quality living increased in the same proportion. In one month, it was very apparent her veneration for my profound wisdom was much upon a par with my ardour ; there was nothing in nature for which we cared less, than for one another. Still, each sliding into the habits we liked, we might have jogged on with tolerable decency, if madam had not taken it into her head to make me a cuckold. My pride here got the ascendant over my philosophy, and I had matured two or three plans of vengeance when the culprits withdrew.

My mind, however, was thrown by the shock out of its wonted range, and, for the soul of me, I could not get it back. I took now and then a look at the world, and found myself unlike anything in it. I drank harder than common, and began to grow dropsical. I shall die, says I, to the regret of no soul alive ; all my possessions will devolve to my brother. It is true I don't love him, but I love no other person well enough to make a will in his favour. Though I have ranged over all the celestial spheres, I am a mere child in the knowledge of the world.—Everybody speaks of the pleasures arising from the social affections ; how do I know but they may be right ? I have no soul but a brother to try the experiment upon, and he has renounced me.

I was thinking thus when Lord Winterbottom sent me his first letter. Some time since I should only have hated Harry the more, the more evidence I had of his spirit and virtue. At present, I admired. I began to think reconciliation possible, and it pleased the more, the more I thought of it. I sent for you, and have been increasing in happiness ever since. My new feelings will carry me as soon as possible to Geneva ; and, for aught I know, to Heaven.

The post hour is expired.

Dear friend, adieu.

WILLIAM WYMAN.

MR HENRY OSMOND TO MR WYMAN.

Lausanne.

I DOUBT not, dear William, but I may spare myself the trouble of rehearsing over again the shocking catastrophe that has exiled me from my native land. *Our* friend Sir Ambrose will have informed you of everything, except that he administered to my afflictions, to my *necessities*, like another Wyman.

Oh, for the actual, undisturbed, *untemporary* enjoyment of two such friends—and *one thing more!*—I *must think* of Annabella, William: She is so superlatively attractive, so every way excellent, that not to love her is beyond my power of soul or body. But to desire to possess her! If ever I catch my crazy imagination forming such a wish, I batter it with all the powers of reason; yet wayward children will sometimes cry for the moon, let *Nurse Wisdom* do all she can.

I arrived at this place last night, and upon the road I looked round about me everywhere for the *pleasures* of travelling. They eluded my search, whence I conjecture they are fond of attending the careless traveller who goes *he knows not where*, but never *against* the current of inclination.

I passed through Geneva, a place too full of my own countrymen for my present abiding; nor is this place free from some of the like in-commodities. My intention is to find some sequestered spot, within the distance of a morning's walk from this city, that I may now and then take a peep at the busy world; and, what is of infinitely more importance to me, that I may sometimes meet the *ghosts* of Wyman and of Archer.

Dear departed friends, adieu.

HENRY OSMOND.

SIR AMBROSE ARCHER TO MR WYMAN.

Barham Downs.

For the extreme pleasure afforded me by your two last letters, I wish I could pay you to the uttermost farthing. I will pay what I can.

Annabella is found—Lord Winterbottom lost. At least I hope that will form a part of the denouement of our piece. That I may not knock my brains out against the *posts* and *antes*, I will try for once to write, as honest Timothy speaks—straight forwards.

I told you in my last I despaired of getting, *en famille*, into the Justice's house, unless I could devise some expedient of getting my lord out. This worthy nobleman had furnished me with a very decent cause of quarrel, *as causes go now*, by a most liberal malediction of me in good company, at a friend's house. A gentleman

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present, a man possessed of five hundred independent pounds per annum, and *who knows their value*, expressed something like resentment at this ungenteel treatment of an absent person; but the company being numerous, and part ladies, it passed off. The next day, however, he communicated it to me, and, with the spirit of a man, bade me say, *he told me*. Next morning I wrote the following billet:—

MY LORD,

YOUR lordship having done me the honour lately to make me the subject of a long declamation, I am bound in gratitude to acknowledge it. My follies, wherever you can find them, I freely abandon to your lordship; they are lawful game. I shall do myself the honour to treat your lordship's in the same way, and the harvest promises to be abundant. It seems, however, necessary for the good of society, that no one should brand another with infamy, without mixing some portion of truth, however small, with his own *ingenuities*. You, my lord, have honoured the story of my insignificant life with a few *dark* particulars, without a single atom of this ingredient. Your lordship is one of the happy few who are doubly guarded against this inconvenience. My honour I choose to defend by my sword alone. What you have been pleased to say, your lordship has, no doubt, spirit enough to justify. If so, I shall soon have the pleasure of attending your lordship's commands. Till when,

I am your lordship's
most obedient

AMBROSE ARCHER.

P.S. That no cavils may be made concerning my information, Mr Terris allows me to mention him as the informer.

I received the following answer the same day, and early the next my lord was called to town, without doubt, by his majesty's mandate.

YOUR letter, Sir Ambrose, is really astonishing. My life is dedicated to the service of my king and country. When I am free of these ties, and find myself reduced (pardon me) to be as insignificant a member of the community as yourself, then, and not before, I shall think myself at liberty to chastise you for your insolent summons.

WINTERBOTTOM.

A sensible letter this, hah, counsellor? as Sir George says; could one suspect it was dictated by any other spirit than the spirit of cowardice, it would deserve consideration.

Having several times performed the unavailing etiquette of sending in my name to the Justice, and requesting leave to pay him a visit, I wrote him a long expostulatory letter, wherein,

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by good luck, I kept clear of all manner of abuse, and lavished as much adulation, as, properly applied, might have propagated a pair of lawn sleeves. This manœuvre succeeded, and I was admitted into the awful presence of Mr Justice Whitaker, expiating his sins in flannel.

His tongue, however, was *perfectly* free. Nature has denied him all grace of body, and given him a small shrill pipe; so that though he had been well tutored as to the subject matter, he mixed with it so much of his own uncouth, that I with difficulty preserved that gravity and seriousness of attention with which I had predetermined to listen to him. He ended his querulous harangue of half an hour, exultingly,—What can you say to all this now, Sir Ambrose—what can you say to all this?

Why, really, neighbour, your eloquence has been so wonderfully strong and rapid, that I am hardly able to stand it.

No, no, I believe not, I believe not. Truth has great powers, Sir Ambrose, truth has great powers.

She has, sir; and if she had been of your side, I should not have thought the matter extraordinary; all the wonder is, you should be able to do such great things with her ladyship directly against you.

Look you there now! that is as much as to say that I lie. I thought how it would be; you never minds what you say to nobody, Sir Ambrose.

Indeed but I do, my good neighbour, and to nobody more than yourself. But I plead not guilty to your charges in general; and, though I do it in the civillest terms possible, you may take exceptions, you know.

O yes, you'll deny everything, to be sure; you'll deny that you called me a fool?

No, really, I confess that.

You'll deny that you affronted my Lord Winterbottom in my house, and in my presence?

No, I confess that too; but I own I think it comical that either your house or your presence should be offended with it. Where should a man resent, pray, but where the provocation is given?

Ay, you have such a way of turning things. You'll deny, I suppose, that you set my daughters and me together by the ears?

That I will, indeed. Prove this, and I will own your anger just.

Why, did you not take their part when we began to quarrel first? Did not you say you would harbour them, and support them, and protect them, against my lord's authority and mine?

Against my lord's, I did; but not against yours. On the contrary, you may remember, that, though I disdained to answer that fellow's question, whether Miss Whitaker was at my house? I answered yours, because you had an undoubted right to ask it. As to my taking part

against you, recollect, if you please, that I did not give my opinion to them, nor before them; but to yourself, after they had retired. Nor did I ever make any offer of an asylum to them; nor do they know, at least by my means, that such was my inclination. This charge, therefore, is wholly groundless. So is that of supporting Davis in his pretensions to your eldest daughter; for, I can assure you upon my honour, he never did make pretensions to her.

I can't bear to hear you take that fellow's part. Here he comes under a feigned name, because he dare not use his own; without a shilling property; insinuates himself into people's houses; sets families by the ears; affronts a nobleman, and kills that nobleman's friend: and you screen him from all manner of law and justice. Is this well done, Sir Ambrose?

Do *you* know his real name, Mr Whitaker?

No, not I, nor nobody else hereabouts, I believe.

Did you ever hear of Sir George Osmond?

Yes, sure, we were of the same college: He died about ten years since.

He did. This Davis is his son. His elder brother is the present Sir George Osmond, a man capable of buying all Lord Winterbottom's inheritance.

Lord ha' mercy!—but you are a joking man, Sir Ambrose; you was always fond of a joke.

I never indulge a joke to the prejudice of a friend, Mr Whitaker. It is necessary your eyes should be opened to the mean, the low, the infamous arts, my lord has used to blind them. He knows Mr Osmond—knows him, bating my lord's hasty slip into the peerage, of a family superior to his own: knows him to have been an honourable and worthy merchant, reduced partly by accident, and partly by his own generosity; and knows that he retired to Barham Downs upon the small remains of an opulent fortune; and that he changed his name merely to live unknown, and at his ease. If I prove this, Mr Whitaker, what, think you, must be the ungenerous motives that could induce a peer of the realm to impose upon you by so false a representation? You yourself are a man of large fortune, and a most respectable magistrate; your life has been spent in bringing truth to light, and in detecting falsehood. In a common man you would think such a mode of proceeding altogether atrocious. Lords, indeed, may have a greater latitude.

Why, I don't know, Sir Ambrose; if the truth be as you say, my lord is to blame. But, hear both sides, you know, is the maxim with people that have to do with the law.

Ay, and with the gospel, too, neighbour, or should be. But tell me now, my good friend, taking his hand, did not you lose sight of that fine maxim a little, when you shut your doors against all your friends except Lord Winterbottom?

Why, what would you have me do? How could I think such a great man as my lord would say an untruth? And to have my daughter a countess, and to raise one's family—fine things, Sir Ambrose—And to have a peer of the realm call one father!

Yes, indeed, they are the very things for which men run mad, for which they barter happiness and virtue. Your daughter Anny unluckily did not see these fine things in their true light. What woman would not be a countess, although half her husband's revenues were lavished upon an Italian dancer? What though my lord's finances are a little deranged by the dice; the inheritance of his fathers drowned in the ocean of mortgages, or immersed in the dirty puddle of Jew annuities? Your daughter will be a countess, nevertheless, you know.

Ay, Sir Ambrose, now you are running your rig again. But have a care; this is *scandalum magnatum*, as I take it.

It may be so, for anything I know; I only know that it is true. If I could have obtained admission to your presence whilst my lord was here, you would have heard me say the same things to his face; and, what is more to the purpose, I would have proved them too. But where is Miss Peggy?

Why, where she should be, till she knows her duty better; confined to her chamber. I suppose you want to take her part again?

No, indeed; I take the part of no undutiful children. I am only sorry to see family harmony interrupted, and you deprived of such a pretty obliging nurse, now you are ill. But let me see, (taking out my watch,) I have an engagement this morning. We have a meeting to consult about an enclosure of part of the Downs; I wish you could have gone; you have an old head that would be useful to us, and, I think, some interest.

I can't go, however; but I should like to hear about it.

Will you give me a supper? I used to invite myself without ceremony. I dare not suppose myself welcome now.

You'll plague me about the girls?

Not I, indeed—You say they are undutiful.

I can't say, Sir Ambrose, but I should be glad to have you come and go as you used to do—but—only—that—my lord—

Oh, never let that trouble you.—Well, I'll be with you in the evening. Adieu.

I hasted away, in order to give him time for thinking before I renewed the conference—and I conclude now, in order to give you time to enjoy the sleep I have excited.

Your friend, (sans compliment,)

AMBROSE ARCHER.

SIR AMBROSE ARCHER, IN CONTINUATION.

I WENT to the Justice's an hour before supper; informed him of the business of the day; made him merry with the blunders; and put him into good humour by praising his *scavoir faire*. The servant laid two plates only.

No female to preside at your table? says I; this to me, though a bachelor, is very awkward. May I not entreat for Miss Peggy's company? How long is her banishment to last?

Till she knows how to be dutiful.

She knows how, certainly; I have seen her practise it ten years together. Forgive her one fault.

Yes, when she promises to mend. I tell you she's as stubborn as a mule.

She has changed her nature then. I am quite curious to see her in this new dress. Disobedient! and stubborn! Peggy, whom you have praised so much for the contrary! You have reasoned the case over with her, no doubt?

No, I knows better. It is for me to command, and for her to obey, if I know anything. Besides, she puts me always in a passion.

Duty to a parent is quite essential to the character of a good child. I can't imagine what she can have to say for herself. Dear sir, oblige me by sending for her down.

Not I, indeed. I shan't lower myself so far. If you will have her, send for her yourself. You'll soon see how humble she is.—I rang the bell.—Your master's compliments and mine to Miss Peggy, beg the favour of her company to supper.

Sirrah, if you deliver that message, I'll break your head. What the d—l do you mean, Sir Ambrose? My compliments, indeed!

Mine, then, Peter. Peter seemed in haste to go lest the order should be reversed.

My good old friend, you will do me the greatest favour in the world, only to shew a little of your usual kindness to Miss Peggy to-night. To govern with a high hand, though it be a father's right, is seldom the best way.

'Sblood, Sir Ambrose, you'd spoil the best children in the world! It's well you've none of your own.

It may be so. Indulge me with my own way for this night only. To-morrow, follow your own better judgment.

Miss Peggy came in a few minutes, curtsied to her father, and thanked him for his permission to come once more into his presence; then paid her compliments to me.

I am exceedingly sorry, Miss Peggy, anything should have arisen to disturb the harmony of so happy a family.

So am I, indeed, Sir Ambrose.

Why, you know, Peg, it's all owing to your own undutifulness.

Me undutiful, papa! You quite surprise me. Don't I obey you in every manner of thing?

Look you now, Sir Ambrose; I told you she would not own herself in a fault.

Is obedience a fault, papa? I don't remember that I have been honoured lately with any command, but to confine myself to my room, and I have not even ventured so much as a petition against it.

Hark you, Mrs Prateapace, where's your sister? Answer me that.

But that would be a breach of trust, papa.

There, Sir Ambrose, there! you see now. But come, madam, for once I'll condescend to argue with you. Suppose I had lost a horse, and the thief had trusted you with the place where it was concealed, you would not tell me, because it would be a breach of trust?

My sister is not a horse, papa; nor has she been stolen.

But is not she my property, miss? Answer me that.

She is your *daughter*, sir.

There again now; this is the way she puts me into such a bloody passion always. I can never get no straight answer. Ask her your own questions, Sir Ambrose. A stubborn gipsy!

Miss Annabella is well, I hope, Miss Peggy?

No, indeed, Sir Ambrose; nor ever will be, till my papa restores her again into favour.

Was not leaving her father's house too hasty a step?

It was entirely against her own judgment, sir. My papa's anger ought to be directed solely against me. I forced her to it.

The Justice was about to fly out into revilings. Stop, dear sir, whatsoever the fault may be, the confession repairs it.—A young lady of your sense, Miss Peggy, must have thought she had strong reasons for it.

I did indeed. My sister's heart was almost broke. She lost her rest, her appetite. Lady Winterbottom would not have lived a month. Her death would have caused mine; and I am very desirous of living, if I could but recover my papa's favour, and restore my sister to his affections.

To say the truth, Miss Peggy, I think Miss Annabella should return, and throw herself upon her father's generosity.

It is my fault that she has not done it, sir. My sister has wrote twice to my papa, acknowledging her error, and asking leave to return.

Yes, but upon condition that I would break off with Lord Winterbottom, though; mind that.

I had no other way of giving Peggy a hint to follow my lead, but by a wink. I saw she understood me.

Children should not stipulate conditions with their parents. But though *they* ought not, a common friend may make proposals. It was wrong, to be sure, to go away; but as that ap-

pears not to be her own doing, I hope, my good neighbour, you will forgive her; and Miss Peggy also; for though her advice was not quite right, her motive for giving it was very amiable, and the frankness of her confession might well expiate a much greater error. What say you, sir?—Miss Peggy, (making her a sign,) your father is subdued.

Peggy instantly threw herself at his feet, and kissing his hand, burst into tears. The Justice could not stand it. Get up, get up, Peggy; I forgive thee, I forgive thee. I have been wrong, I have been wrong myself. Be a good girl, we'll have no more quarrels.

Peggy rose, and half devoured him with kisses. And when, my dear sir, will you permit my sister the happiness I now enjoy?

When thou wilt, Peggy; the sooner the better.

How kind, and condescendingly good you are, sir! I am so overwhelmed with pleasure, I beg permission to retire: I will return in a few minutes.

This was a sweet moving scene, Wyman; but nothing to what followed, if words could describe it, or I could find these words.

Confess now, my good neighbour, says I, that you are happier than you have been some days past.

I am, I am, my kind friend, says he, squeezing my hand, and I thank you for it.

How frank, generous, and noble, is Miss Peggy's behaviour! I think you the happiest man in England, in your daughters.

Say no more, Sir Ambrose, say no more; blind! blind!

I was endeavouring to convince him how right it would be to leave such girls to their own conduct, when, to my inexpressible astonishment, Miss Peggy entered, leading by the hand—Annabella herself!

The good Justice actually looked affrighted; nor did he recover his surprise, till the sweet apparition, after kneeling on one knee, and repeatedly kissing his hand, his lips, laid her gentle head upon his bosom, and poured out her repentance in a flood of silent sorrow. The old man yielded now without reserve to the fond emotions of a father. He strained her to his embrace, and Dear papa, and Dear Anny, were for some time their sole aspirations.

Neither Miss Peggy nor I had had the precaution to stop the entrance of supper, and this enchanting scene was cut short, by Peter, with a mere corporeal entertainment. Peter cast his eye on Annabella, ejaculated a God bless him; set down the dish upon the table, and hurried out of the room. What he said to the two servant maids, who were in the passage to meet Peter with the rest of his materials, I know not; but I could hear *him* swear, and the girls laugh.

Not without some little confusion, we got

seated down to supper, the ceremonial of which was duly performed in all its parts, except the eating, to which none of us paid much attention. The interval, however, was of material service to us. I forced upon the girls two small glasses of Madeira each, upon the Justice and myself a bottle; so that, by the time the servants had withdrawn, our tongues had recovered a tolerable share of their powers.

And now, you little pussies, says the Justice, tell us what you have been about. Whither did you go, Anny? And when did you return?

Before an explanation of these particulars, papa, says Peggy, I have your pardon to beg for two other female culprits, Molly and Jenny, who have been in the secret; for a secret there is, papa, and, what is very wonderful in a woman, at least you say so, have kept it almost ten days.

No conditions, Peggy; let us hear.

Why, then, papa, this wonderful elopement, which has furnished so much matter of admiration to all the good people of these parts, was made from our chamber, once or twice, when indeed it was scarce necessary, into our closet. Not one step farther, upon my word.

Hey-day! you little wild pussies; why, this is enchantment. How could this possibly be managed?

Nothing so easy, as to the plot; all the difficulty lay with my sister; who, in truth, papa, is a very obstinate and unruly girl, and I hope you will beat her for it.

So, Peggy, you are recovering apace, I see: well, let us hear all the particulars.

Whilst my sister Annabella only talked of dying, I own I did not give her entire credit; but when she set about the matter in earnest, neither eat nor slept, and said her prayers every hour of the day and night, I began to be alarmed, and to consider how to prevent it. I feared, papa, your resolution would not be changed, whilst Lord Winterbottom, and Lord Winterbottom's echo, were hourly displaying the greatness of the match, and to remove these was beyond my poor abilities; I therefore proposed to my sister a real elopement to London, to Mrs Shirley there, in which (I will confess the whole truth, papa) I intended to be her companion. Annabella was in heroics at both the proposals. No, she would die before she would fly in the face of her papa, or stain her immaculate whiteness, by becoming a runaway; and if she could take such a *monstrous* resolution, did I think she would involve her dearest sister in her misfortunes and disgrace? We fought this business four whole days and nights, but, I am sorry to say, Annabella is of such an obstinate temper, that I might as well have run my wise head against a rock. So I let her alone, and pouted (my way, you know, papa) till she terrified me by the beginning of a hectic cough. You, my dear sir, thought my representation of this, artifice; so I was obliged to think of

more ways and means. At length, I fell upon this imaginary elopement, which, to say truth, was as ill received as the other. It would stain her reputation, and enrage her father. At length, influenced by the mean arts of Lord Winterbottom, my dear papa gave Anny peremptory orders to prepare for marriage in a few days, and the lawyers were perpetually backward and forward. Then had my sister no other resource, and she gave herself up to be guided by my wise counsels.

The next morning, poor Annabella was lost. The house was searched from top to bottom. Molly and Jenny, for decency's sake, undertook the inquisition into our apartment, and the adjoining closet; and, to say truth, made a most furious racket up and down stairs for several hours. My papa himself came into our apartment, and even peeped into the closet, where the trembling Annabella lay concealed by cloaks and capuchins. Poor I was put to the torture, ordinary and extraordinary, and indeed was hard put to it to manage my replies, so as to keep a tolerable good conscience. In short, I was obliged to be very saucy, forgive me, papa, that I might obtain an order for confinement. My papa very justly, I confess, indulged me in this particular, which was indeed extremely necessary for my poor sister's comfort, who was very ill the two or three succeeding days. Our intention was to make application to Sir Ambrose; intrust him with the secret, and request his advice. This was overthrown by the bustle occasioned by Mr Davis's duel with Captain Wycherley, and by the orders for excluding Sir Ambrose. I trembled at being obliged to give this intelligence to my sister. Anny's head turned the matter to her own special consolation. A great part of my papa's anger and precipitation had been owing to his error, in conceiving Mr Davis had a design upon my sister, and my sister a weakness for him. Mr Davis's leaving the kingdom, she hoped, would rectify that mistake, under which idea she grew easier every day.

At length, to our unspeakable comfort, we heard Lord Winterbottom was gone for London; and this very day we wrote an humble petition to Sir Ambrose, requesting he would somehow gain access to my papa, and become our intercessor. This was to have been sent tomorrow morning. I have thus confessed the whole truth; so punish me, papa, for you see I am the sole offender.—And the little gipsy, Wyman, gave him half a dozen winning kisses, which, upon my soul, I began to feel a furious longing to share.

That learned philosopher, the world, has, in its book of wise sayings, It is best to strike while the iron is hot. It was *not* possible the Justice should be in a better temper; but *very* possible he might get into a worse. I began, therefore, to turn the discourse to the subject I wished, by rallying Miss Whitaker upon her aversion to

becoming a lady, and taking so much pains to shun that greatness of which the rest of her sex are so fond.

Ay, says Peggy, that violent antipathy to a coronet is amazing. But suppose, now, Anny, here comes a lord and a squire, twenty thousand pounds per annum, and two thousand ; a coach and six, and a post-chaise ; the men equally handsome, equally sensible, and equally beloved ; then, which of the two would you choose ?

If the gentlemen, answers Annabella, were of the same disposition, whether that led them into the world, or into retirement, I would choose the coronet by all means. But if the lesser personage had fallen into those habits of life I confess myself fond of ; loved reading, country rides, music, painting, and social conversation ; and the greater personage liked London, Almack's, pantheons, and the other destroyers of social happiness ; then, no coronet, Peggy.

You know, Annabella, it is the custom of the grantees of this realm, male and female, to follow their own ways, whether good or bad, separately. And you would have been a she grant-dee, you know.

True, Peggy ; I should have been a countess with an aching heart. The separate pleasures of the great, are precisely the cause of my aversion to ranking in the number. Good wives, they say, ought to love their husbands. Fine ladies have not time. However, if Lord Winterbottom had possessed the fashionable levities only of the times, I should not have raised my father's displeasure to so great a height, by persisting in my obstinate refusal. But the meanness of his behaviour, and the ungenerous ways he took to obtain me, not only disgusted, but made me scrutinize into his general character ; and I am persuaded, if my dear papa had known that the world gives him the credit of most of the vices which disgrace mankind ; if he had been acquainted with the general contempt with which he is spoken of ; he would not have been ambitious of his alliance.

This was my hint to speak. I drew as faithful a portrait of my lord as my knowledge and understanding would permit. I exaggerated nothing ; there was no need ; the picture was ugly enough. I dwelt particularly upon what I knew would most excite my neighbour, his gaming and his debts. I succeeded so well, that a dismission will be sent my lord to-morrow morning. Not a word of Osmond yet. Adieu.

AMBROSE ARCHER.

Wycherley is something better.

MR OSMOND TO MR WYMAN.

Sels.

In the course of human possibilities, letters may come from England in three days from

this present hour ; but in the course of human impossibilities, commonly called miracles, they may be here yesterday, to-day, to-morrow ; for which very wise reason, I fail not to walk *every morning* down to the post-house at Lausanne, four English miles, for the pleasure of being assured of a truth demonstrative ; every afternoon I have something else to do.

How often, in a fit of the spleen, have I vituperated the whole race of landscape-drawing travellers, who interrupt their account of men and manners, to describe what cannot be described so as to communicate an adequate idea ! With my eyes wide open, I am going to be guilty of the same impertinence. Scenes rush into my head, and I must write.

I occupy at present two rooms in a large ready-furnished house, the property of a wealthy minor at Lausanne, and lately occupied by Mr Salway, an English gentleman, and his lady. It is one of a number of pretty white houses, summer retirements of the opulent citizens, which are scattered irregularly over this beautiful valley. High mountains enclose this valley on all sides, except where they leave a small opening on the south, for the course of a rivulet of most pure water, and except an opening also on the north to admit it. Its exit and its entrance are both by waterfalls about twenty feet perpendicular. Curiosity led me to trace it towards its source.

Scrambling, therefore, over the northern rock, I descended on the other side into a square valley, the whole circumference of which may be taken in by the eye. The lower part of this valley, to the amount of twenty or more English acres, is covered by a transparent lake. The sides of the surrounding hills have great variety—a grove, a brake, a number of stunted trees, thinly scattered, and giving shelter to sheep and goats. The eastern side of this enclosure, betwixt the water and the mountain, is a bank, forming a most beautiful walk, so retired, so formed for contemplation, Melancholy herself might be satisfied. But the thing that more particularly engages your attention is, a phenomenon at the north-east corner, a volume of water pouring through a hole of the northern rock. It seems to fall forty feet. The lake underneath is all of a foam, and the resounding waves give you the idea of a Scylla or Charybdis. On the adjacent banks it forms a perpetual shower. But when the sun, in its afternoon descent, illumines the falling sheet, Heavens !—if I was to sit combining words for a week, I should not be able to give you a tolerable image. I have not hitherto passed the north boundary of this lovely vale ; but I learn the rivulet is formed by several springs from the sides of neighbouring mountains, and runs under ground, in the place I have mentioned, about two hundred yards. In this lovely, this solitary enclosure, have I hitherto spent most of my afternoons,

with the happy serenity of an exile, from everything dear to the human heart. Tully in my hand, Wyman and Archer in my head, and Annabella at my heart, how can I repine?

After having thus wearied your patience, it would be inexcusable not to say something of the inhabitants of these wild regions. Yet what can I say that will be credible to one dwelling in the simple land of Britain? The house I live in was given in charge to a gardener, and a very pretty young woman his wife. Simplicity and innocence appear in all her actions. She is my chambermaid, and performs the duties of that office, not with the bold effrontery of an English chambermaid at an inn, but with an unapprehensive modesty. Wakes me in a morning at the rising of the sun, informs me of the weather, and, if I choose to lie, administers my wholesome breakfast of milk-pottage; sits by me if I desire to chat; and all with such a conscious innocence, as if the idea of a different sex never entered her imagination; and never, never will I put it there.

Last night I had the good folks to supper, and took occasion to praise the general temperance of the neighbourhood.

We are not all so good as we should be, said the good woman; no longer ago than last Lausanne fair, four of our top farmers' sons got fuddled, and never came home till two hours after sunset. But God punished 'em, for next day they were so sick—and our pastor gave 'em such a lesson.

How are your tipling-houses to be maintained if people don't drink?

Tipling-houses, sir! there is never a one in the valley; woe worth the time, as our pastor says, when we come to that. No, no. Two years ago a Frenchman came among us, and wanted to build a house at the covered well, to sell wine and cakes and coffee to the Lausanne gentry, when they were pleased to fetch a walk. But our good pastor stirred himself so notably, that he overthrew it head and foot.

Why, it's very innocent to take a walk, and drink coffee, or a glass of wine. Where's the harm of it? Nobody is forced to buy.

Ay, so some folks said; but our pastor told another tale. I shall never forget his sermon the longest day I have to live. He took his text out of the Lord's prayer,—"Lead us not into temptation;" for he said man was so frail, that if you set a pottle of wine in his way, he would certainly drink it. Not in these words, but like. And then he said how idleness came upon wine-bibbing, and poverty upon idleness, and thievery upon poverty, and where are we then? Everybody would be forced to have locks upon their out doors; now there was no occasion. And then wine created sickness, and brought about accidents; so we should come to want surgeons and apothecaries; for he said, though he was willing to cure us of those ails that Heaven sent

us, he neither could nor would those that we brought upon ourselves by bad living. Moreover, when folks were in liquor they got quarrelsome, and then we should want lawyers; for as to little matters of difference betwixt quiet neighbours, he could heal them well enough; but he would never pretend to keep people quiet, who every now and then put themselves out of their senses. And then he said how wine brought on lust, and young men would be apt to harm their sweethearts; and that would be a sad thing indeed.

Then this never happens amongst you?

No, sure! how should it? he would be a bad body to harm a young creature as he says he loves, and wants to marry.

You have no such things as bastards amongst you, then?

O dear! no.—O la! yes. Two young men as had been soldiering in France, came home, and served two young women so; but I warrant you our pastor made examples of 'em.

No transgressing after marriage?

No, never. What a thing would that be! Why, are English people ever so naughty?

Now and then.

Well, that's very sad. But it may be true too; for here was Mrs Salway—Do you know Mrs Salway?

No, I never heard of her till I came here.

Oh, then I may speak.—As sure as you're alive, Mr Salway was gone down to Lausanne, and a French officer as lived there was playing in this very parlour with madam at chess, as I thought; and I went into madam's room, the very room as you lie in, to put some things to right, and the door was locked; and there was such a scuffling and running about—Lord bless me! I ran down frightened out of my wits—and into the parlour came I to tell 'em—and behold there was nobody there. That very night madam gave me a piece of gold—What was that but to say mum? But God punishes all manner of wickedness; for Mr Salway found somewhat out, but I don't know what; and the officer and he fought, and were parted without killing one another, which was Heaven's mercy; and then Mr Salway went away to England: and soon after, madam left, but I don't know where.

If it was possible this picture of simplicity could please an Englishman, I could extend it very much; for my good dame possesses the particular virtue of her sex, loquacity, in no small degree.

I have not forgot how the Honourable Mr Corrane *hurmed* Kitty Ross; you have promised me the sequel; it will now be a treat.

Dear Wyman, Archer,
(for this correspondence, you know, is to circulate,)

Adieu.

HENRY OSMOND.

[In the cover of the preceding.]

Good heaven and earth ! Wyman, what have you wrote ? I found your letters at the office, the contents are so pleasing, so astonishing—I must return to my solitude to recover of my amazement—What a cordial to my heart will be the love of a brother !

H. O.

MR WYMAN TO SIR AMBROSE ARCHER.

London, August 6.

I AM at present, dear Archer, so much the man of importance, that I am able only to notify the receipt of yours ; to say how much Sir George and I were pleased with the contents ; that the elopement was a droll incident, and entirely new ; that we admire the charming contriver, and are equally pleased with the delicacy of her amiable sister ; and, finally, that Sir George set off for Switzerland on the receipt of the enclosed from Harry. This (as we men of business say) being the needful,

I am, sir,

Your most obedient humble servant
to command, et cetera,

WILLIAM WYMAN.

P. S. Strange talk here of Lord Winterbottom. The man's undone.

SIR AMBROSE ARCHER TO MR WYMAN.

Barham Downs, August 12.

I ALSO, Mr Counsellor Brevity, am a man of importance, a public man, sir, of the patriotic gender. I am returned from a meeting, called an association, the object of which is, as you know, to call upon Parliament with a loud voice to redress our grievances. And what are your grievances ? says a well-pensioned gentleman, Mr T'otherside. That the Crown hath acquired too much influence by the worst of all possible ways—corruption. That our representatives endanger their healths—by too long sitting. That as we never saw the least prospect of benefit from engaging in the American war, we see as little from its continuance. Finally, that ministers carry their generous contempt of money (public money we mean) into an extreme.

There were not wanting certain flowery gentlemen, who told us in very pretty language, not only that none of these grievances existed, except in our own crazy imaginations ; but also, that neither this country at any former time, nor any other country at any time, was so well governed as our own by the present administration.

The result of all our wit, and all our argu-

ment, was a petition, and then—we went to dinner. Next day I returned home, imbued with a world of political wisdom, which I went in the evening to unload myself of at the Justice's.

I found assembled here to tea Mr and Mrs Delane, the rector of our parish, and his wife, Mr and Mrs Delane the younger, and Miss Delane. It is a family with which I am little acquainted, for of all characters under the sun, none disgust me so much as a *proud* priest. What a blessing to a simple and virtuous village is a parson of Sels ! Old Delane is as like him, as Nero was like the two Antonines. Always the man of the church, the man of the gospel never. The father of Lord Winterbottom presented him with the living ; the man is grateful, and thinks a past kindness ought never to be forgotten. He repays it to the son with perpetual adulation.

Young Delane has lately left Cambridge, and having no preferment, accepted a curacy near London. He is just married, and has brought his wife to pay her duty to her new papa and mamma. Who, or what she was, I know not ; but she is very pretty, and has all the fashionable ease of behaviour. So far from contradiction, you never meet, in this sweet smiling creature, with any opposition of opinion. What she says is neither sensible nor silly, but it is always expressed with a most insinuating sweetness. In short, her manners are formed to captivate at sight, and accordingly Annabella is much taken with her. In this particular, Peggy differs from her sister ; but as she has no malignancy in her temper, all she says is, that Mrs Delane is rather—too high polished.

The young gentleman's character may be very briefly expressed : He is the son of his father. His modesty he has got tolerably well rid of ; pedantry, not yet ; and his vanity seems a cornucopia that will supply him liberally through life. He is said to write and receive pay on the part of government.

His sister, Miss Delane, is a learned lady, caps verses with her brother, is his equal in petulance, and little inferior in vanity. She does my sister the honour of rivalling her in Captain Wycherley's affections ; but my sister's *good qualities* are too numerous and brilliant for so weak a competitor. She has five thousand pounds : Miss Delane can scarce expect five hundred.

Why have I taken the trouble to give you the short-hand character of these insignificant people ? Because I had nothing better to give.—Conversation we had none, and jargon you have enough of at Westminster-Hall. I stayed not more than half an hour after them, for the Justice was, I suppose, in pain ; certainly peevish, and did not ask me to supper. Annabella looks thin, and does not recover her strength and spirits as I could wish. Even the lively Peggy

wanted much of her usual gaiety. An old gentlewoman, whose name is Shirley, and formerly lived upon the Downs, but lately in London, has wrote to Annabella, expressing a wish to see her once more before she dies. She was, it seems, her godmother, and loved her with almost a mother's fondness, which Anny repaid with the duty and tenderness of a daughter. A few thousands, of which she has the disposal, inclines the old gentleman to the side of Annabella's compliance. Peggy, who cannot leave her father, puts up her pretty lip at the money, and opposes the motion, on account of her sister's ill health. Annabella herself wishes to stay, but finds no satisfaction in the thoughts of indulging her own inclinations in such a case. Possibly, therefore, Wyman, you may see her at a distance ; for I think all the effrontery of a lawyer will be too little to introduce yourself to her as the friend of Osmond. Things being here entirely at rest, I will seize the opportunity to go for a couple of months into Switzerland.

Adieu.

AMBROSE ARCHER.

MR WYMAN TO MR OSMOND.

WHEN people have wept the distresses of a tragedy heroine, and have got their bosoms to heave at the recital of a tender tale—Oh ! then, they are sons and daughters of sensibility—the first-born of benevolence. The vanity of thousands of pretty creatures, male and female, receives, this way only, a complete gratification ; and yet to feel imaginary distress, and to relieve real, may, for aught I know, be very different things. The first is become almost as fashionable with reading ladies and gentlemen as dressing their hair ; and by association with pleasures, is, when not too great, become a pleasure itself. Now I strongly suspect that too much familiarity with this sensation may, in time, render *all* distresses imaginary, except one's own ; and perhaps this is the reason why to see distress and to relieve it, no longer follow one another as cause and effect, which my grandfather assured me was in his time a consequence of tolerable certainty.

To what does all this preamble tend ? It is only the preface to the continuation of Kitty Ross's story ; and if the philosophy of it be worth a farthing, thou, Harry, art a blockhead for the obstinacy of thy desire, and I a greater, for the folly of gratifying it.

When Adam and Eve had eaten of the tree of knowledge, they saw that they were naked, and were ashamed. When the Honourable Mr Corrane, and his tender rose-bud, had made the repast I formerly concluded with, *they* also saw they were naked ; but howsoever shame may express the emotion of the gentleman's mind, it

gives but a faint idea of the mingled horror and despair of the lady's. I have it from her own lovely mouth, that her pangs were not to be described, though she does not remember how many thumps she gave her beauteous bosom, how many shrieks and lamentations she uttered, nor how she rent her auburn locks. As, however, there is a principle in human nature which very much disposes it to get rid of pain, it is not to be wondered at that two or three frantic hours should quite weary Kitty of her keen sensations, and dispose her to consolation, come it whence it may.

It came at length from the lips of Mr Corrane, in the form of promises, protestations, vows, penitence, and kisses, of which he made a medicine most truly cardialgic. It required, however, to be frequently repeated, and for ten days together, the Honourable Mr Corrane made it with unabated profusion, and administered it *per occasionem*. There is reason to believe that one of the ingredients, penitence, happened to fall short, and, in the want of records of ages long since past, we can only guess its substitute.

Just at the above period arrived the gallant Mr MacDermot, with dispatches, as he himself informed Susan, of infinite importance. The Honourable Mr Corrane seemed to think them so, by his very hasty departure early the following morning.

All, therefore, that could be done by the two lovers, was to patch up a convention, whereby the contracting powers engaged to love each other till time should be no more ; and, in order to perform this more at their ease, the lady was to be conveyed to Dublin as soon as the gentleman could provide for her reception ; and when the fitness of things would permit, the Honourable Mr Corrane vowed, *in the face of men and angels*, to make her his true and honourable wife.

Kitty had not wept over the miniature of her undoer above a fortnight, before a letter full of love eased her tender bosom of a part of its pangs. In this, Mr Corrane informed her that the illness of his father, and sundry avocations, had hindered him from putting things in a proper train to receive her. How ill this agreed with his impatience, he hoped her own feelings would inform her. For his part, death was infinitely preferable to a life of absence from his heart's dearest treasure, his soul's first delight.

Betwixt this and his honour's second letter was an interval of a month. This was by no means so consolatory as the former, for not only things continued in the same train as before respecting the Earl's illness, and Mr Corrane's avocations, but the letter was shorter, and there was a manifest diminution of darts, flames, racks, and torture.

The third and last of his honour's epistles arrived at about the distance of two months, a cruel interval to poor Kitty ; and the more so,

as Mr Corrane had said, that although it would deprive him of an inexpressible pleasure, prudence required she should not write, lest her letters should be intercepted; and, in consequence, he did not leave her his address. In this epistle, wisdom and piety had the ascendancy over love; the long illness of his father had inspired the youth with awful reflections, and though it cut him to the heart to think of it, he must own that both virtue and religion dictated it would be better to drop their amour. Finally, he enclosed her a twenty pound bank-note.

Without examining the motives from which they sprung, these sentiments of the Honourable Mr Corrane were in themselves so just, they must, in spite of passion, have had a due influence upon Kitty's native good understanding, had they not been counteracted by a series of great and small disasters, which determined the future events of her life, with little assistance from her judgment.

About two months after the departure of Mr Corrane, Kitty began to perceive some little uncommon ailments, which the unsuspecting creature, in the simplicity of her heart, communicated to Susan. Susan, more an adept in this branch of physics, explained the matter to Kitty *straight forward*, in the following exclamation, —Lord God of Heaven, miss, as sure as I am a Christian sinner, you must be with child! The explanation was clear, concise, and nervous; Kitty fell to the ground in a swoon. The first use she made of her recovered recollection, was to supplicate Susan for pity, help, and secrecy. Susan promised all. Kitty, won by so much goodness, trusted her new confidante with the whole of the matter, even to the design of joining her beloved Mr Corrane in Dublin.

Susan, in the liberality of her soul, had forgot that for some time past nothing had been secret betwixt her and her master; and this being a prior obligation, honour would not permit her to keep the promise of secrecy made to Kitty. Accordingly, about the hour of midnight, in the arms of her indulgent master, she disburthened her tender conscience of the intolerable load.

The worthy Mr Ross, though as poor as the king, had a high sense of family honour, and a competent portion of his country's irascibility. Not content to hurl his thunder at the head of the devoted Kitty, he directed the storm through the village, all the sons and daughters whereof assembled together in groups to deplore the corruption of human nature, and the sinfulness of the present generation.

Once a-day at least, Mr Ross, to the discipline of the tongue, added that of the rod, though Kitty had given so convincing a proof that *she* had left off childish things; and, to complete his vengeance, and reward the virtuous integrity of Susan, in less than a fortnight he made her his true and honourable wife.

Susan understood the dignity of her place, and her rank in the community as a mother, and almost a grandmother, and she lost not an inch of her prerogative. The honest Welchman having performed his morning's task of beating and upbraiding, was tolerably quiet the remainder of the day; but Mrs Ross, besides her hourly exactions of respect, was quite ingenious in inventing mortifications.

This was the state of things when Kitty received the Honourable Mr Corrane's last letter. In this trying situation, is it to be wondered at that the wisdom of it appeared inconclusive, and that she should take the desperate resolution of making a personal appeal to the honour and humanity of her lover? On the third day of the debate, she ended the self-tormenting conflict, and taking a small bundle under her arm, threw herself, with all the fortitude she had, into the stage for Holyhead.

She found the vehicle occupied by three gentlemen only. Two were young, dressed *en militaire*, who appeared delighted with their new acquisition; the third was an elderly quaker, of a most unpromising aspect.

Sorrow, accompanied by fear, in a beautiful female, has certain rights over the hearts of all mankind, and the two officers respected it so much, that it was several hours before they insulted her ears with the least licence. All that she remembers of these primitive hours was, that they were spent in attacks upon the religion and manners of the quaker, and in his sarcastic replies.

At Holyhead they waited two days for a wind, but she was relieved from the impertinent assiduity of her two companions, by keeping her apartment, or joining the whole company only at the public meals. The quaker, indeed, seemed to pay her no particular attention, yet she thought he sometimes regarded her with a look of as much compassion and benevolence as his uncomplimentary features would permit him to assume.

In the middle of the second night, she was awakened by a gentle knocking at the door, and a low voice speaking through the key-hole, For God's sake rise, miss, the house is on fire; the ladies are all assembled in the great parlour; I am sent to conduct you; pray make haste; the flames are coming this way very fast.—The unsuspecting Kitty at length comprehended the meaning of the alarm, rose, and throwing on her under-petticoat, unlocked the door. A man entered in the dark, relocked the door, seized poor Kitty, and bore her back to the bed.—Don't be frightened, miss, say she; I adore you—I will marry you to-morrow—I am a gentleman of fortune—this is only a stratagem of love, etcetera, etcetera.—All which fervent effusions, Kitty ever and anon interrupted, by exclaiming, with a clear, shrill, undissembled tone, "Help! Murder! for God's sake, help!"

When the gentleman found that the obstreperous vixen paid no attention to his vows, and that the business, if it succeeded, must be a matter of prowess, he collected all his manhood, determined to conquer or die. One hand was wholly employed in stopping Kitty's mouth, by which mode of attack it is highly probable she would in a few minutes have resigned the victory, and her life.

At this dangerous instant the door was burst open with great violence, and a strong and powerful arm seized the assailant, and threw him from the bed. All was still dark; and the last comer having thrown out a number of opprobrious epithets and threats of justice, got back to the door, and bawled out, Lights. At this horrid moment, the report of a pistol, and the noise of a scuffle on the floor, finished the little remains of intelligence poor Kitty now possessed.

The family began to pour in. The objects that presented themselves to their inquiries, were, the quaker weltering in blood on the floor, and the half-naked Kitty on the bed in a swoon. The landlady wrung her hands, and began to prophesy the downfall of her house. The men-servants and the maid-servants looked at one another. This by no means satisfied the quaker, who, with great steadiness and presence of mind, called them all into action. He directed Kitty to be put in bed, and salts and hartshorn to be administered; and, for himself, he ordered a quantity of lint, to check the effusion of blood till a surgeon could be had from Beaumaris.

He then desired to see the captain of the packet, who had now given orders to call the passengers on board. This gentleman he acquainted of the transaction of the night, and of his suspicions; requesting he would delay the sailing a few hours, till inquiry could be made into the circumstances. This the captain refused; and, in the hurry that ensued, the delinquent, whosoever he was, got on board with the rest; and in two hours no stranger was left in the house, except Kitty and the quaker.

The surgeon arrived about ten in the morning, and having examined the wound, found a bullet lodged in the groin. He gave many learned reasons why the ball could not at present be extracted, and others to shew the imminent danger in which the patient stood, or rather, in which he would have stood, had any other man but himself been applied to. This fortunate circumstance insured the gentleman's safety; and, though the cure would be a work of time, he dared to pledge himself for its happy completion.

I am glad, says the quaker, to find myself in such good hands; and shall be so much the more willing to put my faith in thee, as I perceive thou beest a man of learning; to say truth, beyond my comprehension. If thou *canst* speak with a little less Greek and Latin, I shall be obliged to thee.

Technical terms are necessary in all the sciences.

They be so, friend. It is not that I am so much at a loss for the meaning of thy hard words one by one, as when they are put together. But, pray thee, dress my wound.

This being done to the quaker's satisfaction, I like thy hand, says he, and I promise to reward it liberally. But there is in the next apartment a young woman who may want thy assistance as much as myself. Call a maid to attend thee, and let me know thy opinion.

Kitty, since she had been put to bed, either through want of memory or want of humanity, had been entirely neglected; and the sole answer the quaker could obtain to his inquiries, was, that she was in a doze: And, indeed, by this time she had almost dozed her last. The surgeon found her nearly insensible, her pulse feeble; and, on stricter inquisition, it appeared she had miscarried. The surgeon, whose principal employment was midwifery, treated her, I doubt not, very judiciously, for he recovered her to recollection and misery. To restore her to some degree of strength, and put her into a condition of tolerable comfort, took him near two hours.

The quaker, when he had heard his report, sent for the lady of the house, who entered with the gloom of immaculate virtue upon her brow. My good friend, says the quaker, the young woman in the next apartment seemeth in a dangerous way, and standeth in need of indulgent treatment.

Pray, who is she? asked the landlady.

I know no more of her than thyself, replies the quaker.

Lord bless me, says madam, you see what a hurly-burly she has made in the house, and God knows what will be the consequence.

What consequences dost thou apprehend?

Oh, the worst that can be. Ruin of my house's reputation. A gentleman killed.

I am not dead yet, says the quaker.

But you may die, replies she, and for what? For taking the part of nobody knows who, because, forsooth, her virtue was in danger; and, behold! this virtuous lady has miscarried.

Perhaps the young woman may be married.

A likely story, indeed—Married without a ring!

Suppose it as thou sayest, think of her youth, and her extreme distress; no friend to administer the least comfort or relief. Thou art a woman; can thy bosom be shut to pity?

What will pity do? Here she must have cordials and wine, and the best food and attendance; and who must pay?

True. Pray thee, send the chambermaid; I want a little of her help.

The Christian charity of our friend here seems to be upon the decline, continues the quaker to

the surgeon, hast thou any medicine to restore it?

I never meddle with soul cases, says the surgeon; besides, as she says, who is to pay me?

Thou art a pleasant fellow, says the quaker; I like thee. But what shall we do for this poor woman? We should not let her die.

No, I hope not. I will freely give her medicine and attendance; and, though I am poor, strain a point farther.

Wilt thou? Give me thy hand, says the quaker. Thou dost not happen to know Isaac Arnold of Dublin, I doubt?

What, the eminent apothecary? I have heard of him many a time.

I am Isaac Arnold; thou art a man of humanity, and it shall not go unrewarded. Thou wilt assist me with this business?

Before the surgeon could reply, the chambermaid entered. Thou hast seen the young woman in the next room, Molly, says the quaker, what dost think of her?

Very bad, indeed, poor soul.

They say, when a woman has lost her virtue she is the devil's property, and no good Christian ought to assist her.

The devil take 'em for their charity, then, says Molly.

We shall both keep our beds some time, I doubt; how shall we do for a nurse? Take this guinea, Molly, thou art a kind-hearted girl. Comfort the young woman all thou canst; and let us have some sober decent woman to take care of us.

You shall have my mother, says Molly.

And take this bank-note of ten pounds to thy mistress, it will serve to strengthen her faith; and when the young woman, the nurse, and I, have consumed this in riotous living, she shall have another.

Away went Molly to her mistress with the note and the tale; and whilst she was busy in the relation, the surgeon went down to the bar, just to inform madam, that her wounded guest was no other than the rich and eminent apothecary, Mr Isaac Arnold of Dublin. This operated wonderfully, and madam returned to the chamber, to express her great sorrow that anything she had said should make him have such a bad opinion of her, as that she should want to be paid beforehand: That he might depend upon the best of usage, and the young lady also; who, to be sure, might be come of very good parents, though she had met with a misfortune. Peace being thus established, and the nurse inducted into her office, everything went regularly on.

Kitty, having in a few days recovered some degree of strength, and having heard these dialogues and processes repeated by Molly's mother, who had an excellent knack at this kind of rehearsals, expressed great gratitude for Mr Arnold's kindness, and begged leave to thank

him in person. The visit was paid accordingly, and this opening once made, was every day repeated, till, at the end of a fortnight, Kitty, by her tenderness, assiduity, and attention, had so far ingratiated herself, that Mr Arnold was less happy in her absence. The food given by her was more grateful, the medicine less nauseous.

It was now agreed to extract the ball. This operation, however well performed, was succeeded by a fever, which put the patient's life for four days in imminent danger.

Here Kitty's gratitude shone conspicuous. Though weak herself, she could not be persuaded to leave him day nor night. Whenever he opened his eyes from slumber, Kitty was the first object they saw. Kitty was always upon the watch to relieve, or to anticipate his wants. Once he surprised her hanging over him with anxious tenderness, and found his face wet with her tears. My dear child! says he, straining her with all his feeble strength.—Kitty fainted away. These fascinating powers of affection! Tell me, Harry, why, in this process of knitting hearts together, these bind with a force so infinitely superior to any the hands of pleasure can weave?

Three weeks after the extraction of the ball, Mr Arnold left his bed, and began to recover strength apace. A part of his amusement was reading, and this pleasure was heightened when Kitty read: There was music in her voice, and her remarks were lively, and strongly expressive of untutored genius. One day she was reading aloud a tender tale, too applicable to her own prevailing circumstance; her voice faltered; she dropped the book, and dissolved into an agony of tears. Mr Arnold took her tenderly by the hand: My poor unfortunate, says he, what can I do to make thee happy? Thy heart, Kitty, is a rebel to thy reason. I cannot wound thy delicacy by asking thee to tell thy tender tale, nor, without it, apply the proper balsam to thy wound.

I will hide nothing from you, sir, says Kitty; but I have much to fear. I have offended goodness, and you can love none but the good.

My pretty flatterer, fear nothing. Thy gentleness and simplicity will atone for the error of thy sensibility.

Kitty entered upon the heart-rending tale with an excess of trepidation. The keenness of her anguish would have disarmed a minister of the kirk. The tender-hearted quaker gave unequivocal testimony of his feeling. Poor girl! said he.

After ten minutes' silent contemplation, Thou lovest this Honourable Mr Corrane, Kitty, says he; and yet it would be better for thy peace in this world, and perhaps in the other, that thou didst not. Even if he would marry thee, Kitty, thy chance for happiness is poor. I know the family; its pride is greater than its virtue. Thy

husband must become an alien to it ; must share no longer its wealth and grandeur. Trust me, Kitty, when he is sated with thy beauties, he will think more of these than thee.

Oh, my dear sir, says Kitty, surely I could bear any misery under the honoured name of wife, better than this deep sense of shame.

Alas ! Kitty, thou wouldst have them both to bear together. The tongue of calumny might spare thee in obscurity, but, as the wife of Mr Corrane, it would wound thee with its keenest stings.

Good Heaven ! cries Kitty, wringing her hands, what complicated mischiefs attend the breach of chastity in a woman !

They are truly great. Unhappily, also, the highest punishment falls upon the least guilty. Thy error, Kitty, is of little magnitude, and yet how deep is thy remorse. The affluent *prostitute* has no remorse. And I believe, throughout the universe, from the humble pickpocket to the Cæsars and Cæsar Borgias, the greater the sin, the less the shame.

Heaven preserve me, says Kitty, from every greater degree of guilt !

Amen !—Hast thou well considered thy honourable lover's last letter ? He repenteth also. What dost thou propose to thyself by seeing him ?

Kitty burst into a fresh flood of tears.

I am sorry to distress thee thus, but it is needful. He will not, cannot marry thee, Kitty ; and the utmost thou canst hope from him, is to keep thee above want, and in a continuance of thy error.

No, never, never ! God of Heaven ! continues Kitty, what will become of me ?

Examine thy heart, Kitty ; endeavour to silence its suggestions when they are in opposition to thy reason. The task is painful ; for such is the nature of thy sex, a seducer, though black with villainy, seldom loses his stronghold over the affections.

Oh, my dear sir, I am sensible of my weakness. Condescend to advise me. My refractory heart shall break before I will attend to its follies, in preference to the dictates of friendship and of wisdom.

Well, my poor girl, we will resume the discourse by and by. Give thyself and me a glass of wine. Let us amuse ourselves with something more exhilarating. A game of backgammon, Kitty. Then we will take our social tea, and be happy.

I will not, dear Harry, send this away till I have finished the story, cost me what plague it may—But if ever again thou catchest me at writing tender tales—No, never—as Kitty says, till I have changed my sex. For the present, adieu.

Thine,

WILLIAM WYMAN.

MR WYMAN IN CONTINUATION.

THE next time our worthy quaker entered on the preceding subject, was after dinner, after a cheerful glass or two of wine.

Thy mild and gentle manners, says he, have gained exceedingly upon my affections. I find that, when I lose thee, I shall be deprived of the greatest consolation that for many years past hath been within my reach. But I am singularly situated. Twenty years since, I married a very pretty young woman, one of our own people ; I loved her, and was happy. It pleased Heaven to deny us children, a blessing we earnestly desired. My wife began to grow peevish, and, by what strange connexion I know not, her devotion increased with her ill humour. The greatest part of every day she spent in her closet, an elegant apartment, where she kept her choicest books, and choicest cordials.

All of a sudden, to the astonishment of our whole silent assembly, she received the spirit, and started up a preacher. It is true, it was by no means the spirit of wisdom which guided her lips, but those lips were beautiful, and sanctified her own productions. Her fame spread itself so abundantly, that it drew down to our holy meetings even courtiers themselves ; one of whom, not content with public, visited her often for private, edification. I doubted not ; but a sensible friend admonished me, there were certain of our brethren did doubt, whether the man's zeal was wholly the work of the spirit ; more especially as in some joyous moments he had been known to indulge himself with some *bons mots* levelled at our sect.

I am of that odd turn of mind, that a man may, with more safety to himself, beat me than laugh at me ; and my friend's admonition determined me to develope causes, when more prudent men would have been satisfied with effects. I was the more induced to this, because my wife had sorely troubled the peace and economy of my house with prayer and preaching. I had remonstrated in vain ; and the matter had arisen to those comfortable daily bickerings, which sometimes constitute the whole of matrimonial felicity. In a few words, we had grown weary of each other.

For the first time in my life, therefore, I contrived a plot, and I succeeded so well, that I had ocular proof of the prevalence of matter and motion over the *vis inertiae* of spirit. I entered the scene of action in the midst of the action itself. Two of my brethren were in the next apartment, whom, however, my delicacy would not permit to be spectators. The gentleman's sword lay peaceably in its scabbard on a chair. I seized it, and the culprits began to cry out for mercy. Friend, says I, dress thyself, I intend thee no harm ; and cease thy wailing, Martha,

to my wife, whose deprecations were loud and pitiful. I seek not to do thee evil.

I know I am in your power, Mr Arnold, says the courtier, but do not use it to my destruction. I am ready to give you any satisfaction you shall demand.

The satisfaction of a gentleman, I suppose thou meanest?

Yes, certainly, replied he.

It is well, says I; but I am not, I thank my Maker, made of the same clay, of which thy gentility is fashioned; and our religion, thou should'st know, is that of peace.

Then I will make you any reparation within the compass of my fortune.

I thank thee, says I, but I choose not to *deserve* ignominy; thou hast dishonoured me enough.

What, then, will satisfy you? asked he.

Why, I am thinking we are directed, in the book that guideth, or that should guide, both thee and me, to seek an eye for an eye, or a tooth for a tooth. Hast thou a wife?

No. Otherwise, upon honour, she should be at your service.

Well, when we cannot have directly what we want, let us get something as near it as possible. It is written, in the same book, If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off; and, to say truth, this seemeth best adapted to the circumstance, for it will render thy penitence sincere, and, what is of greater importance to thee, thou wilt sin no more. It is lucky for thee to have fallen into the hands of a man of the faculty, who will take care to see the operation performed *secundum artem*; and if thy voice be not already broken by whoredoms, thou mayest still have wherewithal to please the Lucretias of the court, if thou canst find them, though the Cleopatras may look down upon thee. Martha, if thou carest not to see the operation, retire. My artists are ready. It is a good work, and should not be delayed.

My modest wife hid her face with her hands, and wept, and sobbed most audibly. The man implored me upon his knees, with the most abject servility, to which he added the warm rhetoric of bribes, after the manner of his masters. Amongst others, I should be his excellency's apothecary, nothing being wanting for this, but his recommendation, and the removal of a very honest man, who now filled the post with great worth and honour.

Thou puzzlest me strangely, says I, when he had ended his pitiful oration. I wished to have been a Christian, to have returned good for evil, and to have sought thy own welfare in thy punishment. But I perceive thou hast a storehouse of maladies which nothing can destroy, except a halter; and *that* it is not *my* business to apply. I have only one thing more to propose to thee. Go thy ways in peace—but take that woman with thee; and may I never see

ye more. Thy apparel, Martha, thy books of devotion, and thy choicest cordials, which I doubt thou wilt need, shall be sent after thee; and may Heaven forgive thee, as I do.

Would'st thou believe it, Kitty, there was something even in this gentle punishment which did not please the man. A kind of horror sat upon his features. At length he spoke.

Will you hear reason? says he.

From thy lips, I fear not, replies I.

Since you say you have forgiven your wife, why do you wish to expose her? why part with her? I engage to see her no more.

At my house thou shalt not; elsewhere do as thou wilt.

To say truth, replies he, I should be in danger of losing the place I hold at the Castle, by residence with another man's wife.

I doubt thou overratest the virtue of the Castle. But whether thou keepest or lovest thy post, I care not. Whether thou residest with my wife I care not. I have a right to respect my own happiness, and that requires a separation. I suppose, though a courtier, thou mayest have more modesty than to ask me to maintain her for thy use?

Alimony, he said, was in such cases both usual and legal.

Thou art a man of economy, I perceive. I am weary of debating with thee.—Martha, settle the matter with this loving gentleman how thou wilt, or rather how thou canst. All that I insist upon is, that both of you quit my house within this hour; whether together, or separate, I thank God, is now a matter of perfect indifference to me. When thou art destitute, Martha, and deserted by this most perfect model of modern fine gentlemen, which I promise thee will soon happen, apply to me, through the medium of any friend; thou shalt not want, neither shalt thou abound. Fare thee well.

I will end my wife's history in few words. She was put into lodgings; visited by her paramour about a quarter of a year; deserted by him; disowned by her relations; and, finally, dependent upon my bounty for subsistence.

At this time, Kitty, I was not rich; I have since become so by my own industry; and still richer by the death of an only brother, a chemist in London: I am now returning from the regulation of his affairs. Before I went I gave up my business at Dublin, and my future residence will be at a house about a mile from thence, where I propose keeping no other domestics than a man and two maids, because I love retirement, and hate the clatter of what is called elegant living. Three things I am fond of—old books; a few old friends; and a cheerful glass of old wine. But of late, Kitty, my affections have wandered out of their *old* train, for thou art young, Kitty, and I am fond of *thee*. How, circumstanced as I am, I may best direct this affection for thy good, and my own, shall

be a future consideration. Now, my Kitty, one balmy kiss, and let me take an hour's sleep.
Sleep thou, also, Harry.

Adieu.

MR WYMAN IN CONTINUATION.

WHEN our worthy quaker thought proper to resume the conversation, he introduced it by asking Kitty, in the kindest tone and manner, how her little heart beat now towards the Honourable Mr Corrane?

Kitty answered by her tears.

It is an eloquent answer, says he, and informs me more than a thousand words. And how does thy reason accord with it?

Alas! replies Kitty, I am unhappy enough to perceive that my wishes are entirely repugnant to my judgment. I see clearly, that to throw myself again into the way of Mr Corrane, hazards a renewal of my dishonour, and that every good sentiment is against it.

Not so, Kitty; I should suspect thy heart to be made of unfeeling matter, did it give up this contest without reluctance. Thy wishes have their source in virtue—it is thy misfortune they are not founded in propriety also. It is too early for thee, Kitty, to attend solely to the stern dictates of wisdom and of prudence, against the softer ones of nature and a tender heart. Time and reflection are the best liniments for thy wound, and to them for a while let us leave it.

My wound, Kitty, is in a fairer way; I see little reason why, if the next packet is not crowded, I may not take my passage in it. It is, therefore, incumbent on me to know, if thou hast not formed some wishes respecting thy future mode of life, that have not Mr Corrane for their object.

I am as unhappy, replied Kitty, in the formation of these as of the other. I can form none but improper ones.

Let me know them, Kitty; I want to make thee happy.

I shall sink in your esteem, sir, the moment I dare utter them; they are too bold, too presumptuous, too encroaching on your goodness.

An alarming preface, Kitty; kiss me, thou bold encroacher, and open thy little heart without a fear.

Once, sir, you embraced me with the fond epithet of your dear child. Never, since I can remember, for my mother died in my infancy, was I pressed with fondness to the bosom of a parent. The sweet sensation overpowered me. Ever since I have wished and wished—to live with you, sir, not as a daughter, but as a servant; to shelter myself under your protection; to receive the benefit of your advice.

The wish, my Kitty, flatters and delights me; but there is a small tax to pay for the indul-

gence. Thou art lovely, and I am a man. The world will draw, as usual, its charitable conclusions.

Kitty blushed, and hung down her head. Mr Arnold sat a few minutes in silent thought.

But be it so, Kitty; I am willing to pay my share. I might, indeed, call thee a relation,—but I *will* not lie. Truth, sincerity, and plain-dealing, Kitty, shall be our guides, and those who cannot find in their hearts to believe, we will pity and forgive. But how wilt thou bear a life of solitude, Kitty; rendered more gloomy by the peevishness of old age and infirmity?

Solitude, sir, has always been my habit; and now, says Kitty, with a sigh, it is and ought to be my choice. As for the other, be as cross as you can. This misfortune, which was so near being fatal to you, you have borne without a murmur; and oh, with what infinite kindness, instead of reproach, have you treated the author! Have you once been captious at the blunders daily committed about you, or at any of the great or little provocations this house has supplied you with in abundance? And yet you talk of peevishness!

It is a business, Kitty, in which a man makes a great progress in a little time;—for thy sake, thou little flatterer, as well as my own, I will engage in it as late as possible. That we may not appear, however, to despise the censures of the world too much, we will give it an opportunity of judging with truth and candour, if it can.—There is in Dublin, Kitty, a family of my acquaintance, and of thy persuasion, consisting of a worthy father and mother, and fifteen amiable girls and boys. The two eldest girls are about twenty and twenty-two, good-natured, sensible, and lively;—thou wilt like them. I think I have interest enough to engage these girls alternately for thy companion; so will thy hours pass more cheerily on, less exposed to thy own reflection, or to that of the world.

Kitty, as usual, paid her tribute of gratitude with a tear.

Let us stop a moment, Mr Henry Osmond, to consider what we are about. Let us examine whether the liberties we are taking with this detectable history are according to law?

You have changed narrative into dialogue, says the Attorney-general of the Court of Criticism, and you have taken an unwarrantable liberty with the *words* of the original.

Guilty. I have taken liberty with everything but—truth.

Your story is an abridgement, and the law delighteth in extension.

In extension of spirit, I own; but of that being incapable by infirmity, I endeavour at the good within my power. It is easier to cut off the sapless branches of a tree, than vivify them.

How the court will determine the point I

know not ; but till the use of the pruning-knife is forbidden, I must prune. From the next five chapters, therefore, of this story, I take the liberty to cut off the sum-total of the bodies only, sending to thee the heads.

CHAP. I.—Sheweth, how they went to sea—how they became the sport of the winds and waves—how they escaped shipwreck, for want of rocks and storms—and, finally, arrived at Dublin.

CHAP. II.—Setteth forth, how the woman with a hundred tongues had blazoned forth the rape of Kitty, and her rescue—how, diversifying the particulars in a thousand agreeable manners, she had taken two general modes of telling this darksome tale. In the morning, sober, she related it with some small regard to truth. Drunk, in the evening, she tumbled it topsy-turvy ;—the poor quaker was the ravisher, and a gallant young son of Mars, whose modesty was equal to his valour, for he never appeared to claim the merit of it, was the Perseus who saved the Andromeda.

CHAP. III.—Told, in phrase inelegant, how Kitty miscarried—and how she was no better than she should be, as everybody must think, because nobody knew her ; for Miss Ross's elopement, however it might resemble the spirited flight of a miss of quality, wanted the only wings of celebrity—fortune and blood.

CHAP. IV.—How the quaker smiled at the false, and suffered the general ear of curiosity to be gratified by the tongue of embellishment without the least disquietude—how he introduced Kitty, in conformity to his own peculiar way of thinking, to his friends by her *true* name, and with her *true* history, *after* their meeting ; the preceding events it was not necessary to divulge.

CHAP. V.—Sheweth, how Kitty was inducted into the honourable calling of mistress of Mr Arnold's household, in spite of whispers—how Polly Singleton, the second of the fifteen boys and girls of the family before-mentioned, became the friend, the confidante, and inseparable companion of Kitty—and how love, peace, and happiness, grew great amongst them.

To peace and happiness, then, let us leave them, whilst we return once more to the Honourable Mr Corrane ; for whose nobility I have so great a regard, that I will not take a liberty so contrary to law, which, in certain critical cases, directs the heads to be taken from the bodies, never the bodies from the heads.

As far as the sincerity of human actions can be known by their circumambients, there is no reason to doubt *that* of the Honourable Mr Corrane, when he wrote his penitential letter. There

might, indeed, be some mistake in assigning the *origin* of sentiments so moral, and so good, which the reader may remember were placed directly to the account of religion and virtue. If this difference of opinion can be settled at all, it must be by facts.

At the time of writing this letter, though, for some cause or other, his honour did not choose to notice it, the old Earl had been dead about a month. After the manner of grandees, the young Earl took the family estate of seven thousand per annum ; his honour had a separate one of nine hundred ; and the sister five thousand pounds. Thus it is that lords attend to the dictates of ambition, and an absurd policy, now at least, against the self-evident pleas of nature and common sense. If the warmth of friendship subsisting between the noble brothers could have been indicated by Fahrenheit's thermometer, casual kindnesses, and participation of pleasures, sometimes raised it so high that Mercury might have boiled in it ; when it was left to nature and itself, it sunk to the freezing point.

The Earl expectant had, somehow or other, linked together the ideas of pleasure and pretty-girlhood in chains of brass, and this unity of existence had rendered him singularly respectable in the realms of gallantry. During the long illness of his father, decency forbade him to pursue this sole pleasure with his usual avidity ; so that he had actually confined himself six months to the arms of a beautiful Hibernian, of the county of Down, a novice in the school of Venus. The contention she excited when she first hung out the flag of treaty was not great. It was no sooner known that she considered herself as "the pearl of mighty price," than her value rose in the market ; and the young Earl that must be thought less of the dearth of the purchase, than of his triumph, and his well-earned fame.

This jewel of the first water, then, did the new Earl, in a fortnight from his father's funeral, with the fulness of true fraternal affection, transfer to his dear brother ; who received the blessing as one of Heaven's best gifts, and repaid it with the sincere repentance of his former offence with Kitty, and a resolution with her to sin no more.

Poor Kitty, alas ! had no such motives for penitence. It was May when she arrived at Dublin ; and the two noble brothers, in a paroxysm of friendship, were gone a tour over the estates, to raise up such as were fallen, and to set the acres by thousands to that useful body of gentlemen-tenants, commonly called middle-men ;—A wise and Christian cautionary system of the great Irish landowners, that they may say at the last trump to the accusing spirits, *ours* were not the gains of oppression.

The gentlemen did not return to Dublin till September,—a fatal error in the politics of love. The pretty provincial had just surrendered up-

on honourable terms, given her in consideration of the brave resistance she had made to several spirited attacks; the last of which would have failed like the rest, but for the vast superiority of metal, by which she found in an instant all her defences levelled with the ground.

If ever I am caught doing any pitiful action, says a celebrated author, it will be when there is a void in my heart, in the forlorn interval of some of its passions. Whether the Honourable Mr Corrane found himself thus constituted, I know not; but it is certain the annals of gallantry represent him as endeavouring to shorten this forlorn interval with all his might.

Whoever considers the connexion betwixt the families of Mr Arnold and Mr Singleton, and that betwixt a bookseller's shop (for Mr Singleton was of that profession) and an infinite number of pretty gentlemen, connoisseurs in anecdote, will not wonder that Kitty became acquainted with some of these annals, and that she was sometimes put to the secret blush, when the Honourable Mr Corrane, as was often the case, happened to be the hero of the tale. But Kitty herself had now experienced a considerable revolution of sentiment, had added largely to her slender stock of ideas, and lost much of that strong impression which first loves generally make upon the tender mind. Her reverence and affection for Mr Arnold had grown almost to idolatry, and were repaid by a tenderness truly paternal; and, to say truth, the active virtue of this extraordinary man did honour to mankind. Miss Singleton could scarce speak of him but with tears of gratitude.

Her father had taste and learning sufficient to have placed him at the head of his occupation, had he not been scrupulously addicted to honesty, and cursed with a benevolent heart. Of the manuscripts offered to him for sale, he chose invariably those which taught something worthy to be learnt, those which diffused the sentiments of piety and virtue, or those which tended to improve and soften the manners of society; as invariably he rejected the lewd, the factious, and personally malignant. Unfortunately, the public judged differently. This is enough to account for the poverty that embittered the second twenty years of his life. To make it felt with the greater severity, Heaven had blessed him with a fruitful wife. In short, he was beginning to die of anxiety when Mr Arnold was called in, because, his old apothecary's bill being two years unpaid, that gentleman had refused attendance.

Mr Singleton marked his character to Mr Arnold, by fairly telling him the reason of his being sent for, and the risk he ran of never being paid for his labour. Having, in a few visits, got from him the whole of his circumstances, Mr Arnold, unable to bear the thoughts of the immense ruin going to fall upon so numerous and amiable a family, restored him to health by a

panacea in his malady worth the whole pharmacopeia. He lent, or, more properly speaking, gave him money, to free him from his more pressing creditors. Ever since, he has given him occasional support, and has procured him the printing of some of the best works the Irish nation has hitherto produced. To this heart-felt tale of gratitude, Polly added a number of other occurrences which went directly to the heart of the lovely hearer, and impressed there a sentiment of veneration never to be effaced.

So stood matters on all sides at the beginning of the month of October, when Kitty and Miss Singleton, walking one afternoon to Dublin, met the Honourable Mr Corrane, in the utmost elegance of military habiliment, arm in arm with another officer. The shock was as violent as sudden, and disconcerted the nerves of poor Kitty so forcibly, that it was with difficulty she stood upon the earth. The gentleman was astonished also; stopped, coloured, bowed. Kitty passed on without returning the salute; and, as fast as her trembling limbs would bear her, flew for refuge to Mr Singleton's house, whence, as soon as she was able, she returned to her more secure asylum. There, like a frightened bird, she ran under the wing of her protecting parent, and, pouring out her flood of sorrows, received the truest consolation.

Three days passed over without hearing from the redoubtable Mr Corrane; and Kitty began to hope she was rid for ever of his importunity, and—such is woman—perhaps to fear it too.

At length came a letter of politeness, of compliment; some retrospect of past, some hopes of future happiness; concluding with a request to be permitted to wait upon her. Kitty answered thus:—

“To what purpose, Mr Corrane, do you seek to disturb my present tranquillity? Be assured, I am not what I was.”

Mr Corrane replied at full length, “Cruelty could never find residence in her gentle bosom; the sight of her had revived his former fires; happiness was hers to give, and hers alone.”

Kitty answered, “Influenced by religion and virtue, you once dismissed me from your heart. If religion and virtue are immutable, by what motives are you now influenced?”

In answer to this question, his honour lavished a world of eloquence to prove, that religion and virtue were perfectly compatible with love; that nature was the mistress of all hearts, let priests say what they will; in fine, that the rights he had acquired over her were unalienable, nor would he give them up but with his last breath.

“I cannot sufficiently express the obligation I have to you, Mr Corrane,” says Kitty, in reply, “for the favour of your last letter; it has enlightened, it has convinced me. I am ready to give you marks of the high esteem in which I hold you, when you please.”

Although the Honourable Mr Corrane was not without suspicion concerning the true meaning of this billet-doux, nor without fear that the quaker's hand might be at the bottom of these laconic compositions, yet, as the first quality of a soldier is intrepidity, he ventured next day to Mr Arnold's house, and inquiring for Miss Ross, the footman, saying he would inform her, conducted him politely to the parlour door.

On seeing Mr Arnold alone, he hastily drew back, telling the footman his business was with Miss Ross only.—I pray thee walk in, says the quaker; when Miss Ross comes, thou knowest, if needful, I can walk out.

Now impudence protect me, says the Honourable Mr Corrane to himself, and marched to his chair with the firm uprightness of a Prussian grenadier.

Thy name is Corrane, I think? says the quaker. It is, sir, replies his honour.

Kitty Ross has told me of thee. Thou knewest her at her father's.

It was there our acquaintance began, sir, playing with the chain of his watch.

And ended also, if I remember right. Why, I pray thee, dost thou want to renew it?

Begging your pardon, sir, replies his honour, with a certain archness, it's a damn'd odd question to ask a young fellow. Ask nature and yourself, old gentleman; you have no objection to a pretty girl even at this time of day, if there be any truth in the chronicles of the times.

Witness Kitty Ross, I suppose? says the quaker.

His honour smiled a Yes.

I am pleased with Kitty Ross, I own, continues the old gentleman; and, if there be any truth in thy insinuation, I am the more obliged to thee, thou knowest. To say thou art mistaken would be useless; for a quaker's affirmation being set on an equality with a lord's honour, thou knowest the value of one too well, to pay any regard to the other. Continue, therefore, to think as thy own uncorrupted heart dictates, and suffer me to be Kitty Ross's friend any way I can. When thou first became acquainted with this young woman, she was as ignorant as any modern fine gentleman could wish, and as innocent also. In gratitude to her care and tenderness of thee when sick, thou undertook to be her schoolmaster. She was grateful also, and paid thee with her innocence. Thou put'st her in a way to be a mother; a respectable character—always—but being in this case not consonant to thy religion and virtue, thou left her to the world—and me.

So, so, says the Honourable Mr Corrane, putting his hands in his breeches pockets, and leaning back in his chair in the most easy and fashionable attitude—So, so, we are not like to have a *silent* meeting—the spirit begins to move.

It does, says Kitty Corrane; may it move to thy advantage. What I want to observe to thee

is, that Kitty Ross, thanks to thee and me, and this good city of Dublin, is no longer that inexperienced thing she was. She knows that love is *now* a saleable commodity, and wishes to learn at what price thou valuest her affection?

Ay, now, old gentleman, you come to the point. You know the world, I see. Then, in one word, I will settle a hundred a-year upon her, and allow her two to spend, whilst we live the life of honour together.

A very honourable stipend, returns Mr Arnold. Thou art generous, I see, to a fault. And yet it is highly probable the silly girl will not accept it. If thou wast to bid up to matrimony indeed—

Zoons! replied his honour, the girl is not stupid enough to—to—a—a—

Accept of thee on any terms? replies the quaker. I believe not, indeed. It is true, thy person is genteel, and the elegance of thy habit is as charming as it is manifest to the naked eye of woman; yet Kitty Ross has made the singular resolution of not living the life of *honour* with any man—nor of dishonour neither, which, I suppose, is the modern synonym with marriage, unless she has some reason to believe the man may have something about him like honour and probity; or, at least, that he shall not be so liberally endowed, as she takes thee to be, with their opposites. I need not name them to thee, because a man's possessions must be large indeed if he has occasion to be told of them.

Sir, says the Honourable Mr Corrane, rising hastily, it is plain thy design to affront me.

I pray thee sit down, says the quaker; I design no such thing. Can speaking truth be offensive to thee?

Sir, you know my rank and situation in life.

I do, replies Arnold; thou art the son of an earl, and, I know not why, they call thee honourable.

Is this treatment to be borne, sir? I must inform you, sir, I bear his majesty's commission, and cannot put up with insult.

Give me leave to inform thee in my turn, that I am Isaac Arnold, by birth a man, by religion a quaker, taught to despise all titles that are not the marks of virtue, and of consequence—thine. I rank above thee.

Well, sir, says his honour, getting up in haste, you may one day repent this.

I thank thy good will, replies the quaker; thou art of the true court breed, I see.

At this instant came in Kitty from an adjoining room, where she had heard all that passed; and, with a low curtsy, begged the honourable gentleman not to go till she had in some degree discharged the vast debt of gratitude she owed him.

And first, says she, give me leave to return this miniature, the resemblance of a man I once loved, though he undid me. *That* I always considered as an unpremeditated ruin, the effect of

your weakness and my own. Your present design, to perpetuate my infamy, is of another stamp, and calls for my utmost detestation. By the *religion and virtue*, I suppose, of Miss Willen, there is a temporary vacancy in your invaluable heart, which you would do me the honour to fill. To be the mistress of the Honourable, Right Honourable Mr Corrane, with the splendid appointment of two hundred pounds a-year, ought, no doubt, to satisfy the ambition of a Welch apothecary's daughter. It is a station I feel myself unable to fill with sufficient dignity, and beg to decline. The generosity of my more than father enables me to restore you (offering to him a fifty-pound bank-note) what I am indebted on a pecuniary account.—Farewell, sir.—All the ill I wish you, is a better heart.

I thank thee, Kate, replies Mr Corrane, caricaturing the speech and manners of the quakers; I will think of thy heavenly admonitions; remember me in the assemblies of the faithful, and—fare—thee—well.

Thus ended the visit, and thus ended love. Different passions now came upon the stage; for it was impossible the humbled pride of the Honourable Mr Corrane should not stimulate him to revenge.

It was Mr Arnold's custom to give, one day in a week, his advice gratis to the poor of the neighbourhood, and, to the poorest, medicines also, of which, to say truth, his kitchen furnished him with the greatest variety. Kitty was generally the dispenser of these favours, and in cases of childbed, the visitant also. So many days had elapsed since the above affair, that they almost began to forget any longer to speak of the Honourable Mr Corrane, when an event brought him fresh to remembrance.

Kitty had always been in the habit of rising early in the morning; Miss Singleton in the contrary habit; and Mr Arnold, whose wound was not yet cured, and who began to feel other infirmities, indulged in the latter habit also. In consequence, Kitty generally made her visitations at early dawn. A poor woman, ill of a puerperal fever, had drawn her to the same house several successive mornings. On the last of these, she returned no more.

Here, Harry, is a period at which I may reasonably give thyself and me some respite. I must of necessity commit Kitty to the care of Providence, and thee to the exercise of patience, till the next vacation.

My best respects to Sir George.

Adieu.

WILLIAM WYMAN.

MISS WHITAKER TO HER SISTER.

London.

I TAKE the first opportunity of informing my dear Peggy, that I am safe arrived in town; and

satisfied with the notification of it to those whom it may concern, I have so far stifled the suggestions of my own importance, as to withhold it from the public papers. If indeed I could have added to the intelligence, that I was young, handsome, rich, and new; and that I should exhibit *these performances* on Tuesday at Covent-Garden theatre, on Wednesday at the Opera, on Thursday at Carlisle-House, I know not what I might have done; but giving an idea of the motion only, without any of the thing moved, seems a very cold business. It is, however, taken altogether, a business of great national magnitude. The king moves from St James's to the Queen's Palace; announce it. The Lord Chancellor of England moves to his seat in the country; announce it. The ministers move; announce it. All this, as far as I know, may receive a tolerable justification, because it announces the motion of majesty, law, and government. The good people of Bath, too, must find their account in the newspaper article of arrivals; otherwise, they would sometimes permit people of a certain consequence to dine, or ride through the town, without troubling the universe about it. But this day arrived Mr and Mrs A, B, C, from their seat in the country, seems just the arrival of the two Kings of Brentford.

If, dear Peggy, by this substitution to prattle, I could drive away that sickness of the heart, a sister's tears and last embraces gave me; that sister would give the name of wisdom to a volume of such nonsense; but, over this malady, nothing I have yet seen has more than an evanescent power. However, since you kindly said you would bear the pains of absence, first absence, patiently, on the supposition that the polite dissipation of the metropolis might make me forget at once the cause and the existence of my hectic symptoms, I will use the recipe, and trifle like a woman.

Sensibility, they say, loses its powers in age; but my dear and ever-revered godmother received me with evident marks of it, and pressed me to her bosom with a mother's tenderness. With equal indulgence she heard my tale of the recent transactions at Barham Downs, and gave me the satisfaction to know, that my sentiments of an alliance with grandeur and infamy correspond with her own. The kind part my sister had acted, she applauded even with tears; lamented my father's unhappy propensity to greatness, and still more his unfortunate habitude of acting by the advice of others, rather than from his own understanding. Sir Ambrose Archer has confirmed the opinion she conceived of him many years since, when fashion and dissipation overshadowed his virtues. Something noble was always to be observed in him, she thought, even when he offended most against the moral duties. The mild character of Mr Davis—Pshaw—Osmond—is so like my own, that—Heigho!—I

have no faith in old women's prophecies.—Adieu, my Peggy.

Yours affectionately,
ANNABELLA WHITAKER.

MISS WHITAKER TO HER SISTER.

London.

I HAVE exhausted, dear Peggy, in the small space of twenty days, all the pleasures of London, all my hopes of health from dissipation, and almost all my patience. It is with Mrs Delane I have run the round of amusement; and find, to my extreme mortification, that notwithstanding the gentlemen of the ton swear I am altogether a most angelic creature, I have some imperfection in my organs of sense, that disables me from feeling any part of the rapture so strongly expressed by Mrs Delane, and the beaux who honour us with their gallantries.

This Mrs Delane, Peggy, is certainly the most obliging of women; you cannot imagine with what assiduity she cultivates my friendship, how earnest she is for me to make her house my home; and, not prevailing in this, attends me at Mrs Shirley's with such winning perseverance, that I am quite charmed with her. Then her manners are so free, so easy, and so excessively polite, you would imagine her bred at St James's. So little arrogance of understanding, too, that she gives up her opinion, to me especially, ten times an hour. What you say is so right, Miss Whitaker; your arguments are so convincing! One really ought to consider well before one hazards a sentiment before a lady so penetrating.—Egregious flattery!—True, Peggy; and yet there is such softness, and such a desire of pleasing in the manner of it, it is impossible not to like it.

The first place of entertainment to which this lady conducted me was the Hay-Market. We had the Suspicious Husband. I believe scarce any character upon the stage takes with the ladies so much as that agreeable rake, Ranger. The why of this is above my poor philosophy; but it is certain I incurred, all angel as I was, something like a sneer from two of the finest dressed gentlemen I ever saw, only for hinting a preference in favour of a Mr Bevil, a Mr Manly, and such out-of-the-way people, because they were uniformly virtuous. Uniformity in goodness, is uniformity in dulness; and the most uninteresting of all characters that ever were drawn, is, I find, the stiff, starched, demure, formal, ALL-VIRTUOUS Sir Charles Grandison. This criticism was interrupted by the entertainment, a pantomime; in which were such a multitude of mad and merry transformations, such exalted leaps, such pitiful broken heads; Jupiter rode so majestically high, and the clown tumbled so lamentably low, that I

yielded to the ridicule of the *tout ensemble*, and made merry with all my might.

Leaving the Hay-Market, Mrs Delane lamented her want of fortune to enjoy the superior pleasures of the evening. You, says she, are going to a dull old woman, and I to wait the coming of a duller husband from the tavern, when a hundred routs are open—Oh! the joys of quadrille and a splendid purse!

If, says I, a splendid purse could procure me no greater pleasures than cards and a rout, I would soon become the best of Christians, and give my wealth to the poor. Of all the pleasures of your boasted city, a rout is, to me, the most insipid.

Why, yes, to be sure, replies Mrs Delane, they are insipid, unless one wins or loses; and then, you must allow, one is entertained.

Moved, I will allow, Mrs Delane; I once remember being very much so by a man flying from the top of Exeter steeple, but, indeed, I was not entertained by it.

To be sure, replies she, there is a vast deal of truth, and depth too, in this observation; but one falls into the fashionable ways of spending time, when one is in the world, without reflection. People only reflect in the country. However, you will allow, that moping at home is no entertainment, and when one is abroad, one must be like other people.

True, Mrs Delane, I allow that when people can find nothing to do at home but mope, they may as well go out and play at cards.

Mrs Delane, Peggy, is really an agreeable woman; but I wish she would support her own opinions with more firmness, and not put me in mind once an hour, as she does, though indeed with infinite pity, that, if proper care is not taken, I am galloping fast into a consumption.

I believe it would be impossible to go through with a description of the opera, the Vauxhalls, the Ranelaghs, and all the day-shows of this metropolis, without exciting some degree of nausea. We have had too much of it, dear Peggy; I will therefore only mention, that at the opera I had the honour to see Lord Winterbottom, who even condescended to pay his compliments to me in our box, and whispered some unintelligible stuff in my ear concerning his unhappy stars. He is, it seems, one of Mr Delane's ministerial patrons; and in their regards to each other, it is not difficult to observe marks of the lordly master and the fawning slave. Mrs Delane he seems wholly unacquainted with. My lord did me the honour to lead me to our coach, an odious hackney-coach, as Mrs Delane called it, and very politely requested I would do him the honour to permit his chariot to wait upon me whilst I staid in town. He ran not the least hazard of being *taken in* by the compliment.

Two days after this, I dined with Mrs Delane, who thought my refusal of his lordship's offer quite an act of supererogation; it might

have been accepted with the utmost decency, as from a neighbour. Afterwards she fell into the praise of my lord's fine presence, the ease of his behaviour, and the elegance of his taste in dress. Mr Delane assured me, that, in point of talents, he was considered as one of the first lords at court, and that his influence in the cabinet was very great; and, pardon me, Miss Whitaker, says he, I never could comprehend upon what motives you could possibly refuse him.

It was, Mr Delane, says I, because I have no taste for cabinet influence, political talent, and the graces you have mentioned. All these give me not the least idea of merit.

You are a most extraordinary lady, Mr Delane said, not to acknowledge a merit acknowledged by the king, and confirmed by all manner of concurrent testimonies.

Whenever I marry, Mr Delane, I will have a man of honour and probity, or whom I believe to be so.

Can you possibly have the least doubt of his lordship's, after the convincing proof of both I have just mentioned? His majesty was that kind of person that would not dispense with those qualifications in any man he favoured.

My lord had better get the king to give him a character then, Mr Delane, provided this court honour and probity of yours are current in the country.

Mr Delane nettled at this, and seemed about to make a waspish answer, but catching the correcting eye of his wife, his anger subsided, and the discourse was suffered to drop.

At tea, Mr Delane informed us ministry wanted a confidential man, of approved sagacity though, to send over to Paris on a private commission. They have done me the honour to make choice of me, says he; and, though the matter requires infinite address, spirit, and delicacy, I have the vanity to think I shall succeed.

Mrs Delane complimented him upon the possession of all these fine qualities, except the *vanity*; I thought there needed no exception.

The appointment, continues Mr Delane, will be honourable, and will put it into my power to indulge myself in a journey and a few months' residence at Montpellier, which Dr H—— assures me is the most probable cure for that disorder in my chest, contracted by too intense study. As this is the case, Mrs Delane, I shall request the favour of your company, and if we could be happy enough to obtain that of Miss Whitaker also, I flatter myself that, besides the pleasure of it, the greatest possible good, if such is health, would be the result. Your case, Miss Whitaker, is consumptive, absolutely consumptive; which is a disorder that in this island seldom yields to the efforts of medicine; whereas the very air of the south of France is almost a specific for it; to say nothing of the faculty there, who are peculiarly great in this malady.

Mr Delane's reasonings upon this head were

long and many; to which Mrs Delane added persuasions after her own manner, so gentle, so insinuating, that it was impossible not to wish to oblige her. I request, dear Peggy, your opinion and advice; till I have these in favour of the journey, I will think no more of it.

Adieu.

Yours affectionately,
ANNA WHITAKER.

MISS PEGGY WHITAKER TO HER SISTER.

Barham Downs.

I HAVE read, dear Anny, in some learned book, that it was owing to the six-and-seven way of going on of things in the heathen world, which made sundry philosophers with long beards suspect the gods to take no manner of concern in the affairs of the implumed biped, lord of the earth, the master of everything—but himself. No doubt things go on better now; and yet there is still a solitary individual here and there who complains of the too-much of things he does not value, and of the too-little of things he does.

You know the Reverend Mr Swain, for example, whom the fates have consigned over to faith, piety, and a black coat, for life, whilst his propensities lead towards libertinism and a red one.

Then there is the Reverend Mrs Delane, the *carasposa* of a minister of the church, whom nature or fortune has endowed with qualities fit for the mistress of a king.

And we have here Miss Archer, the sister of our merry knight; a hard-favoured lady, whom her stars have doomed to chastity unpitied, if that gallant Hibernian, Mr Wycherley, does not counteract their influence.

And here am I, Margaret Whitaker, spinster, confined to my solitary hut, with the Practice of Piety in my head—hand I would say, and in my head a coach with a coronet; whilst her sister, Annabella, sent into the world for an example to all virtuous maidens in still life, is engaged in the very hurry and bustle of Vanity-fair.

Not content with this, miss, you are going to become a travelled lady; and then I must no longer give my opinion, even of a new cap, but it will be, "I wonder at you, Peggy; I am astonished, child; you that have seen so little of the world." And you want me to countenance this preposterous business! But I shall tell you, miss, as I told my papa, I know no reason in the world for your going, except the unrighteous desire of keeping you from heaven, the proper place of your abode, since you are become an angel. If I could go with you, Anna, things might be looked at under a different aspect; but my papa would part with a thousand pounds as soon as me—almost; for we have been in monstrous good humour with one another now and then at times, and all at your expense. In short,

child, your favour is in the wane, and unless your *ladyship* behaves as your *ladyship* ought, I, only I, shall be the beloved of my father's worship—lordship, I would say.

I think I will let you a little way into the secret. No longer since than yesterday morning, when I was *moping* my hours away, as Mrs Delane has it, in our dressing-room, who should I see hobbling up to the hall-door, but the gallant Captain Wycherley. I should have thought nothing more of the matter, but that our house stood in the way of the man's exercise, if, when I attended my papa at dinner, I had not plainly seen in his face no small accession of gravity—wisdom—importance. My prattle of the hour was answered by hums and hahs; and it was plain to be seen my dear papa was in a dream, and his dear daughter in a sweat for the interpretation.

Whilst our worldly affairs were in this state, the post-man brought your last letter, which having read over first to myself, I gave a new edition of it to my father, with emendations, Annabella, and additions. What have you done with your stock of duty, child, you could not spare papa a remnant?

And what is your opinion, sir, of my sister's journey to Montpellier?

Hereupon my papa placed his chin upon his thumb and ruminated, or, in plain English, child, chewed the cud; not of tobacco, Annabella,—it was a stick of liquorice, for a little matter of a cold. At length, It will be an expensive job, says he; but if the girl's behaviour had been as it ought to have been, I declare I should have minded the money no more than a—

My father made a full stop, whether because a word presented itself of insufficient dignity in the case, or no word at all, I cannot tell; and, indeed, it cost me a journey all over the three kingdoms, to find the proper and the fit for the occasion. I began with the mineral, and found in it nothing so proper for the purpose as a farthing; of all the tribe of vegetables, nothing so pat as a straw; and of all animals, none so worthy the post as a louse. I offered these to my papa one after the other; but I believe simile-makers are like stammerers; I could not get him to accept of one, and, indeed, he was rather inclined to abuse me for my kindness.

When this tumult had subsided a little, I ventured to ask what new offence you had committed, for, as to the old, I was evidence he had forgiven it long ago.

I don't know, replies my father, whether I have forgiven it or not, but I am sure I can't forget it. Such an opportunity to raise one's family from the dirt; and to have it overthrown by a little chit, with her nonsense of calm content and poetry!

Dear papa, instruct me. Daughters, you know, are ingrafted into other families. Your very name will be lost; how then—

I know what you are going to say, Peggy; but your sister's second son might take my name, which you know is very much in fashion.

But what's that to you, papa?

Don't put me in a passion, Peggy. Women are such d—d fools, there's no reasoning with them.

Yes, women *are* fools, I own, to think living vanities better than dead ones. If the honours and dignities resulting from Annabella's match with Lord Winterbottom were to fall upon your head, papa, indeed—But as that's impossible—

Why so, miss?

I wish, Anny, you had *seen* my papa's, Why so, miss? for ears would not have conveyed half the swelling dignity of it.—Why so, miss?

Nay, I don't know, replies I, with an air of astonishment.

No, I believe not. But to shew you, miss, it is not so incongruous a thing as you may suppose, read that—tossing me a letter, as an angry man of quality should.

This curious letter was from Lord Winterbottom, my lady; and I can only give your *ladyship* the heads, for the precious deposit was soon taken out of my possession. In the first place it was preambular; setting forth how, when his lordship received my father's dismissal, he must own he felt a kind of resentment at the violation of promises so solemnly made; but it was a resentment mixed with compassion for an old friend, whose ear had been abused by a gentleman whom he should soon call to account for his liberties.—At the very time, says my lord, my worthy friend was stabbing me to the heart, I was contriving to shew my gratitude for his friendship in my political capacity. I was going to put his name to a lucrative contract then at my disposal; by which, and the advance of £20,000 only, that sum would have been infallibly cleared in two years, without his stirring from his own fireside. But my views, continues his lordship, did not rest here. I meditated to have procured you a peerage; which, impossible as it would now be, on account of your obscurity, never having thrown yourself in his Majesty's way, I believe I may affirm without vanity I could have procured for *my* father-in-law.—Here's for you, Annabella!—Then the letter goes on in a kindly tone of expostulation; and concludes with his lordship's having seen you at the opera—of the revivification of his flame—of the impossibility of happiness without you—and begs permission to renew his suit without my father's interfering, or the least shadow of compulsion.

You, Annabella, in this case, would have amused yourself with profound reflections upon human nature, or human art; or, perhaps, would have dropped a tear for a father's weakness. I, on the contrary, was quite in raptures at the idea of papa being a lord.—Oh dear, says I,

what a happy conception ! what a charming man is Lord Winterbottom !—Now suppose, papa, your patent of creation had come down last night ; only to hear Peter this morning,—Would your lordship choose chocolate to breakfast ?—

Would your lordship choose your brown and gold to-day ?—Will your lordship take an airing in the coach or chariot ?—What a tumult of joy and pleasure must run through your lordship's veins at all this ! I dare say your lordship would never recognize a single sentiment or feeling that could put your lordship in mind of any kind of identity with the Esquire Whitaker of the day before. I dare say your lordship will be a great deal taller and fatter ; and for wisdom, there will be no measuring it.

Hereupon his lordship began to grow monstrous angry, and called me an impudent hussy ; for which I kissed him, and told him to be angry with a giddy, foolish girl, was no mark either of dignity or wisdom,—and at length brought him again into good humour.

But how, says I, if Annabella should remain obstinate, and spoil all these fine things ? though I know, papa, she would marry Lord Winterbottom next week to please you, provided you would let her die quietly the week after to please herself ; and I dare say my lord would consent. However, if she won't, papa, I have a scheme to punish her. Give her a thousand pounds, and let her board at some good farmer's in the north ; then give me all the rest, and I will buy me a duke. Only think how much my grace would be bigger than her ladyship ? Nay, I believe I should have ambition enough to fly at the blood-royal, only papa-king would be cross.

I wish, miss, says my father, you could teach that impertinent tongue of yours some government. I don't approve of using great names upon light occasions, and treating serious things with levity.

As it is impossible to end with more wisdom, Annabella, I choose to do it here ; only admonishing my dear sister, not to let this matter affect her, for assuredly nothing can come of it. I will endeavour to get papa's consent for your journey to Montpellier ; and, if I cannot obtain it, go without, Annabella, and leave the burden of excusing it upon

Your ever affectionate

M. WHITAKER.

MISS WHITAKER TO HER SISTER.

London, December, 1781.

WITHOUT waiting an answer to my last, dear Peggy, I continue the important history of my town life ; and to surprise you with a stroke of more than common daring, know, I have seen a masquerade. My preconceived ideas of this celebrated amusement were indeed a strange

compound. I thought of it as of a large theatre, where all the spectators were players ; and that, as every one chose his own part, it would be skilfully performed. This was a great mistake. Habits were the things to be chosen, not parts ; and Vanity was the universal dictatress. I had been taught by novels to consider it as a most dangerous rock in the sea of chastity, terrible by the number of female wrecks ; and so strong was this idea, that I was not easily prevailed upon to go at all ; and no persuasion could induce me to render myself conspicuous by dress.

Nothing, sure, was ever better calculated to dispose the mind to gaiety and pleasure, than the first view of the Pantheon. But this pleasure is not of a durable nature ; and still less so is the *tout ensemble* of a masquerade. Yet, I own, that amidst a profusion of insipidity, there is enough of frolic and whim to make the first hour or two agreeable enough ; but the wit, the repartee, and maintenance of character I was prepared to expect, were sparingly given. The only thing of this kind that met my ideas, was the following :—

Folly, grotesquely habited, and with her usual insignia of cap and bells, accosts a lady dressed to represent Fashion. My best beloved, says Folly, well thou fulfillest thy mother's wishes. In my taste are thy ornaments. But remember, child, when I want variety, men agree to call me by the name of Stupidity. Take the influenza of this cap, my daughter, and let us see the production ! All here are my votaries. My temple is crowded with true worshippers. I will reward their adoration. It is a night of festivity. We will indulge them with six full moons of anticipation.

Fashion curtseyed, and retired. Her head-dress had been the five hours' performance of the celebrated Monsieur Cheveusot ; who, to flowers after the Arcadian manner, had added a variety of fruits. Fashion returned in two minutes, with her head increased in magnitude, and changed in matter. At her approach, Folly clapped her hands, clattered her bells, and cried out, *C'est moi—moi même*. Carrots, parsnips, and even the humble turnip, adorned the head of Fashion now ; and the assembly crowded round her with many attestations of applause. After due admiration, and a hint from Folly, she disappeared again ; nor can you imagine with what rapture she was received by the female part of the assembly, when they saw three feathers, of I know not what outlandish birds, streaming gracefully in a curve from the forehead backwards, and intermingled with the feathers of the peacock and macaw. The next change surprised rather than pleased ; it was a total reduction of the head to common dimensions ; upon which Folly turned her back, and cried a BORE.

After a few other whimsical and ridiculous changes, Fashion appeared no more. A Harlequin approaches Folly, and accosts her thus :—

How happy am I, dear queen and mother, once more to behold thee ! To see thee in thy native beauty, surrounded by true adorers, who worship thee in their hearts, and deny thee not with their mouths ! How comes it to pass I see thee no more roaming the world at large ? Is thy empire over the minds of men diminished ?

The minds of men, my child, replies Folly, are variable as thy garment ; that which they see to-day, they like not to see to-morrow. Too long I had staged me to their eyes in these my true habiliments. I lost dominion. I asked counsel of thy father Proteus. Do as I do, replies the god ; change thy shape. I took the advice, and have regained my dominion, and established it more firmly than ever. My son, DECEIVE—and GOVERN. It is the maxim of the day. Courts adopt it, and men believe.

Courts, dear mother ! returns Harlequin. In my long and painful peregrination in search of thee, having been frustrated in all places of likelihood, I determined to seek thee in impossible places. At court, I was assured they knew thee not, nor had had commerce with thee or thine for twenty good years at least.

My son, replies Folly, DECEIVE—and GOVERN. It is the maxim of the day.

I was impressed, madam, with a certain awe ; a holy reverence, that would not permit me to doubt.

It is right, my child ; that awe, that holy reverence, is an institution of my own. Go on ; pursue thy travels.

I passed by the door of a secretary's office. My mother cannot be here, says I ; and I stepped in. The gentlemen of the office assured me, you had not paid them a single visit since my good Lord N—— presided ; but you may be sure of finding your mother to-morrow at York. To York I went, and though I saw thee not, I thought I *smelt* thee. A reverend gentleman informed me I might certainly find thee at another secretary's office, expediting dispatches across the Atlantic. The clerks here protested it was calumny malignant ; and shewed me a decent lady, who seemed fond of giving her assistance, and whom they called Prudence. I looked her in the face ; it had a leer of thee in it. I looked again, and recognized thy own dear, broad, unmeaning countenance. I claimed it for my mother's. The lady did not acknowledge the claim. The gentlemen hissed and hooted, called me toad, monster, faction ; a betrayer of my country ; a hungerer after loaves and fishes ; and, finally, pelted me with pamphlets till I could scarce walk. As I came out of the office, I met a fine gentleman, who pitied me a little, and told me my mother was that moment at Guildhall. I was lame, and did not arrive there till the business of the day was over, just when a worthy alderman was stepping into his chariot to attend a large assembly at the other end of the town. He made me come into his chariot,

owned he knew my mother very well, and swore he would shew her me in a couple of hours, without disguise. By his direction I passed into a gallery, whilst he took his seat in the assembly, and the hour being vacant of business, he got upon his legs, to speak—and to move.

Sir, says he, addressing himself to the president, I have just introduced into the gallery, a gentleman, to whom, if pleasure be a good, the nation, and especially the metropolis, are much obliged. The youth will die, unless he finds his mother ; and there is no earthly good, not even liberty, heaven-born liberty, whose loss the people will half so much regret. The name of this mother is Folly ; I trust, well known to the honourable gentlemen of yonder bench ; and as it is a matter of great national concern, I move that the house do order her to be brought forth in open day, and restored to her desolate son, in her native garb and undissembled features.

From another part of the assembly arose a gentleman, and spoke thus :—I protest, Mr Speaker, though I always made a large allowance for the abilities of the honourable gentleman who spoke last, I never did sufficient justice to his merit. A man must arrive at the summit of human ingenuity, and human effrontery also, before he could advance a paradox so strange, as that of supposing the seat of wisdom to be the seat of folly. Nevertheless, as I have also some opinion of the honourable gentleman's veracity, and do not suppose he would affirm the thing that was not, and wish as much as any man to have the lady in question excluded this house, I beg leave to second the motion.

A third arose. Sir, says he, the bold and characteristic confidence of the honourable gentleman who spoke first, and the ambiguity of the honourable gentleman who spoke last, though apparently of different textures, are undoubtedly of the same woof and warp. The manifest tendency of the motion is, to put the motley gentleman, and the nation also, upon a wrong scent ; to turn it aside from the county associations, from the framers of petitions and remonstrances, from London mobs and Middlesex elections. None know better than the honourable gentleman where Folly is not. None better know she is not there, where, with their accustomed candour, they have assigned her place. Perhaps none better know where she is. I beg leave, therefore, to amend the original motion, by adding to it, provided she can be found there.

From the opposite side of the assembly arose a jolly member, and spoke thus :—For some time past, Mr Speaker, Folly has been accustomed to appear in habits not her own ; and it is her principal delight, whenever she is able, to pilfer the wardrobe of Wisdom. Since this has been, and must always be, attended with much public inconvenience, the man would deserve well of the community who could form

an infallible rule to pierce through all her disguises. But it is not the rule that is wanting, it is the integrity of judgment; for Folly may be certainly known by her effects. When authority is supported by corruption, and corruption by sophistry; when a war of desolation, where even success is ruin, is begun on principles of revenge, avarice, ambition, or any principles but those of justice; when fleets are sent out to look—and fly; armies wafted across the Atlantic to see a better world—and perish in it; when infallible beggary is entailed upon a nation, that a favoured few may be enriched, and ministers still plunder—and be safe; Folly is there. By what name soever called, or with whatsoever trappings decked; Folly is there. I support the motion.

From the bench now arose a gentleman all glorious in the trappings of office, and delivered himself to the following sense:—I agree with the honourable gentleman who spoke last, in his sentiment that Folly may be known by her effects, and that such effects as the honourable gentleman has stated are hers, and hers alone. All I shall contend for is, that they have no existence. The honourable gentleman has great abilities, a fine glow of colouring, and a genius rich in invention. His compositions have everything to fit them for immortality, except truth; yet, in my humble opinion, this lady is of some consideration, enough, at least, to make it worth a gentleman's while to respect her drapery, whatsoever regard may be paid to her person. I respect her *in toto*, when I say the present war originated, not in avarice, vengeance, or ambition, but in justice. I respect her when I affirm, that fleets were not sent out to look—and fly; nor armies wafted to perish in a better world. They were sent out to fight and conquer. If they do not fulfil the purposes of their destination, how are ministers responsible? If mild and gentle influence has crept into this assembly, by what can mankind be better governed, than by mild and gentle influence? If it has gone forth into the nation, the nation will be so much the happier. It is of gothic barbarity to give it the harsh name of corruption. But our arms are not always crowned with success! Then ministers must be blockheads; a conclusion dictated by Candour. And how should they be crowned with success, when opposition have eternally predicted that success is impossible, and have kindly done all they can to verify the prediction? No, sir; once more I affirm that Folly is not here. You will find her dealing out her high-flown principles of liberty from the press, or in taverns or coffee-houses. You will find her distributing plans of economy, and teaching a nation the arts of a miser. In short, you will find her anywhere—but here.—With this speech

the assembly seemed perfectly satisfied, negatived the amendment without a division, and carried it against the original motion by a majority of 201.

The little pleasure this scene gave me, dear Peggy, was soon to be largely paid for; but as I am weary with writing, I can give it you but briefly. I lost Mr. and Mrs. Delane in the crowd. After having sought them a long time, I ventured into one of the side apartments. It was empty. Two masks, who had followed me up and down, saying very free things, stepped in after me, and repeated their insults, insisting that I should unmask. I did it without hesitation. One swore I wanted embonpoint; the other, that I looked consumptive. The lewdness of their language increasing, I was almost terrified to death, when a gentleman came in and took my part. A quarrel began. My champion pulled off his mask, and shewed me—Lord Winterbottom. My insulters seemed struck with awe, begged his lordship's pardon and mine, and staggered away. My lord made very violent love to me for two hours—Swore life was a burden to him since I treated him with cruelty; talked much of malice and misrepresentation; and begged to be indulged now and then with the sight of me, if I would not permit him to speak upon the subject next his heart. He also expressed his sorrow at seeing me look so poorly, and entreated liberty to send me his own physician, a gentleman famous for his treatment of young people in a decline. Lord bless me, Peggy, what means all this! I can discover no such symptoms in my glass, nor have I any alarming feelings within, yet everybody can't be mistaken.

In about two hours we met with Mr and Mrs Delane, who had sought me, they said, with the utmost anxiety, and immediately left the Pantheon.

* * * * *

Since writing the above, I have received my dear sister's most agreeable letter, but clogged with the alarming circumstance of my lord's fresh application to my father. Alas! Peggy, I have fresh persecutions to undergo. I believe it will be best to go to Montpellier. Mrs Delane's instances are very pressing. She seems a tender friend. Since I cannot have your company, I should make choice of this obliging lady as soon as any one; and what better can I do, than withdraw to a distance from the persecution that threatens me. But do not, my dear Peggy, let me go without a father's permission.

Adieu.

ANNABELLA WHITAKER.

MISS PEGGY WHITAKER TO HER SISTER.

Barham Downs.

I THINK, Peggy, says my papa this morning, after the departure of Captain Wycherley, who had been with him an hour in close conference, I think, after all, your sister may as well go to Montpelier with those Delanes there, if she will.—Now this provoked me. The torrents of eloquence I had wasted upon the subject, sufficient, as I thought, to have made ministers part with folly, had all been wasted in vain. The Reverend Mr Delane's epistle which accompanied your last, had no more effect than a sermon. I was in despair about it, and had actually determined to forge papa's consent, come of it what would, if I could at the same time have forged an 100*l.* bank-note.

After all, your sister might as well go, for I should not like to be blamed if anything should happen.

Now, as my papa never takes a resolution of such magnitude without advice, and as it was out of the way of all reasonable supposings, to suppose the captain, his sole counsellor at present, would give him any of that stamp, I was quite at a loss. A man's curiosity, Annabella, was given him for his instruction; a woman's, thank mother Eve, for her torment. It cost me as much profound thinking to get mine gratified as might have made a system. Having observed that my papa never explains himself so clearly as when he is in a passion, I fell to contriving how to put him into one with all possible decency. It is a sort of maxim with him, that fathers have a right to bind their children, especially daughters, in all cases whatever. I got him to repeat this maxim, and then ventured upon a little non-assentation.

Nothing can be a greater argument of the degeneracy of the present age, says papa, than the little reverence children now bear their fathers. To dare to expostulate when I was young would have been punished.

With what, papa?

Hussy! my father would have knocked me down for half what you say to me every day.

A droll way of inspiring reverence, papa.

Obedience, at least, miss. Reason, duty, everything ought to inspire reverence.

Well, I always thought white hairs and wise sayings had been the principal manufacturers of this commodity.

Of this commodity! Good God! *O tempora! O mores!*

I had no way to get rid of this *faux pas*, but to listen attentively to the long list of obligations which children have to their parents. As first for their begetting—a comical obligation, Annabella! Then for victuals and drink; all which, I observed, a prudent father might save, if we had but adopted the Chinese custom

of permitting parents to expose their children, or, still better, of knocking them on the head at once. Then there was their Chris-Cross row—and the trouble of whipping. And when they grew up, anxiety for their taking good ways.—Last, not least, there were the portions. And did I think love, honour, and obedience, was too much to return for all these things?

No indeed, sir, too little for a good parent; and, for a bad one, children must repay their obligations in what coin they could get.

What does your wise ladyship mean by that?

Why, now, papa, can children *love* a *bad* father? I have been told that love is the only thing that can beget love all over the globe.

And so, madam, you mean to insinuate that I have been a bad father?

Why, don't I *love* you, papa, and honour and obey you? Yes indeed, and reverence you too, when you don't talk of knocking me down. I should be the most ungrateful girl in the world to do otherwise. It is not me, papa, you want to marry against my will.

Very well! very well! and you really think it right, miss, and reasonable, to talk in this manner to your father?

Yes sure, papa; when do I do anything wrong and unreasonable?

When the *d—l* do you do otherwise? I think, Peggy, you grow more provoking and impertinent than ever. I must turn over a new leaf. I can't bear it no longer.

Why, now, papa, for all you abuse me in this manner, I dare say you have a good opinion of me, or else you would not have taken my advice in sending Anna to Montpelier.

Your advice, miss! your advice!—why the world's turned upside down, sure!

Yes, it does so every day, they say. But I am thinking what poor Lord Winterbottom will do, papa. And how will he take it of you, to give him leave to court your daughter in England, and then send her to France? Aren't you afraid of a challenge, papa?

No, Miss Impudence. My lord himself advises that she shall go abroad, and recommends Lisbon. But Captain Wycherley says, for his part, he does not see why Montpelier mayn't do every bit as well, especially as she has got friends going there.

And does my lord intend to follow her, papa?

He follow her! A cabinet councillor waste his time upon a girl! no indeed! It is because he thinks her constitution very delicate; and, as he says, to convince me, and all the world, that it is my daughter's person, not her fortune, to which he is attached; and that he had rather defer his happiness than have it incomplete, as it will be unless she enjoys the full blessing of health.

So, Annabella, the motive of my father's acquiescence is explained; but what can be my lord's? If your health be so very apparently

upon the decline, surely it is a mistaken tenderness to conceal it from me. Dear Anna, ease my apprehensions in this particular. How unhappy am I that I cannot accompany you ! The duty that my papa thinks so weak, what a heart-felt sacrifice do I make to it ! Whatsoever flippancy may be in my pen, I have none in my bosom. That bleeds for my sister—and myself. But you must go, Annabella : If your health does not demand it, policy does. My father sends an 100*l*. bank-note and his blessing. If you want more, you are to draw upon his banker.

Dear sister, farewell.

M. WHITAKER.

MISS WHITAKER TO HER SISTER.

London.

WHAT can I say to ease my sister's apprehensions ? I have no feelings within which alarm me, nor has my glass ever discovered to *my* eyes that ghastly hectic look, with which Mrs Delane so often compliments me, and which my lord, in a visit made the day after the masquerade at Mrs Shirley's, lamented with such a wonderful pathos, that he almost persuaded me it was possible he might feel a spark of that passion, which he talks of as a burning flame that scorches him to—I forget what. I cannot absolutely affirm that real love never goes into the language of bombast, but certainly real good sense never does. Almost upon his knees, he begged leave to hope ;—and, oh ! says he, guard well that valuable heart from the insinuating Frenchman ; let not my country be deprived of the inestimable blessing, whether it be my lot to possess it or no. How sublime this is, dear Peggy ! In the meantime, I cannot tell what may be his lordship's views in wishing me to go abroad, except to impose upon me by an air of friendship, generosity, disinterestedness, which is the leading feature of this last courtship. As to Mrs Delane, she is a woman ; not very wise, but very good-natured—at least in her way. She has taken a fancy for my company in this tour ; and has exalted a certain degree of languor with which I am now and then oppressed into a consumption, in order to obtain her wish. All obstacles are now removed, and we leave town to-morrow. The journey itself is to me a matter of indifference—or rather, the pleasure of it is balanced by the pain of leaving my sister. How, indeed, should this pain be compensated ? Mrs Delane is obliging, indeed, but she is insipid. Her reverend spouse is obliging also in his way, but it seems to cost him some efforts.—Commend me to my father : Say I love, honour, and revere him. And though I have not these duties more truly at heart than my beloved sister, I think of them something more seriously. Let me recommend it to you, my Peggy, to treat him with the

appearance, as well as the reality, of filial duty. That sportive humour, delightful when exerted on proper objects, cannot be agreeable when it hurts a father. It is the only thing in which I can have occasion to exert the eldest sister in admonition. In every other quality that deserves the world's esteem, I acknowledge you my superior.

My dearest Peggy, adieu.

ANNABELLA WHITAKER.

MR OSMOND TO MR WYMAN.

Sels.

To a common acquaintance, dear Wyman, with whom I wished to keep on terms of civility, I would not have hazarded the impoliteness of neglecting so long to answer your last favour : In this polished age, such liberties can only be taken by friends.

You, Wyman, who know, and blame me for my sensibility, will easily conceive the lively emotion I must feel at my first meeting with a brother, whose late generosity had more than cancelled all former unkindness, and whose change of mind alone ought to have been sufficient to have caused an eternal oblivion of the past. I met him at Geneva, but too much disordered by his journey and complaints, to taste any of the *agréments* of this agreeable city. The principal, indeed, arise from the social manners of the inhabitants, and Sir George's present habits tend but little to this kind of pleasure. I conducted him, therefore, to Sels.

The second night, when he found his own household comforts about him, over a glass of excellent wine, of which *he* drinks too much, because he likes it, and I, because I like festivity, we had a conversation so characteristic of my brother, that I cannot resist giving thee a small specimen of it.

Harry, says he, I am come into Switzerland to learn the humanities. I have read in books, of friendship, benevolence, and other social affections, and thought it a pretty way of talking the world had got into, in order to keep the love of self, the sole efficient cause of motion in man, as much as possible behind the curtain. Now, Wyman, thy counsellor and mine, swears there do exist motives of human action which cannot be resolved into this love of self ; and, though I believe the man a better lawyer than metaphysician, yet, as he affirms with monstrous assurance, that the principal pleasures of life arise from these said affections, and as I must confess that I have wore my own set of pleasures down to a thread, I thought I ran no risk of what the world calls happiness, to give the matter a fair trial.

The greater number of human opinions, Harry, seem to me to be swaddling-clouts for chil-

dren; and if I must be trammelled with these before I can arrive at the art of feeling, I give up the point in despair. If I can obtain it by changing some of my habits of life, habits of thirty surly years of solitude, as I am heartily tired of most of them, I will put my magnanimity to the test. But how shall I get rid of the bad habits of thinking, which the bad habits of living have superinduced? Having compared myself very little with others, I cannot pronounce with certainty, but I violently suspect myself to be afflicted with most of the maladies of the human mind, with pride, with vanity, with arrogance. Thou art said to possess humility, modesty, and the very spirit of the Prince of Peace. Now, it is one thing to quell the turbulent emotions, and another only to hang out the shows of victory. Which of these arts is thine I know not; but I know that if thou darest undertake my tuition, it is a task will try thy temper to the utmost, and infallibly discover the counterfeit from the gem.

This valuable openness of heart, replied I, will be far more acceptable to me than if you had brought me the polish of a court. The little I have got of the exterior of the present age, I have got honestly. I did not give my integrity in exchange, nor have I been the murderer of my honour or my peace. I own, Sir George, I differ from you in opinion as to the motives of human actions. I cannot resolve them universally into love of self. Man, I own, is the creature of habit. I have been always alive to that class of sensations distinguished by the name of sensibilities. The moment I knew of your change of mind with respect to myself, that moment I loved you. Undoubtedly the sensation was not less lively for the gratitude which accompanied it. It would betray an undoubted ignorance of human nature to suppose your sensations in this particular as vivid as my own. You have been addicted to a life of thinking, I of feeling. I aim at your esteem.

That, Harry, replies my brother, would be yours in spite of me; and I have already the satisfaction to find, the more I am pleased with you, the more I am pleased with myself.

This is the way, dear Wyman, in which Sir George and I began; I am happy to say, that a fortnight's cohabitation has not made us less satisfied with each other. The little mortifications he sometimes gives me, by a temper he laments, are amply repaid by the solid powers of his mind. I never make an excursion with him but I return instructed, and he is fond of excursions. I had provided an open chaise drawn by two horses; we ramble everywhere, sometimes taking the elevation of mountains, examining their strata, making a world by their means, which is at present the *rage* with natural philosophers, and concerning which Sir George enlightens me in an hour more than the books I have read in a week. But what gives me a much superior

pleasure, is, that my brother is now able to walk half a mile up a hill; the swelling of his legs subsides; he breathes with much greater freedom, and gives me hopes that his disorder will yield to exercise. He is moderate in diet, and though he cannot conquer his *penchant* to wine, he contents himself with a certain degree of elevation, and stops short of ebriety.

Every hour in expectation of the arrival of Sir Ambrose, I kept this letter from the post, till I could have the pleasure of announcing it to you. He came yesterday, and brought us a large addition of happiness. For my separate use he communicated a little detail of incidents, tragic and comic, that fell out upon Barham Downs. This has by no means contributed to my tranquillity. Whilst I presumed to hope for nothing from Annabella, I had, as a counterbalance, the not fearing anything neither. Sir Ambrose has given me hope, but he has given me anxiety also. It is true, I thought often of this sweet girl, and sighed sometimes, but it was a tranquil sensation. I have ventured to write to her. She is too gentle to refuse me an answer; but what will that answer be? Till I know this, I shall be rather a jolly fellow than a happy one. If London furnishes any wit, wisdom, scandal, or politics, impart a little, dear Wyman, to thy exiles.

Adieu.

HENRY OSMOND.

We have read your novel with pleasure, and are impatient for its continuation.

MISS WHITAKER TO HER SISTER.

Paris.

I am now, my dearest sister, in the largest and finest city in the world; I have been assured of it so often, that I cannot entertain a doubt without a forfeiture of my politeness. At the same time you will please to observe, that I know nothing of its inhabitants higher than the rank of milliners, and the good women who let lodgings; for, as Mr Delane observes, since his commission is a private one, it would be the highest imprudence to appear with éclat. We are allowed, however, to stare at the outsides of the houses till we are weary, and have even ventured into the Thuilleries, and once to the comedy. But I have a notion that the streets of Paris have much resemblance to the streets of London, Constantinople, and Pekin, and, except some little difference in dress, the people also. All the differences I have yet observed betwixt my own country and this is, that France has finer roads, fewer villages, little inclosure,

plenty of wooden shoes, and still greater plenty of naked feet; but that whether clothed or unclothed, full or fasting, they are singing or dancing, or rattling, for ever and ever.

With observations equally profound, I shall, I suppose, be able to amuse you through the whole of my journey; for the peddling spirit of our conductor is much better adapted for the saving a few *sous* at an inn, than for introducing himself into good company.

I am not happy, my dear Peggy, and am in danger of becoming peevish. I no longer see the behaviour of Mrs Delane in the agreeable light I did. There is something wrong in her, I know not what. The pleasures of travelling should be great, much greater than I find them, to compensate for disagreeable company. But though long, the journey will end; and once more I hope to be happy in the embraces of my sister.

Adieu.

ANNABELLA WHITAKER.

I don't forget my duty to my father, though I forget the expression of it.

MR WYMAN TO MR OSMOND.

London.

WIT, wisdom, scandal, or politics! And is it then become a question, whether these fruits grow in their own garden? Are London newspapers no longer read in the country of the Grisons? In these celebrated productions, you may see the species of wit most relished amongst us. There you may see, not the silly tattle of old maids and young women at the tea-table, but the strong unbending dart of malignity, that wounds indifferently the bosom of innocence and guilt. For proof, I refer you to the — Stop; I must first run over a few hundred folio volumes, to see whether the bare mention of the title be not actionable.

As to politics, ours are unchangeable; and, if we are allowed to judge of the end proposed by the means, well calculated to produce the end proposed. There are, indeed, a number of factious people, who are for ever repeating that our ministers are men of a short reach; that no men better see the ends of their own noses, but that the vast number of spectacles which half a dozen of the finest optical years have produced, have not enabled them to see one inch beyond. Now this is calumny. Envy itself must own that they are men of brilliant understandings, and learned in Greece and Rome. They have opened the historic page, and find in every leaf that wealth is the father of luxury, luxury the mother of corruption, and corruption, of political death. Wealth, therefore, is the grand object of their attack. If they can once get rid of this, real and nominal, they lay the axe to the

root. Men will return to their primitive virtues by the kindly aid of poverty; and what is of still more consequence at court, poverty is the natural parent of humility and un murmuring obedience. This being the case, can men go more directly to the point? When the barons build again their castles, and restore mankind once more to the happy state of villenage, then will the learned monk tread the licentious page of freedom in the dirt, and give to truth and day the deep-penetrating politics of those times.

Having thus enlightened you in political science, and directed you to the source of wit and scandal, nothing remains to the completion of your desire but that I should tell you of our wisdom. Did you mean the wisdom of our actions, or the wisdom of our words?

Every house is so full of the former species, that no man regardeth it, a lawyer as little as any man; for who getteth less by it? As to the wisdom of words, it goeth on *comme il faut*. The bulk of authors now are become political, and seem to have adopted the precept of Doctor Swift, "Suit your words to your music well." The sweetest of music to an author is undoubtedly the jingle of guineas; the Exchequer furnishes the greatest number of concertos, and requires nothing more but to "suit your words to your music well." Should any ill-advised and blasphemous wretch transfuse into his page the sense of Locke, and the soul of Sydney, be assured his reward *will be* a halter, as soon as things can be got into a right train. On the contrary, let any man teach that nature gave nothing to human kind but air; and that for fire, earth, and water, it is indebted to a celestial being called a king,—if a laic, he commands a pension; if of the church, a mitre. And this is wisdom; let us now descend to folly.

Scandals there are, dear Osmond, which creep into the world, and escape even the vigilance of that fine repository of the brilliant and the keen, the Morning Post. Lord Winterbottom, for instance. I formerly gave you a small biography of this noble man, and you know, from his own eloquent pen, that he was a privy councillor, and in a post of dignity. This post was in the household. Everything is dignified that belongs to royalty; but this post is his no more. The proximate cause of this funest event was a too abundant worship of his gods, the dice. Although the orgies are performed in the silent night, and over the door of the temple is, or ought to be, *Procul, procul este, profani*, some foe to religion creeps in, and publishes the sacred mysteries. So fell it out with my lord. A confused hubbub arose amongst the children of Israel; the tribe of Judah hung its nether lip; its countenance fell. Upon this occasion they had recourse neither to Moses nor the prophets, but to those pretty expedients of Christian law, executions and foreclosures. There was a dis-

grace in the circumstances which could not be borne, and therefore he lost his post. In this hour of distress, he lost his Mantorina too; she is said to have returned to Italy; and as my lord is secretly raising all he can upon the remainder of his estates, it is thought he designs to honour the continent also.

I wish, dear Harry, I was able to say something to your heart; but I know not your Annabella, nor any of her goings out, or comings in. This is one of my grievances; another is, that you three jolly fellows are spending your roseate hours in the bowers of pleasure; and I am—solving riddles.

Adieu.

WILLIAM WYMAN.

MR OSMOND TO MR WYMAN.

Sels.

I CONCLUDED my last, dear Wyman, with informing you of the arrival of Sir Ambrose, since when our excursions have been still more numerous and rapid. It is pleasant to philosophize upon the different tastes of men. Sir George, accustomed to think upon the inanimate works of nature, would be always upon the wing to collect every curious thing, and, above all, every *lusus natureæ*. Sir Ambrose, not so much accustomed to think as to observe, wishes men and women for the objects of his speculation. And I, when I sigh not for Annabella, sigh now and then for the solitary hour of communing with my old beloved friends of the days of Augustus.

To indulge Sir Ambrose, we have seen more company than has been either agreeable to Sir George or myself; and he, in return, has flown with us all over the cantons, of which I am now going to give thee the history at large, beginning, for brevity's sake, with the Allabroges, in the time of Julius Cæsar. The Allabroges, block-head! says a critic school-boy, warm from the Commentaries. The Helvetii, you mean. True. And this is the way I am to be treated at every slip and slide through a frozen country, where half the earth is ice! I relinquish the design; and in its stead will entertain you with an adventure.

There is at Lausanne a very agreeable family, the head of which, being an admirer of natural curiosities, has formed a little museum, which it is the fashion for strangers to visit. Sir George and he please each other. The son, a scholar of classic sensibility, honours me with peculiar notice. The ladies of the family, agreeable and friendly creatures, who cultivate the belles lettres, delight Sir Ambrose. It is the only house with which we have formed an acquaintance beyond the rules of civil politeness. They engaged us one day to dinner, and the hour preceding we spent all together in the Museum. At

one of the windows which front the street, the son and I were commenting upon Persius, when, throwing my eyes down, I saw with infinite surprise my brother's former footman, Jessamy, knocking at the door; and, close behind, a gentleman in a French uniform, with a lady hanging on his arm, and her face hid by a green calash.

Ut nemo in sese tentat descendere! Nemo.
Sed præcedenti spectatur mantiac tergo,—

reads my friend, and pointing to the lines with his finger. *Ut nemo* conveyed to my mind no sort of idea whatever. Mr Jessamy conveyed a crowd, but so jumbled and jammed together, that for every purpose of ratiocination I might as well have been without any idea at all. In spite of Persius, I was indulging in this chaos, when a servant opened the door, announcing Captain O'Donnel and his lady, who entered immediately. The lady had left her calash below, and discovered a very beautiful face, and a head *à la mode de Londres*. The first object that struck her eyes was myself, now leaning against the wainscot, and gasping for breath. Her next encounter was a look from Sir George, which seemed to possess a portion of the Gorgon's power. Petrified, however, as she appeared, she recovered from her astonishment sooner than Sir George or I; and, assuming a certain degree of fine-lady-like effrontery, began to pay, something awkwardly indeed, her compliments to the mistress of the house. The captain, though confounded at our astonishment, thought he must do the same, and a ridiculous scene ensued. My brother, in a kind of wondering reverie, followed the lady's motions with his eye.

You seem to admire Mrs O'Donnel, Sir George, says Mr Labadie; are you of her acquaintance?

My brother heard the question distinctly, and was not above two minutes in gathering his wits together for the answer.

My acquaintance with the lady is but slight, Mr Labadie; I know but very little of her. It is true, I did myself the honour to treat her with a wedding ring, and she was called Lady Osmond for a few months: but, after all, marriage is a very insipid affair amongst the *beau monde*, except as it furnishes matter for *eclat* at Doctor's Commons.

Lady Osmond! cries the mistress of the house. Lady Osmond! said the daughters.—All three left the room without another word, for the Swiss ladies have made but moderate advances in the high ton. Lady Osmond could not avoid shewing some signs of confusion at so marked a contempt; but well-bred ladies never suffer shame to hold dominion over them.

It is true, said she, I did prefer a man I liked, to one I did not; a man of spirit to a block. I advise every woman to do the same. Where's the wonder of all this?

None at all, indeed, replies I ; fallen angels, whether male or female, are fond of increasing the confraternity.

Fallen angels ! returned she with a contemptuous sneer : What, because I was false to my first love, your whining worship ?—Captain O'Donnel, I am at your service.—Gentlemen, good morrow.

It was impossible to have made a finer retreat. The true quality manner was conspicuous through the whole of it.

Well, says Sir George, pleasantly, I must be content. It is the lot of a vast majority of my betters, and might have been that of Alexander the Great, had Alexander the Great been married. And who, pray, is Captain O'Donnel ? Not that I am ambitious, neither, of knowing the gentlemen who honour me with their favours.

He is unknown to us, replies Mr Labadie. Yesterday came the compliments of Captain and Mrs O'Donnel, requesting leave to see my museum to-day. This is all our acquaintance.

We were summoned to dinner. Our part of the common hilarity, Sir Ambrose was obliged to support. Sir George was pensive, and I was—a fool. At length we finished our visit, and returned to Sels, moralizing on woman.

We had scarce ended our breakfast the next morning, when a servant announces Captain O'Donnel, who requested to speak with Sir George Osmond. We stared at each other. Shew him in, says Sir George.—Never did man enter upon business with less ceremony. By my soul, Sir George, says he, I am come to give you satisfaction for having made you a cuckold, without knowing anything of the matter ; but that's nothing at all to you. You have a right to my life, you know, and I have brought it, and a pair of pistols into the bargain. And if you choose the small-sword, my dear, it is all one to Patrick O'Donnel.

Why, this is bravely and gallantly done, captain, replies my brother, but a little out of form, I think. I am not very much of a connoisseur in these points of honour, indeed, but I always supposed it was the person injured who gave the challenge.

That is true, my dear ; and, by Jasus ! I expected it yesterday, and it never came at all. So I thought if I took a ride over to you this morning, it would save a great deal of time and trouble.

And where's your second ? says Sir George. By St Patrick ! you are three of you now, and I will take any one of you all for my second.

Why, then, captain, says Sir George, you are a brave fellow, and I will be your second myself.

With all my soul, Sir George ; and which of you two must I be after fighting with then ?

Not with me, upon honour, says Sir Ambrose ; I see no reason why you should lodge a brace

of balls in my guts, because you have lain with Sir George's wife.

Nor with me, says I, because I can't think killing me would satisfy Sir George in the least.

By Jasus ! every bit as well as if I killed himself. It is according to the laws of honour. But settle it among yourselves ; 'tis the same thing to me. I am ready to kill any one of you at all.

Why, that is really obliging and friendly now. You are very much of a gentleman, Captain O'Donnel, and no doubt a scholar ; will you be so good to inform me what satisfaction you think I can receive by your killing my brother, my friend, or myself ?

The devil burn me, my dear, but you want to puzzle me now ; and I was a scholar at Ballyshannon, and that is not so easy. And I went into the King of France's service before I was thirty years old, and both at home and abroad I am obliged to kill any man, do you see, that lies with my wife, or any of my children ; and, if he kills me, it is the very same thing. Honour is satisfied, and that's everything ; for without honour, life is no life at all.

Pray, captain, says Sir George, by what legislature might this wise law be enacted ?

Devil burn me if I know, honey ; and what signifies it neither ? Can't we eat our meat without knowing what butcher it was killed by ?

We should at least know if the meat is good. Now this is a dish of moral cookery not much to my taste. You lie with my wife, and, to make amends, run me through the body. Where may be the equity of all this ?

And can't you run me through the body at the same time ?

If I should, replies Sir George, I promise you it will give me no sort of satisfaction whatever.

By Jasus, now, but that's quite incomprehensible ! Then what satisfaction can I give you, my dear ?

Why, there is one way, captain ; only take my wife—anywhere—on the earth—or under the earth—or to heaven if you will, so I may never see her more.

Burn me, my dear, but it's a great affliction to me that I can't oblige you in your own way ; for the lady and I parted yesterday. And as we went from the museum to our lodgings, I saw her mouth swell all the way ; it was a violent inflammation of that pretty little member, the tongue, and it burst, my dear, into a thousand poltroons, cowards, and such like pretty epithets : and all for what ? because I did not take her part at the museum, when I did not know what to say at all. But I learnt from my father, Phelim O'Donnel, Esq., how to deal with a woman's tongue ; for my mother had one as nimble as a magpie's, and when it began to

move on the sinister side, as he used to call it, for he was the best scholar in Ballyshannon, he used either to turn *her* out of doors, or himself. So I turned myself out, and went to a young surgeon's in the town, to complain of a little grievance that affected me. The young fellow swore point-blank that I was——. Oh, my little honey, says I, but you are quite on the wrong side of the Liffey now, for I have only lain with my wife.—That may be, says he, but the thing is so for all that.—Not thinking the thing at all possible, I went to Doctor T——, a great man, and, by my soul, he said the very same thing. By Jasus! this tratement made the blood boil in my guts; for the life of honour ought to be the life of honour, you know. And I had been true to her ever since I lay with her first, which was upon that very couch there, that stares us in the face. So I went to my lodgings, and bade my man carry all my baggage to the Tiger; and then I came to an explanation with madam.—As how, my dear?—Oh, leave me alone for that. My father was the best scholar in Ballyshannon, and a man of experience; and he used to say, never encounter a woman at her own weapon, for she will rout a troop of horse with it. So I went to the Tiger myself, and wrote her a billet-doux, as gentle as the sea in a storm. And, faith, she sent me the fellow to it. By and by, my dear, the wind fell, and rain followed, and so I got a weeping billet, praying me to see her once again. But by this time, faith, I could hardly see at all, my landlord's claret had so bothered the lights. By Jasus! Sir George, she is a pretty penman; and the next letter I got was about cruelty and despair, and about laving her to poverty and distress. The devil burn me if I do, says I, so I sent her a hundred pound paper that came from the bank at London; and, by my soul, I have but two more left of all my inheritance; and that was five hundred pound which came to me last spring by the death of my father; so I got leave of the colonel to take a turn abroad, d'you see, and when it is all gone I will go back to my regiment, and care for nobody.

Pray, captain, says my brother, how came you first acquainted with Lady Osmond?

By Jasus! I never was acquainted with Lady Osmond at all till yesterday; but here was Mr Salway that I got drunk with at Lausanne, and afterwards we were the best friends in Switzerland. And he invited me here, because he had some hampers of as good claret as ever was tipp'd, and, by my soul, we did not spare it at all. And now I'll tell you a secret, my dear; and why should not I, when he told it me himself? Salway was a lord, my own dear countryman, Lord Conollan, only he lived always in England upon the bogs in Ireland, which are the best land in all France and England too. And I suppose this was the reason of his weak head, for I always made him drunk an hour or two before myself; and after that, Mrs Salway and I sat down to

piquet, and the devil burn me if I did not always lose. Now, one night when we had finished a game—Oh! she has a fine languishing eye, and she told me with it, that piquet was a very insipid diversion, and I thought so too. And, by my soul, the thought had no sooner come into my head, than I found myself down upon the couch, and Mrs Salway too; and I know no more how it happened than my mother, for I had no design in it at all. The devil burn me if I would have touched a hair of her, if I had ever thought of it beforehand; for to lie with your friend's wife—Oh, damn it, my dear, never do it whilst you live!—So, to comfort me, she told me she was only his mistress; and where is the difference, says I? By Jasus, there is none at all! Whenever I was alone by myself, I repented well enough; but when I was alone with Mrs Salway, oh, faith! repentance was only a bulrush. Now, by my soul, I never told my dear countryman a syllable about it, and how the plague he found it out is a meteor; but one afternoon he took me down into the garden, and fairly taxed me with debauching his wife.—Oh, by Saint Patrick! says I, and how can that be, when she's only your mistress? But he would hear no reason at all; so he fetches two pair of pistols, and gave me one, like a man of honour, and we went off into the brake behind the fountain. My lord fired first, and never hit a hair of my head, so I fired into the air. Then my lord fired again, and I was not killed at all, so I fired into the air over again; and then people came running towards us, and we never stayed to see who they was. I run to Lausanne, and in two days, my lord, devil burn him, run away to England, and left me madame for a legacy.

And what was the reason, Captain O'Donnel, you chose to fire your two pistols into the air? Was that the etiquette?

It was the etiquette of humanity, my dear; for there was no occasion for me to kill him, without I had been killed myself.

And is this the manner you would have acted by me?

And, by Jasus, it is now!

Then, says Sir George, give me your hand; you are a brave fellow, O'Donnel, and shall neither kill nor be killed. And I must reimburse you your last hundred; for it is not reasonable you should maintain my wife without the *qui pro quo*, you know.

The devil burn me, my dear, but you shan't; and I shall do well enough without it.

You shall spend the day with us, O'Donnel.

By Jasus will I, and the night too, and I will set off for my regiment to-morrow; and I had rather be doing duty upon the parade, than lying with any man's wife at all.

Thus ended this terrible adventure, a convenient hint for my *finis* also.

Dear Wyman, adieu.

HENRY OSMOND.

MISS PEGGY WHITAKER TO SIR AMBROSE
ARCHER, AT LAUSANNE.

DEAR SIR,

You have been so much the friend of our family, that I make no scruple of endeavouring to interest you in my present distress. When you left Barham Downs, you left us happy. By your kind attention we were relieved from the odious machinations of Lord Winterbottom; my father returned to his usual fondness, and all our prospects were agreeable. Soon after your departure, my sister went to London to the good Mrs Shirley, and there visited Mrs Delane. Not to be tedious, my Lord Winterbottom saw her at the opera, and renewed his addresses. My sister rejected them; my father did not. My dear sir, you know how to make allowance for human weakness; my father was again imposed upon, to say truth, by a very ridiculous proposal. Captain Wycherley, now quite recovered, had the management of this secret negotiation.

Whilst this was doing here, Mrs Delane was continually alarming my sister about her hectic symptoms, and wishing she could have a fit conveyance and company to the south of France. At length it appeared that young Delane was going to Paris on a secret commission, and declared his intention of proceeding to Montpellier on his own account, and taking his wife with him. They became extremely solicitous to have my sister of the party. She asked my father's leave; my father refused it. At length came a letter from Lord Winterbottom, lamenting his hard fate, that at last, when he began to have hopes of happiness, he must lose it by my sister's want of health, which, in his opinion, could only be re-established by a voyage to Lisbon, or a journey to some milder climate. This letter turned the scale; and my sister went. I heard from her from Paris. You know, sir, how quick and regular the packets are from France to England; yet it is a month since I received her letter. I have still further reason to be alarmed. It is affirmed here Lord Winterbottom is ruined by the dice, disgraced at court, and obliged to leave England. Wycherley, indeed, persuades my father to believe these reports are merely malicious; but they gain ground about the neighbourhood. You know, also, that we never had a satisfactory account of Mrs Delane's family; and it is whispered here that she was once Lord Winterbottom's mistress. If this be true, as I fear it is, there is great reason to fear treachery for my sister; not, I hope, with my father's consent; yet he said yesterday, with a significant air, implying secrecy, that my sister would yet be Lady Winterbottom, and soon. My dear sir, I write this with little hope; yet it may be possible you may hear of her by inquiry, though your route does not coincide with hers: And,

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oh! how grateful should I be to the man who serves—perhaps who saves, my sister! At least I am sure you will pardon this trouble from

Your most obedient servant,

M. WHITAKER.

I am sorry to hear Miss Archer is prejudiced in favour of Captain Wycherley. I doubt she stands a poor chance for happiness.

MR WYMAN TO MR OSMOND.

London.

YES, I will disburthen my conscience of this load of a story that lies so heavily upon it; then catch me again at a love-tale—if thou canst.

When Kitty had administered her usual morning's comfort to the poor woman, and had left the cottage to return home, she found herself seized under each arm by two soldiers, who, without speaking a word, ran her along for the space of half a mile, till her limbs refused to perform this labour any longer, and she sunk into their arms. They were assisted in carrying her by another person; and in a few minutes arrived at the corner of a wood, near the road from Dublin to Wicklow. Here they found a chaise, with a woman in it, to whose care they committed her; and the third person, who was no other than the gallant M'Dermot, stepping in also, the chaise drove away, and the soldiers returned whence they came.

Kitty had been some minutes insensible, and the first object she opened her eyes upon was M'Dermot, whom she no sooner recognized, than she sunk again into the arms of the woman who supported her. This she continued to do many times, before she could bear the agitation of the chaise, and the sense of her situation. As soon as she was in a capacity to hear, Mr M'Dermot gallantly threw himself upon his knees, and supplicated forgiveness for himself and his master, who was dying of despair. From an object so disagreeable, Kitty turned her eyes, and threw them upon the woman, whose aspect yielded, in point of beauty, only to Medusa's.

Good God! exclaimed Kitty, into what hands am I fallen?

Into very good hands, I assure you, miss, replies Mrs Rourke; neither Mr M'Dermot nor myself want humanity; and as for his honour, there is not a kindlier-hearted gentleman in the county of Wicklow, though I say it, nor one that would do more for a pretty girl.

Oh, my God! says Kitty.

It may be very pious, miss, but I am sure it is very blaspheming, to call upon God when you don't want him; and what occasion is there for it now, when you are going to a gentleman that loves you as well as his own soul—Don't he, Mr M'Dermot?

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Yes, and better too, replies the gentleman.

Lord have mercy upon me! says Kitty.

I tell you there's no occasion, returns Mrs Rourke; you are going to be as happy as the day is long—Is not she, Mr M'Dermot?

Indeed she is, Mrs Rourke, and the night too.

I assure you, continues Mrs Rourke, that I have had the care of several young ladies for the late earl; and of some that called upon the Lord for delivery before there was need, as you do; but I promise you, they soon changed their tone. And yet, to my thinking, the old earl was no thing of a gentleman to his honour—Was he, Mr M'Dermot?

No, nothing at all, at all. Oh, his honour is a gentleman from top to toe!

Kitty, not being allowed to pray, and not willing to swear, wrung her hands in silence, now and then casting her lovely eyes upwards.

Come, come, miss, says Mrs Rourke, think of heaven o'Sundays, and now think of the good things of this world. Here is a biscuit, miss, and we'll have a glass of wine a-piece; I'm sure I want one.

No, says Kitty, I don't choose any.

Pshaw, don't tell me, says Mrs Rourke; none of your pouts; how is life to be imported without something that's good? You'll not be at your journey's end till two or three o'clock, I can tell you; and you'll never light till you come there.

Don't trouble me, good woman, replies Kitty. I want nothing of you.

So, so, indeed! that's it, honey, is it? Well, I have not excised my compacity this many years, but I warrant you I find a way to cure all this—Shan't I, Mr M'Dermot?

I hope so, madam, replies the valet; but gentle means, Mrs Rourke.

Gentle me no gentles; sure I ought to know what's best, with my experunce, and one of my own seek too? Why, I was as kind as a mother always, when young ladies did as I would have 'em; but if not, I never wanted expedunts of one sort or another. So, miss, I advise you to eat this biscuit and take a glass of wine.

Let me entreat you, miss, says M'Dermot.

Kitty, whose gentle spirit had seldom rose to opposition, did as she was desired in silence. Nor could all Mrs Rourke's eloquence, which lasted to the end of the journey without intermission, draw forth another word.

About two o'clock they stopped at the gates of a mansion-house, situated in a hollow, and surrounded by a moat. Everything about it had an aspect of gloom. Kitty was conducted into a parlour, where she found a cloth laid for two. Mrs Rourke sat down to table with her, and by the powers of her oratory, sometimes soothing, and sometimes minatory, overcame Kitty's reluctance to eat. To say truth, nature had overcome it long before, for in young and healthy bodies, affliction does not always exclude hunger.

But though Kitty eat, all the eloquence of Mrs Rourke failed in persuading her to drink, a glass of water excepted. Mrs Rourke, therefore, had the bottle to herself, and had scarce finished it, and a long eulogium upon the Honourable Mr Corrane, when the Honourable Mr Corrane arrived. He flew to Kitty in rapture. Mrs Rourke retired; and Kitty trembled. His honour threw himself at her feet, assumed the most tender and respectful air, and made a long oration touching his love, his despair, his birth, his honour, and his rights.

Rights! says Kitty, with a sigh.

Rights, repeated his honour, such as the church can neither give nor take away. You are mine by the laws of nature, by the laws of love.

Once I thought so, interrupted Kitty; you thought otherwise, and rejected these rights. I think otherwise now; and surely, surely, Mr Corrane, this outrage is not calculated to inspire me with softer sentiments.

Surely, Kitty, you will not give the harsh name of outrage to a gentle violence contrived to draw you out of the hands of age and hypocrisy, and restore you to the arms of love and joy?

Now, replies Kitty, I see your opinion of me must be mean indeed; thus to insult my understanding; to give the name of hypocrisy to goodness itself, and that of love to infamy. In the name of common sense, Mr Corrane, why do you seek to load yourself with a baseness not necessary even to the vile design you meditate?

Why, this is prettily spoke, Kitty—very prettily spoke; but where's the sense of it? Or where's the baseness in designing to make you happy, and myself too?

Well, sir, if you are callous to all sense of virtue, it is a vain attempt to move you to goodness by argument. But I cannot be happy in the way you propose, consequently cannot make you so. This being the case, Mr Corrane, and as no people in their senses would choose to run into vice, in order to procure certain misery, let me beg of you to think no more of me; send me back to Mr Arnold. I will forgive what you have now done; and—if I can—forget.

That damned old fool, Kitty, has turned thy head with his precise antediluvian notions.

He has so, replies Kitty; for which I return thanks to him and Heaven. The worst I wish you, Mr Corrane, is, that your mind may be open to receive the same blessing.

Damn him! says the Honourable Mr Corrane; I offer you all the blessings of life that youth, health, riches, and honours can procure; and this old toothless rascal robs me of happiness, and you of understanding, by his cursed cant about spirit!

Spirit is out of your creed, I suppose, says Kitty. The notion of a future state must be too vulgar for a fine gentleman.

Yes, my pretty enthusiast ; the ground is untenable. Half the parsons, and all the fine ladies, have abandoned it.

Well, sir, pity the prejudices of education ; you might have had the misfortune to have been determined to virtue by their means, as well as myself. You would then, perhaps, have shuddered at what you now undertake so lightly.

And why so, Kate? Not thousands of pious people do the same? Is not the trespass venial? Concerning thy virginity, Kitty—thou hast forgiven the theft long ago—I have forgiven myself ; and what the devil has the Lord to do with our monkey-tricks?

Well, Mr Corrane, to be sure this is very witty, and very spirited ; but as I have the misfortune to tremble at hearing it, indulge my weakness, and send me back to Dublin.

Will it not be better, Kitty, to cure thee of thy weakness?

I humbly thank you, sir, you have ; and I have the additional obligation to you of every moment strengthening me against a relapse. Add to this kindness by granting my request.

Who is witty now, miss? But thy request, Kitty, is of so singular a nature—To be at the pains of bringing you here, only to send you back again.—Of all things, I never could endure to make myself ridiculous. Think of some other way in which I can oblige my lovely girl.

I know of none.

Then I will shew thee, Kitty, seizing her round the waist, and carrying her towards a couch.

Kitty dropped upon her knees, and with her pretty hands lifted up, supplicated him for mercy. His honour had ravished some kisses, and they had put his senses into such a whirl, that he could not understand Kitty's supplication. She resisted as long as she could resist, and sunk at once into a deep swoon. The Honourable Mr Corrane finding her motionless, had the goodness to desist. He did more, he sent Mrs Rourke to her relief. It was impossible to send more effectual assistance. The good woman went about her business with so much coolness and sagacity, that Kitty recovered her senses before half a pound of feathers had been consumed under her nostrils.

God bless your pretty sweet face, miss, says Mrs Rourke ; little did I think of seeing any more of the good old times in this house. When the old earl was a young man, people used to count it a sin to keep a mistress, or take a young girl from her mother. Folks of the very first fashion were forced to do these things in a corner, and were glad of such a convenient house as this. But now! Lord, how times are changed! I thought the house would have tumbled down before I had seen another pretty face in it, besides my own. Ah, well! I am old now. And yet, miss, I assure you I was quite chaste when I was young.—Miss looked, and believed.—

Well, now we shall have singing and dancing, and a bellyful of good things. But you must not be too perverse, miss, for fear his honour tire. And what does it signify? You must be what you must be in the long run, or else his honour breaks sadly off the breed. And where's the harm? What were women made for, I wonder?

To torment, or be tormented for ever, says Kitty, I think.

His honour's entrance prevented a reply. Mrs Rourke retired. Mr Corrane now wore another countenance. He condescended to kneel and ask forgiveness. He had seen his error, he said, in the atrocious light it deserved. He despised, he detested, he abhorred himself, for offering violence to such beauty. It was unworthy of a gentleman, it was unworthy of a man. No adequate compensation could be made ; but what he could, he would. He offered her his fortune for atonement, and if that would not do, his life.

Send me back to Dublin, says Kitty.

By Heaven, I will. To-morrow morning I comply with your request.

Oh! to-night—to-night! cries Kitty.

Impossible, my love. There are no horses within ten miles but those which brought you, and they are incapable. Have confidence in me, my lovely girl ; never more will I offend you. No—you shall go back to Mr Arnold. I will confess my fault to him. Kitty, I cannot give you up with life. I will die, or be your husband.

The whole conversation of the evening ran in the same strain. Such perpetual asseverations of penitence could scarce fail of gaining credit in a mind like Kitty's. She recovered some small degree of cheerfulness, and even listened, with lessening resolution, to his vows of everlasting love and gratitude, if he could prevail upon her to forgive. Supper came ; she eat a little, and drank nothing at all. Soon after, she retired to her chamber, locked the door, prayed fervently, and threw herself upon the bed without undressing. Fearful, though not suspicious, she wished to keep herself awake, and rose for this purpose to amuse herself with the old pictures which hung in the room. They were family-pieces, and the amusement was heavy. It was now midnight, and all was silent. At length she yielded to the impulse of nature, and fell asleep.

Let us return to the Honourable Mr Corrane. The impulse by which this worthy gentleman was actuated, was something more turbulent. By two years' practice only, he had acquired the happy facility of determining his mind to reject at sight the moral suggestions of right and wrong, and to consider the desirable alone, with the means of obtaining it. Now Kitty was become a desirable of the first magnitude. Her beauty was in its highest bloom, her sense im-

proved, and she had not acquired any of the *fille-de-joie* talents of tormenting or impoverishing a lover ; but Kitty was refractory, and the way he had taken did not seem likely to answer the end. Night has softening powers. I will trust to its influence. Even if she sinks into insensibility as she did to-day, the very supposition that I have possessed her, may operate in my favour. Thus reasoned rapidly the Honourable Mr Corrane, and he took his measures accordingly ; that is to say, he consulted Mrs Rourke about putting his design in execution.

God bless your honour, says this chaste matron, and your honour's good father ! Many a guinea have I got of his lordship for my help in these sort of things, but times are changed now. Yes, I believe I could put your honour in a way, but it's wicked, very wicked ; I am old, and full of repentance, God help me.

You are a good Catholic, Mrs Rourke.

Yes, God help me ; that's all my salvation.

You have a kind Father, I hope ?

Pretty well, pretty well. Time was the good man and I took a cheering cup together after confession ; he was a great lover of genuine usquebaugh, and I had it in my power to indulge him with a bottle now and then, thanks to my good old lord's generosity. Usquebaugh is a fine mollifier. Penances were easy in those days. Now, God help me, I'm forced to rub my knees sore ; and fast, and fast, and pray, pray, pray ; there's no end on't.

Well, Mrs Rourke, genuine usquebaugh is to be had yet ; and here's an earnest of my future favours.

Ah ! good your honour ; but don't be harsh with the poor young thing. Your honour is your father's own son, God bless him ! There is a private door into the chamber, made by his lordship's own order ; but, sure, I hope you won't be wicked.

At this private door, then, did his honour wait and listen till he had reason to believe Kitty slept ; through this he stole, and laid himself quietly by her. A frightful dream awakened her. She found herself clasped in his arms.

Vile dishonourable wretch ! exclaimed Kitty, endeavouring to disengage herself—Barbarous monster !—Heaven protect me !

His honour answered these exclamations by a closer embrace, and by the softest words in Bailey's Dictionary. There was a time when they would have excited the sweetest sensations ; now they raised horror only and disgust. All that poor Kitty could do in this hour of terror, was to reproach, entreat, and tremble. All that his honour yet thought proper to do was to soothe, flatter, and implore. What would have been the final result, can only be guessed at from the known intrepidity of the gentleman, and the weakness of the lady ; but fortune, who delights in counteracting schemes planned by wisdom herself, had provided a back stroke to lay his

honour's glory in the dust. At this interesting crisis a loud alarm was given at the gates. People demanded entrance in the name of the king. The room fronted the gates. His honour began now to feel the difference betwixt trembling with expectation, and trembling for fear. He guessed the true cause of the alarm.

Kitty, says he, the game is now in your hands, I have lost the point. Let me seize one parting kiss, and then farewell—I doubt for ever. And remember, my lovely girl, in your hour of triumph, how kindly, how generously, you were dealt with in mine.

His honour took the parting kiss, sighed deeply, swore a little, and left the room. In a quarter of an hour the house was in commotion ; the trembling Kitty heard the tread of feet about her own apartment, and an instant after found herself fast locked in the arms of her dear Polly Singleton.

It may be now expedient to go back to the cause of this event, the relation of which might well enough take ten quarto pages of post, if I was to be paid *legally* for them ; but when a lawyer gives his words gratis, he utters them sparingly, as to a client *in forma pauperis*.

When, at Mr Arnold's, the fears of the family on Kitty's account were confirmed by intelligence, Polly Singleton went out of her little wits, like a woman. The quaker had never in his life yielded to despondence, and he judged wisely that he should, in the present instance, reap but a small quantity of utility from it. He knew from whence the stroke came ; he knew also the legal remedy ; but unless he could know also where Kitty was carried, all other knowledge was vain. To trace her to the chaise was easy, for labourers left their spades, and ploughmen their horses drawing by the tail, to tell it ; and the said, or a like chaise, had been met with women in it, seven miles upon the road to Wicklow. Singleton, by Mr Arnold's desire, goes to the common rendezvous of servants out of place ; finds one who had lived in the family of the late earl, and obtains from him a very clear account of the situation of this family mansion. Another lucky thought strikes him. An eminent surveyor of his acquaintance had been employed by the young earl to resurvey his estates, in order to raise them, according to the laudable custom of gentlemen, whether their lands will bear it or no. The surveyor was actually employed in this calculus when Singleton arrived. Twenty thousand acres upon the banks of the Shannon, and twelve to the north, were all the family possession, except this detached one in the county of Wicklow. It became therefore highly probable at least, that this must be the select retirement. Mr Arnold lost not a minute in applying to the Lord Chief Justice, who, being himself inclined to order and honesty, rich, and fearing nobody, expedited the necessary warrants with all possible secrecy and dis-

patch. The good quaker himself was unfit for the expedition ; some disagreeable consequences of his wound remained, and he was becoming infirm at too great a rate. It devolved, therefore, upon Singleton, who undertook it with alacrity ; and obtaining guides, they set out with the proper officers at the dusk of evening. Polly, too, regardless of the night, entreated to go with them.

Willingly now, dear Osmond, would I treat you with a dish dressed to your own taste. The materials lie before me. The embraces of Kitty and Polly ! The restoration to the arms of the paternal Arnold ! Sensibility rising to rapture ! But there is a very old, and a very coarse proverb, Harry, that deters me from the attempt—"The Lord sends meat, but the devil sends cooks." Cook it thyself. I hasten to a thing of more importance—I hasten to the end.

The Honourable Mr Corrane had got out of the house unseen, took horse, and rode with all speed to Dublin, in order to consult his brother. They knew the credit of Mr Arnold, and they knew his spirit too. A public trial would be public infamy. Heavy damages must be the result, or possibly something worse ; it was determined therefore to avoid it at all events, and that if the quaker would listen to no terms of composition, his honour should withdraw into America, enter as a volunteer into the troops just then playing the first act of the tragedy, and that the earl should procure him a commission as soon as possible. In consequence of this, Lord Cronnot paid Mr Arnold a visit the very next day ; and, the first civilities over, began with saying, how extremely sorry he was to wait upon him on such an occasion.

I dare say thou art, says the quaker.

To be sure, my brother is excessively to blame, but the force of love in the minds of impatient young men, pleads some excuse.

As drunkenness excuses murder, replies Mr Arnold ; or as hunger might have excused Perry Loggan, who robbed thy granary last winter, and yet thou hangedst him.

Hanged him, sir ! The laws hanged him, not I.

It is to the care of the laws I design to give up thy brother ; neither thou nor I were ever intended for public executioners.

Sure, Mr Arnold, you would not hang him, if you could ?

Why not, if his crimes deserve it ?

My God, sir ! consider the indelible stain upon an honourable family.

Did it not cast an indelible stain upon the family of Perry Loggan ?

Surely, Mr Arnold, you cannot be serious in the comparison ?

Why not, I pray thee ?

Who the devil ever thought of uniting the idea of honour with the name of such a family ?

The idea of honesty, they may at least ; as useful a quality amongst plebeians, as what thou callest honour amongst the nobility.

But nobody talks at all of such people.

Friend Cronnot, this may be the language of pride, but not of discernment. If thou art a lord, the common people are men. Every class of life has *its* *peerage*. This nobody of thine is nothing more than the bulk of mankind.

Consider, sir, the wide-spread mischief so cruel a stigma would diffuse over all the correlatives of a noble family.

Has thy honourable house more uncles, aunts, and cousins, than falls in general to the lot of a plebeian ?

You are pleasant, sir. But what has your plebeian to oppose to the deprivation of the honours and offices of the state ?

The deprivation of bread, a much more terrible calamity.

Whatsoever you may think, sir, I *feel* in a different manner.

I envy not thy feelings.

Nor do I think the comparison you have all along carried on betwixt the nobility and the refuse of mankind, altogether so polite.

Refuse of mankind ! Lay thy hand upon thy heart, neighbour Cronnot, and ask it, Whether these magnificent ideas have their foundation either in nature or in common sense ?—My lord bit his lips, and looked an angry answer.—Be not in wrath, friend Cronnot, I design thee no offence ; but the point in question, thou knowest, is truth, not politeness.

Well, sir, if this is your way of thinking, indulge your malice ; let us see how far into the regions of vengeance a quaker's meekness will carry him. But, sir, you over-rate your power. You cannot touch my brother's life. In that particular I defy you. You may get a few damages, perhaps—a paltry recompence—fully adequate to the offence, indeed, and exactly suited to your sordid disposition—your low and grovelling ideas—your extraction and education—your—

Thy noble blood rises, I perceive, friend Cronnot ; but unless thou canst rail away the laws of thy country, I do not perceive the use of this heat. Doth it make thy intellects clearer ?

Damn your sarcasm, sir ! Would it not raise the indignation of any man breathing, to hear a fellow talk of hanging the son of an earl for a little freedom with an insignificant girl ?

Would'st thou have talked in this strain, if my brother had taken the like freedoms with thy sister ?

Curse your comparisons !—You are taking every opportunity of putting yourself upon a level with me.

I am wronging myself, then.

You have all the pride of your sect, I see ; I wish you had its meekness.

I thank thee.

And you are determined to persist in endeavouring to hang my brother?

Not I indeed. It was thyself that started the idea; I only put him upon the justice of his country. How that will deal with him, I know not.

Why, if you prove your facts, you will obtain a little money by way of damages, that's all.

It may be so.

Then I offer you this reparation, without going to law.—What sum do you ask?

I ask thee nothing.

Five hundred pounds, for a girl who has not a shilling, you may think, I suppose, an handsome offer?

I despise thy offer, and thyself for making it; and, to end this ridiculous conversation, thou shalt know my mind in a few words. The only just ideas of punishment appear to me to be these,—to deter the offender, and others also, from similar practices, and to spread the ignominy of evil deeds as far as possible, that they may be held in abhorrence, and may be cautions to the unwary. Thy brother's money, if that is the reparation, thou shalt see given to some foundation for the benefit of mankind.

Well, sir, I will now return your frankness; my brother is determined to withdraw from this country, in order to elude your process, if you resolve to proceed in it.

Part of my end will be answered by it. I shall be easy on Miss Ross's account. It will be a confession of his guilt, and, in some measure, a public sentence. If he goes into the service of his country, employment may correct his follies. As a friend, I advise him to this; and I advise him to it as an enemy.

Then, if he pursues this course, we part friends?

We do. I wish the young man good, not evil.

Thus ended this adventure. The Honourable Mr Corrane stole away, and Kitty again felt the sweets of peace and tranquillity. She lived the darling of the good old quaker, the distributor of his bounties, and the nurse of his infirmities. About a year since, she closed his eyes for ever. A little before that event, she received by an American vessel a packet from her lover: it contained a penitential letter, and his will. Though the Honourable Mr Corrane was of the Protestant, if of any faith, he began this last work like a good Catholic, with confession. He took a review of past occurrences, and gave a tolerably ample and humiliating detail of the ideas which served him for motives in the several transactions he had had with her, and, in particular, of the last. He owned his intentions were to have enjoyed her at any rate, that fatal night that undid him, and to have carried her, dead or alive, the next day, to a habitation of his own

in the county of Connaught. From this letter I have been enabled to explain many workings of the young gentleman's mind, which must have appeared to you fiction or conjecture; but indeed my history is much more faithful than you will believe, till I have informed you of one little circumstance, which will probably account for my being so deep in the lady's secrets. In plain truth, Harry, she has the honour at present to be a counsellor's lady, and has changed her name to Wyman. The reason of this phenomenon is, that after I had seen the beauties of her face, and found that they were to those of her mind as number to infinity, I got no quiet by day, and very little by night. Cases multiplied upon cases. I wrote into Ireland—I received for answer, That those who knew her agreed she was the best woman in it. I grew sicker and sicker, and at length laid *my* case before her, as she had formerly done hers before me. A long time she refused to prescribe any medicines but those which turned my stomach. It is true, that when the first symptoms of my disorder became visible, she attempted to cure me by a frank confession of her original ruin. It would not do. Out of pure pity, she condescended to apply the last remedy, and it has succeeded with me so well and so happily, that I wish thee in the arms of Annabella, from the bottom of my heart.

Looking a little back, I see I have brought this lady's affairs to a period something before the time. The Honourable Mr Corrane's will contained a legacy of two thousand pounds; he was dying when he made it at St Lucia. The next ships confirmed his death. The legacy was punctually paid. The good quaker left effects to the amount of eighteen thousand pounds; eight of these he gave to Kitty; two to the children of Singleton; two more amongst other friends; and the remainder to sundry Dublin charities. Two of Kitty's eight she immediately consigned over in full property to Polly Singleton, who gave her own amongst her brothers and sisters. Five hundred she gave her father, and the rest to,

Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

WILLIAM WYMAN.

MR OSMOND TO MR WYMAN.

Sels.

SINCE my last, we have two of your letters, dear Wyman; the first, a continuation of Miss Ross's story, which you have kindly contrived so as to hang us up, *ad libitum*, on the tent-hooks of expectation. The last contains memoirs of the great Lord Winterbottom. "Wish well to your enemies," William, is an admirable pre-

cept, but difficult in practice. My present feelings concerning this noble statesman, convince me I am not yet arrived at the pinnacle of Christian perfection.

Captain O'Donnel has but just left us. His blunders, his sense, his prejudices, his adherence to modern honour, and his strong addiction to eternal honesty, form as whimsical a mixture as man can well be composed of. We parted on both sides with regret. His regiment is quartered at Vienne; so that, possibly, we may see him again on our return from Italy.

Not to have seen the Glaciers of Savoy would have been an offence unpardonable; and not to share this satisfaction with our friends in the best way we can, is unpardonable also. I am going to describe them.

Yes, says Sir George, in answer to an observation of Sir Ambrose Archer's, as we were going slowly along the valley of Chamouni, returning in the evening to our inn—Yes; to reach the summit of any art or science, without being instituted in its elements when young, is an instance of rare genius indeed.

Behold in me that rare genius, answers a thin, spare gentleman, who overtook us at that instant.

You are foreigners, gentlemen, continues he; *ultra montani*, I know it by your bad Italian; but though you lived *apud ultimam Thulè*, my fame must have reached your ears. I am the renowned pedagogue of Nibbiano.

The renowned pedagogue of Nibbiano, seeing us deprived of the faculty of speech, went on thus:—Once I was a peasant of Piedmont, a lump of unformed clay; now, I have given a new edition of Statius, *cum notis variorum*, all wrote by myself. I have taught four hundred boys to read—or seem to read. I have whipped them well. Many were youths of happy memory. On whatsoever soil their lot shall cast them, they will remember their preceptor. And all this blaze of glory, I owe to nothing more or less than being a cuckold.

The devil! says Sir George. The incident indeed is common enough; but to grow immortal by it, is rare felicity. At the inn before you, we design this evening to make ourselves as happy as men unknown to fame can expect to be. Condescend, learned sir, to favour us with your society. Instruct us in the causes and consequences of this very common and extraordinary event. We also have happy memories, and will remember our preceptor.

Enough, replies the schoolmaster; a desire of instruction is *mentis ingenuæ signum*; I devote myself this evening to your service.

The inn was the best in the valley of Chamouni; for it had a large parlour, furnished with two beaufets, containing the glass and china ware, and all the elegant utensils of a country inn. It is true, this occasioned a perpetual commotion (I wish the word was naturalized) betwixt the beaufets and the kitchen; an incon-

venience for which the landlady consoled herself, because she was able by it to keep her guests awake; and her guests, because it was irremediable.

Arranging ourselves, then, in the circumference of a circle, of which the fire was the centre, with two bottles of unimported wine before us, see us prepared to profit by the wisdom of our whimsical preceptor.

Thirty years since, says he, I was a peasant of Piedmont, and rented a moderate farm, under the fathers of the convent of Polimo. I married a pretty creature, with eyes as black as ebony, and sparkling like diamonds. Of wit, she had enough; of devotion, something to spare.

Since I became a man of science, I have been diligent in the inquiry whether an ancient or a modern Roman had the power to devote most time to the outside of religion; and I find the ancient might sacrifice, and the modern mass away, a dozen hours per diem in all holiness. But these essential duties, as the parsons call them, are only for the rich; poor folk must be the devil's property for want of time. My wife, however, did as well as she could; her rosary of fifteen paternoster, and ten times fifteen *ave maria* beads, performed its destined business, even whilst the cows were milking; and before all things, she preferred the sacred duty of confession.

My house happened to be within an evening's walk of the convent, and one or other of the good fathers would often call in, and bestow upon me a few pious exhortations. Father Paul, in particular, my wife's confessor, overflowed in zeal and kindness; and it was a grievous mortification to me, that one profane business or other prevented my reaping the full harvest of his holy admonitions.

One morn, one fatal morn! sad presage of future misfortunes, I broke my plough. Returning to the house, I asked my little girl, who began to lisp, where was her mother?

Tontessing, daddy, wid Fader Paul.

Confessing, says I, is a good work, and ought to be secret; I'll not interrupt them. And where are they, Annetti?

In mammy's tamber.

In mammy's chamber! Humph! A very foolish fit of curiosity seized me all of a sudden, to know what kind of sins my pious wife could possibly have upon her hands. I crept softly into the next chamber; the partition wall was old wainscot, terribly out of repair. Through one of the chinks I perceived the holy father's cowl and mantle lying upon a chair. The hour of penance had succeeded that of confession, and the good Father Paul was actually chastising his penitent with the sweat of his own brow. But as it was a kind of penance which foolish husbands are apt to think they have the sole right of inflicting, this invasion of property gave me the heartburn. So great, however, was my re-

verence for holy men, that I did not dare to admit the least thought of vengeance. On the contrary, I sneaked down into the stable, where I amused myself with scratching my pate, and gnawing my thumbs, till I saw Father Paul depart. Then taking a pliant plant, I slipped unobserved into the confessional room, where I found the bed as composed as if it had never sinned. I called up my wife. Come hither, my pretty Annetti, says I, and tell me what Father Paul and you have been about so long in this room?

I have been at confession.

And what did you confess, Annetti?

La, now, Benedict, as if you did not know what a sin it is to tell.

Well, I hope you got absolution, Annetti?

Yes, sure.

Then you are fit for Heaven, whither I design to send you as soon as possible, (taking out a clasp-knife.) Annetti plumpt upon her knees. It was impossible to kill her in that attitude; so I only beat her till she fainted away.

At that time of day, gentlemen, my ideas of cuckoldom were quite unphilosophic; passion had the ascendant. An experience of thirty years has taught me to consider it as a mere peccadillo; and if a woman has no *other* fault than making her husband a cuckold, she is a good woman.

I left my wife in the chamber, and stalked heroically into an adjoining field. I wanted to reason, but my blood was too warm; I could, therefore, only agitate the question, whether I should stay and bear my infamy, or run away and leave it behind. It was a terrible conflict, and might have lasted to this hour for aught I know, if Annetti herself had not determined it. I saw her steal out of the house, and take the road to the convent like a lapwing. Oh ho, says I, if thou art going to raise that hornet's nest about my ears, I must carry them away from the buzz. So slipping back into the house, I put on my best apparel, broke open the money-drawer, robbed myself, and ran away with the booty; nor did I give myself a day's repose, till, like another Hannibal, I had passed the Po.

By this time, my blood stood at temperate; consequently, I could better see the road before me. From a peasant of Piedmont, I had advanced myself to the dignity of a citizen of the world, and I had seven-and-twenty pistoles in my purse to maintain it.

Of all the variety of habits worn by the mind of man, I had a peculiar aversion to black; I never dressed mine in it for an hour, except when my belly was empty; and whilst my pistoles lasted, it was as seldom so, as Apicius himself could have wished. During this happy period, I saw, like Ulysses, many men and many manners; but when my unhappy purse had breathed its last, I saw fewer of both than I liked. I was then obliged to bid adieu to splendid cities,

and traverse the plains from plough to plough. During this peregrination, which lasted near ten years, it must be owned, *fumes et macies* made themselves too familiar with my person, and at length fairly drove me to the shelter of a brick-kiln, at the little town of Nibbiano, where I hired myself for the summer.

My humble lodging happened to be next door to a school of some reputation, where forty or fifty boys were taught to read and write, and were grounded in the rudiments of the Latin tongue. Besides this, the master gave two hours of every evening to the instruction of young people who were obliged to labour in the day. There was a time when I could have writ, read, and *docuer docueris* d well enough for a peasant; but it was all lost, and the whim seized me of recovering it. See me, then, at school at the age of thirty-five, hunting through grammars and dictionaries, and, what is more extraordinary, ardent in the chase. The master was an old man, who, living a bachelor to his grand climacteric, had saved money, and a year before indulged himself with a young wife. She and the school together bore too hard upon him; and as he had taken a sort of liking to me, he offered me, upon the approach of winter, my board for my assistance. I accepted the offer, and was received into the house.

I was now, as it were, at the feet of Gamaliel, and eat science at every meal. Undoubtedly we were a learned family; for Mrs Padilli herself was imbued *cum bonis literis*, chiefly extracted from an excellent folio, called the Lives of the Saints. The good creature was never without miracles for our entertainment; one more exalted than another. That of St Anthony, if I do not mistake the saint, reached the true pinnacle of the sublime. The head of this good man, the blood-thirsty heathens struck off at a single blow. Escaped from the murderous axe, it rolled itself seventy-four yards up a hill. St Anthony got up from the block, hobbled after his poor head as fast as he could, took it up, kissed it, and putting it under his arm, walked home to his own house, several leagues off, and there buried his poor head and himself, reading the service of the dead all the while, to the astonishment and edification of a crowded audience.

But a woman may be a good wife, even though she does believe in miracles; and I think Italy never produced a better. She honoured and obeyed her husband wonderfully, and the old man confessed himself happier in the autumn, than he had been in the spring and summer of his life. I have, says he, but two things to plague me; rheumatism, and the want of a boy to make a Pythagoras of.

Mr Arnaud, says the good Mrs Padilli, one day in the second year of my abode with them, what a pity it is my master did not marry before he was past getting children!

Great pity, Mrs Padilli.

Not to have an heir to his means ; so much as he longs for one too.

A thousand pities indeed, Mrs Padilli.

To be sure it's a great sin, and a great shame, for a married woman to let another man touch her. I wonder how a woman can look up after. Sure I never could.

This was a case, however, in which Mrs Padilli happened to be mistaken ; for neither her spotless virtue, nor my exalted philosophy, could get the victory over Satan and our senses, and yet the good woman, in a little time, looked up very well after it.

In this state of sin I lived about three years, when it pleased Heaven, by taking old Padilli to itself, to call me back again to righteousness ; for it became the widow's interest, and, for aught I know, her inclination, to offer me her beauteous self in marriage. I considered the matter in all its lights, celestial and terrestrial. The canon laws, and the civil laws, equally prohibited two wives at a time ; but unless canonists and lawyers were conjurors, I thought I had little to fear. In short, I settled the matter with my conscience, and wedded the widow in six months.

Fourteen years I lived with her, enjoying all the solid comforts of matrimony, except children. All this time I increased my learning, my reputation, my school, and my money. Whether the Holy Ghost proceeded from the Father only, or from the Father and the Son ; whether my old wife was alive, or my new one made me a cuckold, were mysteries into which I never cared to inquire ; and I question but I was altogether as happy in ignorance, as a revelation of these points would have made me. At length it pleased Atropos to cut the thread of my Nibbian spouse's life. I bore it with the fortitude of a philosopher. But I have since found that, in some particulars, my tranquillity is vulnerable. I took into my house a decent hand-maid, who got herself with child without my leave ; under whose administration, indeed, my wine never went sour by too long keeping : But my money, now my greatest comfort in life, marched speedily off for extraordinaries. History and experience have both taught me, that troops serving for pay are not to be relied on ; my last and present mercenary is an old woman, whom I took upon character, that of being the stingiest old devil in Italy. It is true, I have saved more money during her reign, but my house stinks of dirt, and all things animate or inanimate within it.

Reflecting upon these and other crosses, and, above all, upon the nature of woman, I concluded that it was in vain to expect a silken purse out of a sow's ear, and that it was the wisest way to take the world, women and all, as we found it ; for, after all, if we have rats, fleas, and monks to plague mankind, we have farmers

and schoolmasters for its nourishment and information.

My dear Annetti, says I, had but one fault ; all I have to fear is that old Time should have physicked her out of it, and substituted half a dozen in its room. Let us try, but let us go warily about it. So I took the opportunity of our month's vacation, mounted my mule, and, without fear of discovery, repaired to the scene of my youthful joys and sorrows. Everything was changed. The convent razed to the ground. My house turned into the country seat of a Piedmontese nobleman, and the name of Benedict Arnaud unknown. My wife had relations at St Remi——

And so have you, Benedict, says the landlady of the house, rushing into the room.

Benedict crossed himself.

Old Time, I suppose, says she, has physicked me out of your memory, Benedict ; but I knew you the moment you entered the house. But I have learnt discretion as well as yourself, and better, too, perhaps ; for though you have got learning, you don't seem to have added much to your stock of wisdom, or else you would not have been so forward to have exposed your insignificance to strangers.

This was a palpable hit. Poor Benedict shrugged up his shoulders, looked round upon us, and spoke not a word.

I have heard your story, Benedict, continues the good woman, and to-morrow you shall hear mine, and God knows which of us is most to blame. I am sure I loved you as well as my own eyes, for all what I did with Father Paul, which was only for my soul's sake, and out of no ill will to you.

Since that is the case, dear Annetti, says the preceptor, let us forget and forgive. I will carry thee to Nibbiano—and——

No ; there goes two words to that bargain, Benedict. I have been married as well as you, and am mistress of this inn, and, thank God, well to pass. And your daughter is well married at St Remi, and has made you a grandfather ; and here I will live and die, Benedict. If you will do the same, well and good—if not, there is no help for it. We are past our childish days, I hope.—Gentlemen, shall I send in supper ?

If you please, ma'am.

Abi in malam rem, pessime, says the schoolmaster, grinning at her as she left the room. This smells confoundedly of my return to Nibbiano alone. Your opinion, messieurs ?

Your lady, says Sir George, has two fine black eyes, and they seem to speak a language perfectly intelligible. If, for the last twenty years of your life, you had practised passive obedience on board a Turkish galley, it would have been a fine preparation ; but you have unfortunately been in the habit of exercising unlimited authority as well as she. If you can divest yourself of royalty, indeed, or use it only over

such fellows as Julius Cæsar, or Alexander the Great—

I! I! says the schoolmaster, I submit to a female reign! I, who have given a new edition of Statius! I, who have enlightened a new race of men!

Even so, Benedict, for all your big words, says the landlady, bringing in the first dish. Nobody shall command here but myself. If you choose to enjoy yourself in ease, smoke your pipe, and be quiet—So—

Otium cum dignitate, mi didasculæ, says Sir Ambrose; embrace it by all means.

Lites, cum dedecore, opinor, returns the schoolmaster. No—I will return to Nibbiano; I will live and die a master. Or stay—and assert my rights. Am I not your husband?

No, indeed, are you not, Benedict, without my leave; and you'll never get it by swelling yourself with pride and vanity, and speaking your words like a tragedy man. It's law here, when a man leaves his wife, and does not let her know he is alive for seven years, she may marry again if she will. I staid eleven years, Benedict, and many a bitter bit of black bread have I eat wet with my tears. I got to be servant here, and the master took a liking to me, and offered to marry me. What could I do better? From the day of our marriage he never interfered with me one hour in the management of this house; but eat, and drank, and smoked his pipe, and died in peace. And if you have a mind to do the same, Benedict, do it and welcome.

The worthy schoolmaster soon perceived, that though a master of languages, he was much his wife's inferior in her mother-tongue, and, for the present, he gave up the point in dispute; only telling us, he would stay one week, just to make a catalogue of all his wife's good qualities, and then return to Nibbiano, to ponder his future destiny at leisure. As we set out early in the morning, we saw him no more; and this being all I have to say of the Glaciers of Savoy, I have just to inform you, we shall set out in two days for Italy.

Dear Wyman, farewell.

HENRY OSMOND.

P. S. This vile detestable Lord Winterbottom! By heaven I will pursue him through the world. Sir Ambrose Archer has this day a letter from Miss Peggy Whitaker, that she fears this cursed lord has got Annabella into his power by stratagem. She is supposed to be in the south of France. I cannot be particular. We are flying into Languedoc.

SIR AMBROSE ARCHER TO MR WYMAN.

Montpelier.

I SWEAR to thee, dear Harry, by the head of Petrarch, the most evangelical of lovers, that

it is by no means necessary thou shouldst die for Annabella; because it will neither benefit her, thyself, the world, or anything, or anybody in it.

This apostrophe, dear Wyman, I addressed a few minutes since to Mr Henry Osmond, who, in a fit of desolation, has betaken himself to his bed, in order to torment himself—at his ease. For you must know, sir, that the brisk and rapid motion of a chaise, *Anglicè* driven; with the numerous objects that will present themselves to the eyes, if they are open; if not, to the ears; are unfriendly to the propagation of the gentle sorrows of love, which requires a mind disengaged, and at full liberty to hatch and brood over *its own* plagues. So that Harry, from the very hour he shook hands with the good old parson of Sels, and stepped into the vehicle to Sir George and me, has been ill at ease, and perfectly unable to lie down in the lap of sorrow, quietly, for a single moment.

It must be owned that this did fret the young gentleman, and rendered his responses something adust, which means, I believe, of a dark brown colour. Sir George, who pleasantly pretends to a monopoly of these, did not relish the invasion of his property; and as he is not over indulgent to human weakness, neither his own nor another's, and especially that which springs from love, he applied the satirical lash to this naked part of Harry a little too mercilessly.

No! nothing in nature can be wiser than this expedition. Like the Amadis of old, thou art roaming the world in quest of a woman; and when thou hast found her, thou hast found a blister, which thy wisdom, if it is able, will render perpetual. Now, in order that thy romance may make its due figure in the world, it is necessary that thou poppest upon thy Statira, at the instant she is going to be devoured by some giant. But is thy magician ready, Harry? otherwise, considering how many instants there are in duration, and how many yards of ground in France, of which she can only occupy one at a time, the odds are so prodigiously against thee, that I am in despair.

It is out of pure kindness that you apply this caustic, Sir George, replies Harry; to enure me to this blister beforehand. But are all women adders, because you have been stung?

Serpents, Harry; some fascinate you with their gilded scales; some, like the basilisk, look you dead; some, like the viper, cling and sting; the best, like the harmless snake, only pester you with eternal hisses.

Well, Sir George, I don't think you at all to be envied, that you have never acquired a taste for these hissings. I have, and am neither to be reasoned nor rallied out of it. Spare me, therefore, dear brother, and scarify Sir Ambrose here, who is as far gone as myself; only heaven has blessed him with the gift of inaudible sighing.

Guilty, or not guilty, Archer? says Sir George.

Guilty of loving, but not, like Harry, *ad misericordiam*. There is a girl in the world, whose pretty kisses I confess I have a taste for, and whose kisses I would do much to obtain. That is to say, I would ride a thousand leagues in a post-chaise; bully half a dozen lovers, or kill a giant; sigh now and then inwardly; or kiss her pattens behind a door; but as to losing my composure, my sleep, or my appetite—no. These are serious things, over which, whilst I can help it, no woman shall have dominion.

Well, says Sir George, this is a tolerable compromise; but, after all, I believe my ancient system of loving no mortal alive but myself, was the best calculated for happiness. Whence arise all the fond complaints of violated love, and broken friendship, but from a frail dependence upon others?

Faith, Sir George, under certain limitations, the maxim of depending upon one's self for happiness, is a good one; and as worthy a wise man as any stoical apothegm whatever.

I have but one objection, says Harry, that, without this dependence on others, the devil a bit of this said happiness is to be got, great or small.

Thus, says Sir George, do people dispute. If the good priest of Sels was here, he would convince us in fifteen minutes that we were of the same opinion; and that the apparent disagreement arose from our having different ideas to our two leading words, happiness and dependence. But there is no hopes of settling the matter at the cursed rate we drive.

Zoons, brother, says Harry, we go like dormice.

Sir George began to whistle. Then, theatrically, Methinks, says he, it were an easy leap, from Mont Blanc to Montpellier, if I could enjoy my Annabella there without a rival: but pox on this Lord Winterbottom!

Would to heaven, brother, you had a little more feeling.

Would to heaven, Harry, replies Sir George, I had a little less, or these roads were a little smoother.

We dined at Geneva. After which, Sir George said, Harry, you and I made an exchange of character this morning, now let us make a change of plan.

Dear brother, are you angry?

At myself, Harry, for having endeavoured unfeelingly to wound a mind too deeply wounded before. But, to say truth, I was not well, and the motion was too much for me.

How could I be so inattentive! Forgive me, Sir George.

Freely, Harry; and thou me. And if ever any matter of discord should arise in future betwixt us, let us think of the parson of Sels, who, whether he acts, or speaks, or preaches, seems to have no other end in view, but to make brothers of all mankind. Never yet did I see a man so imbued with the spirit of concord. I leave his vale with regret.

It was impossible not to concur in an opinion so justly founded. Nay, we were so warmed with the remembrance of his virtues, that we made a libation of three bottles at least to his memory. We might have honoured it more by assuming his temperance; but it is easier to praise than imitate.

And now for Sir George's plan.—Professor M——, of Milan, and I, had formerly exchanged some letters about the possible and impossible roots of cubic equations, and concerning the best method of determining fluents from given fluxions; and I cannot pardon myself, says Sir George, the being so near him, and not embracing the opportunity of talking with him on these, and an hundred other hobby-horsical matters of the same kind. You are in love, gentlemen; concerning which, Euclid has given us not a single theorem. So when I attempted the science, you see what a piece of work I made of it. I shall only impede your pursuits. Suffer me then to go quietly into Italy, which I confess my heart is more set upon than upon Annabellas and Margaretas. I will establish my head-quarters at Milan, and will leave a servant there to forward your letters, in case I make long excursions, and shall be happy to join you again in any part of the globe, as soon as these blustery love-storms are over.

We began to express our unhappiness at the separation.

I thought so, says Sir George; half at least of this world's politeness is mere grimace, and a contention against the very things we wish. But I assure you, gentlemen, upon my honour, and by St Patrick, as O'Donnel says, that you are pleased with the proposal; and how should it be otherwise?

We were going to assure him earnestly of the contrary.

What a pleasant animal, says Sir George, is a man of the world! ready to swear down poor truth forty fathom deep, to the bottom of her well, if she chance to shew her head above the surface, rather than fail in the least point of politeness. Well, gentlemen, since, as you say, my company is so extremely agreeable to you, only indulge me three days here at Geneva, to talk with Mr Euler, from Berlin, concerning the properties of nothing and infinity, and then I will bowl with you into Languedoc, thirty miles a-day, with all imaginable pleasure.

Dear Sir George, cries Harry, with a sort of sheepish air, think of Annabella's distress.

Think of the asymptotes of the hyperbola, Harry; lines which draw nearer and nearer to other lines, and yet can never touch if you draw them to the end of the world. The lines which Annabella and thou art going to describe, may, for aught I know, be of the asymptotic gender. However, prithee wait with patience till M. Euler and I have settled this and a few other impossible truths, and then for Love.

Well, Sir George, says Harry, with a long sigh, let it be as you please.

Then I please to go into Italy, replies Sir George; so, thank heaven, I have not taken the order of politeness; if I had, we might have plagued one another, with all possible civility and affection, for aught I know, a thousand German leagues.

We staid, however, with Sir George, this evening, and set out the next morning for Lyons. We scarcely saw it. The plains of Languedoc, though in full vintage, were scampered over without a singledance with the sun-burnt daughters of labour. It was evident there was nothing in France worth seeing but Montpelier, and nothing in Montpelier but Annabella. When we arrived, there was no Annabella to be seen. Three days we inquired at the baths, the public rooms, the walks, the assemblies; we obtained a list of arrivals; in short, we convinced ourselves that no such people were, or had been, there. Osmond fell sick; I had the greatest desire in the world to be sick also, but it was against my principles. Long have I settled the point with myself, that grief is the worst of all possible medicaments for irremediable misfortunes; and whilst I live, I will oppose the whole tribe of black ideas, with the cheerful family of white.

I have no doubt but Osmond will be well enough in two or three days, to continue his search; and as Peggy's letter to me said she had heard from her sister when in Paris, thither we shall proceed. Such is the police of that city, that no stranger can come in, or go out, without the knowledge of some of its officers; and as people pay the government a tax for every post they travel, they may be so much the more easily traced.

In the meantime, what can I do better than impart to you a portion of the rich fund of knowledge I have acquired by my travels? What if I give you a description of the Glaciers of Savoy? Carry you to the top of Montblanc? And tumble you into the valley of Chamouni? I shall cut a pitiful figure in it, after the agreeable Mr Moore, and will, therefore, send this letter to the post, give Harry his febrifuge, and go to sleep. Adieu.

AMBROSE ARCHER.

SIR AMBROSE ARCHER TO Mr WYMAN.

Vienne.

DID you ever see a skein of scravelled silk? Without this you can have no idea of the inside of my unfortunate head, which has a tale to tell—that—Oh, for the powers of a German commentator! The subject is the gallant Captain Wycherley; my most worthy brother-in-law; which is a secret I could have informed you of ten days since; for in the same packet with Miss Peggy Whitaker's letter, came the following:—

DEAR BROTHER,

You know that having my fortune in my own power, and being at years of discretion, I am not accountable to any one how I dispose of my person, which I have bestowed upon Captain Wycherley. To be sure the captain's fortune is small, but his connexions are great, and so is his love and honour; and as you, brother, did not seem to think of matrimony, it was more necessary I should; or else, you know, your estate would have gone to a distant branch. Perhaps you will be angry I did not consult you upon it, but the reason was, because you sided with Mr Davis against the captain, which was very extraordinary, seeing nobody knows nothing of him. The 3000*l.* in your hands the captain designs shall lie at interest where it is, if so be you behave to him as a brother ought; and desires his love and respects. So I remain your loving sister,

MARTHA WYCHERLEY.

P. S. We are going a tour upon the Continent.

Having thus proved the honour of my relationship, you will not dispute my right to lament his untimely end, which happened the night before last, at the inn in which I now write; nor, as this is a world of wonders, will you think it very extraordinary if he should prove to have been some little acquaintance formerly of Mrs Wyman's. But let us get into some method.

Osmond's indisposition terminated in a slow nervous fever, which was by no means diminished by his impatience. I could not prevail upon him to stay at Montpelier, and therefore determined to bring him to this town, and consign him to the care of O'Donnel, whilst I went post to Paris. We found the honest Irishman under an arrest, and Wycherley dead in the inn.

There are in O'Donnel's regiment, it seems, eight Irish officers, one of whom proving to be an old acquaintance of Wycherley's, he stopped at Vienne (where, by the by, he came alone) to have a night's enjoyment. That this might be truly Hibernian, Wycherley's friend invites the Irish officers only, and claret is ordered in, not by single bottles, but by the hospitable Hibernian mode of dozens. These gentlemen in general are men of worth and honour, but as most men have some sins of youth to answer for, especially in the love way, these juvenile offences became the subject-matter of conversation; and several stories were told not much indeed to the honour of the relaters; but as this was not the moral hour, they passed off tolerably well. One, indeed, would at any other time have drawn the tear of pity from their eyes, but was now received only with silent disapprobation.

I was quartered at Amiens, says the relater, and saw a pretty country girl bring butter and eggs to my landlady every market day. I threw

myself in her way, and played off a few gallantries ; the poor fool seemed to be more frightened than pleased. She had two miles to walk home, I often contrived to join her, but it was at least two months before she would permit me to walk quietly by her side, and two more before she would accept of a present : After this I besieged her by storm, and she capitulated in about another month. Two things happened damned unlucky ; I was under the care of a surgeon, and our route came for a march. I left my little girl after a week's enjoyment, and never heard a word more of her, till I received a letter, writ, as she said, with her own dying hand. The little fool did not know what ailed her, so never applied to a surgeon till past cure. Her friends disclaimed her, and she was sent to the hospital, where shame, anxiety, and the disease, put an end to her life in a little time. I was sorry, damned sorry ; nay, quite uneasy for half an hour ; but what signified it ? She was dead, and there was an end of the matter.

This was the tale of Captain Wycherley's friend, and it emboldened him to tell his own.

Soon after I got my commission in England, says he, I took coach for Holyhead, in order to see my friends. My companions were a brother officer, and a quaker, who lived at Dublin. In Wales, we took up one of the prettiest girls I ever set my eyes upon, poor thing, all in tears. I tried to make myself agreeable to her during two days we waited for a wind : All in vain ; she kept aloof. I could only expect to take her by a *coup de main*. I sat up in my own room till all the house was asleep, then, with a pair of pistols in my pocket for fear of accident, crept to her chamber-door, and whispered through the key-hole, that the house was on fire. But a whisper would not do, I was obliged to make a little more noise. At length I waked her, and the pretty fool jumps out of bed, throws on an under petticoat, and opens the door. I catches her in my arms, locks the door again, and carries her back to bed. I would have done the thing quietly, and with all the love in the world, but the little devil made such a kicking and screaming that I was obliged to clap my hand upon her mouth, and begin to ravish her as well as I could. But the damned quaker, who lay in the next room, burst open the door, and without any other light than that of the spirit, seized me as I was endeavouring to slip by him, and began bawling with all his might. So, damme, I was forced to discharge a pistol in at his back. Down dropt the quaker, and away ran I. The packet sailed next morning, and I got on board ; and as it was a work of darkness, the devil a discovery was there.

This account was received with great marks of disgust.

By Jasus, says O'Donnel, and it was a work of darkness, and a damned cowardly work too. To ravish an innocent girl, and to shoot a man

in the back, in the dark ! Oh, for the honour of Ireland, never tell this story again, my dear.

Do you call me a coward ? says Wycherley.

Faith, and I do, replies O'Donnel, and you will not be after denying it neither. Shoot a man in the back in the dark !

Then, by G—d, I will convince you of the contrary. Go with me into the next room.

Not at all, honey, says O'Donnel, especially without candles.

Damme, sir, if any man shall affront me with impunity ! I insist upon satisfaction.

Well, my dear, stay till the rising of the sun, that we may have fair truth, and open daylight. In two hours' ride, we may be on the borders of Savoy, and there I can kill you safely, and get back quietly to dinner. And, by my soul, I will do it with all the good will in the world, for the honour of Ireland.

Wycherley swore he would not delay his satisfaction a minute for all the blood-royal of France.

And where's the hurry, my dear ? says O'Donnel. Go to bed, Wycherley, and say your prayers ; you will fight the better.

Wycherley got up, threw a glass of wine in O'Donnel's face, called him a coward, and drew.

O'Donnel rose, and drew also. The officers got up in a hurry ; some chairs were thrown down. Wycherley stumbled over one of them in making a lounge at O'Donnel, ran his sword into O'Donnel's thigh, and at the same instant received O'Donnel's in his belly. A surgeon was sent for, who pronounced him dead in an hour. He did not live half one.

By the *droit d'aubane*, the effects of foreigners who die in France upon travel are the king's. Wycherley's whole effects lay in his portmanteau, which was seized by the civil magistrate, and sealed up till after the interment, when it is to be opened in form. I am very desirous to see the contents, partly on my sister's account, and partly as some of them may possibly direct us to Lord Winterbottom's residence, who, we fear, has trepanned Annabella into his own possession. For this purpose I have been with the Count du Pleix, colonel of the regiment here, and made known to him my situation, and desire with regard to the deceased. He has promised me everything. I interceded for O'Donnel. The count politely told me there was no occasion : A court-martial would be held over him for form's sake only. He was already acquitted.

Our Osmond is better ; this affair has given an impulse to his languid spirits ; he is now writing to Sir George. In the meantime, I have a strange request to make you. Poor Peggy Whitaker must be half distracted, and without a soul to comfort her. Will you take Mrs Wyman and Miss Singleton to Barham Downs, and accustom my house to a little decent hospitality ? I write my housekeeper to prepare for your re-

ception. And I don't write to Miss Peggy, in order that this account may be your introduction. Two things embolden me to this request: It is vacation-time, and—I know you.

Adieu.

AMBROSE ARCHER.

MR OSMOND TO MR WYMAN.

Vienne.

HAVING got poor Wycherley buried as decently as a heretic could be, we proceeded to the opening of the portmanteau; but as the King of France has clothes enough, nothing was found to reward him for a law so courteous, except a couple of diamond-rings, once Miss Archer's, and which we suppose she gave the captain as testimonies of her tender regard. All the rest of the contents, being letters and private papers, were given up to Sir Ambrose, as the brother of the deceased's wife, without hesitation, one paper excepted. This was a letter of credit upon a banking-house at Genoa for any sum less than 2000*l.*, and is, as Sir Ambrose thinks, the sale of Miss Archer's stock in the funds, which he conceived to be about 2400*l.*

A little debate, however, convinced the magistrate and the Count du Pleix, that the Grand Monarque could not claim this money, or get it paid if he did.

This business over, we returned to our inn, to read the contents of our packet. Amongst other curious matters, they consisted of love-letters from Miss Archer, warranted originals, and a considerable number from Lord Winterbottom. The last I shall transcribe in the order they were wrote, for two reasons; first, because they contain a true image of this nobleman's mighty mind; and, secondly, because they are the only things to our purpose.

LETTER I.

LORD WINTERBOTTOM TO CAPTAIN WYCHERLEY.

DEAR CAPTAIN,

I WAS sent for in so great haste to attend privy council, I forgot to shew you the inclosed insolent billet from Davis. I send a servant back with it from the first stage. I am sorry I could not stay to chastise the scoundrel. Upon second thoughts, I am not, neither; for, though I wish him correction, it would be beneath my rank and dignity to give it in my own person.

Adieu. Your friend,

WINTERBOTTOM.

Letters II. III. IV. omit—being only condolences and execrations.

LETTER V.

DEAR CAPTAIN,

I AM glad to hear you begin to think seriously of getting well, after which we must begin to think seriously of our revenges. Shall a man of my rank, my fortune, my influence, sit down calmly, and pocket affronts from two such fellows as Archer and Davis? The first a man of no consideration in life, the second a broken tradesman! What point have I ever wanted to carry in the county, but Archer's hand has been always against me? And in the most important of all my private concerns, to find my course obstructed by so contemptible an object as Davis! You believe you shall carry Archer's sister? This will be agreeable enough on the score of revenge, because he hates you: It will be well enough, too, in point of money. Otherwise, damn the alliance! Your friend,

WINTERBOTTOM.

LETTER VI.

DEAR CAPTAIN,

AND so you can marry that stale piece of virginity to-morrow? A man determined to hang himself, and desirous to give his friends a decent plea to exculpate him, could not do better. Thank Heaven, the present modes of life require not a halter to get rid of such an incumbrance. I can furnish you with a much better plan. To tell you a secret, Wycherley, I am disgusted with the court. Due regard is not paid to merit. I have a post in the household, below my rank and dignity to accept, but as a step in the ladder of preferment. In a late arrangement, I have been overlooked. This calls for resentment. Such a man as I ought not to put up with slights and negligences. Damn the dice, too! but that's a trifle to a man of my fortune. Great as it is, however, a wise man would not choose to diminish it. Signora Mantorina, too, wishes to spend a few years in her native country. That woman, Wycherley, has most astonishing powers of pleasing: And, to say truth, of plaguing also. I have been so long habituated to both, that I cannot resolve to live without her. You shall accompany us to Italy—Elope! Hah, Wycherley!

WINTERBOTTOM.

LETTER VII.

NO! curse me, Wycherley, if I forgive or forget it! Lord H——, you know, has resigned. I asked for his place, and was refused. I threw up my own immediately. Damn the ingratitude of courts! A man of my consequence! I will be in Italy in a fortnight. Prepare.

WINTERBOTTOM.

LETTER VIII.

DEAR CAPTAIN,

PUT off your marriage a little while—You will oblige me in it. An occurrence has happened which may change my plan a little. It may also—But I have not yet matured the matter. A man of my abilities forms his plan complete, before he imparts the design of it to any one. You shall hear from me again in two days.

WINTERBOTTOM.

LETTER IX.

VANITY is the foible of little minds—Great souls are always above it. You know me, Wycherley, I need say no more. I saw Miss Whitaker at the opera: It surprised me greatly. And in whose company was she, do you think? Faith, in no other, than in the late Polly Harris's, my tutor's daughter; a pretty, sweet, smiling, flexible, insipid, water-gruel girl, whom I took it into my head I liked when I was little better than a school-boy. I married her lately to young Parson Delane, and paid her portion in promises. Not quite, neither. I got the fellow a curacy about twenty-five miles from London, where he goes every Saturday night. Now and then I condescend to keep up my acquaintance with Polly. It forms a pretty Sunday's amusement. I have promised Delane the living at Wilton. It is L.300 a-year; the incumbent old. In the meantime, I have set the puppy, who fancies he has parts, to write some foolish things in favour of government. I praise these to the minister, who can't a while to read them, and get him an order upon the treasury now and then for a hundred. So the fellow is absolutely at my devotion.—Well, sir, to return to Miss Whitaker. The girl seemed pretty and inviting; I never thought her more so. I stept into her box, and said a few silly things to her. A thought struck me. Did not seem to have the least acquaintance with Mrs Delane. Next day waited upon Miss Whitaker at an old Mrs Shirley's, a mighty good woman, who blesses herself that she was young when the world was not so wicked.

The devil, you know, never gets entrance into such houses but in the figure of a saint. I put on an air of goodness, talked religion with the old lady, and sentiment with the young: lamented my hard fate, not to be able to please the only woman who had ever pleased me: begged leave to hope; offered her my chariot for her use in town, and took leave. Pretty well for a beginning. And yet, to say truth, her whole behaviour manifested a disgust which will not

be easily conquered. This is damned odd, Wycherley; a man of my address, figure, and consequence in life! What the devil can the girl have in her head! Oh, Osmond—Damn him! —The next day was the Sabbath; I sanctified it with Polly. I had already formed the whole of my plan with regard to Miss Whitaker. The principal outline is to get her abroad. Delane shall pretend a commission to Paris, and a disorder that invites him to Montpellier. His wife shall go with him. Miss Whitaker looks thin, in consequence of the late *brulé* with papa. The Delanes are to make her believe she is consumptive. This letter is a cursed long one. I am tired to death. I will open myself farther in my next. In the meantime, seal the inclosed, and carry it to that old fool Whitaker. Ingratiate yourself with him. Improve upon the hint of the lord. Excite his ambition. But not a word of his daughter going abroad at present.—You understand me.

Adieu.

WINTERBOTTOM.

LETTER X.

NEXT to the man who is capable of contriving a consummate plot, is the man who comprehends it by a few hints without the detail. This is your praise, Wycherley. And, faith, you have managed the weighty matter of the peerage to a nicety. What a damned old fool! You are right in engaging him to keep everything secret from Peggy. She is what you call a smoky damsel; cursed keen withal. I made love to her once; damn her! she treated me like a shoe-black.

We sail before the wind, captain, here. The girl begins to believe she is consumptive, and wishes to try the pure air of Montpellier. The old fellow will have a request in form; he will deny, for my sake. At a proper time, I will write to enforce the request; till then, you are mum upon the subject. The girl has been at a masquerade; I contrived to set a couple of bucks upon her; they terrified her to death; I came gallantly in to her relief; everything I do has now the pure air of disinterestedness. I am silent upon love. I am—Damme if I don't think myself as great as Machiavel! and yet you see our stupid ministry have neither talents themselves, nor penetration to discover them in others. Delane shall attack them when he returns. The fellow puts his words together latently enough. I will furnish him with matter, and teach him to turn a period now and then, in Junius's manner. Damn them! they shall be cut up.

Adieu.

WINTERBOTTOM.

LETTER XI.

THIS post I have wrote old Whitaker. I recommend Lisbon—you, Montpellier. His consent will follow, of course ; after which, they will be off in two days. There remains but one thing more ; bring this to bear, Wycherley, you shall have a couple of thousands on demand : I give my honour for it. Make a bargain with the old fool. I obtain a peerage. He gives me Annabella, and forty thousand pounds. If Annabella breaks the measure, he gives me twenty thousand pounds. I send you the form of the agreement, a master-piece, I think. Brevity is the soul of wit, and of dignity also. Adieu.

WINTERBOTTOM.

LETTER XII.

THE travellers are gone. The Signora went a month since. She has taken a neat snug little house, within three Italian miles of Milan ; there I shall live a year or two, under the name of the Chevalier Morington ; there my little Annabella will be carried ; there she will be married too, or her chastity will be in danger. I wait to hear from you respecting the bargain, and then bid adieu to this foggy island and its stupid court.

Farewell.

WINTERBOTTOM.

LETTER XIII.

AND so the old fellow was peery about the bargain, was he ? He did not like the form ? Since that was the case, it was right to change it, and to get something as near it as might be. I can't help laughing how you must have posed the old fool with what you call your dilemma. " If it succeeds, your daughter will be happy, and a lady ; if it does not, she will be properly punished for disobedience, and at any rate you will be a lord." Well, sir, though the instrument would do me no good with the Chancellor, it may serve to intimidate the girl. Now marry, Wycherley, as soon as you can ; cherish your lovely spouse till you have got all her ready ;—bring her into France for the recreation of her body, and clap her into a convent for the good of her soul. Join us as soon as you can. I am off to-morrow.

Farewell.

WINTERBOTTOM.

And now, dear Wyman, having given you these elaborate epistles, I leave you to your comments. We are flying to Milan upon the wings of louisdors. Thine,

HENRY OSMOND.

MISS WHITAKER TO MISS PEGGY WHITAKER.

Fontainebleau.

You will allow, my dear Peggy, that I have admirable talents for a traveller, when I tell you that the highest pleasure I have had in France, the finest kingdom in Europe, has been in thinking of you, and one or two more persons who are out of it ; and that, even at the town of Fontainebleau, more celebrated than Richmond, I have entreated my two conductors to dispense with my company in a walk, whilst I retire to talk with my dear Peggy by my pen. This is a source of real pleasure, a luxury I shall indulge as often as I can ; and that I may not bewilder too weak a head for want of method, I will become a journalist, though it is possible some of my days may be weeks.

The Reverend Mr Delane, having executed his commission, as he informed us, entirely to his own satisfaction, and the emolument of his country, proposed to us, agreeable to the rest of his economy, to take the coach to Lyons. Indeed, by the whole of his travelling conduct, you would take him for a carrier, who had agreed to lay us down at Montpellier, at so much a-head. The controversy on this important subject rose almost to a quarrel ; I finished it by desiring they would be pleased to take their own methods of travelling, and I would take mine. I will hire, says I, a maid-servant to go with me, and will join you at Montpellier, at my leisure. You cannot conceive, Peggy, the effect of this simple proposition. They were mute in an instant, gave up the point, and ever since have been so complaisant, so fawning, that they almost make me sick. Then the gentleman is so learned, and so ancient in his remarks, and the lady so puerile in hers, that though I speak French very ill, and understand it by the ear not very well, I had rather talk with landladies and chambermaids.

Thus, my dear Peggy, you see I have come to Fontainebleau to talk only of myself, which, to be sure, is using Fontainebleau very ill. The house, I think, is not quite so big as St Paul's, which is a pity ; for, as I suppose his majesty is quite as great as his great predecessor Pantagruel, I don't see how he can eat, drink, or sleep in a less. But the forest is without end, I think, and the gardens are vastly pretty, and so, Mrs Delane says, everything is in France.

What is Fontainebleau ? says the learned and emphatic Mr Delane ; what is Versailles ? what is the Escorial, or any modern palace in Europe, compared with that magnificent, that noble structure, that *chef d'œuvre* of architecture, the palace of Dicesian, in Dahmatia ? The ichnography, the profile, and elevation of that immense mass, would astonish you, and make you look down upon these nothings, as I do.

Oh, but the Menagerie of Fontainebleau is monstrous pretty!

The Menagerie! rats and mice, compared with the Menagerie of Dioclesian. Lions, leopards, pards, ounces, unicorns, elephants, rhinoceroses, serpents of five hundred species—

Oh dear! Mr Delane, why, this place must have been as big as Noah's ark, to be sure. Well, then, since there is nothing in this world worth seeing, let us get to Nemours as fast as we can.

As the civility and complaisance of my companions have been lately upon the extreme, my journal has lain still from Fontainebleau to Lyons. We stopped to look at nothing on our road except the canal of Briare, which, compared with Roman aqueducts, I find is not worth a straw. Unlettered moderns speak highly of it indeed, but it is because they don't understand Latin. We dined at Nevers.—Nevers, in the time of the Romans, might have been worth dining at; now, it is merely an aggregation of brick and timber.

But there are men and women in it, Mr Delane?

Yes, miss, and cats and dogs; but what a frivolous, contemptible race of beings, compared with Greeks and Romans!

Lyons—Lugdunum. Yes, Lugdunum has still something worth looking at—in the cellars; vestiges of Roman pavements; thick walls, with niches where the gods did dwell; and if they have occasion to dig a well, ten to one they find a Roman pickle-pot; so we stay at Lyons two days for the sake of what it was some two thousand years since; which, as Mr Delane says, is to make the best possible use of travelling.

Turin.

ARE you enough of a geographer, Peggy, to know that Turin lies directly in the road from Lyons to Montpellier? Directly. It is true, we have passed the Alps instead of the plains of Languedoc, and are got, somehow or other, into the King of Sardinia's capital. I do not pretend to account for this, Peggy, entirely to your satisfaction, but I will tell you all I know about it.

Young travellers are fond of looking at maps of their own route; I had done it wherever I had found a map of France. When we arrived at Grenoble, I said, I did not remember that this town lay in our way. Mr Delane answered, there were several roads. We came to Briancon, a town amongst hills, almost at the foot of the Alps, and, as our landlord informed me, the direct road across Piedmont to Italy. I begged of Mr Delane to explain this extraordinary occurrence. With infinite submission he begged my pardon. It was an innocent deceit, calculated not to lose the company of a lady whom they so highly revered and esteemed. He then gave me a letter to read from Doctor C——, at Edinburgh, (the greatest man, miss, in the physical

line, now existing,) to whom he had wrote his case, and directed the answer to Paris. Doctor C—— informed him that his case was evidently pulmonic, (I think I quote right,) and that in all beginning diseases of phthisis, (I doubt I have an *h* too many,) Montpellier yielded in every respect—oh, beyond all comparison—to Como, in the Milanese. Now, your complaint, miss, is a beginning phthisis, and I am sure you are too sensible and good-natured, and candid and generous, not to pardon the little deception, which has your own good for its object, as well as mine.

And why, Mr Delane, should you suppose I could not be as sensible and candid at Paris as at Briancon? Where was the necessity for deceit at all?

You were so often talking of the length of the journey, and wishing yourself back, miss; and Como is so much farther than Montpellier, that I durst not propose it.

What unnecessary meanness!

Meanness, miss! pardon me—the word is wholly inapplicable to the motive.

Deceit, sir, is always meanness.

But the motive, miss?

I am scarce confident that I know it, sir.

Good God, miss! what possible motive, under heaven, could I have, but that which I have mentioned? However, since you are pleased to take the matter in this light, I will conduct you to Montpellier, miss, though I fear the consequence will be, that I shall be forced to stay at Como all winter, whereas I intended to be in England before Christmas.

This concession half disarmed me, and Mrs Delane, by being so excessively sorry, so infinitely distressed, and, “Mr Delane, you know, I advised you to tell Miss of it at Paris,” put an end to the remains of my anger. So, after a thousand protestations of everlasting friendship, and everlasting gratitude, I held out the olive branch, and signed the peace.

Peace, however, is not that familiar friend of my bosom it used to be. I am uneasy without being able to assign a cause, unless this awful distance from one's native home, this separation from all one loves. Expect no more travelling remarks. I will not dispatch this till I arrive at the end of my journey; why should I give my sister a fruitless uneasiness? I hope in a few days to finish it with more tranquillity.

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Tranquillity! Oh, Peggy! Tranquillity I fear is fled for ever. Into what a situation am I betrayed!

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I am easier, Peggy. Of Him, who alone has power to pardon offences, I have asked forgiveness; I have asked confidence, and I have obtained it. I will bear my afflictions with pa-

tience, and, if I can, with cheerfulness. Time may end them. Death, at least, certainly will.

* * * * *

Oh, my Peggy! how much a proper train of reflection fortifies the mind! What evils may not be borne, when the soul has virtue and integrity for its support! Resolved upon the plan of conduct which these inspire, I feel myself serene. Let me lead you to the present hour.

I am now at—I don't know where. Last night, almost at dusk, we drove through Milan, and half an hour after arrived at this house. I could perceive we had left the great road and drove down an avenue.—Can it be to an inn we are now going, Mr Delane?

To a most retired one, and frequented, on that account, by none but the best company.

Oh, Peggy! how easy it is for some people to lie! how difficult to others! We were received by a decent-looking elderly woman, with little of the landlady in her aspect; but she spoke only Italian, which I cannot speak at all. She gave us an elegant little supper, and conducted me to bed. No noise disturbed me in the night, no racket in the morning. I rose later than usual. I found my way to the parlour in which we had supped; the first person who struck my eye was Lord Winterbottom. A strange confusion of thought seized me. I grew giddy, and sunk upon the floor. When I opened my eyes, Mrs Delane was applying salts, Lord Winterbottom and Mr Delane standing by. I shrunk with horror at the sight of both the objects, and indeed trembled most pitably. My lord began his part of the drama. He poured out protestations of love and honour with a vast profusion; entreated that I would lay aside all kind of apprehension, and condescend to grant him an audience for one quarter of an hour, and it would appear clearly to a lady of my very great good sense, that the thought of doing me the least imaginary injury was a stranger to his breast; and he clapt his hand upon it, Peggy, just as the lords of Drury-Lane do upon similar solemn occasions. But before we could settle ourselves for the audience, John White, my lord's footman, entered with breakfast. Then there was, Pray, miss, let me entreat you, miss; so I swallowed two dishes of chocolate to avoid being teased. And now came on the audience.

I had once, miss, began my lord, with great dignity, the vanity to think, that my rank and my fortune, not debased by a contemptible understanding, or deformity of person, (there is a remarkable consent of parts, Peggy, betwixt my lord's body and his mind, if one may judge by the complacent look he gave a crystal mirror, and by the noble perpendicularity he assumed at the word deformity,) would have entitled me to have made proposals to the first ladies of England, and that I should seldom have run the

risk of a refusal. I confess it has hurt my pride that this refusal should proceed from (pardon me, Miss Whitaker) a lady of infinite merit, I acknowledge, but by no means entitled to match amongst the nobility, either from birth, or brilliancy of situation. I presume to say, miss, that neither your fortune, your rank, nor your consequence, would have suffered by the union. The world would have applauded you, miss, and I must have essayed some of its ridicule, merely because mankind cannot judge of merit in obscurity. As all external advantages ran in your favour, to what could I possibly impute a refusal so strange, so unaccountable, but to a predilection for another? But the object, miss, was unworthy of you. However, as it was equally beneath my dignity, and my own sense of happiness, to persist in engaging your affections, when they were so unaccountably disposed of, still wishing you all possible felicity, and with a heart still devotedly yours, I gave up the point. What followed betwixt Captain Wycherley and Mr Davis,—Osmond, (with a sneer,) you well know. You know with what baseness the latter—

Baseness, my lord!

I beg, Miss Whitaker—Alas! the very nature of the interruption shews me what I have to fear.

Please to proceed, my lord.

My friend the captain, I say, had well nigh fallen a sacrifice to unmanly advantages—

To his own baseness and brutality, my lord.

Upon honour, miss—I did not expect—I know not in what kind of terms I must put what I am going to say, so as to avoid giving offence.

In terms of truth, my lord.

Upon my word, Miss Whitaker, this is deviating from your usual politeness, but is an unhappy proof of the truth of my conjecture touching the disposal of your heart.

If that circumstance is clear to your lordship, your own honour and dignity, of which your lordship seems to have calculated the exact value, should point out to you to despise, not to persecute me.

Pardon me, miss; you were formed not to be despised, but adored. Of the truth of this I was convinced when I saw you at the Opera. Love, smothered under the ashes of disdain, then sparkled again into a blaze. You appeared a dazzling star, whose radiance—

Take care, my lord, how you come down.

This is so extremely mortifying, miss—Upon my soul, I don't know what kind of words are adapted to your taste.

I am fond of humble prose, my lord.

Prose—the devil! When will beauty cease to be capricious! Permit me, miss, to proceed.

The mean and infamous arts used to asperse my character by Sir Ambrose Archer—I see your reproving eye, miss; but it is hard I must not speak my sentiments of people who injure

me, because they call themselves falsely your friends.

I believe, my lord, it is a hardship imposed by the common politeness of mankind ; but since your lordship's taste renders it so difficult to you to conform to the law, bestow your epithets upon my friends as liberally as you please ; allow me only to give them the degree of credit I please.

My lord bowed.

Sir Ambrose, miss, represented to your father, that I was a debauchée, a gamester, and undone. No, miss ; my fortune is unimpaired, my character unimpeached, my credit high both at court and in the world at large. I might have bore what offices I pleased. But though I owed a duty to the state, I owed something to my own happiness. I applied again to your father. He approved my application. He became convinced I had been injured. Unable to support life with any tolerable comfort without you, what will not man do for happiness ! I formed a little plot ; Mr and Mrs Delane, pardon them, miss, my coadjutors ; I will not say, Miss Whitaker, that I had your father's sanction for every particular step, but I hope this letter, I have now the honour to present you, will be proof that I had his general approbation. I know not the contents, but don't doubt they are favourable to my suit. Oh, if you would lend an auspicious ear, what happiness would you not confer ! As to terms, Miss Whitaker, I offer you *carte blanche* ; and I engage to secure your felicity by the most respectful attention to your inclination in every particular of life.

I was going to reply : My lord said, he would expect his fate from my good sense, and cool reflection, and with a very low bow retired.

Mr and Mrs Delane, with much confusion of countenance, now began their own apology ; but, as my lord says, my rank and dignity, or some other evil spirit within, would not suffer me to hear. I retired to my apartment.

My father's letter, wrote with his own hand, and sealed with his own seal, was as follows :—

DAUGHTER ANNABELLA,

I FIND that my good Lord Winterbottom has been cruelly aspersed ; Sir Ambrose is very much to blame. My lord is a man of honour, and the best friend our family ever had. Only think, Anny, what it is to be a lady, and to have your husband comptroller of the household, or some other high post, perhaps secretary of state ! Dear Anny, do oblige me now. I will give you 40,000*l.*, let Peggy take it as she will. You can't think how happy you will make me. If you won't, Annabella, you can't expect that I shall reward disobedience. I am sure I think 10,000*l.* enough, and too much, for a child that sets her own will against her father's. So you know what you have to trust to.

Your loving father, if you deserve it,

JAMES WHITAKER.

Yes, Peggy, I did drop a few tears for a father's weakness, and not a few for his unkindness. Yet, good old man ! he means to promote my interest :—Though grieved, I cannot be angry. By a two hours' solitude in my own apartment, I have reflected myself into serenity. I am prepared to meet the smiles or frowns of fate, and my good Lord Winterbottom, with an equal mind. A few hours, dear Peggy, adieu.

* * * * *

Adjoining my apartment is a small closet, having two most beautiful prospects ; the east, over a fertile valley, terminated by the view of Milan ; the north, over a rich plain, abounding with corn fields and flocks. The closet is a treasure. A considerable number of English, French, and Italian books ; an harpsichord ; a great deal of music ; a large bureau with drawing utensils ; several suits of linen, and a little world of gewgaw female trinkets. How odious these attentions from a man one cannot love !

* * * * *

Mrs Delane presented herself an hour since at my room door, asking if I would permit her to shew me the house and garden. I had already settled it with myself to treat her in future with cool civility, as nothing can be more disagreeable than jars, or a sullen silence, with a person you are obliged often to see. I complied, therefore, with her request, and went into the garden. In spite of my repeated desire that she would say no more about it, she teased me to death with a long unmeaning apology, the sum and substance whereof was, that Mr Delane and she had not complied with my lord's humour out of any manner of wickedness, but out of pure dependence ; and, to be sure, as my lord designed to make me his true and honourable wife, there could be no wickedness in it at all. To be sure, there was no accounting for taste ; but for her part, she thought my lord the finest gentleman she knew—so sensible—so genteel—so—

The only condition on which I can be upon tolerable terms with you here, Mrs Delane, is, that you never say a word more upon this subject.

It was hard, she said, not to be allowed to praise a man she was so much obliged to.

Not so hard as for me to be obliged to hear his praises, Mrs Delane.

No, indeed ? why, what could so generous a gentleman possibly have done ?—

Mrs Delane, good morrow ; since this is to be the subject, walking will not be agreeable. I turned to go out of the garden. She begged my pardon, and promised to be silent.

This garden is a perfect Elysium. Open and covered walks cross each other in so many direc-

tions, that it is almost a labyrinth. The covered walks terminate in grots and arbours, the most perfect solitudes I ever saw. One of the grots is covered on the top, the bottom, and sides, with mirrors; and this grot has more light than the others. Another is adorned with paintings, principally naked Venuses; a Daphne and Apollo, also naked. What a whim, dear Peggy, is this! These grots are furnished with couches, and were, I suppose, intended for sleeping places in the most sultry hours of the day: And yet, why mirrors and naked pictures should be considered as incitements to sleep, I am unable to conceive.

The boundary of this garden is quite whimsical. It is everywhere a high wall; but where the principal walks terminate, it is sunk in an excessive deep ha ha, the top of it forming a curve. It seems quite impenetrable.

As to the house, it is neither large nor elegant. Many of the windows are oiled paper. The area before the front is confined. There is a public foot-path to Milan, parallel to the front of the house, and not above twenty yards distant. The area is separated from this road by iron rails, and at the entrance is a little lodge, seemingly new built, and kept by a porter. Much of the wall is new also. I am certainly a prisoner, dear Peggy; and I am as certain also, that was I to send this packet to the post, it would not travel a step at present beyond my lord's bureau.

About four in the afternoon, dinner was served up in the English manner to the same *partie quarree* as breakfast. John White only waited. One part of my self-debate in the morning was whether I should not refuse all communication with my lord, or his infamous coadjutors, and obstinately remain fixed in my apartment. But had I not reason to fear, that the master of the house would seek me in it? Besides, the TRIUMPH OF TEMPER is the most glorious triumph for our feeble sex; and I determined to contend for the palm. After dinner my lord led the conversation into the rambling way, where every one speaks, and says nothing. Instead of going into the subject of the morning, he seemed desirous to avoid it. I was determined to bring it on.—I am indebted, says I, to your lordship an answer to what you did me the honour to say to me in the morning.—My lord, who is the ape of politeness, kissed his hand, and bowed, and, Oh, may that answer be propitious to my wishes! or else, dear miss, defer the payment.—By no means, my lord. The beginning of your lordship's fine harangue, was a very just comparison betwixt your lordship's rank and dignity, and my obscurity: the direct conclusion of which, as I apprehend it, was, that I was not a fit wife for your lordship in the world's estimation; but that your lordship would graciously condescend to overlook the difference, and raise me from NOTHING, to EXISTENCE.

I allow the justness of your lordship's reasoning; but what I humbly conceive to be a hardship, is, that your lordship, from what cause I know not, choosing to break a regulation of society of which you appear to think so highly, should assume a right to punish me only for being desirous to keep it. The possessing a quiet unambitious mind, was, I should think, no such great offence, that I should be trepanned for it into a foreign country, far from the enjoyment of all the rights of consanguinity, far from the support of every person I can call a friend. But your lordship chooses to call this strange effect of an unknown cause, by the specious name of love. Your lordship understands SELF-LOVE, I suppose; for love of another, and a wish to persecute that other, can hardly be compatible desires. But your lordship has my father's sanction;—how obtained is best known to your lordship. I only know that my father was uniformly kind till you made him otherwise, and that the love which persecutes its object, and turns a father's heart against his child, is not of the most inviting kind.

Your lordship, indeed, has been ingenious enough to own, indirectly, at least, self-love to be your first spring of action: To promote your own happiness, you formed a little plot. It *was* a little plot. How far it is to be carried, and what end you propose it to answer, I wish to hear from your lordship's own mouth.

Upon my honour, miss, replied my lord, his theatrical hand spread upon his breast, there is a severity in your animadversions which I should be very unhappy to think I deserved. I must use a few of your own elegant words: It was, I should think, no such great offence to consult one's own happiness; nor any very preposterous idea, I should hope, to suppose I could make a lady happy in marriage.

True, my lord; as to the lady's own judgment of what would constitute her happiness, that, I imagine, is of little consequence. But as to the plot, my lord?

The sole end and intention of it is, to put myself into a situation of overcoming your repugnance, by all possible assiduity and attention. At London, at Barham Downs, you would not permit me the exercise of that attention: A month's residence here, I hope, will render you more auspicious.

And does your lordship flatter yourself that a free mind can forget the extraordinary means of bringing about this event? Is the occupation of a gaoler so amiable?

A gaoler, miss? There is nothing in this house, nor out of it, within my power, but you may command.

My liberty, my lord.

Will the tour of Italy be agreeable to you? I am known at Florence, Rome, Venice, Naples, and Genoa; everywhere I can procure you the best company, and the most elegant pleasures.

I thank your lordship; this would indeed be making me the active minister of my own dishonour; the completion of all your insidious snares to force me to become your wife. My lord, you have already done enough. It cannot but be known that I have been an inhabitant with your lordship. Few will know that I have been an unwilling inhabitant, and your lordship will take care that the number of these shall be the smallest possible. Appearances will mark me so strongly with infamy, that no honourable man can think of making me his wife. Already you have laid me under the necessity of sequestrating myself from society. I have the unhappy choice of two evils before me: To live secluded, and lose the world's esteem; or to marry your lordship, and lose my own. I embrace the first, as the lesser evil. All, therefore, I have now to request of your lordship, is to suffer me to leave this house; explore my way to England as well as I am able; and hide myself, to hide my innocent shame.

The subject affected me, Peggy; I ended it with tears. Had they moved his lordship to any shew of sensibility, I might have had some hopes. They produced only further proofs of the importance of this great man to himself. If the injuries I complained of, really existed anywhere but in my own animated imagination, he must still be of opinion the offer of his hand was an honourable reparation. As, unfortunately for him, and possibly for myself too, I was at that instant under another opinion, he made it his request, in the most submissive manner, that I would indulge him with a single month, that he might try the effect of the most tender assiduity love ever gave birth to; if then I continued unchanged, he would take care of my safe-conduct to England, and give up his hopes of happiness for ever.

I answered, that for reasons I had mentioned before, I could not comply with that request.

Then, says he, I must add to my other enormities that of keeping you the most beloved and honoured prisoner in the world for that short space; and as the crime is venial in the court of love, I hope it will not be altogether unpardonable in the court of honour.

My dear Peggy, the uneasiness you will feel at not hearing from me, adds to my inquietude. But the evil is without remedy. Awhile adieu.

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Third day. One piece of impoliteness in my lord is something remarkable. He has never offered me a maid. Mrs Delane indeed has tendered her services, confident, I don't doubt, they would be rejected. You and I, dear Peggy, have often blamed my father's parsimony in this particular; what an unfashionable appearance! two young ladies of our fortune, our rank and dignity, as my lord says, obliged to

stoop to buckle our own shoes! If it had been judgment instead of parsimony, Peggy, would it not have been excellent? And how do we know that this, and our whole mode of bringing up, might not proceed from judgment? As much as I can remember of our dear mother, the domestic life, and the life of economy, were her taste. Be the cause what it will, I am truly thankful for the effect. When I contemplate the lives of our misses of quality and fortune, I feel myself so comfortable!

I have not been honoured this day with the least notice from my lord as a lover. Indeed I saw him only an hour at dinner. I have walked in the garden; read an Italian and French newspaper, both printed at Milan; said nothing for fifteen minutes with Mrs Delane; and spent the rest of my time in recovering my Italian, in the little closet.

Fourth day. You have read many long bills of our ingenious grocer, Mr Hill, and admired the use and force of that excellent word ditto. It seems appropriated to the purposes of commerce, but might, I think, be used to much advantage sometimes, even by authors themselves. As a journalist, I can say with the greatest propriety,

Fifth day, ditto.

Sixth day, ditto.

Seventh day, ditto.

I cannot imagine, my dear Peggy, of what colour or complexion are to be my lord's assiduities in this experimental month. Would you not have supposed he might mean to procure me a few of those pretty things the world calls pleasures? Concerts, for example? It would be hard to come to Italy, and not have one taste of its capricios. But this is inconsistent with my lord's plan, which is perfectly rural. Well, then, a little *fête de champetre*? No—that would break in upon our retirement. Courtship, at least, I might expect. Even that amusement is withheld. What can the man mean?

There is an exhibition of capital paintings, says my lord, on the fifth of next month at Rome. But that I have such dearer interests to attend to here, I should be happy to be at it. After all the rout we make of our Reynoldses, our Gainsboroughs, our Wests, our Kaufmans, it is an incontestable truth that England has never yet produced a painter of tolerable merit. Are you a connoisseur in this art, Delane?

Mr Delane very modestly owned he was not.

You must have breathed some classic sighs, I doubt not, towards that region of genius?

It was not for a man of his confined fortune to breathe a wish for such expensive indulgencies.

It is pity, too, says my lord. Come, we will stretch a point for once; thou shalt say one prayer over the tomb of Virgil, at my expense.

His lordship laid him under infinite obliga-

tions. He could only repay them with infinite gratitude. So he sets out to-morrow.

Eighth day. I did not think it possible for so polite a woman as Mrs Delane to exist in so perfect a solitude. No hermit could wish for a more silent cell, nor could he anywhere perform his abstracted contemplations with less interruption from the bustle of this world. We eat and drink, indeed, but how we get our cates, I am at a loss to comprehend.

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Ninth day. This point is elucidated. A butcher on horseback has this instant delivered to the porter a basket. The porter has taken it, without opening the gate, through a sort of wicket that opens at the top of the gate. What ingenuity! Through the same wicket the porter has returned him the empty basket, and a cup, I suppose, of wine. Good heaven! Peggy, to what end are all these precautions? Another circumstance is odd. Though there are stables belonging to this house, my lord has no horses here. A carriage comes from Milan towards the evening of every day; it waits my lord's appearance on the outside the iron pales, and brings him every morning, generally to breakfast, to the same spot. I am more at ease for his sleeping out of the house. His Mantorina, I suppose.

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So, so, Peggy. Mrs Delane is not so totally destitute of amusement as I apprehended. You shall hear. My lord, at breakfast, said he had just received a packet from England, which he must answer before dinner. That damned Burke, says he, is preparing to bring into the house a plan of economy. Ministry expect a tussle. They have wrote for my advice, and interest amongst the members. I shall write to about forty of them. The post goes to-night. Have you any letters, miss?

Yes, my lord, I will write to my sister.

I will charge myself with the care of it, says he.

I don't doubt it, thinks I. Mrs Delane would also take that opportunity. So we retired to our respective apartments. As I knew my labour would be lost, I was inclined to make it as short as I well could. I wrote, therefore, about twenty lines, descriptive of my situation, in which I did not spare my lord at all, as to the meanness of betraying me here; but owned myself obliged to his delicacy and attention in other respects. I finished in less than an hour; after which I determined to indulge myself in a solitary walk in the garden. The day was hot. I thought myself safe, and took one of the closest walks. It led to the mirror grot. Fast asleep, as far as I believe, upon one

of the couches, lay the gallant Lord Winterbottom, and close beside him, in an attitude of tenderness, the virtuous Mrs Delane. I believe I suppressed an exclamation, I really am not positive, and ran back to my apartment as fast as my feet would carry me. I wonder whether Mr Delane would have enjoyed such an exhibition. I dare say, at least, he would have chosen the prudent part of concealing his knowledge, as I am inclined to do. But what, my dear Peggy, have I not to fear from so abandoned a woman! I doubt, notwithstanding the present calm, I have terrible trials to undergo. Suppose my lord should propose the horrid alternative, marriage or dishonour? Oh, Peggy! I am half distracted.

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Tenth day. This innocent pair, I believe, are wholly unsuspecting that any eye but their own hath seen them in their recess. Dinner passed as usual, except that my lord was more profuse of compliment than he had been some days past. Over and above the short conversational expressions of his great devotion to me, John White was no sooner withdrawn, than he set about a long speech, the principal outline of which was, that he found it as difficult as mortifying, to check his ardent inclination, which led him to be always prostrate at my feet, pouring out the genuine effusions of his soul in love. He hoped this self-denial would have its proper weight.

I owned myself obliged by it, and wished my lord would entitle himself to a gratitude that would have no end.

And was it possible a behaviour altogether respectful, and adapted to my peculiar delicacy, had made no impression in his favour?

I answered, I was not sensible of any change. This brought my lord into his heroics.

Better it was to die than live unblest. (You forget the blessing of the morning, thought I.) What was rank, affluence, power, pre-eminence; what was all the world's splendours, if one corroding torment, like the Promethean vulture, was to gnaw for ever and for ever? And would I not bestow upon him one animating word? Not permit him to entertain one ray of the deceiver hope?

I perceive, says I, it is difficult for your lordship to conceive how little I value what your lordship seems to value so much. A man of an elevated understanding, and a noble soul, is in my estimation superior to a Cræsus without them. But was your lordship as dear to me as Henry to Emma, the situation into which you have betrayed me, would tear you from my heart; and whilst you continue me in it, there is no consideration upon earth would tempt me to be anything more to your lordship than I am now.

It was a severe, it was a cruel sentence, my

lord said ; would it be milder at Barham Downs ? If I would indulge him with the supposition of a possibility of change, he would soon, as soon as Mr Delane returned from Rome, free me from the situation I had conceived so great a dislike to.

You know, my lord, nothing changes so soon as opinion, and especially a woman's ; it is a maxim of your own.

Will you permit me to escort you to England ?

That England may know with certainty I have been a tour of pleasure with your lordship ? If I should never be induced to marry your lordship, spare me this dishonour for my own sake ; if I should, for yours.

My delicacy was excessive ; quite beyond the reason of things, and the manners of the age ; my lord could admire, but by no means applaud.

Eleventh day. Nothing from my lord ; from Mrs Delane a spirited remonstrance against cruelty, ingratitude, and folly. To be sure, I was a most extraordinary young lady, and must have a very proud heart, as well as a hard one, to treat such a man as Lord Winterbottom with so much perverseness. For her part, she saw no great wisdom in it ; and if she was my lord —

What then, Mrs Delane ?

She should think a little more highly of herself, than to stoop so low, and be ill used into the bargain.

I wish my lord would think in that manner, Mrs Delane.

Such a sweet place as my lord had brought me to ; and such attention as was paid to all my whims ; I was very ungrateful. If I had fallen into some gentlemen's hands, I might have been treated in another sort of manner.

O,—I am my lord's then by right of conquest, I find ; and ought to be grateful for all the evil he does not do me ?

Certainly I might be more obliging. She believed I had never once complied with any request he made me, if it was only to walk in the garden.

Every one is not possessed of your obliging disposition, Mrs Delane ; besides, I am not fond of close walks and mirror grots.

Madam ! says she.

Little favours lead to great, Mrs Delane. Italy is a seducing climate.

Are you afraid of yourself, miss ?

Not much, Mrs Delane ; I choose to keep out of harm's way, notwithstanding. Though my lord's powers of seducing are not very great, he may take it into his head he is a bashaw here.

If he has bad designs, miss, you are no more safe in your own apartment, than anywhere else.

You are mistaken, Mrs Delane ; I defy him there. I am prepared.

And so I am, Peggy.

* * * * *

" We have from Lausanne the shocking account of the death of two English gentlemen, who fell by each other's hands. The peculiar horror of the circumstance is, that they were brothers, of the name of Osmond. Their cause of quarrel unknown."

What, dear sister, think you, must have been my reflections on reading the above in the Milan paper ? A cold sickness came over me ; I tottered to my apartment as well as I could ; I believe unnoticed.

* * * * *

There is no describing the degree of misery I have undergone the two last hours. It is unaccountable to myself. True, I have lost an agreeable friend ; but he was lost to me before. Besides, it is unusual for a calamity of this kind to pierce so extremely deep. Ah, Peggy !

* * * * *

Suppose this piece of intelligence should be solely owing to Lord Winterbottom's ingenuity ? There is some comfort in this thought. But what can be his intention ? Is it merely to confirm his suspicions of my attachment to Osmond ? Or is it, that by the failure of my hopes there, I may be induced to listen to his suit ? I am something less uneasy, but much perplexed. Neither my lord nor Mrs Delane have taken the least notice to me of the paragraph.

* * * * *

Oh, my sweet Peggy ! I have lost my account of days. I have lost my powers of reflection—I have lost myself.

* * * * *

To write is now become an exertion ; but so are all the functions of nature ; I exert myself to live. Small are my hopes that these papers will ever reach your hands, my sister ; yet I am desirous of giving a transcript of my mind to the last hour. The next Milan paper contained the following paragraph :—

" New accounts from Lausanne confirm the melancholy catastrophe mentioned in our last paper. The particular circumstances of the quarrel are still unknown. The general opinion is, that it arose on account of the Chevalier Osmond's lady, who was once engaged to the younger brother. The Chevalier Archer did all he could to prevent the duel, but in vain.

He attends the two unhappy corpses to England."

Still, Peggy, I endeavoured to suppose both the paragraphs might be fabricated by Lord Winterbottom. It was impossible to support his company, let the matter be as it would, and I kept my apartment. Mrs Delane is vastly surprised what can be the matter with me. Seems not to know that my affliction arises from this piece of news, yet is always talking of it, and communicating other particulars talked of at Milan. Once she sent for John White into my chamber, to question him whether he thought the report was true. John replied with a melancholy look and accent, it was too true, indeed; he himself had spoke with an English gentleman's servant just come from Lausanne, who confirmed all the particulars.

* * * * *

Other proofs have occurred of the truth of this cruel incident. I have not spirits to write them, and it is unnecessary. Hope is lost. My mind yields to despondence. How thankfully I could bid the world farewell!

* * * * *

Methinks I hear my sweet Peggy's reproaches. Was Mr Osmond all the world to me? Is a sister nothing? The reproof is just. I know not why I am thus overwhelmed. Perhaps my mind, enfeebled by my situation—surely I should never have loved Osmond living thus.

* * * * *

Lord Winterbottom has several days solicited leave to attend me in my closet. No—I am too ill. He has taken it into his head to write. He condoles sincerely with me on the unhappy news from Switzerland. Too well he knows the almost indelible impression first attachments make. Everything is to be hoped from time, and my good understanding.

* * * * *

Mr Delane is returned. Has visited me twice, and preached two sermons; one upon the folly of yielding to despair; the other upon the indelicacy of it. He talks on, as secure from interruption, as if he was discoursing from the pulpit. I am not now agitated by any human passion, strong enough to engage me to any answer.

* * * * *

Letters upon letters from Lord Winterbottom. I answer none. I receive them merely, and read them when I am able. If I did not know the

writer to the bottom, some of his strains, breathing the very soul of passion and disinterestedness, might deceive.

* * * * *

How cruel, Peggy, is my father! Well, then, if I must be the victim of ambition, let me be sacrificed at the altar before his eyes. I am now too feeble for opposition. He writes me that his happiness depends upon my compliance. He mingles prayers and denunciations together. Talks of some contract made with Lord Winterbottom, and that my refusal will embitter all the remainder of his life. It is his hand certainly, such as he is accustomed to write when the gout impedes a little the free operation of the pen. But is my Peggy ignorant of all this?

* * * * *

I am persecuted to death. Lord Winterbottom urging his odious suit upon his knees. Mrs Delane beseeching. An hundred times have I said I will take no resolution on this subject, but in England, in the presence of my father, of my sister. Delane insults me with the consequence of his own baseness. So are matters situated; I cannot, he says, return to England, my reputation unstained, but as Lady Winterbottom; and I have lost the spirit to retort upon him as he deserves. Mrs Delane assures me my lord will never consent to my returning to England, but as his lady. My father is of that opinion also. Dear Peggy, I have no wish left, except that of dying in my sister's arms. And is there no other way to obtain it? And is it usual to marry people in the bed of sickness, when life is wearing out apace? Oh, Peggy! what *can* I do?

* * * * *

They tell me I am Lady Winterbottom. That I have received the nuptial benediction from Mr Delane. I remember nothing. An overwhelming stupor has been my portion two days past; an harbinger, I hope, of everlasting rest. Dear Peggy!—Adieu for ever!

* * * * *

It must be so, my dearest sister. Out of this house I cannot go alive—I am sure I cannot. All my senses are perverted. Nothing I eat or drink, tastes as usual. How difficult it is to write these few lines! I am weary, quite weary. The hour of dissolution is near. Commend me to my mistaken—but ever respected father. I resign this world with pleasure. Osmond has resigned it before me. In the next—My beloved sister—once more—Farewell!

MISS SINGLETON TO MRS WYMAN.

Barham Downs.

NOTHING surely, my dear Mrs Wyman, could have happened more unluckily, than the business which drew Mr Wyman so suddenly to London, and you along with him.

We have received by the post, a packet which has revived those self-tormenting reflections, from which you so lately relieved the old Justice, and involved Miss Peggy in the cruellest affliction. It is a series of letters from Miss Whitaker, continued in a kind of journal, too long to transcribe; and too painful to abridge. By whom it was conveyed to the post, we know not; for it leaves the dear young lady in a situation incapable of sending it, and is unaccompanied by note or letter from any other person. Miss Peggy sees in it the death of her sister, and in circumstances of peculiar distress and horror. No words can describe her anxiety; nor can nature long endure a grief so poignant. Now she raves of going to Italy, and actually packs up clothes for the purpose. Now these wilder emotions subside, and she sinks into silent melancholy. Miss Annabella's picture hangs in what was their common bed-chamber; she sighs and gazes at it for hours together, regardless of my entreaties, and often clasps fondly to her bosom some article of her sister's apparel. If it was possible to lose the bitter remembrance for a moment, every object would recall it. Some piece of painting, some work of ornament, done by the unhappy Annabella, or done in concert, everywhere meets the eye of Miss Peggy, and tears her heart. Her appetite is lost; her sleep is terror.

Come—I conjure you both—come instantly. Never can the kind offices of friendship be more opportunely exerted.

Your half distracted

M. SINGLETON.

SIR AMBROSE ARCHER TO MR WYMAN.

Milan.

By the mingled laws of nature and society, dear Wyman, no traveller through life can expect to drink the cup of pleasure unmixed with pain, nor communicate it unmixed to others.

That we have found the lovely Miss Whitaker, and recovered her out of the hands of the detestable Lord Winterbottom, would be pleasure to you almost as great as our own, could we add, that the health of the dear young lady was uninjured, that her intellects were unimpaired. But to you I must communicate that her life is in danger; and should that be spared, we know not whether to rejoice or grieve,

dubious as we are, whether her fine understanding can be restored.

She is at present with an Italian family, of kind compassionate hearts, where every comfort, every assistance she is capable of receiving, will be hers.

It was but yesterday we recovered her. The particulars I cannot give. My bitterest enemy would scarcely impose that tax upon me now.

This letter, I hope, will find you at Barham Downs; if not, it will, I am sure, take you there. Miss Peggy must be informed of these particulars, and informed with caution. Gay and sprightly as she is, she has a tender heart; and an affection for a sister seldom reached, and never surpassed.

Be the termination how it may—it will be some alleviation of her affliction, that her sister escaped without dishonour.

I say nothing of Osmond—at present he scarce exists.

Yours, most sincerely,

AMBROSE ARCHER.

SIR GEORGE OSMOND TO MR THISTLE.

Milan.

MY HONEST OLD FRIEND,

I HAVE received yours, and note the contents. You have done very right in giving a check to the rigorous proceedings of Yates. Whilst his father was agent for the Suffolk estate, no gentleman had a better or more orderly set of tenants. I cannot comprehend how the same people, for I have changed none, can have altered so much for the worse. There is evident malignity in the pen of young Yates, Timothy; we must take care of him. What a catalogue of complaints are here! All idle, and drunken, and dissipated! But I observe the crime of crimes with Yates, is deficiency in rent.

Timothy, I know you have understanding and probity; and I believe you have humanity also. Why should we quarrel with man, for being the animal that nature made him? or wonder that causes produce their eternal effects? It has happened in a land of commerce, that riches have been diffused, and that the occupiers of land have come in for a share. It has happened also, that they have shared a part of the corruption of manners, which riches also introduce. No doubt, they are prouder, more self-important, more sumptuous. And how should it be otherwise, since they are men? Amongst what body of people, whose wealth was increasing, have they had better examples? Riches beget pride, and pride begets poverty; and this very natural effect has been precipitated by the wisdom of our rulers; or rather, this well-conducted war has done in a few years what pride would not have effected in less than a century. But man,

Timothy, delighteth not to walk backward. The habits of opulence cling close, when opulence itself has fled.

You must go down amongst them, Mr Thistle, and see everything with your own eyes. If they are not so good as they should be, let us give them time to become better. But if amongst them you should find pure and uncorrupted hearts, characters of integrity, whom accident and misfortune have assisted bad times to depress; to these, Timothy, be liberal of comfort, and of my purse; for such it shall be freely opened.

Above all, do not listen to Yates, if he talks of either of these cruel expedients, seizing the property of a tenant, or turning him out. Let him not dare anything of this kind without my orders. It is with difficulty I bear him now. If he joins inhumanity to malignity, I tolerate him no longer.

What ridiculous complaints! One drinks too much. Poor fellow! Perhaps he has no comfort in reflection, and drinks to weaken his sensibility. Another sits too much by the fire-side. In all probability, to doze away his cares. Wretch! and dost thou envy him torpidity? A third dares to kill the hare he feeds upon the ground he pays for. Egregious, Timothy! we have three thousand crimes, with each a penalty, with which religion and conscience have nothing to do—the fruitful offspring of caprice, tyranny, and excise. Blessed state of civil policy!

Molly Paterson, too! Fallen from virginity, and Yates, as you suspect, the author. Poor girl! what a load of anxiety has she to endure, because the laws of nature and society are at variance! You know her, Thistle? Has she not a pretty face, and ingenuous as pretty? Modesty seemed printed on it.

The custom of society punishes woman too much for this offence, and man too little. I will endeavour to correct this error. Let Yates look to it; yet, if it be the fault of human frailty only, unattended with baseness or deceit, sour fanaticism might punish, but humanity must forgive. Comfort the poor girl in my name. Bid her not do anything more unworthy of herself, and I will be her friend.

Miss Whitaker is better, Timothy; we begin to have well-founded hopes of her recovery, both in mind and body. Communicate this to Counsellor Wyman, if he is in London; or write to him if he is not.

Beauty, suffering for virtue, is a most interesting object. The malady of this young lady has been of a nature so touching—her innocence—her sweetness of temper—her purity of heart—have displayed themselves so forcibly through her disordered intellects, that I have been affected, perhaps infected, with a flood of new and softening sensations. In the eye of stern philosophy, it may be a doubt whether I gain in point

of happiness, or lose by the acquisition; but stern philosophy can call it by no harsher a name than an amiable weakness, and the stoic apathy is so solitary a perfection, that I exchange it for the love of a brother, and the social affections, with all my heart.

My worthy friend—Adieu.

GEORGE OSMOND.

MR OSMOND TO MR WYMAN.

Milan.

To die is nothing—but to live, deprived of what makes life a blessing—this is the extreme of wretchedness. Such has been the gloomy tenor of my reflections during a series of time, which, measured by its misery, seems an age indeed.

Now, my valued friend, it is once more given me to see the clear azure of an Italian sky, without that sickness of the heart, that made me ready to exclaim with Milton's Satan—"Sun! how I hate thy beams!"

Yes, I confess—even to thee I confess—for thou hast felt the power of the long-scorned deity—my life—more than my life, is bound up in that of my sweet Annabella. There was a time when poverty forbade my hopes. That fiend my generous brother chased away. Then rose the young desires, a blooming progeny, fated to die almost as soon as born—and die in torture. Those, my Wyman, who have felt only the halcyon days of love, have felt his feeblest power. Oh, how it grows and clings about the heart, when twined with soft compassion, the daughter of distress! And is it not the same with sacred friendship? Wyman, my present prospects are unbounded. My Annabella lives, and lives to bless me. My brother is the brother of my heart. My friends—tried by adversity—and grappled to my soul with hooks of steel. Give me, sacred power! to deserve those blessings—and, whilst I live, to keep them!

Archer flies to England—to dispel our gentle Peggy's anxieties, and to relieve you all. He will have the sweet delight of telling you by what happy means wretchedness has thus been changed into felicity. We hope to follow in a fortnight.

Adieu—Yours,

HENRY OSMOND.

SIR AMBROSE ARCHER TO MR WYMAN.

Barham Downs.

WELL, Miss Peggy, and what sort of an animal is this Counsellor Wyman?

Why, he has an oval face, and an aquiline

nose ; very short of six feet high ; stoops in the shoulders, and turns his toes out a little.

And his tongue, Peggy ?

Mighty well adapted to his profession, I think. It plays freely, and is what you call exceedingly nervous. It never moves at all in the water-gruel way. It is something rough too, and yet it seems to have that kind of roughness to which nothing but a delicate courtier, or too apprehensive Nabob, would wish to apply a polish.

And how do you like Mrs Wyman ?

Not at all. She drives me crazy. From the creation of the world to this day, nature, I believe, has not produced her equal. I don't mean as to beauty, for I am almost as handsome myself. But she has such sense, such sweetness, such an attention to please, and such a power to do it, that I am confident a woman of any tolerable vanity must find her—not to be endured.

And how did your father relish their visits ?

Ill in the beginning ; for the Counsellor being under the necessity of proving Lord Winterbottom a rogue, and the manner being a little corrosive, it was like vitriol applied to proud flesh ; till Mrs Wyman found the means of healing as fast as the Counsellor wounded ; and my papa was at last brought to own himself in the wrong with great cordiality.

This point, says Miss Peggy, was gained before the counsellor received the copies of Lord Winterbottom's letters, the contents of which actually struck papa moderately dumb for three days ; I know not when he would have recovered, if Mrs Wyman had not established it as a maxim, and told many a tale by way of illustration, that wickedness and cunning were too hard for good sense and honesty, all the world over. It was in her hands the finest of cataplasms to one of the deepest of wounds.

And now, good folks, having thanked you for the honour you have done me here, and for your goodness in leaving Miss Singleton behind, I must go on to inform you of our proceedings after our arrival at Milan.

We alighted, according to Sir George's appointment, at the hotel de Bergamo, and found the Professor and him just returned from an eight days' excursion to the Appenines, and intent, as we imagined, upon the solution of some knotty theorem. They were so ; but not one of the *infinitesimals*. A couple of Milan newspapers published in their absence, had given an account of the melancholy exits of two English gentlemen, brothers, of the name of Osmond, who had quarrelled about a woman, fought, and killed each other.

Now, although Sir George had enough and to spare of scepticism, yet the consciousness of his own existence seemed almost equal to mathematical certainty ; nor could he conceive what mortal offence he had committed to be put

to death so unmercifully. He knew, indeed, the *capriccios* of Madam Fame, in the erection of her pyramids ; how, if she can get solid truth enough for the purpose, she places the vertex downwards, whilst she carries the building of airy materials, and fantastic embellishments, broad and broader to the skies. But this building seemed of different taste ; Sir George began to suspect the author, and they were considering how to counteract it, when we arrived. The letters found in Wycherley's portmanteau made the whole tolerably plain ; we had little room to doubt that Lord Winterbottom had succeeded in his plan of getting Miss Whitaker into his possession, and that he was practising upon her. There was no time to be lost. The Professor offered to take upon himself to acquaint the governor of the affair, and to procure as much power, civil and military, as should be necessary. This would be excellent as a last resource, but we were willing, if possible, to avoid so much celebrity. We were desirous to know whether Signora Mantorina lived at her house in the country, or in town. Our host of the hotel informed us that she lived in lodgings at Milan, having let her house to an English gentleman, the Chevalier Morrington, who had lived there almost a month in the oddest manner in the world.

The garden, says he, is walled round, and the chevalier has built a new lodge, and put a terrible tall Swiss porter in it, who lets no soul in, or out, except the chevalier himself, or by his special orders. As to the chevalier, he sups with Signora Mantorina every night, and sleeps at a lodging of his own, always returning to his country house to breakfast in the morning. Even his horses and equipages are kept in Milan, although there are good stables belonging to the house. Everybody talks about it, says the good host, it's so comical.

We spent the evening together in deep consultation about ways and means. It seemed to me a desirable thing to get into the house, and I believe I should have had no objection to any decent transformation that would have introduced us. I thought it practicable to converse unsuspected with the porter as two Italian peasants, and endeavour to bribe him ; if this failed, to provoke him to come out and fight with one of us, whilst the other got possession of the gate for both. But I have a better scheme still, says Sir George. I have met in the streets of Milan a couple of Jews, who seem to have associated in order to live. One grinds music upon—I forget the name of the instrument ; it is common enough in London. The other carries a pedlar's box with toys and ribbons. To these he adds an universal panacea for all human evils, in the form of a powder ; and, as if all this was not enough, he tells fortunes. It is upon this last article, principally, says Sir George,

I build my hopes of success ; for this has a charm to draw together all the women of a house, from the lady to the scullion.

This scheme, though proposed in jest, I began to think of in earnest ; when Harry, by a speech in the heroic style, overturned it, and the rest of them, all together.

Never, no, never let it be said, that in a cause of justice and humanity, we stooped to low, base, and ignoble means. Lord Winterbottom shall not reproach us with this. No—we will meet him in the face of day ; we will demand justice ; and if we fail of all other means, then let us accept Mr Professor's offer, and have recourse to the civil power.

Here then we rested, and next day, a little before the hour in which Lord Winterbottom was said always to return to Milan, Osmond and I, with three servants well armed, took the road to the house. In a ride of about three miles we came to an avenue about a quarter of a mile in length, leading from the post road, directly to the gates which front the house. Just before these gates stood a chaise. We waited till we saw my lord enter it ; and then, ordering the servants to keep at a distance, but always within view, we rode to meet him. He was attended only by one servant.

We took the liberty to desire the post-boy to stop, and accosted Lord Winterbottom with all the civility we could, and indeed it was quite sufficient to change his complexion.

My lord, says Osmond, there is a little account to settle betwixt you and I,—will your lordship favour me with your company apart ?

No, damn me if I do, says my lord ; this is a strange liberty you take, almost a stranger to me, to stop my carriage upon the high road, and detain my person upon frivolous pretences. There are laws in Italy, as well as in England.

There are, my lord, replies Osmond ; you may find there are to your cost. It is not now upon the vain point of honour of seeking satisfaction for an affront, that we attend your lordship here. We have a cause much more essential. All I want is to know, if your lordship chooses to discuss it here before your servant, or retire to a freer conference.

I will discuss it nowhere, says my lord. Damn ye, sir, by what authority do you assume this impertinence ?

My lord, my lord, replies Osmond, this is not the hour for insolence and folly. You see before you a man determined to bring your lordship to an explanation, or die in the attempt.

Damn ye, sir, an explanation of what ?

Where is Miss Whitaker, my lord ?

Where is your right to question me ?

This altercation, gentlemen, says I, leads to nothing. My lord, your friend Wycherley is dead.—My lord looked astonished.—He fell in a drunken brawl at Vienne. His portmanteau became the King of France's property. Part of

its contents was your lordship's correspondence with him. This part I begged of the Count du Pleix. It communicates your lordship's ingenious plan to impose upon old Mr Whitaker, and trepan his daughter. You have succeeded in both. The ill consequences that have not already flowed from this scheme, it is our intention to prevent ; and for this purpose did we come.

Lord Winterbottom, though in evident agitation, endeavoured to keep up the idea of his consequence. Neither his rank nor his dignity could stoop to answer questions imperiously put, by people whom he despised. We were beneath his notice, and for this piece of insolence he would call us to a severe account. Then swearing at the driver, ordered him to go on.

I will shoot your horses dead upon the spot, says Osmond, if you offer to stir.

The rank and dignity which seems so troublesome to your lordship, says I, though of great importance in the privy council at St James's, will be of no use to the Chevalier Morington in Italy. Lay it aside for once, chevalier, and condescend to conduct us into the presence of Miss Whitaker. Let us hear from her own mouth that she is well and happy. Perhaps she will choose to favour us with her commands to England, and we shall give your lordship no farther trouble.

No, by God ! you shall not enter my doors.

Then, my lord, we will do ourselves the honour to attend you to Milan, where you shall have the pleasure to find yourself a person of more importance than the Chevalier Morington could reasonably have hoped. The governor will take you under his immediate protection, till Miss Whitaker is under ours ; after which your lordship shall be at liberty to attend a process instituted against you in England. I pledge myself to the due execution of all this. We are ready to attend your lordship to Milan.

I will go where I please ; restrain me at your peril !

One word more, my lord. Your infamy at present is known only to one Italian, Professor M——, who is engaged to secrecy, provided you are disposed to justice. I love my country, and do not wish to stigmatise it in the person of your lordship. Whether your lordship's so justly acquired fame shall be in the bosom of a few, or published to the world, and treated according to its merit, depends upon yourself. In two hours there will be an end of accommodation, of delicacy—of everything but justice.

You think to intimidate me, says Lord Winterbottom, by a heap of gross impositions. What proof have I of this ? And if I had, I have lost a friend, that's all. Perhaps you killed him. You tell me of my letters found in his portmanteau. A very improbable story, of which I believe not a syllable.

Your lordship shall want no information in

my power to bestow. Will your lordship take the trouble to read this specimen of your own inimitable productions? giving him a letter out of a packet. Which when he had read, I put into his hands a paper drawn up by the commissary at Vienne, containing an account of Wycherley's death, and the manner of it. Whilst he seemed to read this with great attention, it was easy to see he was thinking of something else.

Well, gentlemen, says he at length, I confess it hurts my pride, insulted thus, thus authoritatively interrogated, to condescend even to the appearance of giving you the least satisfaction whatever. But, to put an end to this foolish business in the quietest and shortest manner possible, know, that yesterday morning Miss Whitaker made me the happiest of men, by giving me her hand in marriage.

This was a cruel stroke to poor Osmond, whose pallid countenance betrayed the sensation at his heart.

Well, my lord, says I, if this be true——

If!—Damn ye, sir! do you question my honour?

I do, my lord; and your veracity also. There is an easy way, however, to convince us. Let us be permitted to pay our respects to Lady Winterbottom. If she acknowledges herself to be so, without any accusation of your lordship, we shall be satisfied with deploring the lady's fate, and leave Italy immediately.

No—curse me if you shall enter my doors—I owe you no obligation. Besides, Lady Winterbottom is ill, and can't see company.

Ill! and can't see company! broke out Osmond in a fury; and married yesterday! My lord, my lord, here are some dark proceedings, which are ashamed of day. My friend Sir Ambrose has treated you hitherto with a respect and delicacy I fear you are by no means entitled to. In me your lordship will find a ruder assailant. With or without your leave, I will enter that house. I will see the lady, and know her fate from her own mouth, if she is able to speak it. If she has been treated as I suspect, no desert shall conceal, no privy council protect you. I will have no other business in the world but to hunt your lordship out of it. Sir Ambrose, let us leave this base-minded wretch to his folly and his fortune.

My lord, restore the papers.

He answered sullenly, the commissary's account was forged, and he would keep it to convict us of the forgery.

Thou everything despicable, says Harry, restore them this instant, or, by Heaven!—seizing him by the collar.

Damn ye—take them, says he.

I had made a signal to our servants, who were now come up, and having replaced the papers, I gave the packet to one of them, with orders to give it immediately into the hands of Professor

M——. He knows the rest, says I; and we will take the liberty to keep your lordship in reserve for a more honourable custody.

You won't dare to do it? says my lord.

Yes, mylord, replies Osmond; you shall know to your cost, the intrepidity of honest hearts in the cause of virtue.

Call back your servant, says he.

No trifling, my lord! What have you to propose?

You shall have admittance to Lady Winterbottom; that is all you want, I suppose.

We called the servant back.

All at present, my lord; the lady must determine the rest.

My lord gave orders to his footman (an Italian, who had beheld all this with a face of astonishment) to see us admitted, and then follow him to Milan.

He shall go with you, my lord, says I; only have the goodness to stop a moment till your orders are executed.

By G—d, Sir Ambrose, I shall have no rest, night nor day, till I have taken vengeance for this damned insult!

Put us all to death, my lord, in the Milan newspapers.

You are a provoking devil!—But the minute will come——

It is come now, says I, seeing Osmond admitted within the gates. I wish your lordship good morning.

My lord drove off to Milan. I sent a servant after him, with orders to desire the Professor to go an hour or two to the palace, that if Lord Winterbottom had the boldness to move anything there, he might counteract it by a discovery. I also, at a venture, ordered a chaise to be sent from Milan directly.

We found, the porter excepted, no male servant about the house. An elderly woman and two maids seemed to be all the domestics. We inquired for Mr Delane. They did not know where he was. Mrs Delane? She was with the lady above stairs.

What lady?

My master's lady, the Chevalier Morington. I have the honour to know her. Is she pretty well?

No—she has been ill some days.

We desire to speak to Mrs Delane.

The maid delivered the message. The pretty Mrs Delane looked much affrighted.

My name is Archer, madam; I had the pleasure of seeing you once at Barham Downs. I could not come into the neighbourhood of Miss Whitaker without wishing to pay her my compliments. Will you be so obliging as to announce me to that lady?

Sir, (with great confusion,) she is ill—she can't see anybody.

Ay, so Lord Winterbottom said, replies Osmond; but, as we found means to gain his con-

sent, we hope so courteous a lady will not refuse hers.

She was sorry to be under that disagreeable necessity ; but it was impossible to comply with the request.

Ladies, says I, create impossibilities, and men remove them. I thought you had been more obliging. All your favours, I hope, are not confined to Lord Winterbottom ?

My favours are not to be obtained by rudeness, sir.

I am sorry we have not time at present to be polite. If you grant no favours, Mrs Delane, you can scarcely expect any. I hope I shall have the honour of meeting you at Westminster-hall, to thank you there for the favours you have conferred upon Miss Whitaker. The whole share you have had in the arduous task of trepanning that young lady hither is well known to us, and will be so to the public. You must be liberal of your favours somewhere, Mrs Delane, to ward off this blow.

A fit of trembling seized the poor lady, who, after some hesitation, replied, that what she had done was not out of any wicked design, but purely to oblige Lord Winterbottom.

We know it, Mrs Delane ; and yet I am afraid even this generous motive will have but little influence on a dozen rude fellows, unacquainted with gallantry and ton. But come, Mr Osmond, we must announce ourselves, I believe, since Mrs Delane will not.

Well, if I must I must, says she ; I shall remember gentlemen's politeness the longest day I have to live.

I wish, dear Wyman, I could spare myself the remembrance of the scene which followed. To describe it truly is impossible. Miss Whitaker was seated in an arm-chair, no book, no little implements of housewifery about her. Her lovely eyes, that were accustomed to look intelligence, were half closed, sleepy, and unanimated. Can you comprehend what I mean, or will you set me down as a dealer in riddles, when I say, that, being roused by any interesting question, they had a vivacity—a kind of wildness rather—that spoke them too animated ? You will see by what follows, that she was not deficient in quickness of apprehension, and that her replies were prompt, though indicative of leading ideas, which seemed to engross her faculties, and turn all things to themselves.

Mrs Delane announced me.

Sir Ambrose Archer, my lady——

Well, what of him ? he is in England, you know.

He is here, to wait upon your ladyship.

I presented myself before her. She looked at me with an air of surprise.

Then where have you buried poor Osmond ? says she.

The too impatient Osmond stood before her. She started, shrieked, panted for breath, and fix-

ed her eyes full upon him in terror. He knelt and took one of her hands, but was not able to utter a word. After a minute's steadfast gaze, This is very odd, says she ; pray tell me, and tell me true—you always used to tell true—are not you going to England to be buried ? and can't you take me with you ? I want to be buried too.

He could not speak.

You look and feel for all the world, says she, as if you were alive.

I am, I am, says Osmond, sobbing.

But how can that be ? Everybody says you are dead ;—don't they, Mrs Delane ? And you, Sir Ambrose, what do you say ?

It was only a report, Miss Whitaker, raised, I am afraid, for a very bad design.

Look you there now, Mrs Delane, says she. Oh dear ! I am so sleepy—it's very ill-bred too, but I can't help it.

I took Mrs Delane aside, whilst Osmond hung over the sweet sufferer in inexpressible anguish.

Mrs Delane, says I, here have been foul arts ; I hope you may be innocent, but they will be searched to the bottom. We shall convey Miss Whitaker to Milan.

What right or authority have you, says she, over Lady Winterbottom ?

I know no such lady. Take care, Mrs Delane ; you are heaping coals of fire upon your own head.

Osmond overheard this. And can it be true ? says he, taking her hand ; are you indeed Lady Winterbottom ?

Ay, so they say, replies Miss Whitaker.

And was it with your own consent ?

No indeed, (resentfully.)

Who married you, pray ?

Mr Delane, they say.

They say !—Can't you remember it, pray ?

No indeed. I know nothing of it.

Great God ! exclaimed Osmond ; if there be justice on earth, this iniquity shall be severely punished.

Did not I tell you so, Mrs Delane ? says Miss Whitaker.

Has Lord Winterbottom, Mrs Delane, says I low to her, ever presumed upon the privilege of a husband ?

I am not bound to answer your questions, sir, says she.

I will be bold then, madam, to make free with your pretty person as far as Milan, and deliver it over to a tribunal you will not find it easy to elude. The chaise will be here directly. If there be anything you desire to take with you, please to have it ready.

I won't stir a step, says she ; I am under the protection of Lord Winterbottom.

He will find it difficult to protect himself. You have given your honour, and, I fear, your integrity also, to a most despicable wretch.

Mrs Delane turned pale. Then I must seek my husband's protection, says she.

Do, madam, you will want it immediately. She went out.

Osmond said something, I know not what, to Miss Whitaker, in his own soothing and gentle manner.

Ay, says she, this is just the way you talked when you was alive, and in England.

Why will you persist in supposing me dead?

Why, where is the harm of it, pray? You would have gone to heaven, should not you? And I am going thither. Do you think I should not be glad to see you in heaven?

Osmond turned, sobbing, from her.

Come hither, Sir Ambrose, says she; I don't know what to make of him. I thought to have met him in heaven; I might have loved him there, you know; and now he won't hear of it. How odd this is!

There are a great many happy days for both of you on earth, I hope, Miss Whitaker; and heaven at last.

Ay, now you want to make me believe something or other; so did Lord Winterbottom, and so did Mrs Delane. But, oh dear! I have not sense to believe, I think, putting her hand to her forehead.

You are not well, Miss Whitaker, says Harry, but you soon will be well at Milan; and I hope you will accompany us thither without reluctance.

No, not alive, says she, I shall never go out of this house alive—I told my sister Peggy so.

Have you wrote lately to Miss Peggy?

Yes—hush—I have not sent it, though—I knew they would not let it go. But it's ready, and I'll give it you.—You'll take it, won't you?

I will do whatever you desire, Miss Whitaker.

Come hither then, rising hastily, and falling back again—Oh dear, how light is my head!

We supported her to a little closet to which she pointed. Taking out a small bunch of keys, she opened a bureau.

I can't think what I was looking for, says she. I told her.

Poor Peggy! says she, she'll be sadly grieved; but it can't be helped.

Then opening a private drawer, she took out a packet sealed with three black seals, and directed to her sister.

Here it is, says she, but it must not be delivered till I am dead—mind that.

In the same drawer lay a half-rusty stiletto. Pray, says I, what is that?

Hush! says she, looking towards the chamber—Lord Winterbottom is a wicked man, you know; and I could not tell how wicked he might be. Well, I found this thing in this very drawer, and every night I laid it under my pillow—only last night I forgot.

And what did you design to do with it?

Kill him, if he had come in the night—or myself—I don't know which.

So he never did come in the night?

No, never.

And why do everybody call you Lady Winterbottom?

I don't know.

When people are married, they wear a wedding ring.

Yes, and they would have had me wear one too—but I would not. Yet they call me Lady Winterbottom for all that.

Just now entered Mr and Mrs Delane. The gentleman tried for an air of importance. It was a sheepish effort.

Osmond—This prince of meekness at times has a most formidable frown—Osmond, I say, looked terribly upon Delane, and shewing him Miss Whitaker, whom he had again seated in her chair—Wretch, says he, see thy work! and tremble at the vengeance that awaits thee.

The poor parson, I believe, obeyed the edict sincerely.

What, Mr Delane,—continues the gentle Harry—Grant me patience! what had this unoffending innocence done to you, that you should be the abandoned instrument thus to trepan her into wretchedness and disease?

What have I done—so enormous? says Delane.

Ask your conscience, returns Harry; if that is become callous, an English, perhaps an Italian, tribunal may restore its feeling.—With a pale face and quivering lip, he answered, he was afraid of neither. Whilst this altercation was going on, it occurred to me, that by persisting in saying Miss Whitaker was married, they might give us a great deal of trouble, and that it was of great importance to us to know, whether any ceremony of this kind had been really used. If Delane could be drawn over to our party, the whole might be known at once; and if the young fellow was not already sunk into the basest of all prostitutions, and become the pander of his wife, I thought I had matter sufficient to rouse him. With this notion, I desired his company a few minutes into the garden, where I addressed him to this purpose.

Whether what I am going to say to you, Mr Delane, will have any effect, I cannot tell; but your family and I have been long neighbours, and not upon ill terms; and I think it my duty, as a neighbour, and one who would rather do good than evil to any one, to shew you the precipice on which you stand. It is possible that gratitude for past favours may have had some share, as well as expectation of future, in carrying you this detestable length for Lord Winterbottom. Gratitude is an amiable motive, and claims some indulgence, even when it leads to error. But what will you say, Mr Delane, if I should prove to you, that this noble friend of yours has no claim to your gratitude; that he despises whilst he dupes you; injures you in a

way no man of feeling can bear ; and throws a cloud over your understanding, whilst he leads you to perdition ?

I then gave him a full account of Wycherley's catastrophe at Vienne ; and concluded by putting into his hands, one by one, the letters of the noble Earl of Winterbottom.

When he came to the perusal of the ninth letter, in which my lord gave so pretty a narrative of his pre-connexion with Mrs Delane, the poor parson began to bite his lips, grind his teeth, and utter pious ejaculations ; and, obtaining the free use of his tongue, poured upon his lordship's devoted head the full torrent of learned virulence.

How dear to us are our vanities ! Though he found himself my lord's bubble in his marriage, and dignified with the honour of being his Sunday cuckold, it was matter of doubt, whether the pangs he felt from these deep injuries were as keen as those arising from the contempt thrown upon his scientific performances.

When this tumult had a little subsided, You see now, Mr Delane, says I, what kind of a connexion you have formed, and how little likely it is to turn out to your advantage, temporal or spiritual ; for had Lord Winterbottom really designed you the Wilton living, which, in my opinion, he never did, be assured, that, by this time, it is not his to give. You do not yet know, that, exclusive of this affair, my lord's affairs are in a situation so desperate, that it will require many years of foreign economy before he can revisit his native country. This bold push at Miss Whitaker's fortune, was made in hopes of retrieving them. The discovery, I apprehend, will sign and seal his perpetual banishment. You are a young man, Mr Delane, who may be supposed to have been deluded into error, rather than hackneyed in the ways of vice. This lapse may be recovered, but the first step towards it is contrition.

Sir Ambrose, replies Mr Delane, emphatically enough, I am humbled to the dust. All my hopes were in Lord Winterbottom, and all my hopes are lost. But sooner than I will submit a moment longer to eat the bread of this base wretch, I will seek it with my spade.

It is well resolved. There is one thing, Mr Delane, which hinders me from offering you my own services, or the much more efficacious ones of Sir George Osmond and his brother—If you have carried your complaisance to Lord Winterbottom so far as to have profaned the sacred ceremony of marriage, you are undone for ever.

Thank God, I have not, replies Delane. Though strongly solicited, I have not. If you will condescend to hear me, Sir Ambrose, I will give you a true account of the share I have had in this business, and I flatter myself there are some circumstances, which, though they do not exculpate, may serve to lessen your abhorrence of me.

A reverence for my father's patron was instilled into me at very early years, and as the elegant Mr Pope says, not, Sir Ambrose, that I admire the modern poets in comparison of the ancients, but Pope, though not a Horace, has some good lines, as these for example, so exactly adapted for quotation, respecting what I was saying,—“Grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength.”

The present moment, Mr Delane, is extremely precious ; I should be happy at another time to attend to your eloquent quotations ; but now, the utmost brevity, if you please, will suit us better.

To be sure, Sir Ambrose. Conciseness with perspicuity is one of Aristotle's admirable precepts, and equally adapted for conversation as for writing ; albeit Longinus—

I am afraid, Mr Delane, you are now breaking that admirable precept of Aristotle.

Not in the least, Sir Ambrose ; I protest, on the contrary, I am so imbued with the spirit of that divine author, in these degenerate days, unfortunately, too little valued, that—

Permit me to interrupt you, Mr Delane ; I perceive plainly I shall receive much pleasure, and instruction also, from the elegant manner in which your narrative will be delivered ; and in order to enjoy it in the fullest manner possible, we will, if you please, postpone it to an hour of leisure.—You assure me no mock marriage, nor any marriage, has passed betwixt Lord Winterbottom and Miss Whitaker ?

Certainly no, Sir Ambrose ; and I must beg leave to claim the honour of rendering that design abortive.

It will entitle you to consideration. You will go with us to Milan ?

Undoubtedly, Sir Ambrose. I hope I may depend upon your protection against Lord Winterbottom, who may be addicted to vengeance ?

You shall have nothing to fear from that nobleman, Mr Delane ; he will find sufficient occupation in defending himself.

And, I suppose, says Delane, I may bind my travelling trunk on the chaise which is to carry away Miss Whitaker.

My servant shall take care of it for you, and you shall ride my horse. Now let us go in.

My presence, says he, is not necessary in the lady's apartment, and I cannot look upon that hyena my wife, without emotions of rage. I will prepare, and be ready at your call.

The chaise from Milan was now standing at the door, and I was in hopes Osmond had prepared matters above stairs for immediate departure. No. Osmond's heart had so much the ascendant over his head, that the latter was useless. Miss Whitaker was still impressed with the idea of dying, and dying in that house ; and Harry's sum-total of persuasion had lain in his sobs and sighs. I whispered him to let us try the effect of a solemn parting. We made it with

some pathos, and pretended to retire. We had scarce passed the door of the chamber, when Miss Whitaker set up a loud scream. We returned, desiring to know if she had any farther commands.

How cruel it is, says she, not to stay till I die, and take me with you!

How cruel it is in you, Miss Whitaker, to choose to die (if you will die) in a foreign land, amongst your enemies, rather than in your native country, surrounded by friends, and in your sister's arms!

My sister's arms! says she, with sweet eagerness; my sister's arms! why, that's what I wanted too. I told her so. But don't you think it would grieve poor Peggy too much?

No—it will be a comfort to her.

Will it? Then I'll go with you. We shan't be long, sure, in going to England. Let us lose no time.

We took her at the moment, without paying the least attention to the clamours of Mrs Delane, running about to seek her husband, or bestowing a thought upon Miss Whitaker's dress. At the door we found Delane, his trunk upon the chaise. His wife cast her eye upon it. Her placid features had before given place to a more animated countenance; now, they put on the appearance of a fury. She raved and stormed with almost Billingsgate eloquence. It was of advantage to us, by hastening Miss Whitaker into the chaise, and taking off her attention from what she was about.

Oh dear! says she, how that bad woman abuses Mr Delane!—But if he knew what I know—As sure as you're alive, my lord is naught with her.

Mrs Delane kept storming on.

I know thy whoredoms and adulteries, thou daughter of Jezebel! bawled out the parson.

Pitiful, mean-spirited scoundrel! says Madam Fury.

Deceiving, lewd, abandoned strumpet! returns the parson.

I placed myself by the side of Miss Whitaker, and the chaise drove off. Osmond mounted, and with great precipitation the parson also, and left the victory and the field of battle to the enemy.

We drove without ceremony, for reasons of delicacy, to the house of Professor M—, and consigned our lovely charge to the care of Miss M—, his sister, a lady who has preferred a brother's affection to that of a husband, till it is too late to think of one. The Professor himself, with a soul almost as benevolent as the parson of Sels, is half an Englishman; having resided several years in London, and studied our language and philosophy; and that he might not lose the former for want of practice, on his return he taught it his sister, who speaks it, not indeed like her brother, but intelligibly enough.

Two of the most celebrated physicians in Mi-

lan were immediately sent for, and informed of as much of Miss Whitaker's story as was thought necessary to assist their judgment. The young lady was extremely fanciful, and as she was much emaciated, her complexion excessively clear, and her cheeks tinged with a faint flush, she had greatly a hectic appearance. By the countenances of these gentlemen, no symptoms of hope were exhibited. They prescribed, and departed. Osmond sunk into despondence, and we separated early, each retiring to our respective apartments. Unable to rest, I employed a part of the night in writing to you, and the next day sent off my own servant with it as far as Geneva, knowing the posts from thence to England were regular and safe.

The next day's consultation produced a little hope. The lady was more sedate, and the flush had disappeared; but her weakness seemed not to be at all diminished.

It was not till after the sixth meeting that we durst admit of any considerable degree of exultation. Then it was, the physicians informed us, that if the present symptoms continued four days longer, they could be able to pronounce the young lady out of danger, both as to her health and intellects.

With these assurances we were tolerably well satisfied, and I ventured to write my second letter to Miss Peggy. After which, we had leisure to think upon the Rev. Mr Delane, whose confession I designed should serve for the first evening's entertainment we were capable of enjoying. As Sir George and the Professor are inseparable, he supped with us at our hotel. The conversation fell naturally, though not very politely for Delane, upon Miss Whitaker's affair, and Lord Winterbottom was cut up (his own phrase you know) without mercy. It was impossible to avoid some glances at our reverend gentleman, who became as eager to enter upon his own justification, as I was to have him.

You will not wonder, gentlemen, says he, that I should imbibe an early reverence for the patron of my family. Nature, reason, and religion, all inspired it. My father continually inculcated the precept, and set the example.

*Si damnosa senem juvat alca, Iudit et heres
Bullatus, parvoque cadem movet arma fittillo.*

When I left Cambridge and went to London, as it were to seek my fortune, my lord gave me a general invitation to dine at his table, that is to say, in the steward's room. I must own this gave me some small disgust, for my father had taught me to set a proper value upon the dignity of the cloth. And, without doubt, a clergyman is a gentleman everywhere, both by education and profession, and the service of God requires the utmost respect to be paid them by the great men of the land. I am sorry to say this age does not sufficiently attend to this matter; and

hence the vast increase of licentiousness, immorality, and irreligion.

Why, this is right now, says Sir George, with a smile ; I love to have my notions corrected by men of erudition ; who never advance anything but what they know to be strictly true. I must add this other link to my chain of causes and effects. Industry begets commerce, commerce begets money, money begets luxury, luxury begets licentiousness—Pshaw, I mean want of respect for the clergy, and this want of respect for the clergy begets immorality, irreligion, and the devil. All this is very just, Mr Delane, but does not seem to bring us a bit nearer the information you designed, I believe, to give us.

Delane looked silly, and went on.

There was in the housekeeper's room a very pretty young woman, who made me forget this indignity. She was daughter to a clergyman, at whose house my lord had boarded, for the sake of instruction in the classics, previous to his going to Oxford. Her father had been dead two years, and my lord, from a grateful remembrance of his preceptor, sent for her to town, and put her under the care of his housekeeper. I thought it a most benevolent action, and my respect and reverence for my lord increased. I may say also with Horace,

Urit me Glycæra nitor
Splendentis pario marmore purius
Urit grata protervitas,
Et vultus nimium lubricus aspicit.

In short, as I had little else to do, I spent the greatest part of my time in Miss Harris's company. My lord began now to take more notice of me than usual, and I had the honour of dining with him very frequently. Sometimes too he would condescend to rally me upon my affection. One day he talked seriously to me, expressed his great esteem for the young lady, both for her father's sake and her own transcendent merit ; and desired me not to engage her affections, unless I intended to marry her. I informed my lord that no other event in nature could give me equal happiness, but that I was deterred *paupertate duro*. My lord asked me if I had tried the press. I answered, no ; and that I was deterred from doing it, by the very little regard now paid to scientific productions. My lord replied, that more regard was undoubtedly paid to politics, and advised me to try my talents in that line. I will give you matter, says he ; a man of learning can be at no loss for arrangement, for ornament, and amplification, which are the only things required. Well, gentlemen, my first essay was a small pamphlet on the side of government. I must own I thought it a good piece. My lord was in

raptures, and gave me fifty guineas from the minister. My next essay procured me an hundred. It is true the booksellers gave me nothing. My lord had also procured me a curacy within twenty-five miles of London, and soon after asked me how I went on with Polly Harris. I answered, nothing deterred me from knitting the connubial knot, but a permanent settlement. My lord said he had the girl's welfare much at heart, and that he had always designed to give her to some young agreeable clergyman, who would make her happy ; and, by way of portion, the living at Wilton. I knew the living was worth 300*l.* per annum, and the incumbent old ; my lord seemed to offer me the cup of felicity, and of fortune also, and I was eager to drink. My lord very kindly gave me his consent, provided I could gain the lady's. The lady gave me her consent, provided it was agreeable to my lord. My family approved all the circumstances, my father gave me money to furnish a house, and we were married in a fortnight. I was the happiest of men. I continued to write for government, and my lord got me paid. I knew the world, and yet it never entered my head that Lord Winterbottom had any other motive for kindness than pure friendship and benevolence.

* Nulla ne perjuri capitis, fraudisque nefandæ pœna
erit ?

This quotation produced a smile from all of us. The parson recollected himself, had the grace to blush, and went on.

How my lord came to know Miss Whitaker visited my wife, I never could find out, but it is certain he had early intelligence. He sent for me, and having praised my last performance, and my general talents, condescended to give me a long history of his love for Miss Whitaker ; how she slighted him in favour of a very contemptible fellow, one Davis ; how her father lamented this depravity as well as himself, and wished any method could be found to draw her from him. And, says my lord, I believe I have thought upon a method to save the young lady, and to forward my own wishes, and those of her father.

This was our first conversation. We had many others, in which my lord led me step by step, always flattering me, and always professing the highest honour and integrity, into this hopeful business. I should tire your patience to relate all the contrivances, all the minutiae of this stratagem ; for, as Aristotle very justly observes, these only serve to clog the spirit of a narration, and render it unaffecting ; and Quintilian speaks to the same purpose. Not but what, as Longinus thinks, trifles now and then, sparingly and

* Will there be no punishment for perjury, deceit, and fraud ?

judiciously introduced, may have a good effect.

When they relate to their subject, replies Sir George.

To be sure, answers Delane; albeit digressions are not wholly to be condemned, for Varro, the most learned of the Romans, speaking thereof, sayeth—

Nothing to your present purpose certainly, Mr Delane; and if you can get forward without the assistance of these great names, you will oblige us.

I submit to your authority, Sir Ambrose, returns the parson, although not wholly of your opinion; and shall therefore suppress the remarks I made in my travels, though peradventure not destitute of merit; and confine myself to what passed amongst us after our arrival here.

Lord Winterbottom spent the first days in defending himself from the lady's too forcible accusations, and in deprecating her anger; and when he saw that this availed not, he fell again to his contrivances. I ventured to remonstrate against one or two, as respectfully as possible, and my lord gave them up; soon after which he furnished me with money to visit Rome, a delectable tour to a man of science, wherein I made a multitude of remarks with intention one day of giving them to the public. During my absence Lord Winterbottom fell upon sundry stratagems; one of which he hath since boasted of as a master-piece; and indeed it depressed the young lady to an extreme. This was no other than sending a servant to Lausanne with two letters to be put into the post there, for the printer of a newspaper at Milan; signifying the death of Sir George Osmond and his brother; but, as I suppose you have seen them, I need not be particular in the specification. This was followed by a forged letter from Mr Whitaker, wherein he commandeth his daughter to marry Lord Winterbottom, and threateneth in case of refusal. After these, the young lady seemed to grow careless of life, or anything therein, and I believe would have yielded from lassitude alone. Nevertheless she persisted in her refusal to come to any conclusion but in the presence of her father and sister. For what reason I know not, my lord would never yield to this return, and as soon as I returned from Rome he fell upon another expedient. It was proposed to me to read the marriage ceremony over, the lady willing or unwilling. I assure you, gentlemen, my blood ran cold with holy horror at this proposal, and I was determined against compliance, be the consequence what it would. My wife never ceased to abuse me, and my lord grew sullen. After many debates the matter was settled thus. Gentle opiates to be given Miss Whitaker, till her memory became unsettled. Then call her Lady Winterbottom, assert she was married with her own consent, and treat

her with double respect. It was not doubted but this would impress her with the belief she was married, and that she would yield quietly to her destiny. In which case she might easily be engaged to a real marriage, with the public solemnity of a church. This preliminary I myself insisted on; and further, that my lord would give me his faith, (*fides*,) for we have no English word to express all I meant, no more than we have to express what the Romans meant by *Ratio*, *Virtus*, *Pietas*, and many more—But, however, that is not to the point, for digressions should not, according to Quintilian, be introduced, except where the subject will bear a pause, and I think I had not brought my discourse to a period; though I protest, and I am seldom deficient in memory, I do not recollect with precision—Oh, I have it—I exacted, I say, a positive promise from my lord, that nothing should be attempted against Miss Whitaker's honour. It is true, my lord yielded this point easily, and I am convinced had no desire of breaking this part of the convention; for what betwixt my damned wife (may heaven forgive me for swearing!) and Signora Mantorina, with whom he sleeps every night—I believe I need not be more explicit. And now, gentlemen, having brought down my narrative to the point of time at which you arrived, I throw myself upon your generosity and candour. I own myself culpable, but I hope you will not think my fault enormous.

This letter, dear Wyman, is of so immoderate a length, and I am so weary of it, and of this son of the church, that I cannot continue the conversation, though the strong keen irony of Sir George, applied to the gentleman's vanities, and his pedantry, would have entertained you.

The next day we found Miss Whitaker altered for the better. Her languor and drowsiness were still considerable, but her flightiness very much abated. We owe much to the kind attention of the worthy Miss M—.

The next day and the next Annabella continued to mend. Doctor S— is of opinion that her languid habit will not go off soon; and that it will yield much easier, and with less danger, to gentle travelling, when she is able to bear it, and a succession of agreeable objects, than to medicine. As to her consumptive complaints, the doctor believes she never had any of the true hectic kind. At least none remain.

The Chevalier Morington could not be heard of. At length the Professor's servant informed us that his servants at the hotel de Turin were discharged; his horses and equipage ordered to be sold; and that he himself was called by a sudden emergency to England. This latter article though we did not believe, yet we thought it would not be amiss to watch his motions there, in case of its reality. Accordingly, on the following day, the reverend Mr Delane and myself set out from Milan, and without stopping

to make remarks for the benefit of the public, ended our travels at Barham Downs on Tuesday last.

Affectionately yours, and
Mrs Wyman's by report,
AMBROSE ARCHER.

MISS SINGLETON TO MRS WYMAN.

Barham Downs.

SIR AMBROSE ARCHER, in his long letter to Mr Wyman, forgot to mention a most singular and perplexing circumstance. When he left Italy, he had Miss Annabella's leave to bring with him the packet he spoke of, sealed with three black seals. When he delivered it to Miss Peggy, you may judge of her surprise to find its outward appearance the very same with that she had before received by the post. On opening that which Sir Ambrose brought, it contained blank paper only. This is perfectly unintelligible, and must at present remain so.

Since the first hour of our acquaintance, my dear Mrs Wyman, I have never been from you half so long as at this visit; and I confess I feel rather awkward about it, and seem to want something that belongs to me. Not but I allow Miss Peggy Whitaker to be an excellent substitute, but in love and friendship, as the advertisements say, none but principals will be treated with.

It has come to pass very unnaturally, that I have lived to a very respectable age of spinstry, without falling in love. This backward spring I must wholly attribute to your ladyship, for as soon as I get out of the reach of your attraction, I am ready to fall in love like other people. Doubtless, you will desire to know the man, and his terrible accomplishments. In the first place, then, he is a baronet, and I believe, as the world goes, I need say no more to make the said world, the female part at least, approve my wisdom. He is verging towards forty, the age of prudence;—more proof of my wisdom. A comely, hale, well-looking, well-proportioned gentleman, about five feet five inches, half-fat, half-lean, and has so much good nature, that it quite gets the better of his gravity; and the man is perpetually infusing mirth and good humour into every creature's heart that will open to receive them.

Now, yesterday, you must know that I set my cap at him, and that wild thing, Peggy, told me flat and plain, if I did so again, she would pull it off. Don't you see, says she, that I am trying to fall in love with him myself?

But the man is a dozen years older than you are.

Yes; so Nature, a busy body like yourself, has been telling me. What of that? says Reason, he is a dozen years wiser. Do you reckon

for nothing that sage sprinkling that Time bestows upon men as they gallop and trot through life, till it brings them down to a sober walk? Only think what time and pains will be taken away in the breaking.

Now, Miss Peggy, I have heard skilful jockeys say, the sooner they got their colts to the *manège*, the better beasts they made them.

But man, Polly, is a more vicious brute than a horse; the young ones of this species have monstrous strong mouths; no bridle can stop them till they have run themselves fairly out of breath.

But you are falling in love, Miss Peggy, from the mere force of gratitude.

When I was a child, Miss Singleton, I thought as a child. At eighteen, I used to fall in love with a scarlet coat, and the etceteras of the frippery tribe. At twenty-four, I think gratitude as good a foundation for love, almost, as a coach-and-six.

But, Miss Peggy, you are falling in love first?

Ay, that may not be altogether so judicious. I believe I must stop proceedings till I know if the man will take me for better and worse.

Of all things, says I, I should like to hear you ask the question.

Then, depend upon it, Miss Singleton, I will ask him before you.

Now, if Miss Peggy was really in jest, my dear Mrs Wyman, this might be done well enough; but as I am convinced she is in sober earnest, influenced by a few of the most amiable motives that can influence a woman, I am quite eager for the question.

Dear Kitty, adieu.

M. SINGLETON.

MISS WHITAKER TO HER SISTER.

Milan.

TEN days since, my dearest sister, I was struggling hard to overcome those fond habits of thinking, by means of which I had for many years as full a portion of happiness as can well fall to mortal lot. I believed I must die, and it was necessary to resign myself to that belief. I obtained more than this resignation—I obtained the wish. So much, my dear Peggy, had I weaned my affections from the things of this world, that when, by the care of my kind friends, I recovered from my stupor, and was told that life and earthly happiness were once more mine, I was scarce grateful for the blessings. My desires are now returning fast, too fast, into their former channels. Is it a necessary appendage to humanity, that the more ardent our wishes are for the good things of this world, the less are our aspirations for another?

My dear papa is, I hope, now convinced of

the entire worthlessness of the depraved Lord Winterbottom. Assure him that I acknowledge his kind intentions for my happiness, though he was mistaken in the means. Assure him that my duty is unimpaired, and my wishes are to make that duty agreeable to him, in all my future conduct.

No father, no brother, could have been kinder than Sir Ambrose Archer was to me before his departure from Italy. May Heaven reward him for it—hereafter. Here, Peggy, reward him yourself; for if I have any skill in interpreting mysteries, you are the sole earthly deity who can do it. We have a lady here, a very good-humoured maiden of fifty, who, I am certain, would have been content to have had the last twenty years of her life annihilated, with all the piety and all the wisdom thereunto belonging, and have gone back again to thirty, with all the folly thereof, provided she could have had Sir Ambrose into the bargain. This lady I have strongly solicited, from motives of gratitude and inclination, as well as decency, to accompany me to England; and as the only reason she urged against it was the leaving her brother, that worthy Italian has kindly consented to accompany us also, and after a few months' stay, conduct her back.

Oh, my dear Peggy! what good people there are in this world!—what contrasts to the Lord Winterbottoms!

Could one ever have thought Sir George Osmond would have stood so forward in the rank of virtuous men? It is true, he has not that tenderness, that sensibility, that touching softness, which distinguishes his brother; but, under an uncouth appearance, and a seeming roughness of manners, he conceals a manly and generous heart, as ready to reward merit, or relieve distress, as many who would be thought embued with the soul of benevolence.

But is there not, my dear Peggy, a certain delicacy in my being here with Mr Osmond? Settle it amongst yourselves, ye daughters of factitious decorum! I disdain to use your little airs to my preserver, to the most noble, most generous, most disinterested of men. I had no sooner recovered my understanding, than, with a tenderness all his own, he laid himself and fortunes at my feet. It was quite unexpected. The peculiar delicacy of my late situation was sufficient, even in my own opinion, to make a rash man cautious. I confess frankly, my Peggy, the declaration was the greatest cordial I could have received; but maidenly nicety forbade me to let him know what passed within my bosom. On the contrary, I spoke a language foreign to my heart, the language of worldly prudence. I told him, The world would never find in its heart to speak well of a person situated as I had been.

He replied, That the world, to be sure, was a wise personage, its judgments always formed

upon the best grounds, and its conclusions charitable. And what, Annabella, *can* it say on the present occasion?

That I have been a month in the same house with Lord Winterbottom, a gentleman of gallantry and enterprize, and that to come out thence with untainted honour, bordered on the miraculous.

But I, who know this miracle has been performed—

The world, Mr Osmond, will not applaud your easy faith.

The world and I, Miss Whitaker, have differed in opinion so much, and so often, that I have had the presumption to make it a rule to be guided by my own understanding; and this is a case in which my understanding approves what my heart dictates.

But do you know the penalty, sir? My father informed me by letter, that if I did not marry Lord Winterbottom, my fortune should be only ten thousand pounds.

You despise me, Miss Whitaker.

No, indeed; why so?

What greater mark of contempt can you shew, than to suppose I can stoop to such sordid considerations, when more than life, when happiness is at stake?

What pretty words men have upon such occasions! At length we have signed a convention that the subject (barring hasty ebullitions, Peggy,) shall sleep till we have an opportunity to bring it before a tribunal at Barham Downs. At this dread tribunal, then, we are preparing to appear, as in all probability we shall leave Milan in a few days. My heart bounds with pleasure when I think of once more embracing my sister.

Adieu. Your

ANNABELLA WHITAKER.

MR OSMOND TO SIR AMBROSE ARCHER.

Milan.

I AM all joy, all ecstasy, or, more poetically still, all air, on the prospect we have of my Annabella's speedy restoration to her usual health and strength. So little of her weakness now remains, that we are actually preparing for England.

She received an extraordinary visit yesterday. It was from a woman of decent appearance, who had been housekeeper at Lord Winterbottom's recess, till she (Miss Whitaker) began to be ill, after which she saw and thought of her no more.

It appears this good woman was dismissed, because my lord did not find her sufficiently obsequious—she was wicked only by halves. Against their later proceedings she remonstrated, and (to men of the court) remonstrances are enormities. My lord punished her by dis-

mission. People never feel compassion for others so truly, as when in calamity themselves. She had marked the progress of Miss Whitaker's packet, had seen it sealed, and finally deposited in the drawer of the bureau, to all the locks of which Lord Winterbottom had given her a master-key. Out of pure pity, and a desire to serve Miss Whitaker, she stole and committed it to the post; but not being allowed to speak to that young lady out of Mrs Delane's presence, and fearing it might trouble her to find it gone, she made up a similar packet, and counterfeiting the direction tolerably well, deposited it in the same place. For this, if it was wrong, she came to beg Miss Whitaker's pardon; but as she could have no bad motive for doing it, instead of reproof, she met reward.

Lord Winterbottom is still unheard of. I have no action to entertain you with. Rather than nothing, perhaps you will accept a conversation.

It was very providential, says the Professor to me, your arrival at Vienna at the instant you did.

Sir George smiled; the Professor would know the reason.

I was thinking, replies Sir George, of the providential escape we had from the hurricane amongst the Apennines, which, you may remember, blew down five or six cottages, and half demolished the little inn at which we were to have slept. Our delay, I remember, was owing to a cask of home-brewed, of the vintage of 1775, which you owned was excellent, and I thought superlatively so. My thirst was great, to be sure, but I did not know till now, it might have been dignified with the title of the thirst providential.

I am afraid, Sir George, says the Professor, you have a disposition to atheism. Can it be possible in a mathematician?

No really, I think not, replies Sir George; but though he cannot plead infidelity, he may be allowed to profess ignorance. There is a power, unknown to me, that pervades the universe. To this power, you pious gentlemen give the singular number, and masculine gender, and call it God. Be it so. I believe in God, then, as well as you. I endeavour, with the utmost humility, to conceive something of the nature of this power; I stretch my faculties in vain. To the worthy divines who labour to instruct me in the nature of his attributes, and infinities, I am much obliged. I would understand them if I could. Whether they understand themselves, to themselves is best known. If they do, let them pity, rather than insult, the poorer understandings of their brethren; if they do not, I wish them pious, but not dogmatical. All I ask, is permission to adore in silence; to confess my limited capacity; and not to be obliged to believe that this power changed or suspended any part of that astonishing immutable operation called the course of nature, in order that a pair

of atoms should arrive at a town of France at one hour rather than another.

But how can Deity be better employed, says the Professor, than in succouring distressed virtue?

How can you be better employed, returns Sir George, than in protecting here and there a weak individual amongst your nation of ants, from the violence of his stronger fellows?

God bless me! says the Professor, this is such a monster of a comparison! I declare, Sir George, you ought to be burnt for a heretic.

Yes, replies Sir George, it would tend very much to the glory of God indeed. Of all the inanities this busy, restless, insignificant animal, whom you dignify so highly, toileth and troubleth himself about, the most extraordinary, the most completely ridiculous, and most truly infernal, is that of making the brain of his neighbour vibrate exactly like his own, and of burning him if it does not. Nor will the belief of partial and particular providences find an entry into my head, whilst that pandemonium called the Inquisition exists upon the face of the earth. But when the electric fire, or any fire, has consumed its palaces, and changed the inhabitants from monsters into men, call upon me for conversion.

Then would to heaven, Sir George, returns the Professor, I could call upon you for conversion to-morrow morning. For, though an Italian and a Catholic, I do detest and abjure the Inquisition, as much as you Englishmen detest and abjure the Pope and the Pretender; and from my soul abhor the *tyranny* of the Christian religion, as much as I love and revere its primitive mildness and benevolence.

Then would to heaven, replies Sir George, I could salute your holiness Pope, to-morrow morning; and I would sooner kiss your toe for this sentiment, than for all your holiness's predecessors have professed since the manufacture of the original tiara.

And I declare, says the Professor, that my holiness's first act shall be an act of indulgence to you and all such like heretics, who profess the *spirit* of the Christian religion, allowing you to pass to heaven with less of the *letter* of it, than any Pope has ever granted before me. I shall have a strong ambition also to get you Englishmen once more within the pale of salvation.

Alas! replies Sir George, Englishmen dare never more come within the paddock of grace, for fear of paying for it. If St Peter continues to love his pence as formerly, there will be no conciliation; and it is too much to expect from any modern Christian virtue, salvation for nothing. Besides, continues Sir George, you bring us a lady veiled from top to toe, and you call her Truth, and you bid the devil take us, if we don't acknowledge her.—Let us see her face, says Luther.—By no means, says Peter, the light would

blind you.—Then, says Mess Archy MacCalvin, let us at least see her backside ; that we may ken if the marks o' grace be on her.—Not an inch of her naked body shall you behold, says Peter, and so G—d d—n ye all together.—Now this is the way in which your holiness has been used to talk, and the English are stark-mad for naked truth ; so we are farther off than ever. But if you would take away her veil, and dress her without meretricious ornaments, and like a woman of reason ; if you would let our parsons have wives to kiss, and never trouble your heads about their benefices ; if you would let us eat and drink when and what we thought proper, confess our frailties to God, and ask his pardon rather than your holiness's ; if you would not swear at us so on every slight occasion, and permit us to find our own way to heaven without paying you for passports ; if to this you would have the goodness not to think yourself wiser and bigger and better than the good King of England, and permit him to be guided by his privy council, and his two houses of parliament, without cramming in your advice upon all occasions ; if your holiness would consent to these conditions, and a few others of a like nature, we would be as good Catholics as any in the world.

I accept of your conditions by the lump, replies the Professor, all but one. The emoluments, the emoluments, Sir George ; these are indispensable requisites to salvation ; but even here, I will concede as far as the nature of the thing will bear : Whenever I do myself the honour to ask you for a million, you shall be allowed to give and grant it, out of your own free will, and filial affection.

Ungratable, says Sir George, but your holiness shall be allowed to gamble in the stocks occasionally ; and if your holiness chooses to amuse yourself in the old pontifical highway of basket-making, you may call your little creations nephews, and provide for them without dismembering the patrimonies of the church.

Or if you have any foolish and extravagant younger brothers, says I—

Hold thy peace, Henry, says my brother ; no soul shall have a hand in this treaty but myself. Agreed or not agreed ?

Agreed upon as preliminaries, answers the Professor ; and to be finally sealed and settled in the twenty-first year of my papacy.

I congratulate the world upon the occasion, and am, dear Archer, yours,

HENRY OSMOND.

P. S. After I had wrote the preceding, I indulged myself in a conversation at the Countess Straffei's. Part of it run upon the Chevalier Morrington, and Signora Mantorina. The report is, that after having combined together to betray a young English lady, whom her relations had released, they had quarrelled about another. That this other was found in the Sig-

nora's country house, when she went to take possession ; and that she turned her out without the least ceremony. The chevalier resented this ; the Signora resented the resentment : he damned her ingratitude ; she, his fanfaronade ; the fine bond of union broke—and so they parted.

And where is the chevalier, pray ?

This is an impenetrable secret.

H. O.

MISS SINGLETON TO MRS WYMAN.

Barham Downs.

I AM going, my dear Mrs Wyman, to give you a specimen of as singular a courtship as ever I believe was done and performed by a man who dotes upon his mistress ; and by a woman, possessed of a firm persuasion that her lover is one of the worthiest of human beings.

I think, Miss Peggy, says Sir Ambrose, I have a promissory note of yours in my pocket. "Oh how grateful should I be to the man who serves my sister !" Now Annabella's last letter acknowledges that I have performed my part of the condition.

Well, and don't I perform mine ? Am not I grateful every day ?

How can I tell ? What signifies invisible money ?

What the deuce would the man have ?

Something palpable ; substantial. Kisses of the manufacture of Venus ; and looks that might charm a statue from its pedestal.

Friend, I have them not ; and if I had, your claim does not reach that sort of coin. You know at best it was but a partnership business ; and half my note is due to Mr Osmond.

Annabella pays him in full.

The man, Polly, does nothing but confound love and gratitude. He has no head for distinctions. I'll lay a wager he is downright over head and ears in love with my divinityship. Are not you now ? Come, confess. You told Annabella, you know, I was your earthly goddess.

Not I, indeed. It is true I toasted you now and then in a bumper, and at Miss M——'s request, gave her your portrait, as far as my shallow observation would permit.

If you don't labour under a shallow memory also, I shall be obliged to you for a repetition.

I am afraid I can't pretend to exactness. Imprimis, your lips—plump, and "like a thread of scarlet." Eyes, black, or blue, or grey ; I could not be positive unless I could see my tabby cat. Cheeks, red and white ; it vexed me to forget whether that lovely dimple was on the right or left. It was impossible not to be eloquent in praise of those beautiful locks, could I have remembered their colour—or your neck of ivory. "like the round tower of David"—or your feet, "beautiful with shoes."

Stay my love with flaggons, Interrupted Peggy, laughing; for he is sick of love. These are desperate symptoms—but come, finish the portrait.

With what rapture did I dwell upon your admirable good qualities! The domestic virtues were all your own; for I had eat the best of puddings formed and fashioned by your fair hands, and your syllabubs were supereminent. Religion you had very much at heart; it came forth in pious ejaculations from your ruby lips, even when one would imagine your attention was fully employed by the king of diamonds. Your benevolence was manifest and extensive; so far from doing harm even to a toad or a spider, you would run away rather than give them the least disturbance. And for industry—my eyes were evidence it was in this age almost unparalleled—my eyes had seen your sampler. Nor could I avoid remarking also your great gravity and attention to decorum; inasmuch, that if nobody tickled you, you never laughed except you were merry; and seldom smiled but when you were in good humour.

Well, I declare now, says Peggy, if the gods had made you poetical, I should have beat Swift's Sacharissa all to nothing. And how can I reward you? for, as Annabella says, it is plain nobody can reward you but me. I believe, after all, I must take you for better and worse.

And if you do, Peggy, it will be against my will; and monstrously against my judgment.

Ay, and against mine too; only I know you will die if I don't, and the parish will cry, fie upon the hard hearted-gipsy!

Well, Peggy, it's very rash; but if you will, you will. However, if you pay no regard to my petitions and remonstrances, you might pay some to the parish register; wherein it is written—Ambrose, son of Ambrose and Catharine Archer, christened the 11th of July, anno Domini 1744.

What's all that to me? You might have fallen in love with me before, then; and why did not you, pray?

It's too soon yet, child; if you would stay till you was a decent spinster of sixty, it would be but six to five against our connubial felicities; now, reckoning by the parish registers, it is six to four. But you're in such prodigious hurry, Peggy.

Yes, I am so—out of pure kindness to you though. Only think how hard it would be to bear the pangs of love and of the gout, at the same time. No, positively I'll have you before time has honoured you with any more of his mementoes. Open your mouth, pray—Three teeth gone, as I live. No, friend; take my advice and me, whilst you can bite.

Well, Peggy, the will of the gods, and you, must be obeyed.

This, my dear Mrs Wyman, is public courtship. The private may have some variation—

for this same evening did I catch the gentleman kissing the lady's hand in the alcove.

Adieu—Yours,

M. SINGLETON.

MR OSMOND TO SIR AMBROSE ARCHER.

Grenoble.

So far, dear Archer, are we upon our way to those happy Downs, where all our wishes centre, and should have been still farther advanced but for another of fortune's extraordinary conjunctions. We had determined to give ourselves the trouble of procuring passports for travelling through France, on purpose once more to see that honest Hibernian, Captain O'Donnel. On our lighting at Grenoble, the first person who struck our eyes was himself, stumping about the inn-yard in boots. He no sooner saw us, than he ran to Sir George and I, and without any regard to the ladies, bussed us with great liberality.

This is a pleasure we did not expect till to-morrow, O'Donnel, says Sir George,—what brings you here, pray?

There is a concatenation of causes, replies O'Donnel; and your wife is among them; but whether she is a first cause, or a second cause, I cannot tell at all.

My wife! says Sir George: Oh then, let us seek an apartment, that we may hear the story at leisure. But the ladies had also a little affair with the toilette, and before this could be accommodated, and orders given for to-morrow, supper was ready. After which, and a due libation of burgundy, the captain was ready to enter upon his story. For the first time in his life, perhaps, he was struck with a sense of the impropriety of relating his tale before strangers. Sir George, who saw him hesitate, assured him with great good humour, that all present knew him to be a cuckold, and that there was not a single particular, past, present, or to come, which he would give sixpence to conceal.

And good reason, too, Sir George; for what have you done to be ashamed of, except treating me better than I deserve?

I have nothing to reproach myself with on that head, O'Donnel, replies Sir George. But come—my wife—

Did me the honour of a visit at Vienne this day three weeks; and sent for me to her quarters, the Lucrece's head; and by my soul I was struck dumb before I could get a word out of my mouth. So she told me she was come from Lausanne purely to ask my pardon for the injury she had done me unknowingly. And I could have spared you the trouble, says I, for I have forgiven it long ago. But she would bother me with the long and the short of it, and after all it was nothing but Mr Jessamy. I be-

lieved every syllable of the matter, and why should I not? There was nothing extraordinary in it, and who can find in his heart not to believe a pretty woman in tears. Oh! such sorrow is quite contagious, and I could have cried too with all my soul, but for one of my father's precepts. Oh, he was the best scholar in all Ballyshannon, and he bade me take care how I got into the jaws of a crocodile, or the paws of a hyæna. And faith I was in danger; for she told me, if she had the empire of the world, she would throw it at my feet, for I had fairly won her heart.

And Sir George Osmond has fairly won mine, my dear, says I; by my soul he is a noble gentleman, and I would as soon think of making a cuckold of my father.

Now the devil burn me if I know how this could offend a lady at all; and yet my Lady Osmond's pretty face was a fright, and of the colour of my mother's scarlet petticoat.

Oh, I was a filthy monster, an indelicate brute, and a fellow without a soul. But by Jasus, says I, there is no end of these things. My mother was the best scold in all Ballyshannon, and if she did not pipe it away two or three hours a-day, she was always troubled with an asthma next morning. So leaving Lady Osmond to finish with the tongs and poker, I made as fine a retreat to my quarters as the Chevalier de Bellisle did from Prague, the enemy firing as far as I could hear.

The next day I was called to a conference by two billet-doux; but I stuck close, my boy, till the arrival of a third, in which she was setting off for England in half an hour. Oh, says I, if the wind is in that quarter I shall do well enough; so I ventured the attack, and by St Patrick was within an ace of a total defeat.

I knew the lady's apartment, so had no occasion for an introduction; and there was she, reclined upon a sofa, the right leg, and a pretty leg it is, dangling a few inches below the petticoat, the toe just touching the floor and beating a tune upon it, which my father, the best scholar in Ballyshannon, called the devil's tattoo; and why? because women played it when they were thinking of mischief. A handkerchief was thrown over her face, and left nothing of it to be seen but one half of her bosom, as white as Irish holland, and heaving up and down under a fine black gauze. May I never see the steeples of Tipperary, if I did not forget my father's precepts by the lump! so I took her by one hand to comfort her, and with the other she drew aside her snowy veil, and half opening her dear delicious eyes, with a long and heavy sigh, Oh barbarous O'Donnel, says she, are you come at last? and then she panted so prettily for breath, that, burn me, if I did not pant for breath too.

Then with a voice so languishingly sweet—You are cruel, O'Donnel, said she, but I could

not reconcile myself to the thought of parting with you—for ever, (with another big sigh,) without thanking you for your last generous favour.

Never mind it, my dear, says I, you are heartily welcome; and our two hands pressed one another, as if they had been acquainted with our hearts. Oh, it would have been a lost moment, if it had not been the moment of relieving the guard. The drums beat, and the trumpets sounded—Ah, poor Cupid! I took a few hasty strides about the room—the lady rose from the sofa—the victory was complete.

No, my dear O'Donnel, says she, I did not deserve your generosity, and it prospered accordingly. That rascal, my footman; how could you, O'Donnel, leave me a prey to that detestable wretch! he robbed me of your favour, and everything else I had of value. I was forced to sell clothes to enable me to travel hither. I am a poor undone, destitute creature, and what to do I don't know.

Then I will tell you, my dear, says I. It is all because you left the road of honour, d'you see; and if you would get into it again, it would be all the better for you. Now, here is a convent, Lady Osmond; I will place you in it, till I can write to Sir George in Italy; he is too generous not to put it in your power to be good all your life long; and, by my soul, there is nothing like it.

A convent, O'Donnel! says she: *Mon Dieu!* and is that all your kindness? What barbarity! and could you have the heart to put me in a convent, O'Donnel?

Only to keep you out of harm's way, Lady Osmond. By my soul, there is not a safer garison for a lady in all France.

I detest France, says she, and all its horrid convents.

By St Patrick, and France would do well enough without them. If I had money, Lady Osmond, I would give it to carry you to England, freely; and as I have none, I will borrow it.

My dear O'Donnel, how kind, and how cruel you are! And must we then part, O'Donnel?

And indeed we must, Lady Osmond.

But what signifies bothering you with all our talk, my dears, and we had enough of it. The dare creature consented at last to accept of thirty louis-d'ors, to carry her to England the next day. So I went and borrowed the money of my good friend Captain Parry, and he knew I could pay him again well enough; for I have one hundred and fifty pounds left of my inheritance, only I had lent it out to two or three honest tradesmen at Vienne. And I told Captain Parry the whole story, and sent him with the money too, for I did not choose to stand another of Lady Osmond's batteries. And I never set eyes upon the lady again till this morning,

and how I came to do it then is all a riddle, for Parry told me she was gone to England sure enough.

How then, says Sir George, could she be the cause of your coming hither to day?

And how should she not? replies O'Donnel; when she run away hither with Lord Somerfort, and Lord Somerfort with me? As how? Oh, let me alone, my dear, and I will make it as clear as the sun and moon too.

Lord Somerfort has been at Vienne a week without letting me know anything of the matter, and for what? To revenge the death of Captain Wycherley, his relation; and instead of calling me out like a gentleman, he went skulking up and down all the day like a thief in the night, amongst the men of the law, and the magistrates that took the depositions. And what do you think he said? That Patrick O'Donnel was a murderer, and ought to have been hanged upon a gibbet, instead of being tried by a court-martial. Oh, I owe him good luck for that. And he was determined to bring the affair before a civil tribunal, and he could do it in a whistle; for Monsieur de Vergennes and he were hand and glove. And as to money, the devil a bit would he spare it; and let the court-martial look to itself, and the Count du Pleix too; he had interest enough at Versailles to make them tremble from the foot to the head.

Some of the gentlemen of the law took his money, and gave him good words; others took it, and gave him bad ones—behind his back. The magistrates, except one or two that he bribed, laughed at him to his face, and swore that *mi lor* was *un enfant spirituel*, and understood the laws of France *à la merveille*.

At length it came to the ears of the Count du Pleix, who is *un enfant spirituel* too, but not of my Lord Somerfort's breed. So he wrote my lord a complaisant note to this effect; that if he had brought with him into France the credentials of his title, he would do himself the honour to measure swords with him the next morning. If not, he was under the necessity of believing him to be some English pettifogging lawyer; and for the honour of the English nobility, he hoped it was so; in which case he took the liberty to advise him as a friend to leave Vienne in twelve hours.

This was last night at ten o'clock, and my lord, the devil burn him, took one half the advice, and left the town in six; and De Pla, who brought me the news, kept bothering me in my quarters till past midnight, so that Lord Somerfort was half way to Grenoble before I could find him in Vienne; and after that I had my horse to seek, and when I was mounted I did not spare him at all, till I came within three miles of Grenoble, and there I found the valiant Lord Somerfort at his devotions, and by Jasus, St Patrick himself never prayed with more fervour. I thought sure enough I was dropped into a society of military monks, one at his *Ora*

pro nobis, and two more inflicting flagellation as a penance; and faith they did not lay it on in joke.

But I have let you into the secret, my dears, before I knew it myself; for there was a lady in a chaise, and two servants in livery belonging to it; and two more keeping these under lock and key, with their pistols cocked: And the lady kept wringing her hands, and crying out, for God's sake, help, they will murder him. I was always inclined from a child-little to put my trust in the fair sex, so I rode up to the exercising gentleman with my sword drawn, swearing all the way in good Irish-French. One of them came to meet me with his pistol, and who should it be but Captain Parry. The devil burn me, says I, but you use the gentleman ill, and I can't stand by and see it; and who is he?—Oh, a very good friend of yours, says Parry; it is Lord Somerfort.—By Jasus, says I, the very man I came to have a tilt with, and now you have made his sword stink; and what is the matter you can't put him to death like a gentleman?

We offered him the choice of sword or pistol with either of us, says Parry, but the noble lord chose rather to be beat than die.

Then I hope you have beat some courage into him, says I, and that I shall have the benefit of it.

All this while Lieutenant Provot kept crying, Damn ye, my lord, if you are a lord, you shall be taught what it is to rob honest men of their characters, and of their mistresses; laying on at the same time, with the good will of a thrasher. Some of the blows had light upon Lord Somerfort's head and face, and blooded him very much, so I called out to Provot to stop; And by Jasus, says I, this tratement is very cruel, and not at all honourable; a single stroke over the shoulders would have been disgrace enough, and what the devil is all this blood and bruises for? So, do you see, he shall have no more of it, and though I came to cut his throat, I will stand his friend for all that.

Will you so, Don Quixote? says Parry. Well, it's not worth quarrelling for; I believe we have all three had enough, and so we wish your lordship a good morning. My name is Captain Parry, and this is Lieutenant Provot, two of the court-martial who cleared O'Donnel. We beg our compliments to Monsieur de Vergennes. The lady you may keep, and may she serve you as she did O'Donnel! So away they rode, and their servants after them.

And what the devil did Parry mean, thinks I, by what he said about the lady? So I rode up to the chaise, and who should I find there but Lady Osmond! And how can this be, my dear, says I, when you're gone to England?

What's that to you? says she; you took care to wash your hands of me when you sold me for thirty louis-d'ors to Parry, so I am under no obligation to give you an account of my actions.

And that's true too, Lady Osmond; and I

don't desire it at all. But how do you mean that I sold you?

You made him advance the money, and left me to settle with him as well as I could.

And how did you settle it, my lady?

She answered only by a look, and the devil take me if there is the fellow to it in all Connaught. And this was all that passed betwixt us, for the servants had helped Lord Somerfort to limp to the chaise, and faith he did not look like a lord at all. So away they drove, and I followed them to this very inn, where my lord was put to bed, and physicians sent for, and they have been bleeding and purging of him ever since.

So ended O'Donnel's story, and so for the present ends mine. How I got time to write it, you will know in my next.—Adieu.

HENRY OSMOND.

MISS SINGLETON TO MRS WYMAN.

Barham Downs.

WE are made extremely happy here by two letters, of which I send you copies, announcing the return of the travellers; and the old Justice, whom you first taught to look upwards, after the fall of Lord Winterbottom, is, by a continuance of the same management, brimfull of happiness, and cracks his jokes when he has any to crack, as well as the best of us.

But his cup of felicity has lately overflowed on account of the loves of Miss Peggy and her knight, which was introduced to his knowledge, much after the following manner.

I know not what to do with this daughter of yours, sir, says Sir Ambrose: you certainly would not have bred her up to have a will of her own, if you could have foreseen what use she would have made of it.

How long is it, Sir Ambrose, since you took upon you to answer for her?

Very true, sir; but I shall take care how I shall become responsible again. To be sure, it is not in taste for young ladies to consult papas about a husband; but me—a tender friend, you know—considering the man she has fixed upon, she might have asked my consent at least.

I can't help thinking, says the Justice, since I keep the key of the strong-box, it would be as well to ask mine also. But I shall know some time, I suppose.

You shall know now, sir; I am determined to keep the secret no longer. And yet I can scarce tell you for laughing at the preposterous idea. What do you think she can possibly see in me, sir, fit to make a husband of?

You, Sir Ambrose!

Me—Me—*ipsum*.

That will not pass, Sir Ambrose, no, not for a

joke. I know the girl has too little wisdom to make such a choice.

Dear papa, says Peggy, you are always evil-treating my little wisdom; and I don't know why, neither; it is a good younger sister's portion, and I am content.

So shall I be, Peggy, when I see such an effect of it.

Why, papa, the man's dying for love of me.

Is he indeed, Peg? And that's a proof of *his* wisdom, is it?

It is not the fashion to choose wise men for husbands, papa; and where should we find them if it was? No indeed, sir, I don't take him for his wisdom, but because he frets and vexes me. I shall never be quiet till I take him, and then the man will be peaceable enough. As to wisdom, that comes, you know, sir, with grey beards; which, perhaps, is the reason why women never have it all their lives long; or grow ashamed of it, if they have, and pluck it up with pincers. Now look upon his broad face, papa, how it approaches already to the venerable. That is one of my reasons for taking him. And then I shan't be removed to another parish, and so put to trouble about a fresh settlement, as your worship knows many a poor creature is, the more's the pity. So, I can nurse you still, papa, when you have got the gout; (taking him round the neck and kissing him.)

You little coaxing puss, says the Justice, tell me if you are in jest or earnest?

In very sad earnest indeed, papa.

And you, Sir Ambrose?

In very joyful earnest, I assure you, sir. To tell you the plain truth, I took a monstrous liking to her long ago, but being at least a dozen years older, never durst tell her so. You know I have been happy enough to do some small service to Miss Annabella, which this young lady and I talking over one afternoon in that shady bower, rather in the penseroso way, she was seized with such a sudden flow of gratitude, that, without thinking what I was about, I trusted her with my secret. When it was fairly out, she fell a-laughing, and told me I had saved her from a terrible nonplus; for she had taken a fancy to have made love to me, and was puzzling herself how to set about it. Thus, my dear sir, continues Sir Ambrose, we have proceeded to carry on the most important event of human life with much good humour and little solemnity. Nature has cast our minds, though not our bodies, in the same mould, and, if we can obtain your approbation, I am convinced the most serious pair of lovers, that ever said or sung their passion, pathos, and their sentiment, never stood a fairer chance for happiness.

Give me your hand, Sir Ambrose, says the Justice, you have made me as happy as a prince. Peggy, I have wished for this a thousand times. I'll give thee 20,000*l*. down.

Not a penny, replies Sir Ambrose, whilst you live. As I design it for portions for six or seven of my daughters, it is impossible to place it in safer or in better hands. My rent-roll I will send you down to-morrow morning; please yourself as to settlements, but keep your money. I shall keep the gipsy to hard fare and hard work.

Well, well, says the Justice, we will settle all this when the travellers come; we shall have another such a job there, I suppose.

Yesterday, Sir Ambrose informed us of his intention to set out for London to-day.

And for what, says Miss Peggy?

Why, in the first place, I must go to look at Mrs Wyman, for I find it needful to use the evidence of my own eyes and ears, as to the reports you have raised about her. Secondly, I begin to be uneasy about my dear and affectionate sister, who may be in distress for aught I know, and too proud to own it. And what must we do with her, Peggy, when we have got her?

What did you intend to do with her, Sir Ambrose, if you had not determined to play the fool and marry?

Oh, reinstate her, by all means, in her ancient domestic occupations, of making tea and gooseberry tarts. I must confess I had many obligations to my dear sister. Though a man does happen, like me, to be overloaded with virtues, like a sword in a scabbard, they may rust for want of use. One in particular, my patience, I own she did exercise abundantly.

I don't like to promise too much beforehand, says Miss Peggy, but I dare engage you shall not miss her on that account.

Thank you, Peggy. It is right to have some confidence in one's own abilities; but you must allow my sister the common superiority arising from long habits. The true splenetic arts are not acquired in a day.

Splenetic arts! poor gentlewoman! I know her very well. She has only a few innocent old-maidenly foibles about her. If you have no worse to bear from a wife, friend, you may thank heaven once a-day, at least.

Two evils, Peggy, are worse than one.

There it is now, Polly; men don't always know what is good for them. Health and sunshine would never be valued as they ought, but for clouds and head-aches. A wife of my angel-temper, and other celestial attributes! the blessing would be lost upon you, man, but for a little mortal contrast; and let me alone to find it.

Let it be thy own, Peggy, however; do not borrow foreign aids.

Well but, Sir Ambrose, this case has a right to be treated with a little more seriousness than we have yet bestowed upon it. Mrs Wycherley, be her weaknesses what they may, must be at present exceedingly unhappy. She calls for all the consolation that can be bestowed upon her. Ne-

ver shall it be said that I turned aside the stream of comfort that ought to flow from a brother. She must for a long time be too wretched to be peevish. This affliction may in some measure new-mould her. If it does not, it will be time enough to take measures when we feel ourselves hurt. I pay myself the compliment of thinking I can bear with a little peevishness of temper as well as most women.

Thank me for that—hah, Peggy? says the Justice, with one of his best-humoured looks.

Well, then, thank you, papa, if you deserve it. (Kissing him.) But tell me, papa, am not I in the right in this argument?

Very much so, Peggy; however, that Mrs Wycherley may not consider herself as mistress of the house, as usual, perhaps Sir Ambrose will think proper to invite her for a time.

I believe, after all, says Sir Ambrose, you must leave me to act to the best of my judgment, after having seen and conversed with her; I know thy mind about it, Peggy, and dearly will I love thee for it.

So ended this conversation, and Sir Ambrose sets out to-day or to-morrow.

I am, my dear Mrs Wyman's
M. SINGLETON.

MR OSMOND TO SIR AMBROSE ARCHER.

Lyons.

WHEN O'Donnel had finished the tale with which I concluded my last, we began to suspect that the noble Lords Somerfort and Winterbottom, though two in title, might be one only in personal identity; and upon this supposition, we debated whether it was worth while to take a neighbourly concern about him, or pursue our journey, and leave him to his fate. The latter opinion had so large a majority, that O'Donnel himself gave up his opposition, and consented to return with us to Vienne.

And, by Jasus, says he, if I could get leave of my colonel, I would go along with you whilst there was a bit of land in France—and over sea too, but for the service; and I don't like it at all.

How come you in it? asked Sir George.

I was after obeying my father, replies O'Donnel, and I did it all the days of my life; and he would have got me a commission in the English-Irish service, but you make such a noise and a bother amongst you about religion, as if a Roman Catholic could not be faithful to his king and country; but he may well enough. So we are forced to go over to France, to give you a knock now and then in Germany, to teach you more sense, and, faith, you deserve it too.

But you acknowledge the Pope and the Pretender, says Sir George.

The devil a Pretender is there worth acknowledging at all, replies O'Donnel; and as to the

Pope, we pray and eat fish when he bids us ; but we fight for the king that pays us, and that we have sworn allegiance to ; and did you ever hear of an Irishman's breaking his word ?

So you would not accept an equal commission in the English service ? says Sir George.

The devil burn me if I would, my dear ; and why ? because the two countries are at war, you know ; and it's directly against the point of honour ; and a soldier without honour is no better than a parson without religion.

Then you must die in foreign service, if the war continues long enough.

Indeed, and I must, unless my elder brother should die without heirs ; and why not, if it pleases God ? Then I can throw up my commission, and retire to my estate, without breaking my honour at all.

But why not take a commission to serve your country ?

By St Patrick, my namesake, and it's a case of conscience. If Ireland was Ireland, do you see, why not ? But it's England too, more shame for it ; and while it wants spirit, you will never want oppression, my dear.

Well, says Sir George, your country is going to recover her lost rights ; America restores them to her.

And I thank her with all my soul ; and I wish her good luck for it, by sea and land, and every other country too that deserves it. And what occasion is there for all this bullying and hectoring, and keeping one country in dependance upon another ? By my soul, they will govern themselves well enough if you'll let them alone.

Well, we shall let them alone soon, replies Sir George ; men will not be always under the empire of the moon. And when we have peace, and if your brother *will* live——

And why should he not, says O'Donnel, if it please God ?

Then let *me* be your brother, O'Donnel, and either in England or Ireland, procure you a little independence, and my country a brave fellow for a friend.

And by my soul, there is not a man in the world I would sooner accept it of than you—— and why ? Because you would only ask payment for it in honest gratitude, and that I could pay well enough.

Then I am three hundred a-year in your debt, O'Donnel, and the sooner you demand it, the more you will please and oblige me ; so don't let us say a word more of the matter.

And by Jasus, I can't——says O'Donnel, with a voice broken and interrupted, the tears starting into his eyes.

Never, dear Archer, was I better pleased. Sir George changed the conversation ; and the evening, as newspapers have it, concluded with the greatest festivity.

The next morning presented us with a very different scene. The consultation was over, and

the faculty had declared Lord Somerfort in danger. Two Dominicans and a Franciscan hovered about his apartment, expressing great apprehensions concerning the state of the noble lord's soul. They had made repeated offers of service, which were treated with neglect ; but the pious souls, above resentment, still persisted. They even grew clamorous, and increased the confusion, so that the family business went heavily on. It was with difficulty we obtained our breakfast, and two hours after the hour appointed, our horses were still not ready.

When, at length, we were upon the point of departing, a footman, whom I had formerly seen at Barham Downs, came with compliments from Lord Somerfort, and a request that Sir George Osmond and I would favour him with a visit.

We found him in bed, his eyes sunk, his face cadaverous, and just enough of his ancient feature remaining to shew us we were not mistaken in conjecturing Lord Somerfort and Lord Winterbottom to be the same personage.

Gentlemen, says he, with a faint voice, I cannot see you without infinite shame and confusion—but I am dying ; and the approach of death changes the appearances of earthly objects. I have now no more to do with pride. My remaining moments are too few for penitence and atonement. You, Mr Osmond, ever since I knew you, I have basely injured. This night of pain and anguish has taught me the vanity as well as meanness of all my pursuits. Born to a noble inheritance, which I have dissipated in part, and to a title, which I have totally disgraced, oh, could I but have added the integrity of virtue, I might have lived an honour, as I now die a shame to my country ! From my youth, my faculties have been perverted ; and so perverted, that even experience, bitter experience, could not teach me wisdom. Baffled in my late infamous attempt on Miss Whitaker, my mind, scorning the noble lesson you so lately gave me, was open only to the suggestions of revenge. This base passion drew me to Vienne, in hopes to find some circumstance relative to the death of Wycherley, which I might use against you. There, Sir George, I found Lady Osmond. She has been my fate.

Lord Winterbottom grew too weak to proceed, and we took that opportunity to assure him, that whatsoever his former conduct might have been, his present sentiments entitled him to our compassion and forgiveness. Thus ended our first conversation, for my lord was unable now to say what he wished, and only requested us with great earnestness to stay at Grenoble a few hours, and favour him with another interview. We complied, and I made use of that interval to write my last letter to England.

Whether morning consultations amongst the gentlemen of the faculty take a tincture from the gravity of their minds, then occupied in the profoundest meditations, I know not ; but it is

certain that their *après dîner* consultation had less of gloom, and partook something more of the hilarity of the hour. In short, Lord Winterbottom was indulged with a renovating medicine, and the sentence of hope was pronounced in his favour.

This, though it gave him some spirits, did not change his penitential turn; and he inveighed against himself with much acrimony. Amongst other matters, he lamented bitterly a series of conduct which must render him an alien to his country.

And why so? says Sir George. It is no uncommon thing for men to fall into errors in the youthful part of their lives; repair them as they advance; and die at length in age and honour.

Whilst I was rich, replied my lord, and not publicly infamous, I might pay myself for the contempt of the few, who, like Sir Ambrose Archer, knew me too well, with the adulation of the many, who knew me not at all. But this last vile attempt to mend my shattered fortunes must be known to the world at large, and those shattered fortunes with it. All my vices, my follies, will be brought into circulation, and I must be sunk still lower than I am, if I could bear to live, where I knew myself the subject of perpetual obloquy.

My lord, says I, it depends upon us, a few confidential friends, and yourself, whether this last, and I hope greatest, of your lordship's failings shall be known, except in whispers, to the world, or no. As long as we can suppose your lordship in earnest to exhibit the proper virtues of your rank and dignity in life, you may be assured we shall lose all considerations of personal enmity, and hail with unfeigned pleasure your return to virtue and your country.

You make me, says my lord, more and more ashamed of my own littleness. Yet I can believe what you say. As a proof that you are capable of acting in this noble manner, I need only reflect that I became not, in my own name, the subject of discourse for all the coffee-houses and taverns in Milan. I frequented them in various disguises, and was surprised to find my story little known, and less regarded. How could I, after this, go to Vienne with that rancour in my heart! Yet it will, it must be salutary. If I die, I die not without repentance; if I live, I cannot again be what I have been.

Thus we went on, dear Archer, saying very fine things on both sides, till my lord, emboldened, as he said, by our goodness, ventured upon the subject that lay next his heart.

Here, gentlemen, says he, is my will, which I have caused to be made to-day. My first request is, that you will see it properly authenticated. Next, I entreat you, Sir George, to permit me to deposit it in your hands, together with some other papers containing the state of my affairs. My third request is, that you will not open the packet till you arrive in England.

And my last, that you will grant me a portion of your correspondence if I live, whilst I am absent from my country. I know this is too much to ask, but do not—you will not refuse me. It is the characteristic of goodness to propagate itself.

Lord Winterbottom spoke with so much energy, that we believed him sincere. We were certainly so. There is such a charm in penitence and true contrition, I know not of what materials the heart must be made that can withstand it.

After the will was attested in the necessary forms, Lord Winterbottom, apologizing for a still farther encroachment upon Sir George's goodness, told him there was another penitent, he hoped, as sincere as himself. He had insinuated to Lady Osmond, that her stay with him was incompatible with his present state of mind, and advised her to throw herself upon Sir George's mercy. She professes, continued Lord Winterbottom, a determination to return to the paths of virtue, and only requests to be supported above want, in any part of the world Sir George shall please to allot her.

Sir George's reply to this was short and peymptory.

I cannot, says he, be brought to believe a tittle of that woman's conversion; nor, if I can help it, will I ever see her more. She shall not, however, have want to plead as a cause of infamy; I will allow her at present two hundred pounds a-year, and give her leave to choose any place of residence, London excepted. If her behaviour deserves it, I will increase her allowance; if not, I will diminish it. Here is her first half year, (giving him a bank-note,) and let not another word be said upon the ungrateful subject.

When Sir George is resolved, there is something so determined in his air and manner, that leaves no room for entreaty. Lord Winterbottom acquiesced; so, after remaining another half-hour, we took our leave, though too late to leave Grenoble that night. The next morning, having informed ourselves that Lord Winterbottom had found in himself no considerable alteration for better or worse, we set out and came to Vienne to dinner. Before we could enjoy this repast, however, we found ourselves under the necessity of waiting upon the Count du Pleix. This sensible officer considered as a blemish in O'Donnel, his violent propensities whenever the point of honour was concerned, and had determined to give him a public lesson upon the subject.

For this purpose, a guard was ordered to take him into custody the moment he alighted at his quarters. The Count was so obliging as to reason the case with us, and indeed, little reasoning was necessary. O'Donnel, beside the original fault of running headlong to his own revenges, had been guilty of a breach of discipline;

and the Count had determined to give him a public reprimand for both, at the head of his officers. All we could obtain, was to change it to a private one, after a few days' confinement. This rendered Vienne disagreeable to us, and taking leave of O'Donnel, we came to Lyons the same evening. The ladies having fatigued themselves with seeing the curiosities of this fine town, are now taking a few hours' repose. Sir George and the Professor are determining the true path of projectiles, over a pipe and a bottle of burgundy; and I am writing to Archer and Wyman, for the last time I hope from the continent.

Dear friends, male and female, prepare your hands, your lips, and, above all, your hearts, for the reception of

HENRY OSMOND,
et ceteros, et ceteras, et cetera.

SIR AMBROSE ARCHER TO MISS PEGGY
WHITAKER.

London.

How have I been deceived in you, Peggy! I thought all angels had been infallible; and for aught I see, they form their opinions like such mere mortal creatures as myself. You supposed I should find my dear and temperate sister unhappy, mortified, humbled, mild, and flexible as the bending reed. I found her indeed with the utmost ease, for the lone house-maid at the deserted Lord Winterbottom's, directed me to her lodgings at the first application. She received me with an air of dissatisfaction, that seemed to say, You have used me ill, sir, and I shall resent it.

And what have I done to you, Patty, says I, that you receive me so sullenly?

I suppose you are come to tutor me, says she; but I must inform you I am old enough to be my own mistress.

So you always were, Patty; at least, ever since I can remember: But why should you think I come to tutor you?

Because it was always your way, when your lordly will was contradicted. (Mind that, Peggy.)

Humph! says I to myself.

Who are you? says a foreign voice. At the same instant my ears were delighted with a fine ring of bells, played by a squirrel in a cage, and invaded by the shrill scream of a canary-bird. Who are you, rogue, rogue? continues the voice.

I am, says I, addressing myself to a lady in green, at the upper end of the room, I am only a fool.

Rogue, rogue! says the lady.

I gave up the dispute directly.

Sister, says I, I came to town, fearing you

might stand in need of comfort; I am glad you are so well provided.

Comfort indeed! I say comfort—when——

When what, Patty?

When you left me to hear of Captain Wycherley's death by the wheel of fortune; and I warrant I heard it twenty ways.

And how must I have communicated it, Patty? Must I have directed to Mrs Wycherley in France, or Flanders? When you honoured me with the happy tidings of your nuptials, you said you were going to make the tour of Europe, I think.

And so we was. Pray, brother, who are you in mourning for?

Who are you in mourning for, sister?

Why, you won't go for to make me believe you put on black for Captain Wycherley?

No, Patty; I put it on in compliment to my sister.

I wish you could make me believe it.

I wish so too. What prevented your journey to the continent?

Lord Winterbottom sent for the Captain post, upon life and death.

Did you expect him back soon?

Yes, sure: Why not?

I wonder he would burthen himself with so much money?

He went away in such haste, says my sister, that—that——

He forgot to leave the money behind him, I suppose; but that's a trifle. You were secure of his affection, no doubt. Shall I shew you in what a handsome manner Lord Winterbottom speaks of you, Patty?

No, says my conscious sister; I don't desire to know anything about it. All men are alike, I think; false, perfidious, and ungrateful. He used me barbarously, and you are come to insult my sorrows. But I have fortune enough left yet, not to be beholden to anybody. If I had not—God help me—I see how it would be.

How would it be, Patty?

I should not have a brother's kindness to boast of.

I hope you are mistaken, sister. But what will be the consequence, if, as few people die without, Mr Wycherley should have heirs? Half your fortune will be theirs, unless you have secured it by articles.

Good God, brother, are you in earnest?

I am. How much did Wycherley rob you of?

My sister began to find her tears.

Upwards of two thousand pounds, says she; the barbarous monster—he left me but fifty.

Well, sister, by great good luck, I can give you some comfort as to this particular. Here is one thousand nine hundred pounds of the money.—At the same time I gave her an account of our manner of recovering it, which necessa-

rily included that of her husband's death. The grief of this was something alleviated by the other, and I had not the least occasion to use my bottle of sal volatile, which, like a tender brother, I had taken care to provide. In short, my sister's good humour seemed to be so great, that I ventured to ask her, smilingly, if she had provided me with an heir?

Unhappily, she has no talents for a joke, and the whole fabric of good humour seemed about to give way at once.

Then I find it necessary to provide one for myself, says I; and luckily, Miss Peggy Whitaker has promised her assistance.

My dear sister opened her mouth, in order to hear the better, I suppose, for not a syllable issued out of it.

And she sends her compliments to you, Patty, and hopes you will spend the first year of her marriage at Barham Downs.

The first year! says she; the first year! Oh! I see what is meant by the formality of that compliment; but, indeed, I shan't trouble her. I should never have thought of the first year!

You are so amazingly good-humoured, Patty, that I dare say she will be happy to have you a perpetual resident.

This opened the whole sluices of my sister's eloquence, and she demonstrated with great rapidity that you was a young fool, and I was an old one. There was no denying it, Peggy; all that I could answer was, I should have been happy to have followed the example of my amiable elder sister in the wisdom of my choice, but no counterpart of Mr Wycherley presenting herself, I was forced to fall in love as well as I was able.

Shall I tell Miss Peggy that you don't approve of it? I dare say she'll let me off at the first asking; and indeed, Patty, I must do you the justice to say, she is by no means a proper person to come after you as a mistress. She has neither your dignity nor terror. So I suppose we shall have the maids running about their business in a morningsinging wicked love-songs, instead of hiding themselves at your approach.

Here, Peggy, I got a downright hearty scold, and an assurance that she would not come to Barham Downs at all. She would not—that she would not—to be made game of both by me and that flirt Peggy.

Don't call names, Patty, if you can help it; nor let a trifle ruffle that sweet serenity of temper. I shall return into the country in a few days, shall I have your company?

No, indeed.

Good morrow, Patty; I will call upon you this evening again; you may change your resolution, perhaps.

Rogue, rogue! says the lady in green.

Good morrow, madam.

As to my own proper person, Peggy, I have disposed of it at Counsellor Wyman's, whose

wife, for aught I know, may be enchanted. It is certain she fascinates others; but I having the happiness to be bewitched beforehand, am out of the power of her sorceries. And let my sorceress look to it. An enlightened sage here has presented me with a magic circle of extraordinary powers. The moment I get her into it, she shall pay me for the stupefaction she has shed over my senses, in the midst of those gay scenes which once ravished me, and still ravish my friends and neighbours. Powers of sight and sound, where are your influence fled? Reynolds paints—and I stare. Giardini plays—and I yawn. I am a fool to trust thee with this secret, Peggy.

So no more at present from thy love inspired—ing,

I mean,

AMBROSE ARCHER.

MISS SINGLETON TO MRS WYMAN.

Barham Downs.

IT is impossible, my dear Mrs Wyman, to describe the joy, the pleasure, the happiness, which have flowed in upon us since the arrival of the travellers. The men, indeed, bear it with tolerable composure, but Miss Peggy is out of her right wits, and Miss Annabella, though of a graver deportment, has much ado to be wise. Their sensations have more than once drawn tears of pleasure from the eyes of every man in the room; and the old Justice twinkles, hems, coughs, and chuckles, it would do any savage heart good to see him.

Sir George Osmond is a portly well-looking gentleman, with a sickly countenance, (you know where I was born, Kitty,) his brow marked with a contemplative wrinkle. He knows still less than Mr Wyman how to talk small talk, but what he can he does. He endeavours to attend with all his strength; unfortunately, his habits of absence are too strong for a politeness, that is, as one may say, new-born. When he does speak, however, nobody wishes him silent. It is easy to perceive he is the deepest thinker of the company; and he often makes the ladies amend for his solidity, by a fine vein of serious irony.

Mr Henry Osmond has all the graces of politeness, and all the softness of sensibility. His conversation has in it more perhaps of taste than of deep erudition, but he has every art of pleasing, combined with an uniform desire to please; and, without being officious, is the most amiable, and delicately attentive lover, I ever beheld.

A physiognomist would swear to the goodness of the Professor's heart by a single peep at his countenance. Sir George and he, though of different opinion in religious matters, entertain a

high respect for each other. Sir George has free notions ; the Professor is an unbogotted catholic. It is pleasing to see them, towards the close of a debate, descending from the altitudes of controversy ; each conceding till they meet halfway.

Miss M—— is a rare character amongst women—a good-humoured old maid ; and, rarer still, without pretensions to beauty or superior sense, and without envy of those women who possess them.

Shall I go on with my characters ? You will be delighted with the portrait of Miss Polly Singleton, a young Irish lady of great quality, beauty, merit, and fortune ; with all these requisites, she is, as the French say, past the turn. The whole group yesterday, males and females, were bewailing her virginity ; and never shall your lamentations cease, says I, till a Wyman, an Archer, or an Osmond, drops into my mouth. Sir George informed me, he had the honour to be an Osmond, and a cuckold also ; a dignity the gentlemen I had mentioned were not likely to arrive at. Willingly would he have knelt, and laid his *blushing* honours at my feet, but that he must first apply for leave to a celebrated personage of ghastly fame, who was never yet known to have the least degree of complaisance ; or to a set of courteous gentlemen, who have sometimes, indeed, too much ; and who, as to the point in question, have feeling hearts ; but who are unhappily manacled by such a set of forms, that many an honourable man prefers the hard tyranny of a mistress, to the soft dominion of a wife, rather than go through them.

I told Sir George, that, as I did not wish to enter the holy state with any violent eclat, I chose to wait the determination of the first-mentioned personage ; so you see me now, Lady Osmond expectant.

Mrs Wycherley condescended at last to accompany Sir Ambrose home, on the single condition that she should not be separated from her parrot and her squirrel. There are reasons of widowhood why we have not yet been introduced in form, though I don't know them ; but Miss Peggy has paid her a private visit, and is returned a wonderful favourite. Mrs Wycherley's favourite mode of conversation is satire, and she had the peculiar politeness of turning it upon her brother. Miss Peggy allowed all the knight's bad qualities, and was determined, she said, to make him a new creature ; and, with great gravity of countenance, hoped for the assistance of a lady who knew him so well. Mrs Wycherley did allow that nobody knew her brother so well as herself, and also that she would lend her aid to the salutary work of reformation ; on which they parted the best friends in the world.

Mr Wyman will be wrote to, to hasten hither to give directions to lawyers about settlements, and a world of such matrimonial frippery ; and

also to be present at the opening Lord Winterbottom's papers. I have obtained leave to spend that time with my dear Kitty, (Mrs Wyman, I mean,) on condition we both return to the weddings, which are to be celebrated in about a month. So you will see in two or three days your own

M. SINGLETON.

MR WYMAN TO MRS WYMAN.

Barham Downs.

THEY say here you are a woman of a thousand, Kate ; and so you ought to be, madam, before you can reasonably expect such a loving piece of good husbandship as a letter at such a time, and from such a place. We are here five jolly fellows, all dwelling at Sir Ambrose Archer's, in the bachelor way ; our mornings are taken up with law, politics, (thank God, we have no physic,) and divinity ; our evenings with dinner, and supper, and love, all which we take at Mr Justice Whitaker's. Very few, besides yourself, can conceive the happiness and good humour with which we abound. The contents of Lord Winterbottom's will, and his packet, I did intend for a conversation piece ; but a woman's curiosity being a ravenous wild beast, we will say no more about it. Imprimis, the noble Earl declares that he is very sorry for his naughty tricks, and that he is determined, if he leads any life at all, to lead a new one without fraud or covin. That, as the doctors tell him, in the morning he is likely to die, and in the evening he is likely to live, he has thought it best to provide for both cases.

In the first, Sir George Osmond is sole executor ; his unentailed estates are to be sold, together with all his furniture, goods, and chattels, of every sort and kind, (except as hereafter excepted,) to pay his debts. If there is an overplus, he directs certain legacies ; the remainder (with the entailed estate) to his heir.

The exceptions are, first, his jewels, which he bequeaths to Miss Annabella, together with his music and musical instruments, and which he earnestly entreats her to accept, as an atonement for his injuries. Secondly, his library in town and country, which he bequeaths to Mr Osmond. Thirdly, his cabinet of natural curiosities, and his mathematical instruments, to Sir George ; and lastly, his prints and pictures to Sir Ambrose Archer.

If he lives, he has determined to spend ten years abroad, confining himself to 1000*l.* per annum ; by which time, he supposes, his estate will be free, and his follies forgot. In this case, he gives to Annabella what in the other he had bequeathed ; and lends, earnestly entreating him to accept the loan, to Mr Osmond his house in

town, with that at Barham Downs, together with the use of all the furniture.

In consequence of this arrangement of my lord's, ours, I believe, will be as follows:—Mr Osmond will accept the loan if my lord lives, and buy his house here if he does not; the Justice evacuates his own family mansion, to live half a year with one daughter, and half a year with the other. The said mansion to become the property, *pro tempore*, of Counsellor William Wyman, and his wife Kate; Sir George is to keep his London house, and to allow free ingress and egress to Sir Ambrose Archer and his moiety; and Sir Ambrose, in return, allows the same at Barham Downs to Sir George. Thus good fellowship is to be kept up amongst us,—us, the chosen few,—till times shall be no more. As far as appearances will warrant the conjecture, the first who will break this family compact will be Sir George Osmond. It is true, his disorder does not at present increase, but, unless he will submit to a severer regimen than he will hear of at present, I doubt it must. His virtues so far overbalance his foibles, that the more he is known, the more he is beloved. His solitary propensities have wholly given way to the love of society; but it is to the society of our little circle only, and by our little circle will his loss be deeply regretted. But it is against our institutes to dwell upon these melancholy anticipations, and in this respect, at least, our institutes are wise. In four days I shall quit the happiness I now possess. I know where I shall regain it with interest.

Adieu—Yours,
WILLIAM WYMAN.

MISS PEGGY WHITAKER TO MISS POLLY SINGLETON.

Barham Downs.

THE motions of bodies included in a given space, are the same among themselves, whether that space is at rest, or moves uniformly forward in a right line. Whence it follows, says Sir George, that you two gentlemen, *vis-a-vis* your ladies in a coach, may make love and play your pitty-patties, sitting every bit as well as in a parlour. Whereupon we all went to Canterbury.

For you must know, Polly, that when this little journey was first proposed, our gentlemen did demur a little, as Mr Wyman says, without any visible cause, but idleness; till Sir George complimented them with love, as the more respectable ill quality of the two. The design of it, however, was to conduct Sir George, Mr Wyman, the Professor, and Miss M——, so far on their way to London, where they are to remain till after the celebration of certain nuptials

you wot of, these being supposed to create hurlyburly not at all to Sir George's taste.

It looks, says the Professor, this Canterbury cathedral, as if it had been built for the *Dii inferni*; it is, indeed, a very solemn temple; and these fine brown antiques, which I suppose you dignify with the name of statues, were hewed, ready finished, out of the quarry for expedition-sake.

If you modern Italians, replies Sir George, were of the old Roman breed, this criticism might be pardoned. If you were true Vandals, you would confess your fathers, by the holy horror you would feel at the sight of this venerable dome. But this irreverence, and the great church at Milan, the eighth wonder of the world, prove, that you are bastards both by father and mother.

That's hard indeed, says the Professor, but I don't clearly perceive the justness of the conclusion.

It is clear on the side of the Vandals, says Sir George, by your want of taste for the awful, the sublime, of this reverend pile; and what old Roman would have destroyed the simple and the beautiful, as you have done in the Milan cathedral, by a profusion of statues above, below, and round about, peeping out of every hole and corner, and confounding all the little symmetry you had? And the statue of that fine gentleman-like saint, Bartholomew, who wears his skin round his waist in the genteelst manner in the world, and frights women into labour; compare it with the Apollo of Belvidere, or the statue of Laocoon, and then deny your bastardy if you are able.

This is, says the Professor, the most ingenious way of proving nothing, that ever I heard. Let us now go see the shrine of St Thomas à Becket, that I may say I have seen one monument, at least, of once-existing faith in the country of heretic Britons.

One monument, replies Sir George, that we were once bit by the Italian tarantula.

Sister Peggy?

Sister Annabella?

What have you said to Miss Singleton, concerning the time of their coming down?

Why, nothing. When giddy girls are about to be married, they think of nothing else. Thank God, I am not a giddy girl; I can think of more important matters.

Let me see.—Bless me, what a Canterbury tale have you been telling, and as much to the purpose as—

Stop, Annabella; don't venture upon any rash uncouth simile, now; it will spoil the period.

Dear sister, I wish I could get you to be a little serious. Upon so solemn an occasion, methinks—

Yes, sister; as you say, upon so solemn an occasion—

Madame le Prince de Beaumont says, a well-educated young woman will never undertake the marriage-duties, without thinking as seriously of them as of her latter end.

Then you are a well-educated young woman, Annabella, and obey Madame le Prince de Beaumont to a tittle. And what, pray, is the result of your reflections?

That let matrimony be entered into under the happiest auspices, still there is something in it, awful—

Yes, awful!—like Canterbury cathedral, I suppose.

Dear Peggy, do be serious. I say, there is something which must strike every considerate mind with apprehension.

Of being robbed, Annabella, is that it?

Pshaw! To be transferred into a new family—to subject our wills to the wills of others—to have the sphere of our duties enlarged—to put off old, and acquire new habits.

I bar that article, Annabella; you are the first woman that ever complained of new clothes as a grievance.

Wild, fanciful creature! There are considerations, however, that must strike you. To make a solemn vow of love, honour, and obedience. To lose—

O, yes—they must be lost, to be sure.

What?

Our maiden names; you meant so, did not you?

I'll talk no more to you, Peggy; write what you please.

Then I'll finish my Canterbury Tale. No, I'll finish my sister's eulogium on matrimony. But first, I'll finish my letter.

Well, but seriously now, Peggy, don't you think the several duties of a wife and mother merit some degree of respect and attention?

Yes, seriously I do, Annabella; but you know I never cry but when I am left to myself in the dark. Then I have my apprehensions as well as more thinking ladies, especially when I consider what sort of beings we may be called upon to assist in making up; not merely mortal good Christian men and women, but senators, perhaps, or bishops, or judges, or commanders-in-chief. But then I comfort myself again with considering, that all a good mother can do, is to cram her children with wise precepts, half-a-crown a-thousand; whip them every Monday morning, and leave the rest to fate.

Yes, you are admirably qualified for a mother indeed! My system will be different. Instead of rods and plums, I shall make use of frowns and smiles; and as to precepts, I intend to make them one by one, as occasions require, and take care never to overstock the market. For these, and a thousand such-like purposes, I think reflection a very useful article.

Reflection, Annabella, produces wisdom in

some heads, and stupidity in others. I am of the latter generation.

You would not undertake a profession, Peggy, which requires thought, if you knew yourself incapable of bestowing any?

No, Annabella; but I see women every day become wives, ay, and mothers too, without any thought at all.

But good wives, and good mothers, Peggy!

Well, if it is such a terrible piece of business, Annabella, suppose we give it up, and betake ourselves to chastity, cards, and scandal, the solid comforts of old maidenship?

The remedy is worse than the disease.

You are hard to be pleased, Annabella: Since you neither like to be a wife nor a maid, there is but one other way that I can think of; and I dare say the gentlemen will come into it at the very first word.

Worse and worse, Peggy.

Nothing can be so embarrassed, to be sure, as a woman distracted by the choice of her pleasures, or her plagues. And what at last shall I say to Mrs Wyman and Polly Singleton? Come, or not come?

What you please, Peggy.

Then I please to order them, immediately on the receipt of this, into a post-chaise; and let their driving be like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi; for, in all unavoidable cases, it is the way of the world to run headlong into danger, to get rid of the apprehension; and if ever you become a connoisseur at Tyburn, Annabella, you will see the finest, bravest fellows, most impatient to dispatch the parson, and get their necks into the halter.

Make haste then, Polly; it may one day be your own case; do, therefore, as you would be done by.

Adieu.

M. WHITAKER.

SIR GEORGE OSMOND TO MR HENRY OSMOND.

London.

IN all our physical and metaphysical disquisitions, Harry, we never settled whether that class of sensations, distinguished by the name of sensibilities, was the source of more good or evil to mankind. It never will be settled now for want of opposition. Wyman has learnt them of his wife, I of my brother; I confess they are pleasing, and that which pleases us, though against our judgment, we seldom impugn with strength. Be not affrighted, Harry, I am not going to give thee a theory of vibrations; the above observations came into my head through my hand, which having given to honest Timothy Thistle at my alighting, he squeezed it with such undissembled fervour, that it went to my heart.

Let me see, Timothy, says I, how many wrinkles time has added to thy brow since I saw thee last.

Not so many as pleasure has taken away, replied Timothy; I shall serve your honour ten years longer yet, for I am ten years younger with happiness. And, thank God, your honour is not like to want business; three ladies have bribed me to give them the earliest notice of your arrival.

Who are they, Timothy?

Lady Conollan, Lady Osmond, and Mrs Delane. And here are Jews, and Christians like unto them, calling every day about Lord Winterbottom's affairs. And Parson Delane has had the run of the house, according to your orders, which I could have obeyed with more pleasure, if I could digest his great learning, or relish his compliments. And here is a letter with the Turin post-mark.

This letter is from Lord Winterbottom, who has recovered just strength enough to creep (as he calls it) towards Naples. His penitence continues strong upon him—a proof, perhaps, of his weakness. He it is who has ordered Mrs Delane to apply to me; and desires I will do for her, out of his funds, what I think proper.

I had the honour of a visit from that very fine lady your sister, Harry; the object of it, as Timothy says, was two-fold. The first, to complain of my partiality in having made such an unjust distribution of my wealth, and begging me, with the utmost politeness, to correct it by my will, and order it so that the donation shall be under her sole and separate control.

But I have taken a taste for life, Lady Conollan; I assure you I have not thought of dying this half-year.

She glanced an eye upon my legs.

That is very true, says I, but I have reduced them a little, you see; and next spring they shall stump for it all over Europe, but I will bring them under due subjection.

She wished the experiment might succeed.

That is a little too much for my faith, Lady Conollan.

The second cause of my receiving this early visit, was my cruel and ungentle treatment of Lady Osmond.

What if she has made a slip; no man of the least fashion regarded such a thing now but as a mere bagatelle. The best way to live agreeably in the married state, was to have separate pleasures; the only thing that made the state miserable, was married people's taking it into their heads to impede each other's enjoyments.

Then you would have me take Lady Osmond again into my bed and bosom?

Not she indeed; there was no occasion for either; take her into your house only, says our dear sister; let her live like Lady Osmond, and there's an end of it.

What shall I get by that, Lady Conollan? The *beau monde* won't laugh at you.

And these are the terms you are on with Lord Conollan?

Certainly, says she.

But it's hardly worth while to marry, sister, in order to indulge in libertinism; a woman may engage in gallantry, sure, full as well without a husband as with one.

By no means, brother. A lady *still* hurts her reputation by it before marriage.

And you really think, Lady Conollan, this system is calculated for the good of society?

Certainly, Sir George, for the society of the *ton*; as to the *canaille*, if it does not suit them, they have nothing to do but let it alone.

True. As to any consideration of the good or evil of the human race in general—

Oh, I abominate your grave reflections, Sir George; they bore one to death.

I dare say they do.—And, in short, we must weary one another; for I have the misfortune to think chastity a valuable accomplishment in a woman, especially after marriage; and do think a married whore a disgusting object; because—

O, stop your because, I beseech you, and I will take this disgusting object out of your sight.

A frank confession, Lady Conollan; when a lady gets above sin, it is nothing to get above shame.

My sister made me a compliment upon my great increase of politeness, and laughing, or endeavouring to laugh, as she withdrew, took her leave.

A score of coxcombs, of both sexes, have been to compliment me upon my arrival. Harry, I cannot bear it. I shall consign my house and guests to the care of Wyman, and be at Barham Downs in three days. They will follow me in six.

My sweet Annabella, my charming Peggy, marry to-morrow, if you would oblige me, and I will come and make love to you the remainder of my life.

Adieu.

GEORGE OSMOND.

I send you also a letter from O'Donnel.

CAPTAIN O'DONNEL TO SIR GEORGE OSMOND.

Vienne.

THE devil burn me, Sir George, but you must have been after leaving a memorial with the Count du Pleix, for not a word was there in all his harangue about duelling, and it was long enough, but what you and the Parson of Sels hit upon, when you talked at me to one another.

And I was well enough convinced too ; but what signifies all the reason in the world, when a man's honour hangs upon the point of his sword? And the Count travelled me all over the world, as you used to do, to see what other people were about. There were the old Greeks, and the old Romans, and the new Chinese, and the Babylonians, and Medes, and Assyrians,—(Oh, my dear, thinks I, but you never was in Ireland,) and not one of them all ever stumbled upon the absurdity of killing one another for nothing at all, at all. Oh, it was a fine oration, and did me as much good as if it had come out of a pulpit, from under a black gown and a white wig.

I longed to have it over, and get my release, that I might be at liberty to settle accounts with Parry, for bribing Lady Osmond with my thirty louis-d'ors. And then I remembered the Count's threatening to put the laws, civil and military, in force against any of his officers who sent a challenge. But I will be even with you there, my dear, says I, for the devil a challenge will I send at all. So I told Parry, by word of mouth, that he was a scoundrel. But Parry cleared himself like a man of honour, for he run me through the body at the third pass ; and the best swordsman in France could not have done it sooner. So I was satisfied ; and if I had not, I should have been quite unreasonable.

I was carried home to my quarters, and two of our surgeons inspected the wound, and, without mincing the matter at all, told me I was a dead man. But they were Frenchmen, my dear, and did not know what an Irish body was made of ; so I bided them cut away and fear nothing ; and faith they did. What do you think now, my dears ? says I—No hopes ?

No hopes, replied the grave gentlemen ; though we think you may possibly live twelve hours.

Oh, and that's enough, says I. So in two hours I got my will made, and left my little sister Dolly all I had ; and in two hours more I settled matters with my confessor, and got extreme unction, and absolution too, my dear ; and then, live or die, it was all one to O'Donnel. So I fell asleep, and never waked till twelve hours after, when I found the gentlemen of the faculty waiting to dress my wound.

And what signifies your putting me to so much pain ? says I ; when a man is to die, what signifies troubling himself to live ?

Je suis etonné ! says one ; *C'est le chose le plus extraordinaire !* says the other. *Mortbleu !* he has no fever. *C'est parfaitement incompréhensible !*—No fever !

In short, after about half an hour's talk of the periosteum, and incisions transverse, diagonal, and oblique, I found that, if it pleased God, I might still recover. And by Jasus, says I, I am obliged to you for putting me into so good hands ; and by my soul I have more faith in him than in all the faculty put together.

Whilst the gentlemen were dressing my wound, they told me what a terrible passion the Count du Pleix was in ; how he had ordered Parry under arrest, and swore he would make examples of both of us. And what occasion is there to punish an innocent man ? says I ; the fault was all my own, and why should not the reward be so too ? So I told them the whole affair, and desired them to inform the Colonel, and procure poor Parry's release. But this they could not do for almost a week ; all which time my wound came on well, and it was thought that in a fortnight longer I might be upon the parade. To do what ? thinks I.—The question did my wound no good at all.

Parry came to see me as soon as he was released, and very wise and very grave he looked.

I am come to ask your pardon, O'Donnel, says he.

And for what, my dear ? says I.

If I had killed you, O'Donnel, I think I should never have beheld the light of the sun again with any satisfaction.

Why so, my dear ? how could you have done otherwise, says I ?

What harm would it have done my honour, O'Donnel, to have expostulated with my old friend, and rectified his misapprehension, if he was in an error, or asked his pardon, if I had injured him ? After all, O'Donnel, it is but a miserable business, this of putting lives to the hazard for nothing at all, at all. You and me, indeed, and other such idle fellows, who have nobody to lament them, may cut one another's throats, and the community little the worse for it. But families, and connexions, and business, are quite other things, my dear ; and a push of the sword, or a pull of the trigger, may make wretched widows and orphan children, or childless and disconsolate parents ; destroy the promising prospects of families, and consign them to beggary and ruin. 'Tis a damned thing to think at, sure enough, O'Donnel ; there is neither true glory in it, nor true honour, nor religion, nor common sense.

All this is true, my dear, says I ; but what of that ? By Jasus, sentiment stinks, when it goes to persuade a brave fellow to pocket an affront.

It ought to be an affront indeed, and a heavy one too, says Parry, to require a life for expiation ; but any foolish thing serves the turn. What was it to you, O'Donnel, that I amused myself with a willing woman ? You had refused her, you know.

But she was Lady Osmond, says I, the wife of my friend ; and I would as soon resent an affront done to him as to myself, and sooner too.

And how, says Parry, did Sir George behave to you upon a similar occasion ?

By my soul, like a noble gentleman—like a man of sense ; not like a man of modern fashion—like a fool—like a blockhead.

O'Donnel, if his sentiments are right, yours are wrong.

Oh, the devil burn me, says I, and why can't they be both right? and what is right or wrong at all but what a man thinks to be so?

Faith, O'Donnel, says Parry, but you are got into a wood now, and you have put Count du Pleix into another. He does not know how to deal with you. He goes even so far as to talk of breaking you, O'Donnel.

Oh, does the wind sit in that corner? says I; and if it does, I will break myself, and save him the trouble.

And what service will you go into, O'Donnel? If into the Austrian, I will go with you. The Emperor is a noble fellow; I am sure he will give us employment. I am tired of the French, and they are so often at war against my own country too.

Give me your hand, Parry—a match. We will steal away here some night into Switzerland, send the Count our commissions, and away for Vienna.

After this Parry came to see me every evening to concert our matters; and I employed him secretly to get in my money, which he did well enough. And if he had not, by Jasus, Sir George, I would have wrote to you for a hundred pound bank note, without mincing the matter at all; but as to coming to pension myself upon you for time—oh, that's another thing, and a shameful thing too.

My mother, though she scolded sometimes, was a wise woman, and never without proverbs for use, and some to spare.—Man appoints, says she, and God disappoints. The next mail from Ireland put me in mind of it. I had seven letters, all with the Ballyshannon post-mark, some sealed with black wax, and some with black pitch. Six of them were from cousin Phelim and cousin Gregor, and my other cousins; the other from my sister Dolly, a maiden lady of fifty, hard-favoured, and not good-humoured to any great excess; but she always loved her brother Patrick, and that's everything.

The purport of these letters was to acquaint me of the death of my elder brother, Phelim O'Donnel, Esq., of a series of disorders. All Ireland, you know, has lately been in a tumult of volunteering. My brother had a right to carry arms as well as the rest of them; but the devil a corps would receive him. He quarrelled upon it with a spirited volunteer of the county of Donegal. The volunteer lodged a ball in his hip; the wound created fever, fever thirst, thirst brought on drinking, and then came death and inflammation. Now my brother died without a child to inherit; and the reason's plain; he had too much pride to marry a woman without shoes or stockings, and no woman that had enjoyed those elegancies of life would let him get one. The ladies used to call him by the prettish names; the savage of Ballyshannon was one of

the softest. God rest his soul! He's dead, and I am his heir, if I meet with no obstruction for having served the King of France, that is to say, the French King; for, as I hope to be a good subject to King George the Third, I ought to give him all his titles, you know; and he made out a very good one to the kingdom of France, when Henry the Sixth was crowned at Paris. So you must help me out of the difficulty, Sir George, if I get into it; and I know you will well enough.

When I gave Parry the mail from Ireland, he could neither laugh nor cry. The poor fellow's heart is set upon getting out of the French service; and now, says he, the scheme's blown up, for I can't go by myself.

Then go with me to Ireland, Parry, says I; let us look round us for a year. If anything offers to satisfaction, we will embrace it. If not, I think I can promise to procure you letters of recommendation to Vienna, and if I don't marry and settle, I don't care if I go a campaign or two along with you. In the meantime, it shan't cost you anything, Parry, whilst you are out of action; for the devil burn the man that won't give his friend a share of his dinner, when he has more than he wants to eat.

I can hold out two years, says Parry; and when I can hold out no longer, I will dip into your purse, O'Donnel; and I will go with you, and the sooner the better. We will go this night to Geneva, from Geneva to Ostend, and from Ostend to Cork.

And sail close by Sir George Osmond's house, without calling in to see him? No, Parry, I would sooner go north about. From Ostend to Dover, from Dover to Barham Downs, where we shall find them all of a heap together.

Who? says Parry.

Beauty without pride; generosity without ostentation; dignity without ceremony; and honour without folly.

By Jasus! says Parry, and I have not seen them these twenty years; so let us make haste. And faith we will.

And till we do, I remain

Your most obadient,

P. O'DONNEL.

TO MR WYMAN.

Barham Downs.

THIS day, big with the fates of Osmond and of Archer, this rainy day, has given to each of them—a wife. Yes, Counsellor; they are married; settled in the country; and, consequently, dead to life. Come thou also, perturbed spirit, whom WICKED DEEDS enthrall; come and repose thee in thy silent tomb. 'Thou art invoked by the married shades of

OSMOND. OSMOND.

ARCHER. ARCHER.

WYMAN.

SIR GEORGE OSMOND TO PROFESSOR M——,
AT MILAN.

Barham Downs.

YES, my worthy friend, you shall be satisfied. We know your generous wishes for us proceed from kindness, not compliment; and we know it will gratify you to hear you have not wished in vain.

All possible happiness here, and all possible beatitude hereafter! We often speak of the fervency of this parting expression, and regret that it *was one*. This is some deduction from possible happiness. For the rest, it is, I believe, as complete as human nature and human society will permit.

It is now five months since we celebrated our double marriage, and two since you left us to the enjoyment of it. In this space our happy domesticism has undergone no change. Our husbands still are attentive to their wives; our wives seem to desire nothing so much as to please their husbands—and me. Still, with an assiduity far beyond what I could have expected, and very far beyond what I can deserve, they strive to make me happy.

There was a time I thought no objects, tangible or speculative, so worthy my consideration as those which the universe of matter and motion presented to me. Now, the motions of those pretty little atoms in the universe, those small combinations of matter and mind, which form a Mrs Wyman, a Mrs Osmond, or a Lady Archer, are much more delightful, and, for aught I know, full as improving. There was a time I could have said to a lady, Carry your pretensions to the notice of a philosopher, where they will be more regarded; if you had been a work of nature, you might have merited consideration, as much as a nettle or a humming-bird; but I consider the works of art as things inferior, and you are a work of art. Thank Heaven, this philosophy for a bear, is now done away; the pride of science has given way to the feelings of nature, and I am perfectly content to be pleased with what pleases other people. One consequence, indeed, likely to flow from all this, is terrible; the delay of your beatitude.

These bewitching tyrants have stolen away my bottle and my pipe, and it is inconceivable how my poor legs lament the robbery. Poor fellows! they are sadly reduced. In spite of all my remonstrances, Annabella will persist in driving me into absolute, determined health; and Peggy says, Dear Sir George, do live to the age of Methuselah, for Anna does not like to be a ladyship. Now I do, and am very well pleased to have airs of quality to return for Madam Osmond's airs of wisdom and elder-sisterhood.

Another consequence follows, not altogether agreeable. Since these girls, in conjunction with Miss Temperance and Doctor Heberden, will

force health upon me in spite of all I can do, I am no longer under the necessity of seeking it in foreign parts; and an accident has happened to the ladies, which makes a six months' journey of pleasure an undesirable thing. Therefore, no Italy this year. I assure you upon my veracity, not seeing you is the only cause that can make me regret the accident.

With assurances of perfect friendship and esteem from every individual of our fourfold family household, who, you know, have only one soul, I ought to conclude; but I know, our dearly beloved sister, Miss M——, to whom all this is wrote as well as to yourself, will have some curiosity to hear something more of sundry personages, of some of whom she has already heard too much.

Lord Winterbottom is at Naples, and so much upon the recovery, that Fame has already given him the reputation of an intrigue with the Countess Spoliterre. All I know of the matter is, that his drafts hold the language of economy, as it is held at Court.

Honest O'Donnel, who, as you know, spent six days here with Parry, is happy at Ballyshannon, and has obliged me extremely, by putting it in my power to do him a piece of service.

Last post brought me a letter from old Timothy: He is so great a favourite with you, that I can hardly gratify you more than by sending you a

COPY.

LADY OSMOND, as I informed your honour, wrote me several times for cash. My constant answer was, there was none to be had—in London. Yesterday she favoured me with a personal visit, and began the conversation with her eyes. My discretion had almost taken flight. How lovely is the face of weeping beauty! But crocodiles also shed tears. The thought saved your honour's money, and my understanding.

As soon as my lady could speak, she assured me she had always had a particular esteem for me. I was a man of sense—of great sense.

It is impossible, Mr Thistle, you can approve Sir George's whim. What on earth can be his reason for it?

Possibly, replied I, Sir George has a notion that chastity keeps better in the country.

O yes, answers she; Sir George has many ridiculous notions, and this is one of them.

Then she fell to cutting your honour up, which she performed like a woman of spirit; but it is needless to give your honour the useless part of the conversation.

Mr Thistle, I know Sir George has left you a discretionary power, and you can let me have a couple of hundreds if you will.

I can so, my lady; but what then would become of my discretion? I have no right to be wiser than my master.

Mr Thistle, you cannot help it if you would. Wisdom is visible in your countenance, and I am sure you have humanity in your heart. Don't you pity me, Mr Thistle?

Exceedingly, Lady Osmond.

What signifies a little female frailty? A man of sense should overlook it. Mr Thistle, you will oblige me, and make a claim to my gratitude. You know the world, Mr Thistle; every hundred guineas you pay me, I make you a present of ten.

Your ladyship is generous to a fault. I am covetous, it is true; but I am old also; and so fond of quiet sleep, that I never add a guinea to my heap, before—I have weighed it.

Well, Mr Thistle; and where is the harm, pray? Besides, you may write Sir George I am gone into the country. Who will inform him of the contrary?

Peradventure, the Morning Post.

You are as great a fool as your master. But I must inform you, sir, that I will have money, and live in London too, in spite of him. I will commence a suit against him. There are laws for injured women, as well as for men; Sir George shall know that there are.

When ladies are angry, they are very voluble. I confess my pen is but a tortoise in its motion, compared with Lady Osmond's tongue. So your honour will excuse all the rest, which exactly answered the sample.

When first you went into the country, Lady Conollan favoured me with a weekly call, merely to know the state of your honour's health, which, in the tumult of nuptial solemnities, she could not hope to have a regular account of from yourself. I had myself no good opinion of it. She condoled with me upon the apprehension of our mutual loss. You was the best of brothers. I was a long tried, faithful servant, and should not go without my reward. At length I was able to inform her our apprehensions were premature. She rejoiced thereat with an exceeding joy. I have not seen her since.

As I informed your honour, I have had very little trouble on the part of the Delanes. With the living of Norrington you was so good to give him, I believe the parson would have taken any man's wife—even his own. But I was not so unreasonable as to desire it. However, I hear they are got together of their own accord, doubtless upon the principles of arithmetic; for he once asked me, if such a thing should happen, whether it would cause any diminution in Mrs Delane's annuity. I answered, I thought not. They live together, it seems, with great comfort; the parson making it a rule never to abuse his wife for past offences, except in Latin. This rule he never breaketh till the evening, when, peradventure, he waxeth strong in beer; by which time it generally happens the lady hath somehow or other obtained sufficient strength to bear it.

Your honour once complimented me with having never told a lie in my life. How desirous soever I might be to go to the grave with the merit of it, temptations have been too strong for my virtue. The Israelites have undone me. They have put up prayers weekly in the synagogue for the valuable life of Lord Winterbottom, and call upon me, one or other of them daily, to inquire if the Lord hath been pleased to regard their prayers.

Moses and Aaron Ishmagrock came on Friday last to receive the last quarter's annuity. I was at dinner upon a leg of pork and pease-pudding.

Will you partake, gentlemen?

No, we thank you. It ish unclean meat, forbidden by our great prophet.

Are you afflicted with leprosy still in this cold climate?

Holy Aaron! dat was not cause. Christians did invent dat. It wash de precept of God.

I am sorry for you. The sin must have been very grievous, to draw so long a chastisement upon you. This is punishing the sins of the fathers upon the children indeed. Taste—it is the best of meat. The Lord cannot mean to deprive you of it for ever.

It ish unclean. And it ish killed by Christian butcher.

The curse, I see, is heavy upon your nation. Your precepts are the puerilities of children. I am sorry to add to your affliction. Lord Winterbottom—But flesh is grass—To-day it groweth in the field—To-morrow it withereth away.

God of Israel!—Broder Moses!

When Jephtha, Judge of Israel, sacrificed his daughter, two of the Ishmagrock family must have been chief mourners. Your honour's painting in the saloon exhibits the very doleful features of the Moses and Aaron before me.

Come, gentlemen, the Lord hath not forbidden wine also—Drink—It is the sweet solace of cares.

No, it is the eve of our Sabbath. When did Lord Winterbottom die?

If you had regarded the voice of inspiration, this calamity had not come upon you. Your holy David, I think, advised you not to put your trust in princes. But I hope you will not be much hurt; you have already enjoyed the annuity seven years and three quarters. The principal is come safe home, and part of the interest.

No, no; you mistake mush, Meshter Thistle, you not know how we reckon. Six thousand pound, eight years at compound interest, ish great sum.

Eight years compound interest of the annuities amounts to a great sum also.

Dat ish not our way. Never reckon interest upon monies received. Dat ish not our way. When did Lord Winterbottom die?

Why, I have some small comfort to give you.

Lord Winterbottom did not depart this life before the expiration of your last quarter.—That is your own. Come, drink a bottle of wine with me, and I will fetch you the money.

Dat ish some good. Broder Aaron, it wants two hours to six ; and besides, abstinence on the eve of our Sabbath ish ceremony, not precept. Let us accept Meshter Thistle's offer.

Yes, replies Aaron, it ish good custom—vary good custom—but it ish not precept. Your very good health, Meshter Thistle.

First beginnings, whether of sin or science, are the most difficult.

The gentlemen gave me no more trouble of persuasion. It was novelty to me to look into the heads of Jews. Your honour's wine suffered much ; and if I durst have taken as much liberty with your money, two bottles more, and a hundred pounds a-piece, would have made them Christians.

This way of writing appeareth to me egregious, even under the sanction of your honour's commands. I fear the freedom I take should grow upon me beyond all licence.

Your happy servant,

TIMOTHY THISTLE.

My good old friend, *the Brothers*, from London, is expected to arrive at Genoa very soon. There are a few boxes in it consigned to you. They contain a few very small but sincere tokens of the affection all of us feel for you and Miss M——. Not for your own, but for our sakes, you will accept them. With one voice we return your wish of "All possible happiness here, and all possible beatitude hereafter."

GEORGE OSMOND.

END OF BARHAM DOWNS.



JAMES WALLACE.

A NOVEL.

BY

ROBERT BAGE.

JAMES WALLACE.

PARACELUS HOLMAN TO JAMES WALLACE.

Allington, January 1, 1787.

I DARE not deny that you are a young man of many virtues, James Wallace; and, as the young ladies here say, a most sweet youth. A little more fortitude, however, would not disgrace you. It is true, you complain of Providence so piously, that every old woman in Allington would be melted by it, and believe that Heaven would be vastly well employed in taking you under its peculiar protection. To me it is by no means clear that you are the most unfortunate of mankind, or better entitled to that indulgence than half a million of your neighbours. You have neither father nor mother. Good! I have, and yet am not a jot the happier on that account. If, instead of having no father at all, you had such a one as mine, what would you say? The old fool! Not that I want filial piety, James Wallace, but that I have an odd way of calling everything by its right name. Your delicacy, indeed, will have it, that there are certain relations in human life which ought to confound the faculties of eyes and ears; I respect your delicacy, James, and would give up everything in favour of it, but truth. But I do not respect your murmuring; bear your fortune like a man. A very reasonable cause of complaint, indeed! that being possessed of no inconsiderable powers, corporeal and mental, you should be under the terrible necessity of exerting them for your own use and benefit. Thou man of feeble nerve! in the whole duration of thy past existence, thou hast not felt so much pain and anguish as I have done within the last two days, owing to a trifling want of comprehension in making some phosphorus according to Fourcroy, whereby I burnt my fingers, and might have singed my

beard, if I had had one; and yet I never once complained of the injustice of Heaven, nor deplored the decrees of fate.

Farewell.

PARACELUS HOLMAN.

JAMES WALLACE TO PARACELUS HOLMAN.

January 18, 1787.

IF, dear Holman, you have been able so early in life to acquire a firmness of mind that enables you to subject your feelings to your reason, thank Heaven for its goodness; and pity, but do not insult your weaker friend, who confesses he yet reasons as he feels. I am not the only one, by millions, who would think it a hard lot to have no known tie of affinity in the universe.

And is it for children to have an eagle-eyed perception of their father's faults? Let it be granted, yours is too little tender, too little indulgent to your wishes; you have, I suppose, a natural self-complaisance for your own virtues, your own accomplishments? do not then forget he made you what you are.

I also am indebted to him for what I am, and I acknowledge the debt. What! though he sometimes treated me harshly, shall I think only of the momentary disquietudes he gave me, and forget the permanent benefits? Shall I forget his affording me an equal education with his son, and the consequent blessing of calling that son my dearest friend? Shall I forget his last generous act, his giving one hundred pounds with me to Mr Griffiths?

And shall I offend your manly fortitude, if I ask, what now are become of my prospects? By Mr Griffiths's death, a full stop is put to my proficiency in the law. I am thrown upon the

world for bread, without trade, employment, or profession. Oh! what a blessing were humility, could I but come at it! Yes, I could certainly black shoes, could I forget I was born in a higher situation.

Adieu. Thine,

JAMES WALLACE.

PARACELSUS HOLMAN TO JAMES WALLACE.

Allington, January 24, 1787.

I KNEW, dear Wallace, the cause of your secret wallings, of your open complainings—I knew it to be pride. Because you were born in an elevated idea, you think yourself entitled to possess not the necessities, for those a man not so high or elevated may get, but the play-things of life; the rattles and toys for which grown boys and girls put finger in the eye, and call it sensibility.

I like to treat things philosophically, James Wallace; and, I say, nature created no other evil for man but pain; all things else, which we call evil, spring from—*improvement*.

Man wants food. Nature has given him a most accommodating appetite; almost anything is sufficient for its gratification, and he has *improved* it, till almost nothing will suffice.

Covering is a want of nature, and she has given us wool, and flax, and skins: But, merciful Heaven! into what a variety of fantastic forms must these be twined and twisted before the animal can be covered?

Not to be able to eat without formulas from cooks; not to defend ourselves from the winter's blasts without formulas from milliners and tailors; not to be able to love without formulas from fools;—these, James Wallace, these are the causes of nine-tenths, by a very accurate calculation, of those mighty evils, for which we arraign Providence, and insult Heaven with clamour.

Heaven has given you five senses, Wallace, and a finger and thumb; thank Heaven for these blessings, and do not despond because you must use them.

Your pride of heart, James, is good, whilst it is the stimulus that moves you to laudable exertions; but when it becomes the stimulus of repining and discontent, no wise man will shelter it an hour.

A thousand times you have abused me for singularity of thinking. Abuse me still. I will be satisfied with being in the right; enjoy you the bliss of being in the fashion. But how it comes to pass that of two men, nearly of the same age, and with nearly the same education, one, when any new subject of contemplation is offered, starts into opposition, the other creeps into acquiescence, I, who deal in physics and love the light of the sun, leave to the gentlemen

traders in metaphysics, who are enamoured of the rays of the moon. I know I am an odd dog, James;—how should it be otherwise, when I suspect myself to be the only man in England always in the right?

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

JAMES WALLACE TO PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

February 1, 1787.

THAT you are singular enough, both in head and heart, I know. The qualities of the one excite my admiration, of the other, my affection. But that you are always in the right—excuse me if my ideas do not creep into acquiescence with that proposition so speedily as they ought. I own I do not admire *all* your eccentricities; but you are as you are, and the compound is dear to me.

I have been longer in answering your last, because my time has been taken up in settling myself with Mr Davis, of Cautherly, an attorney, who is likely to succeed to most of Mr Griffiths's business, and who agreed to take me clerk, provided I would serve him four years, in order to compensate the want of premium by time.

Mrs Davis is one of the most amiable of women. I should be happy, did I not begin to perceive some imperfections in my master, which may in time create me uneasiness. They have been married three years, and have no children.

Amuse yourself, my friend, with railing at the world and me. It is not now in the power of language to draw a single individual from a folly begotten of vanity and fashion. An elderly gentleman of this village told me pleasantly, on observing my buckles, which are only eight inches by six, that he remembered the time when all mouths were ready to give a coxcomb his proper name; so they do still, but what was coxcomatry then, is fashion now. You, Paracelsus Holman, you who despise the external changes and chances of this mortal microcosm, man, you are the coxcomb now.

Dear Holman, adieu. I want time to say foolish things. My master does me the favour to keep me well employed. My lucubrations, if I now make any, must smell of the midnight lamp.

JAMES WALLACE.

PARACELSUS HOLMAN TO JAMES WALLACE.

Allington, February 20, 1787.

THOUGH both of us did some degree of violence to our several inclinations, in order to acquire more general knowledge, yet it was early perceptible that your strongest bias lay to Ho-

race and Locke, mine to Newton and Macquer. Why? is the question. In an hour of good-humour, I proposed it to my father, who, with all the pompous eloquence you have been forced to laugh at, in spite of your grating delicacy, told me he had long been of opinion there were affinities in blood, as well as in acids and alkalis.

It appears from his theory, that the distilling and subliming propensities which have distinguished our family for several generations, may be fairly deduced from the great Roger Bacon, who lived through the greater part of the thirteenth century. Roger, indeed, was a monk, and consequently could have no legitimate children; but his sister's grand-daughter's great grand-daughter being an only child, was married to Praiseworthy Holman, a colonel of Oliver Cromwell; and, as a proof of my father's system, the eldest son of this marriage was the first of our family who knew the essential difference between sweet and sour, which did not, according to his solution, consist in sweetness and sourness, but in the figure and form of the elementary particles of sugar and vinegar, the first being round balls, and the second needles.

This son, in spite of his name of Oliver, given him, no doubt, to incite him to walk in the way of the Lord and Oliver Cromwell, lost his paternal, and took his maternal affinities. By him were built the first rudiments of our laboratory, in which you have been so often smoked like a fitch of bacon. He left behind him above a thousand acres of solid earth, which would not dissolve in water; but the skill and perseverance of his successors have discovered menstrua, which have completely dissolved all but four-score.

To this demesne, and to the business of an apothecary, which had been called in to its assistance, my father succeeded; and that the peculiar zeal of the family was not diminished in his hands, my Christian name of Paracelsus, given me out of pure veneration for that great physician and chemist, is an unfortunate witness.

Three years' absence cannot have made you forget how my father and mother lived with one another, and with me. My mother's eternal topics are still religion, and fashion, and myself. Regarding the first, you know she is as determinedly orthodox as Dr Horsley, or any other archdeacon, dean, or bishop; nor can this, or any other reverend gentleman, well maintain the cause with greater virulence, and more professed contempt of the adversary. Indeed, I have often seen my mother despise my father, and his less orthodox opinions, to such a degree, that she has shook all over like an aspin, and the holy inflammation has blazed upon her cheek.

As to fashion, it is an incontrovertible maxim

with my mother, that everybody ought to do as everybody does; and, having read in sundry novel books, that singularity is a mark of something wrong, she proves my father wrong every day of his life. The maxim, indeed, is most admirably shallow; but my mother is perfect sure of it, and it signifies nothing for to go about for to make her think otherwise.

But far the most fruitful theme of contention is my unfortunate self. Almost the only thing my father and mother agreed in, was the bringing me up a gentleman; but they differed, *toto cælo*, in the mode of doing it. My mother's idea was, that a gentleman always shewed himself such by his outside; my father's was exactly the reverse. In short, they disputed the matter till they came to have a hearty hatred to the subject of contention; so that of late I have experienced very little of the parental storgé. This is the harder, because I have powdered to please my mother, and fed my father's furnaces with unceasing assiduity.

I am now hardened. My father honours me with the name of blockhead upon all occasions; my mother with the appellation of gawky. My father batters me because I am too white; my mother cuffs me because I am too black. They agree that I always want correction, but never in the why.

In the meantime, I am entertained with the demonstration and refutation of all sorts of sublimary opinions; and have been taught what truth is, till I incline to think that truth is not. In short, I begin to suspect that there may be about three hundred propositions, such as two and two make four, that are respectable enough, and deserve consideration; and about three millions that a man may laugh at, without fearing a process issuing from the court of common sense; though I will not answer for other courts, especially courts ecclesiastic. Farewell, James Wallace; laugh as much as thou wilt, but not at

PARACELUS HOLMAN.

P. S. Jack Green, of Stoke, was married to Polly Gowring a few days since: I was father to the bride, and we had a jolly day. Having seen the marriage registered, I had a mind to know my own age, which from pa and ma's treatment I could not rate at more than fifteen; but from other causes I guessed might be a score or more. I found that I was christened twenty-three years since, five months and three days. Whilst this was swimming in my head an occurrence happened, which, for my father's credit, I shall not relate; but a cause arose out of it, which obliged me to thrash him copiously. Not that I want filial piety, James Wallace; but I have an odd way of doing always what I proper and right.

PARACELUS HOLMAN.

JAMES WALLACE TO PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

Cautherly, Feb. 20, 1787.

THE body of your last letter, Holman, inspired me with pity for my friend's situation ; but the postscript filled me with horror and disgust. I speak plain ; I could not prevail upon myself to answer it. Beat a father ! What can be the provocation that could justify this ? It is breaking the first great tie of nature ; it is introducing confusion into society. Holman, you are my early, dear, and only friend ; but the only solid bond of friendship is *Virtue*.

JAMES WALLACE.

PARACELSUS HOLMAN TO JAMES WALLACE.

Allington, March 1, 1787.

I CAN be sullen as well as you, Wallace, but not so long. In placability I am your superior : Not that I admire your high tone, or think any friendship worth preserving, which cannot be preserved without the sacrifice of my senses ; without viewing things in false lights ; calling things by false names ; and suffering prejudice to stop up the road to truth.

The deed that I have done, to be sure, is not common ; neither is it so singular as to make your worship's skin wrinkle up. By Heaven ! James Wallace, I beat him virtuously, for the instincts of nature are all virtuous. Do you think I would have taken the trouble of it, from the paltry principles of anger or revenge ?

Last year we had a field of clover spoiled by wet. The cattle refused it in the depth of winter. My father, who goes to the bottom of everything, and sometimes lower, determined that this injury could be done no otherwise than by the rain having washed out all its salts : But could not these salts be restored ? What was salt ? The marine acid united with an earth. Now, of earth the clover had enough, for it had little else : It wanted then only the marine acid to be reunited to it, to be as good as ever. But how to unite it ? Evidently by diffusion.

The mode cost my father a long winter night's profound thought. Having completed it to his entire satisfaction, he rose early in the morning, and got together as many of the village labourers as he could, together with the mason. The first thing done was to take down the two brewing coppers, and place them, filled with salt, upon temporary furnaces, by the side of the damaged stack, of which the labourers were to form a new one, as fast as the portions of the old could be impregnated with the spirit of salt. By an accident, the blame of which my father threw upon the mason, and the mason upon my father, the fire of the furnaces caught the stack,

and reduced it to ashes, in which there was no harm ; but adjoining to it was a stack of good old hay, which shared the same fate.

I had no hand in this celebrated performance, for it was the day of the wedding mentioned in my last, from whence I did not return till eleven at night, half-seas over. My father alone sat up, I believe, to tell me the misfortune his own way, and for another purpose, which will appear presently. I own I did not put on so melancholy a cast of countenance as the solemn pomp of sadness of my father's tale seemed to demand. I even cut jokes, (God and James Wallace forgive me !) which, I doubt, did not sufficiently respect my father's profound knowledge in chemistry. He became angry, and, in the most peremptory terms, demanded if I would comply with a proposal he had often made, to sell forty acres of land to raise money to pay his debts ? For whim, decreasing business, and an uneconomical household, had produced the usual effects.

I refused, as I had always done, to sign my mother's ruin and my own. All the obloquy my father's language would supply was poured upon me, with so much extravagance and so little truth, that it never once made me angry. My father lost all his own patience in seeing the extent of mine. He caught up his walking-stick, and aimed a lusty blow full upon the crown of my head. I broke its force with my own. He endeavoured to repeat it ; I seized the stick, and snapped it short in two. My father's rage increased to frenzy. An old sword hung in the adjoining closet ; he seized it, and ran full at me. A dutiful child, like James Wallace, would have thought it incumbent upon his filial piety to have received it quietly in his gate : But consider, James, my head was full of Lancashire ale, and the parish register. I slept aside, and my father thrust the sword through the wainscot instead of my body. I do assure you, Wallace, I believe there was no expedient at that time in my power but securing him, which could have reduced his frenzy, and prevented mischief : I secured him, therefore, virtuously and vigorously, and afterwards put him to bed. He himself acknowledged the justness of it next morning ; and having since joined him in a bond of 200*l.*, we have been upon better terms than I ever before remember. It has had a wonderful effect also upon my mother, who now begins to consider me as a man ; though I believe her melioration has been full as much effected by my declaring the next morning at breakfast my resolution to leave Allington, and seek my fortune. This brought them both to a due sense of my merits ; for it appears probable to my father, and clear to myself, that he would have little to pay the druggist, if I did not visit the patient. His medical consequence is, indeed, reduced to a low ebb.

I hope now, Mr Wallace, you will have the

goodness to restore me to my former state in your honourable favour. If not, I will beat thee into friendship the first opportunity.

PARACELUS HOLMAN.

JAMES WALLACE TO PARACELUS HOLMAN.

Catherley, March 10, 1787.

WITH submission to your manhood, my dear Holman, had you run away that night, and declared your resolution next day, you would have saved the reproaches I am sure your good heart must have made you, and saved me also the necessity of deploring your error; but let it, with all its merits, be buried in oblivion. Since your father has forgiven you, I forgive you also; more especially as I am at this present an unfortunate victim of my own passion, which happened to be exerted your way, though upon a very different object.

I happened to be present at a cricket-match, when a dispute arose between the son of Sir William Saxby and a Mr Gamidge: I was appealed to, as being nearest the spot where the cause of contention arose. I decided for Gamidge, and my reasons seemed satisfactory to all but Master Saxby. He was the son of a baronet, and thought his dignity insulted. I was surprised to hear myself saluted by the names of *terre filius*, bastard, nobody's whelp. I did not know that I had been an object of curiosity to anybody in the neighbourhood, or that any one had condescended to notice so insignificant a subject. I have since learned that it arose from the overflow of Mr Davis's self-complaisance at Sir William's, where he sometimes took occasion to praise his own benevolence, in taking into his service a wretch whom nobody owned, and who was destitute of all worldly aid.

Not being sufficiently humble to bear these polite appellations, I answered, with more pride than prudence, that I had rather be nobody's son than a baronet's, with an ignorant head, and a heart full of malice. This retort Master Saxby paid me for with a slap on the face; and so I beat him. He went home full of indignation, and so much the more, as his part had not been taken by any one of the spectators.

The young gentleman laid his complaints before his lady-mother, who entered deeply into her child's resentment. A messenger was dispatched for Mr Davis, who was a long time at a loss to understand the meaning and scope of Lady Saxby's rapid elocution. When it was tolerably explained, Mr Davis, with humble submission, protested that nothing so calamitous could possibly befall him, as to be instrumental, either in himself, or by any of his household, to the giving offence to Sir William or Lady

Saxby, for whom he had the most consummate gratitude, respect, and veneration.

If you are willing to oblige us, said Lady Saxby, you must discharge that odious wretch that dared to insult my son, the heir and support of two ancient houses.

Yes, you must indeed, says Sir William.

Certainly, answered the complaisant Mr Davis; there is not anything I would not do to oblige my best benefactors; but the young man is articulated. I doubt I have not power to dismiss him; and it would be a great loss; for I must needs say, the young man is sober and diligent.

Mr Davis, says Lady Saxby, you might as well tell me nothing; I know better. A pretty country we live in, if it won't protect people of fashion from being affronted by charity boys: But I know better; he must be sent a-packing, and he shall be sent a-packing, if it costs me a thousand pounds.

So he shall, my lady, says Sir William.

With humble submission, answers Mr Davis, would not it be better to bring an action of assault and battery? and, as he has no money to defend it, he must submit himself to your ladyship's good will and pleasure.

Let it be done instantly, says my lady; but then we must prove that he struck the first blow.

So he did, says Master Saxby; I only just touched him upon the cheek, and he fell upon me with his gripped fists like anything.

Poor dear! says my lady.

With humble submission, says Mr Davis, if he would come and ask Master Saxby pardon, I hope master would forgive him. I presume it would be the most mortifying step that could be taken, and would humble him to the dirt, for the young man has a great deal of pride; besides, he might beg pardon in the newspapers.

But then he shall ask pardon upon his bare knees, says Master Saxby.

So he shall, my dear, adds my lady.

Yes, adds Sir William, that is a *sine qua non*, Mr Davis, a *sine qua non*. If he refuses, I do insist upon his discharge at all events, and I'll pay all damages.

You may charge him in your bill, Mr Davis, says my lady; Sir William never disputes his lawyer's bill.

You shall stay dinner, Davis; after dinner you shall send for the puppy up, and we'll finish it all this evening.

Mr Davis made many acknowledgments of the infinite goodness of his kind patrons; and having dined, a footman was dispatched with a note from my master to order my immediate attendance. The consequence in my next.

Adieu.

JAMES WALLACE.

PARACELSUS HOLMAN TO JAMES WALLACE.

Allington, March 20, 1787.

THIS is a very awful business, James Wallace, this beating the son of a baronet. It is breaking the first great tie of subordination, and introducing confusion amongst the ranks of society. You will be made sensible of this, no doubt, at the Hall, and brought back to your character of easy compliance. I tremble with impatience, Wallace. If thou hast bowed down to these strange gods, thou art an idolater, unworthy of the land of liberty, unworthy of the friendship of

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

JAMES WALLACE TO PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

Cautherley, March 30, 1787.

I WOULD not for the world dispute your apothecarial consequence, nor doubt I, the girls of Allington are ready to supersede your father in your favour; but I incline to believe, in your progress to this degree of consequence, you have been but little acquainted with gilded palaces and regal domes. When I have imparted to you the honours with which I have been received, I shall expect an increase of reverence.

I was led immediately into the grand saloon. At the upper end, in easy-chairs covered with damask, sat Sir William and Lady Saxby, who had done me the honour to dress for the occasion. Between them sat the cause of all this dignity, the son and heir. On each side were ranged, standing, the portly and well-dressed personages, the housekeeper, the major-domo, the lady's maid, the knight's gentleman, &c. &c. &c. Mr Davis received me at the door. I made a most humble reverence, and received—no, not a nod. I cast my eye fearfully around upon the paintings of Titian for aught I know; upon Corinthian pillars; upon marble slabs. My senses were almost lost in this whirl of magnificent ideas; and you will not wonder that, impressed at once with awe, admiration, and respect, I should slide directly into my habit of easy compliance, and worship strange gods.

When my master observed that the grandeur and solemnity of the scene had made its due impression, he began his oration, with proper gravity, thus:—Mr Wallace, I am equally sorry, astonished, and surprised, that a young, very young man, as you are, of an obscure birth, without fortune, friends, or anything on your side but rashness, should forget himself to such an amazing degree, as to consider himself as upon a level, upon an equality, with the son, the only son and heir, of Sir William and Lady Saxby, and the destined support of two ancient and honourable houses. And not only this, but to dare to insult and assault, batter and maim, the said

son and heir as aforesaid. This is the most atrocious enormity that has been committed in this county in my memory, and, I must say, deserves signal and condign punishment! But, by the great goodness of Sir William and Lady Saxby, and the kind indulgence of their worthy heir, all corporal pains and penalties, all fines and mulcts, are remitted you, on the mild and lenient condition of your asking pardon, on your bare knee, of the gentleman so grossly insulted, and that you publish it in the newspapers. This, I believe, you will think a mild punishment for so enormous an offence, and bow down with gratitude for so conspicuous a favour.

You will not wonder, dear Holman, that so eloquent a speech should complete the ruin of my poor fortitude, and that I should answer, with creeping acquiescence, thus:—I humbly presume, Mr Davis, that you have mistaken the person to whom your oration was to be addressed. I conceive myself the person injured, and had not the least doubt but I was sent for hither to receive the reparation due to a gentleman.

A gentleman! cried Lady Saxby—A gentleman! echoed Sir William.

Whether that distinction be allowed me or not, I presumed the good sense of Sir William and Lady Saxby would have seen the propriety of giving Master Saxby a very different lesson, than one that seems calculated only to increase that combination of insolence and meanness which has produced the present disturbance.

Did you ever hear such arrogance? says Lady Saxby to the baronet.—Never, my lady, replies Sir William.

Is it possible, says Mr Davis, that you should dare to persist in such behaviour, before the very faces of Sir William and my lady?

I know, replied I, the respect I owe Sir William and Lady Saxby, and I hope they will permit me to pay it: but I must take the liberty to repeat, that you have directed your remonstrance to the wrong person; that I am the person injured, and to me is due whatsoever reparation is due.

You, you! says my master, reparation to you! God give me patience! What will become of you, Wallace? With such an astonishing degree of effrontery, who will dare to receive you into their houses?

I am not conscious, sir, of any impropriety of behaviour.

No, sir! I suppose you were not conscious of impropriety, when you laid violent hands this morning upon Master Saxby?

I was not. Master Saxby called me opprobrious names. Master Saxby struck me—without provocation struck me. Will an Englishman, unresented, bear a blow? Could you yourself, Mr Davis, bear a blow? or bear the man who could? No, sir, you could not be so abject.

Sir, sir! says my master, in visible agitation—your pride, sir!—your presumption!—

Are both too great to submit to receive a blow even from the Prince of Wales.

Mr Davis, says Lady Saxby, rising, I cannot bear the arrogance of this young man.

Nor I, indeed, says Sir William.

Both these personages walked to the bottom of the saloon with great dignity of step, followed by Master Saxby.

It is absolutely insufferable, says Lady Saxby, as she passed out.

Absolutely, says Sir William.

It is indeed unpardonable, says Mr Davis, bowing low as they went out.

We leave him to the law's correction, Mr Davis.

I shall take the proper steps, my lady.

After the leaders, the household troops, who had come to be witnesses of my *amende honorable*, withdrew, keeping a strict silence; but regarding me with looks, I thought, of approbation. Mr Davis and I were now alone, and the man seemed really terrified.—I imagine now, sir, says I, I may go home. This business is over.

Over, sir! No, by G—d, sir! nor hardly begun. A pretty piece of work you have made of it. Damn the hour that ever I saw your face! But hark ye, sir, which shall you like best? the life of a foot-soldier, Mr James Wallace; or a jail, Mr James Wallace; or a public whipping?

Not any of them, sir.

Some of them shall be at your service, take my word for it.

I equally despise your airs, your servility, and your menaces.

By G—d, sir, I'll kick you out of the house; and he came towards me as if he designed it.

Anger is madness, dear Holman, and I was now mad. I seized Mr Davis by the collar with both hands, and gave him no gentle shake. Offer me such an insult, says I, and I will shake your servile soul out of its body.

Mr Davis roared murder with great courage. In rushed the young gentleman. Take notice, says Davis, I am assaulted in your house. I'll trounce you, Wallace. It is true, sue a beggar, and catch a louse; but there are corporal pains and penalties.

He shall be dragged through the horse-pond, says Master Saxby, and away he went. I followed, and took the foot-path home. The distance is about half a mile. I had gone about a quarter, when I heard half a dozen people after me, and young Saxby swearing I should not escape. But I had expected indignity, and was armed for it; for I had taken the precaution to put in my pocket a pair of small pistols, with which my master sometimes armed me when we went out together to pay or receive money.

I turned about, therefore, stopped, and presented one of these to the foremost man. The first man that touches me, says I, I will shoot dead upon the spot;—and I should have done it,

for I had not time to examine whether it was better one man should die, or another be dragged through a horse-pond.

They stopped; and, indeed, none of them seemed forward to execute Master Saxby's intention. I stepped towards this valiant leader, who was far in the rear. If you are a gentleman, said I, here are two pistols, take your choice.

I spoke my last words to the winds. Saxby was gone off at full speed.

Damme, Jack, says one of the stable lads to a groom, dost see haw lawyer has puthered young maister's pluck?—They all pulled off their hats, and wished me a good night. It is probable you also will wish repose. Good night.

JAMES WALLACE.

JAMES WALLACE TO PARACELUS HOLMAN.

April 14, 1787.

I WENT home, and supped with Mrs Davis, to whom I was under the necessity of repeating what passed at the Hall, glossing over, however, as much as possible, the part Mr Davis had taken in it. Tears fell from her eyes, but she said little. Before the hour of rest a messenger came from the Hall, to let Mrs Davis know Mr Davis staid all night, and that he would be at home for breakfast. She immediately wished me a good night, and retired. This amiable woman is four months gone in her pregnancy.

I passed the night in an unsuccessful endeavour to penetrate into the motives for human actions, especially my own. To hit a man a slap upon the face, to touch his backside with your foot—why, these are actions of no consequence in their own nature; they leave no wound behind them, no trace that they have existed. "If a man smite thee on one cheek, turn him the other also." Divine precept! why cannot an Englishman obey thee? I find it is in vain to reason, I can only feel. I rose early, and finished an engrossment. At ten, an hour later than usual, I was called to breakfast. Mrs Davis was in the parlour alone; her eyes shewed she had been weeping: I inquired the cause. Mr Wallace, says she, you are the cause. Instead of coming, Mr Davis writes me word, he will not return to his house whilst you are in it, and has ordered me to propose to you, cancelling the contract on both sides.

I know not why I should submit to it, madam.

I fear there is a necessity for it. The foolish and vindictive tempers of Sir William and Lady Saxby are well known; but their business is lucrative. Mr Davis writes, he has no other alternative but to part with this, or you. I, indeed, shall have reason to lament. You have, humanely and essentially, taken my part, on occasions, and they have occurred too often, when

Mr Davis has been disposed to repay himself for servility abroad by despotism at home. Accept my thanks and good wishes wherever you go.

And wherever I go, madam, I shall sincerely pray for your felicity; but I own, I am not disposed to yield obedience in this particular to Mr Davis's commands. There is a disagreeable tameness in it, madam; an appearance of disgrace, to which I cannot reconcile myself.

I am mistaken if the disgrace do not fall upon us. But what good can result from a contest? You know these affairs are much under the jurisdiction of justices of the peace; and these gentlemen have complaisance sometimes, especially to rich and titled neighbours.

I am so perfectly free of apprehension, madam, that—

I am very well convinced that you have cause to be so, Mr Wallace; but suppose the result to be in your favour, what is the consequence? Mr Davis loses Sir William's business and his interest; and neither you nor I shall ever know an hour of peace and comfort more.

How can Mr Davis's displeasure fall upon you, madam? Be passive, and take no part.

An ingenuous mind, Mr Wallace, will find it too difficult a task always to disguise its bias; even silence will be interpreted against me. There will be suspicions; there have been suspicions. Once, since Mr Davis has known that—A sweet modest cast of her eye down towards her waist, shewed me she alluded to her pregnancy. She could not pursue it, however, but stopt, and burst into tears. I wished to say something expressive of my surprise, my indignation, and sorrow, but found myself—a woman.

At length—Once, resumed she, in an hour of ill humour, Mr Davis went the length of taxing me with an improper connexion with you, Mr Wallace. Think how this odious suspicion may be increased, if you persist in staying contrary to Mr Davis's will.

I yield myself wholly to your direction, replied I, as well as I was able. I acknowledge your goodness always; your honour and happiness ought to be dear to me.

In an hour's time, dear Holman, I quitted the house of Mr Davis, and went with all my worldly goods to the sign of the Harrow, where I found an accommodation, coarse indeed, but cheap, wholesome, and plentiful. In the afternoon several farmers came in to shake me by the hand, and to wish they durst invite me to their own houses; but, being Sir William's tenants, and tenants at will, it would have been imprudent in them to have offered, and unkind in me to have accepted.

As a reward for all this worldly imprudence of which I have been guilty, I enjoy at present gloomy days, sleepless nights, and the satisfaction of knowing that I have acted like a man of

spirit; and, though the world is to me in ruins, I cannot repent.—Adieu.

JAMES WALLACE.

PARACELUS HOLMAN TO JAMES WALLACE.

Allington, May 20, 1787.

WALLACE, you are my friend for ever. A man that could act as you have done, can have no meanness of soul—no treachery—nothing a friend ought to fear.

Repent! May bread and water, and thy recititude of spirit, be my lot, rather than the servile spirit of thy master and a dukedom. You are mine, Wallace—not woman shall ravish you from me. Our servile county will be in arms, and I fear there is not public spirit enough amongst the lawyers to give you employment, at the hazard of offending one lord of acres. No matter—you shall leave the county then—and I will leave it with you. Courage, Wallace! such talents united need not fear. "Bread we shall eat, or white or brown." Give me self-approbation, and Spartan broth; and let the devil and Davis take turtle and self-contempt.

Against my project of accompanying you, of sharing your fortunes, and making you share mine, say not a word; I am deaf: The peace of our house is broke to shivers; my father and my father's house are odious to me. A truce with philosophy and your piety, James Wallace; you tried their strength against feeling upon yourself, and what was the result?

Wallace! I can be a journeyman anywhere; I will be a slave to none. Allington has nothing agreeable at present, nothing promising in future. I will be with you in three days.

PARACELUS HOLMAN.

P. S. The enclosed little bill is my *own* money: I don't want it, you do. If you dare to insult me with scruples—what are you but a traitor to friendship?—whom I will beat without any scruple.

JAMES WALLACE TO PARACELUS HOLMAN.

May 30, 1787.

THIS letter, my dearest friend, I send by a special messenger, to stop you from your design of coming immediately hither, and to engage you to weigh well your reasons before you take the rash resolution of leaving your father's house. Indulge me with the knowledge of them, dear Holman; let us canvass, let us sift them, like friends, like philosophers.

I shall enter upon the task with prejudices against the cause I undertake; for never did I

experience such pleasing sensations as from the receipt of your letter ; never could I have wished for anything with a greater longing of desire, than that the scheme you hinted at, was as expedient on your side as on mine. Something has happened, however, which will give us time for discussion ; but I cannot detain the messenger now to relate it.—Your dear and friendly enclosure I will not return ; I may want it, and don't choose to be beat.

JAMES WALLACE.

Borfield, June 9, 1787.

I now proceed, dear Holman, with my narration. I wrote to sixteen attorneys in this county of Lancashire, explaining my situation, and desire of employment. From some of the mightiest I had no answer ; I suppose, because they are proud. Some do not want ; some do not care to employ me without recommendation ; and some are candid enough to tell the truth, that they do not choose to risk the loss of business, by taking part with a stranger whom they do not know.—My resolution was already taken, to try my fortune at London, when I received the following :—

MR WALLACE,

SIR,—One good turn deserves another. Don't you think so ? They say it's along o'me that you be thrown out of bread : If so—your see it stands upon my honour to do something for you ; for when a man has served another, whereby he has hurt himself, t'other is bound in conscience to serve him, if so be it lies in his way ; don't you think so ? Father has just qualified for justice o' the peace, and wants a bit of a clerk ; so I told him of you, and he's agreeable in case you can bargain : So if you like it, come o'er and talk with him. Yours, to serve.

THOMAS GAMIDGE, jun.

I obeyed the summons without loss of time. My new friend received me with a hearty shake by the hand, and conducted me into the presence of the justice, his lady, and daughter.

So, says the justice, you are the young man who kicked up such a dust in the county ?

I am sorry for it, answered I ; it is certainly much ado about nothing.

Good ! says the justice, so it is, so it is ; it all comes from pride and vanity ; I hates pride and vanity. What though folks have a title ?

Sensible people, says Madam Gamidge, are astonished to see how people with a title forget themselves, as if the man that got the money, that bought the title, was not a better man than they that have it for nothing ; but everything here in this world ungenerates.

Prudent people gets fortunes, and children buy titles, and forgets their fathers and mothers.

I'm sure, says my friend Thomas, I should never forget you, mother, if I was a duke, nor father neither ; how should I, seeing I've both your pictures to look at every day ?

Nor I neither, says miss ; I've learned my duty better.

Well, well, says the justice, all this here is nothing at all to the purpose : I likes to stick to business. What wages do you expect ?

I shall be glad, says I, to leave that to you, sir.

Well, well, says he, we shall see how you behaves ; and do you mind, keep account of perquisites, for then I knows how to make 'em up ; for do you see, I have but just qualified, so as yet I ha'n't much justice business.

You will by this time, dear Holman, have concluded, that Mr Gamidge was not a gentleman by birth, parentage, or education ; and except the king's majesty's grace, of which Mr Gamidge had not yet been made partaker, I know but one thing more whence gentility can be derived. Mr Gamidge had been a very industrious and fortunate oil-man, who had entered into business with a small capital, but with a good stock of profitable ideas ; and none of those adventitious ones of taste and science, which are so apt to draw an honest tradesman out of the right way. Mr Gamidge never deviated one inch, till, having completed L.15,000, he found his fortune doubled all at once by the death of his eldest brother, a bachelor, and eminent dry-salter.

Nor had the education of Mrs Gamidge been less useful : By merit alone she had arrived at the dignity of housekeeper to a wealthy citizen. Housekeepers of the present day are polished up as high as their ladies ; but the polishing mines were not discovered time enough for Mrs Gamidge to reap the benefit.

Miss Gamidge is not extremely handsome, nor extremely elegant ; nor has she much of that nervous delicacy, the peculiar product and ornament of the present age : Yet she has had the advantage of a boarding-school three years ; and, mingling the elegant accomplishments acquired there with domestic manners, she forms a compound which my unskilful pen must not pretend to describe.

My worthy friend Mr Thomas, the heir of this accomplished family, is about twenty-six, and, till he left London, eight years since, had seen only the shop and the counting-house. Mere want of employment has forced him to the use of the gun ; but, as he says, he has been hard put to it for something to do, and next to the field the skittle-ground is his principal scene of action.

Acquisition of sentiment, such as it is, is the usual effect of acquisition of fortune. Mr Gam-

idge, now so rich, began to imagine a pipe at his country-house might be smoked with more dignity than at the club, where there were members almost as rich as himself. The heir began to damn trade, and sicken at the sight of oil. Miss, who had seen the trees in St James's Park, was ravished with the ideas of shady groves, and grots, and bowers; and Madam Gamidge thought the lady of a parish must be a very august and tremendous being.

This mansion, then upon sale with twelve hundred acres of land, put them in possession of rural felicity and rural honours, except what the pride of Sir William Saxby, and a few more old families, chose to withhold, by keeping at a proper distance from such upstarts.

This failure in politeness, as Madam Gamidge herself told me, was the very thing that first put it into her head to make Mr Gamidge a justice of peace, and Sir William's fellow upon the bench; and, by a steady perseverance, had at length the satisfaction of seeing this reasonable desire fulfilled.

During the year of expectation, Mr Gamidge had paid a close attention to Justice Burn; but Justice Burn split his head, and accelerated his gouty accessions. At length he perceived the law was a bottomless pit, and that there was a necessity for his having a clerk, who might know something more about it than himself. He had, indeed, made a ridiculous *faux pas* at first setting out, to which the good-will of the more ancient justices gave a due degree of celebrity.

Heaven, for my comfort, hath permitted that this mansion should contain a lumber room, once called a library, and in which there is still a good collection of books, purchased with other furniture at a fair appraisement: Of this room I have taken possession, untroubled and unenvied. Here, but for present and for future evils, I could be happy. The present are, that I am too often, under the necessity of smoking a pipe with the justice; too often of drinking a bottle with the heir; and too, too often, of attending miss, with and without mamma, in her little rural excursions. The future are—I know not what.

Dear Holman, adieu.

JAMES WALLACE.

PARACELUS HOLMAN TO JAMES WALLACE.

Allington, June 16, 1787.

I HATE a lie, even when politeness has sanctified it, otherwise I should inform you how extremely happy I am in your agreeable situation at Borfield; but the truth is, it does not please me. Let me ask you the great political and metaphysical question, so often asked and so little answered, *cui bono*? What will your clerkship with Mr Justice Gamidge do for you? What but waste your youth in idle trivialities, with-

out increasing your knowledge or your fortune? unless you marry missy, and insure yourself beef and a blister for life.

Now to my father. Of late, since I have been unfortunate enough to question a few of his conclusions, I have been excluded the elaboratory, and obliged to conduct my solitary experiments anywhere and anyhow I could. Something great and uncommon I knew was going on in this elaboratory, for our village joiner and our blacksmith had had several close conferences in it with my father, and some chests had been delivered from carriers' waggons. One morning my father sent me to Liverpool, on an errand usually performed by the post. When I returned in the evening, I found my father and mother engaged in the big war of words, with greater animation and animosity too, than I had ever before seen them. My mother's was indeed the most curious piece of oratory I had ever heard; and I wish, dutifully, I was able to give it you unmutated, and in its original dress; but you must be content with a little extract.

Who would have thought, Mr Holman, says she, you could have been so blind, when the clear light of heaven shines round about you, for to go for to offer to do a thing which belongs to God Almighty? But it's always the way with darkened infidels, they ruins their poor families, and destroys their poor souls, without any remorse; but God has punished your wickedness, and I must have a share in the punishment, which is very hard; but I knows I shall be rewarded hereafter. As for you, Mr Holman, it's no matter what comes on you, either in this world or the next; for to think of Heaven being for such hardened sinners, is to know nothing at all about God's infinite mercy. No—as the good Mr Whitaker says in his book of sermons—the breath of the Lord is a flaming sulphur, and it will blow upon you, and burn you with a fiery flame for ever and ever; a thousand million of years will be nothing!

Zounds! says my father, and what is to be the punishment for a woman with an evil tongue, that always torments her husband, and backbites her neighbours?

Me! my tongue an evil tongue! Mr Holman? I scorn your words, Mr Holman; there is not a woman in Allington that keeps a better tongue within her teeth, though I say it that should not say it. My tongue indeed! If it was to say all it knew, how would it be with you, Mr Holman?

My father did not appear to approve this last sarcasm, as I conjectured from his grim look and his silence. For my part, I had been totally neuter during the whole war, and toward the latter part of it had fallen into a serious ververie: From this I was roused by a sound box on the ear, given me by my mother: I don't well know for what—but I conjectured she had

appealed to me to corroborate something she had asserted, and I had been so undutiful as not to hear her. My father, glad, I suppose, to find the wind changed, did what he could to keep it in its present quarter, and fell upon me with a decent quantity of abuse ; that I was a disobedient, headstrong wretch, void of the least spark of filial duty ; that I was the plague and torment of their lives ; that if it had pleased God I had died in my cradle, they should have been a happy couple, for all their dissensions were upon my account. In these, and similar sentiments, they were perfectly agreed, all which I bore like a philosopher ; for I was sober, and full of filial piety, James Wallace, and did not care to take the trouble to beat them into good manners ; on the contrary, I withdrew in silence from the storm, wondering what had raised it.

Mankind, as you know, Mr Wallace, must be governed by force, or by flattery ; and I think it an unfortunate circumstance for my father—yes, and mother too—that you will not permit them to be governed by the former of these modes, so congenial to the hearts of God's vicegerents upon earth, that one would think it was of divine origin, let wicked wags say what they will. As to the other mode, it is not difficult, to be sure ; but it would give me such an abominable habit of lying, I should very soon be unable to distinguish truth from falsehood.

I considered this matter a great part of the night, and having found myself unfit to reign, I wanted to know why I could not be a quiet subject, since my father and mother desired to rule only as all kings do ; but, like my friend James Wallace, I found, upon this head, I could not reason, I could only feel. I came to a resolution, however, and I imparted it the next morning at breakfast, in words like these.

Since I have the misfortune not to be able to succeed in my endeavours to please you, I hope my design to leave Allington will meet with your approbation?—A look of wonder was all the immediate reply. At length, my father, collecting importance around his brow, said, Young man, when did I emancipate you ? When did I free you from the *potestatem patris* ?

Never, answered I, never a single instant of your life ; but I imagine you will have no objection to emancipating the plague and torment of your lives ?

Paracelsus, said my father, you were always the greatest blockhead that ever man of science was plagued withal. With what unwearied diligence and application did I beat into your thick skull the little you know—and——

I'm sure, says my mother, you're the awkwardest young man of a gentleman, as you ought to be, that ever I laid my eyes upon, and all my

pains and instructions never signified nothing at all.

I allow it, says I, I am a blockhead, and have been long, and that all my mother's pains to make me a gentleman are lost ; but as it must be always a great trouble and mortification to have such a creature before your eyes, I choose to take the offensive object away.

O ho ! sir, says my father, and I choose that you shall not. By the law of the twelve tables, you are my property till you are legally *forisfamiliated*.

By the law of England I am my own property at twenty-one, which, I believe, I was about three years ago.

No such thing, says my mother, no such thing ; sure I should know best that bore you ! And if you was, what then ? It's the foolishlest law that ever was heard of, and I never minds it ; it's only fit for the ruination of young men.

Very true, my dear Mrs Holman, says my father ; it is to that very circumstance we owe all the corruption of modern manners : Instead of relaxing the ancient paternal discipline, it ought to be enforced with more than Roman rigour.

I am sure, father, says I, you have nothing to answer for to your conscience, for relaxing paternal discipline. If that's the *primum bonum* of education, I ought to have been a pattern to the age.

Yes, young man, so you might have been, so you would have been, if my cares had not been counteracted by your mother ; who, after the manner of women, seeking to imbue your mind with trifles, rendered it incompetent to the great purposes of virtue and of science.

There now, says my mother, the fault is sure to be laid upon my back ; as if I had taught him anything but what was good. Who taught him his Catechism, I wonder, and made him read his Bible ? Not you, Mr Holman ; you taught him nothing but outlandish heathenish things, and gave him a heathenish Christian-name, which, to be sure, was the silliest thing that ever was done by a wise man in this world.

There is no curse like the curse of ignorance, says my father.—The curse of knowledge, says my mother, is a thousand times worse ; and I wonder what yours is good for, but to plague people, and to spend your money. You know you never brings nothing to bear ; you know you does not.

My father and mother now got seriously engaged, and that they might have a fair field of it, I withdrew unperceived : Then it was I wrote you my last letter, and in my next I may, perhaps, inform you of the physical cause of all this tumult and contention.

Adieu.

PARACELUS HOLMAN.

JAMES WALLACE TO PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

Borfield, June 21, 1787.

I OWN, dear Holman, your provocation is great, and your situation irksome; yet I shall rejoice if I have been the instrument of your changing the resolution to leave your father and mother. To have borne the infirmities of these dear relations with patience and resignation, may one day give you a solid comfort: Nor is it ill for a young man to be sometimes crossed in his desires; sometimes to be the sport of contingencies; sometimes to be put to the exercise of the virtue of endurance, the most fortifying of all the virtues.

You ask, *cui bono*, my residence at Justice Gamidge's? The advantages, my friend, are manifold. First, it is a place of perquisites. In a month, a little month, I have touched the sum of three shillings and sixpence. Secondly, I learn, or ought to learn, a good deal of honesty and plain dealing; for the people of our household are addicted to speaking the simple truth, with little art, and no embellishment. Thirdly, I learn (alas! it is a lesson of necessity) to restrain the headlong passions of youth. Fourthly, I learn my book.

One year, however, is the whole of the time I propose to dedicate to these indulgences:—Then—what then? If my country will give me bread and beer, I will love my country; if not, I will try to obtain these commodities in the new world.

To intrust you with a secret, which probably your own sagacity may have obtained, I suspect the law is not my forte. In spite of reflection, and of prudence, I trifle with Horace when I should be labouring with Coke; but if natural philosophy comes in my way, law is nothing, and poetry a shadow.—You will want an explanation of my divisions, especially of my third head: Time is preparing one for you, and when it comes to maturity, if the fruit is not sour, you shall taste it. In the interim, a continuation of your last will be acceptable to your

JAMES WALLACE.

PARACELSUS HOLMAN TO JAMES WALLACE.

Allington, June 29, 1787.

YOUR lucubrations savour too much of the lamp, James Wallace, and in your legislative and moral prescriptions you have too much the air of an ancient Lacedemonian. Whip a boy well and much whilst he is a boy, that he may learn to bear it when he is a man, in case fortune should choose to inflict it: In other words, hang your son whilst he is young, lest he should one day come to the gallows.

My design of escaping I have laid aside for one year, in imitation of my friend, and for two good reasons; one is, that I have in vain attempted to convince my father and mother of its eligibility, every endeavour having only set them together by the ears; the other is, to fortify myself—by endurance.

It is a maxim with you that every effect must have a cause; so it was once with me, but I have no maxims now, since I find they are born and die like other created beings. That two bodies could not be in one and the same place, I once thought immortal; but I find its existence has been put to hazard by the very first philosophers of the age. Yours, however, is yet safe, for anything I know to the contrary; for of the effect I informed you in my last, I find there was a cause, though such an one, perhaps, as you will not expect: That my father and mother should quarrel because people electrify their gardens in France is odd enough; but this was the predisposing, though not the proximate cause, as you shall hear.

My father, that he may be well informed of what passes in the world of science, takes in the Star, by one paragraph of which he was told, that in France Monsieur A—— had electrified certain fruit-trees in his garden, and the success was astonishing! The fruit was larger, more early ripe, and had a superior flavour! Monsieur B——, in consequence, had extended the idea to the cultivation of arable and pasture, and was preparing a machine, by which ten acres might be electrified almost in an instant! Now my father's land wanted improvement as much as most arable and pasture in France, but the hackneyed mode of manure was not for a man of genius. He caught the new idea, and cherished it till it served him as favourites do kings, occupying his royal mind to the exclusion of every other. Oh! could he be the first to introduce it into England, how would it immortalize his fame! An idea of which my father was very fond. But the Star was silent as to the *quo modo*; and no other method occurring to my father, but of rubbing up, and conducting down, the necessary mass of electric fluid, he turned his attention to the proper manner of procuring an apparatus sufficient for the purpose. The machine was in all respects a common one, except in the bulk, which was to be enormous. Half a ton of iron wire and small iron chain, was the least that could be wanted to diffuse the fluid with sufficient dispatch and regularity: But this ingenious and immortal scheme was ruined by the want of philosophic comprehension in the under labourers. The glass cylinder, three feet diameter and six high, was smashed to atoms; much mischief was done amongst glass legs and sticks of sealing-wax, and my father found at once his scheme ruined, and himself involved in a new debt of seventy pounds.

Do not imagine, dear Wallace, that in speak-

ing thus of my father, I intend any contempt of science, especially chemical, which I adore ; but of the hasty conclusions from one or few experiments, of the eternal adoption of system, consequently of its eternal variation, I have seen so much in my father, that I consider it as the weakness of philosophy. There was a time when my father knew the nerves to be cylindric tubes filled with an invisible fluid : There was a time he was perfectly satisfied they were elastic chords, vibrating like fiddle-strings. A year had not passed away, but they became slender filaments admirably adapted to convey sensation by a something like vermicular motion ; the nervous fluid became nervous influence : This influence was soon known to be the electric fluid, and the filaments the best of all possible conductors. At this instant, however, he is rather of opinion, that the nerves are not concerned in the business of sensation any way whatever. But was this all, Wallace ; had my father nothing worse than a feeble judgment and capricious imagination, how thankfully could I overlook his vanities, his hobby-horses ! Oh ! had he but the social affections, the common charities of life, or was he adorned with integrity—all else might be forgiven ; but, dear James, this is too tender and delicate a subject, even for the ear of friendship.

Thine,

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

JAMES WALLACE TO PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

Borfield, July 6, 1787.

Of the subject of your last I shall say nothing, for I know nothing proper to say. It is so uncommon to find men of science, men of art—of *little* art—that I hope you are mistaken in the last charge ; and if you are not, I hope it will serve to fix the solid virtue of integrity in your own breast as on a rock. I told you I was learning to restrain the headstrong passions of youth. Indulgence is not for poverty. Of the four maid-servants who labour in this mansion, the second in rank has sparkling black eyes, an alluring shape, a modest and engaging exterior. A young man, who has nothing else to do, finds it very difficult to look often upon such an object, without falling more or less in love. No sooner did I begin to feel myself assaulted, than I set reason to work, who told me of the folly of it in very strong terms.

If, says she, you propose nothing more than amusement, or the generation of voluptuous fancies, and imagine you can stop when you please, govern and curb as you please, you are no small fool : If you propose to marry, it will be a folly of the first magnitude ; if to seduce, you unite folly with dishonesty. These conclusions were just ; I felt their full force, yet the generation of—fancies would begin in the very

teeth of reason herself. I must, however, do Rachael justice ; she made no advances, used no arts of allurements ; and once, when I assumed libertinism enough to talk a little roguishly, and snatch a kiss, she desired me very modestly not to take such liberties with her, for she was not what I took her for. I am sorry for it, answered I, Mrs Rachael ; for I take you for an agreeable, modest girl, and think you much in the right to repress my impertinence, and that of every other coxcomb.

By my soul, Holman, I said this honestly, with the view of strengthening her virtuous propensities, even against myself. How Rachael understood it, I can only guess ; but she blushed crimson deep, said nothing, and avoided me with care. This pleased me when reason was predominant, and vexed me when she was not ; for I observe, this queen of us, that is or ought to be, does not keep her state so steadily as might be wished. There are moments when she would be in imminent danger of being deposed by the most loyal of us—if opportunity conspired with treason. I ascribed Rachael's behaviour to simple chastity, and hope I am not deceived, notwithstanding a little accident that happened some days since.

We are a most regular family here. At three we dine ; at four the ladies retire ; pipes are brought in, and a fresh bottle ; at five the justice takes a nap, I a walk, and my friend Thomas takes his way to the skittle-ground. One day that I had begun my walk, I found I had more inclination to the library, which, for the first time, I found occupied by Master Thomas : He was sitting in my chair ; on his right lay the *Principia*, on his left the *Encyclopedie*, on his knee sat Rachael. The gentle maid set up a gentle scream, and ran out with the flush of chastity upon her cheek.

Hang you, says Thomas, who thought o' your being back so soon ? but mum ; and off went Thomas.

I talked to my worthy friend over our next private bottle, much in the same manner reason had talked to me ; but Thomas damned all preaching by the lump, and bade me keep my advice for my own use, and not poach upon his grounds.

That will I not indeed, friend Thomas. Rachael blushes, and shuns me ; besides, the poor girl has not been well for several days. Thank Heaven ! I grow divinely indolent : I have not passion enough to impel me to evil.

JAMES WALLACE.

JAMES WALLACE TO PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

Borfield, July 15, 1787.

INTENT, as I suppose you are, upon the discovery of some new properties of matter, I would

not interrupt your awful studies, by obliging you to the cold formality of regular correspondence. Write when you please; freedom is the soul of friendship. All I am afraid of is, you are too great a philosopher to be pleased with love, and the dull detail of what passes in common life: If so, inform me, and I will entertain you with stories of Archimedes, and Simon the magician, the first aerostat upon record. Hear now of the poor Rachael.

Mr Willis, the family apothecary, noticed the poor girl's illness, and gave her medicines: she was sickly still, and even began to swell. A tympany in virgins is almost as rare a disease as pregnancy; the doctor considered the symptoms; he considered her eyes, they spoke the language of perfect modesty; her ruby lips uttered the very breath of chastity: it must be a tympanic swelling, or emphisema—or—But Rachael found it necessary to trust a part of her secret to her bedfellow, who, being hard-favoured and extremely virtuous, carried it to Madam Gamidge.

Alas! since men undo—and women betray—who can poor virgins trust?

Against the chastity of Madam Gamidge, nobody that I know of had offended, even in thought. She is happy in a clouded majesty of countenance, capable of strangling a loose thought in its birth: she is happy also in an innate virtue, which supplies her with inexhaustible anger against young and beautiful offenders, and peculiarly happy in a strong and manly eloquence, wherewith she chastises them.

You w——, says she to poor Rachael, (for she pays little attention to the graces of language,)—how durst you have the impudence to do such a thing in my house?

Rachael expressed nothing but astonishment.

Come, says madam, none of your affections of modesty, and such stuff; they won't pass upon me: I know all; Mary has told me all.

Rachael was ready to sink.

What vile man have you been connected with, you abominable strumpet? Tell me, for I will know.

Poor Rachael answered nothing.

Madam Gamidge proceeded to hurl her thunder-bolts so profusely, and spoke with such gross malignity, that the humble Rachael became indignant, scorned to answer, and withdrew from her tempestuous mistress—unordered—unallowed.

This was not to be borne. Madam Gamidge, with all the furies in her face, ran to the justice's apartment, who was smoking a morning pipe in all the calmness of law, whilst I was explaining to him, *qui tam* and *premunire*. Madam Gamidge's complaint was a little precipitate, and rather indistinct; but, in the law phrase, it formed three counts: First, Rachael had defiled her house: Secondly, Rachael had dared

to look modest; and lastly, Rachael had offended by her silence.

The greatest difficulty the justice had found, both before and since his being in the commission, is to keep the peace in his own house. Passive obedience is the only infallible means, and the justice has recourse to it upon all occasions, when it can be practised without injuring his ease or his consequence. The culprit was ordered before him, and Madam Gamidge having adjusted his neckcloth and wig, he began with proper gravity, thus:—

Rachael Potts, you stands indicted before me, Thomas Gamidge, Esq. justice of the peace and quorum, for the wicked and heinous sin of fornication. Rachael Potts, I suppose you knows what fornication is? I hopes I have no occasion to instruct you in the nature of it: it is a thing abhorred by God and man, and nobody never commits it without lustful and evil desires.

And all manner of concupiscence, you nasty slut, adds Madam Gamidge.

What say you, Rachael Potts, guilty or not guilty?—Rachael answered only with tears, and she was beautiful in tears.—Howsomever, continues the magistrate, as the woman is the weaker vessel, and what is done can't be undone, upon proper behaviour I may in some sort overlook your share of the guilt, because, as I say, woman is the weaker vessel; but I shall direct the power that is vested in me by the King's Majesty against the wicked wretch that seduced you. He shall know what it is to break the law in my house, and under my own nose, and upon the body of my own proper domestic. He shall marry you, Rachael, and make you an honest woman.

God forgive me! says madam; so we shall have all the young hussies in the house and neighbourhood with child to get them husbands. I say husbands too! No, indeed, Mr Gamidge, I will have them both punished soundly. Let the slut be whipt, I say, and the man sent to the house of correction.

My dear, the Holy Scripture says, In thy judgments, O man, remember mercy.

Don't tell me of mercy; what is mercy good for, but to encourage wickedness? And what are you a justice of peace for, but as how to afflict the law?—Don't stand puling and sobbing there, Mrs Modesty; but tell his worship all about it—do, hussy.

But for this, all Madam Gamidge's eloquence was too weak. Tears were still Rachael's only answer; they were, indeed, sufficient to soften men and marble, but women's hearts are adamant. Madam Gamidge insisted upon her mitimus, and I know not how far the justice's principle of peace might have led him, had I not respectfully whispered in the lady's ear—It was against the law. This was an authority too formidable to be resisted, because the justice

having once before indulged his lady—against the law—the court of King's Bench had just taken the matter into consideration. Madam Gamidge, therefore, answered, I was a fool, and left the room in a passion, and the court was accordingly dismissed.

It never came certainly to my knowledge, whether the justice had so ordered the matter previously with his lady; but it is certain he chose for his next inquisition the evening of the same day, when madam and Miss Gamidge had taken the chariot to pay a visit to Mrs Bennet when I was gone my evening walk, and friend Thomas to his usual amusement, the skittle-ground.

Rachael, says the kindly-hearted magistrate, I want to talk with you mildly now, more liker a friend than a justice o' peace. Here you have lost your chastity now, and pray what have you got by it? Nothing in the world but shame. This comes of pretty girls fixing their affections upon low people, and so they bears the scandal, because they can't pay for hiding it. If a man can afford to pay for it, I sees no great harm. I dares to say, Rachael, you have been imprudent, very imprudent; the footman, perhaps?

No—no—no, sir, says Rachael.

Or the coachman, may be?

No—no—no indeed, sir.

Well—don't cry and sob, and break thy little heart for what's past and done. I declare thee makes me as tender-hearted as a chicken.

Oh! your worship is too kind—too good.

No—no; I would be kind, though, Rachael, very kind; thou canst not think how kind, my pretty little rogue, if—Come hither, child. What red, pouting lips! sweet little rogue! I must taste the balsam. Fool! what dost make such ado about?

Oh! dear sir, you fright me to death!

Pretty blushing rogue! What a soft swelling bosom! Come, sit down upon my knee—nay, prithee—don't be a fool—Zoons! damn the wench—she has trod upon my sore toe.

Oh! dear sir, pray forgive me—I did not mean to hurt you; but you terrified me out of my senses.

Damn your senses!—Oh! curse the wench.

I will do anything in the world for forgiveness.

Sit down then; the pain's going off. Come hither gently now. Slacken my neckcloth—there—Anything, you say, for forgiveness?—sweet rogue—give me a kiss then.

Good your worship, don't ask me. I would do anything in the world that's innocent and lawful.

The girl's a fool. Pray, Mrs Modesty, what innocent thing was you about when—hey?

Dear! your worship; he is not a married man, and he promised to marry me when it was convenient.

Who? who promised?

Good your worship, don't ask me.

What will you say to the parish officers? Will they mind your whimpering? I would stand your friend now; I would make the rascal marry you, or do worse; and I would save you from disgrace: but what should I trouble myself for about a girl that has no kindness, no gratitude?

Dear! your worship, I would have all sorts of kindness but one; and that is—is—is—so like in—in—incense—God would never forgive me.

Incense—girl?—prithee don't sob so—What dost mean?

I see your worship must know some time, and now's as good as any time: It breaks my heart to tell; but it was Mr Tho—Tho—mas.

The justice was struck dumb.

I hope your worship will forgive us, says Rachael, falling upon her knees; for we did not do it for wickedness—but out of pure love.

A dog! and did he promise to marry you?

Yes, indeed, he did; and we broke a ring, else he should not have touched me for the world.

Go your ways, says the justice—I shall consider of it.

The justice retired to his little smoking-room, called for his pipe, took down Burn, and began to study and smoke with great ardour. In the law part of the business he found obscurity enough; but his greatest perplexity arose from the difficulty of keeping up the respective dignities of father, master, and magistrate, after his pretty little condescensions with Rachael. It is true, he had the best of wives; but the best of wives are not fit to be trusted with some sort of secrets; and he was terribly afraid, if he did not make Madam Gamidge his confidante from pure affection, Rachael might one day from pure revenge, unless he softened matters, which he was therefore determined to do, as much as his too virtuous lady would permit: it was, however, necessary Mrs Gamidge should be made acquainted with her son's share in the business; and he chose for it the sweet hour of the morning, when the senses, unruffled by storm, just begin to find themselves awake.

Mr Gamidge, says madam, you surprises me out of my senses. I can't think how it can be: I can't think how Tommy could learn so much wickedness.

My dear Mrs Gamidge, how can you be so ignorant? Why, nature, my dear, nature teaches it.

Don't tell me, Mr Gamidge; it's blasphemous to say nature teaches wickedness.

My dear Mrs Gamidge, you mistakes the matter. Nature teaches only the thing: Man makes the wickedness—that is law.

I'm sure I thought Tommy had not known a man from a woman: but I'll tongue-walk him—that I will. The nasty slut taught him, if a

body knew all ; but I'll have it all out of him, I will.—She rose to put this pious resolve into execution ; and as ladies are known to be peculiarly addicted to—eloquence in a morning, she gave Tommy as pretty an half-hour's lecture as you would wish to hear.

Tommy had his hat in his hand, and did and undid the button and loop six-and-twenty times, according to Miss Gamidge's account.—At length Tommy began to be impatient, and said, Why, mother—sure you be beside yourself—here's a noise about a nut !

A nut ! God grant me patience ! a nut ! cried Madam Gamidge ; a gentleman of your family and fortune for to go for to demean himself with such dowdies !

Nay, for matter o' that, mother, there be as pretty girls in stuffs as in silks ; and I can't think why a man should be proud and squeamish.

Oh ! says she, the boy was sure changed in the cradle ! such vulgar conceptions ! he can't be my son.

Eh ! why, mother—be you so aligant—and high-born—and high-bred ?

Go your ways, you *impurence*, and presume to come no more into my presence, till you knows how to behave.

Pretty well got o'er, thinks Tom, as he has since told me ; I wish I had it out with father ; but the magistrate's reprehension was more grave and solemn :—Son Thomas, says he, you knows how I have brought you up, from your youth up, in gain and godliness. You never kept no bad company, nor went to taverns, nor to bad houses, nor to play-houses, and Sadler's-Wells ; and I have bought you an estate, meaning as you should be a gentleman ; whereas, instead of that, you keeps company with excisemen and farmers, and frequents tippling-houses and skittles, whereby your morals are corrupted ; and so you comes home and defiles young maidens, and all manner of abominations.

Father, says Thomas, have you done ?

No, replies the justice ; but you be soon tired of hearing good things : howsoever, it's my duty to tell you what's right, and then, if you acts contrary, you be to answer for it. In the first place, I tell you you have broke the commandments, which be of God. Secondly, you have broke the laws of this here land, whereof you are born an unworthy member, which said laws I am bound to uphold.

Zounds ! father, you be enough to drive a body mad ; as if it was murder, or high-treason, to kiss a pretty wench, or I was the only body as did it ! I wonder, father, if you did not do as much when you was young :—and i'cod (with an arch look) it's my belief you would not run away now from a blushing little rogue, for all you're inficted with the gout.

The justice bit his thumb.

Besides, father, if a man can afford it, I sees no harm.

To be sure, says the justice, it makes a difference ; but the girl says you promised to marry her.

I did, father ; I won't tell a lie for the matter ; one says anything to bring 'em to, when one's in the humour.

Then you don't design to keep your word ?

That's the very thing, father, I want to ask your advice upon ; it's honestest to keep one's word, is not it ?

That sort of honesty's out of fashion, Tom.

More's the pity, father ; but isn't it more lawful ? And be'n't you bound to uphold the law ?

The justice gnawed his thumb.

Rachael's of low degree, to be sure, continues Tom. What then ? she'll spend less. Mayhap you would marry me to a fine madam, all dizzened out wi' lace and feathers ; I'd as leave be hanged, father. They be so dainty, and frumpish, and extravagant : why, the very clothes upon the backs o' them costs more in a year, than would serve Rachael and I to keep house with. And then how they smell, father ! now Rachael never smells o' nothing but what's natural. I should be as happy as the day's long, if you would give your consent, and mother would no' make a din. Do, father ; I'll never do anything to disoblige you again as long as I live ; and Rachael would be more handier about you than sister, when you ha' got the gout.

It's a nice point, Tom, a nice point. Honour of the family ! It's a nice point between honour and honesty. Your mother will be all for honour, Tom ; but go your way, Tom, I'll see what's to be done.

At supper, Mr Thomas being absent, for he did not choose to face his mother at present, the justice had the courage to mention his son's desire ; and, hang it, adds the justice, I don't know what to say to't : I think the lad's not made for your gentry, he'll be happier and let him have his own way.

Madam Gamidge was struck dumb with the proposition. So does I think so too, says Miss Gamidge, for brother is not used to ladies ; and you know, mamma, if a person marries inferior, why then, there's always a deal of gratitude for one's raising 'em, and they strive to please and humour one more.

Grant me patience, says Madam Gamidge, are you, too, imbued with such vulgar ideas ? What ! I supposes you have some inferior person you wants to bestow yourself and fortune upon ? Nobody but me has a mind that's equal to their station. Who would keep up the dignity of the family if I did not ? A gentleman marry his own trull ! God forgive me ! I'll never hear of no such thing while my name's Madam Gamidge.

To such a *la reine le veut*, there could be no

opposition, and madam talked her half hour with more than common dignity. So rests the matter at present. Spare me the trouble of any more narration, if it offends your philosophic gravity; otherwise I shall continue my impertinence, whether I hear from you or no.

JAMES WALLACE.

nally belongs to two French gentlemen; but, I believe, my father designs to disguise it, and call it the system of Hermes Holman, *philosophus, et systematum factor, Britannus*.

Adieu.

PARACELUS HOLMAN.

PARACELUS HOLMAN TO JAMES WALLACE.

Allington, July 24, 1787.

NOT to laugh, I leave to the gentlemen of Lord Chesterfield's school; not to be pleased, unless with wisdom as ponderous as lead, I leave to the Lords Spiritual; and give you, by these mandates, James Wallace, a licence to discompose my philosophic muscles as much and as often as you please, provided you do not require a return in kind, or any return, save at my vacations. My father, you know, has assigned me the dignified post of his coadjutor, and of Nature's, when she appears to require it; and if I am so happy as to deserve the good graces of this fair lady, I hope in time to be admitted a member of her privy-council, but I cannot expect this, without serving her night and day. This, by way of apology for not doing some things which you may imagine I ought to do.

I have not, of late, however, had so much correspondence with my goddess as I could wish, my devotions having been interrupted, as devotion often is, by a mere mortal woman, a sister of my mother's, a widow, who died a month since, leaving behind her a personal fortune of 2300*l*. In our house lay all her relationship; but as she knew the economy of this our house, she thought proper to make her will, bequeathing her substance by a sort of *datus prudentissimo*; but, lest I should not be found by this direction, she set my name to it at full length.

This event has, for a time, suspended our altercations domestical; for though my mother was extremely splenetic at first, she now seems to settle in the opinion, that, except to herself, the bequest could not have been better bestowed. My father also finds reason to believe, that I am not so totally a blockhead as he had once conceived.

On the part of my dear mamma, this has been effected by a large addition to her wardrobe, and a few elegant toys. All women love toys, James Wallace; from the creation of the world to this day I believe, the rule has been without exception. On the part of my father, by 100*l*. sterling, which has paid the wreck of that unfortunate day, and leaves an agreeable remainder for the privy-purse; besides this, I have listened attentively to a new system of all created things, which has thrown, or is to throw, gravitation, and other Newtonian absurdities, out of the window into the street. The property origi-

JAMES WALLACE TO PARACELUS HOLMAN.

Carlisle, July 31, 1787.

YOU will be surprised, dear Holman, that I am where I am; perhaps you will be angry also; but first hear me, and then condemn or applaud, as to your judgment shall seem meet. You remember in what state my last letter left things at Borfield. Rachael, because she could not be sent to jail, was returned upon the hands of her grandmother; my friend Thomas deserted the house, and even the skittle-ground; the little harmony that used to subsist amongst us was gone, and a sullen dignified gloom touched our tongues, and sat upon our countenances.

One day the justice desired my company in his little room, and having lighted our pipes,—Mr Wallace, says he, I have not had a comfortable pipe, and hardly a comfortable hour, since this ugly affair fell out. You see how things are now, and what a deal of miscomfort children brings upon their fathers, when they takes bad ways. Who would ever have thought now, that Tom, a lad as I brought up so carefully, should turn out so, and now he's heir to the family, and there's nobody else to keep up its honour and dignity! These things, Mr Wallace, weighs very heavy upon me. Give me your advice now; what would you have me do?

I would have you be happy, sir, answered I, and see no reason why you should be otherwise. You will please to consider, sir, that your son has fallen into a natural weakness, but not into any of those vices that disgrace human nature.

I made this speech pretty long, and the specimen will shew you its tendency. The justice seemed to be relieved by it, shook me by the hand, and said, I was a sensible young man. Yes, yes, says he, it's true, very true, it's a natural weakness; perhaps, if I had been young, I might have fallen into it myself. Man is frail, Mr Wallace, and Rachael alluring. Well, I'll forgive Tom that, tell him so, Mr Wallace; but the fool wants to have her after all. What do you think of that?

I cannot presume, sir, to give you advice in such delicate points. I own it appears to me that Mr Thomas will not be happy without her; and, I believe, it was upon a solemn promise of marriage the poor girl yielded to his wishes. Now, sir, if his honour and happiness both are concerned in fulfilling his promise, I own it does not appear to me that there is any

argument on the other side that ought to prevent it, except your anger and dislike.

The magistrate fell into a proper attitude to consider the proposition; had a reverie of five minutes, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and walked out of the room.

I should not, dear Holman, have given this advice, nor any advice at all, but have left this curious family to its own mode of honour and happiness, but that my friend Thomas, who is really an honest, well-meaning young man, had opened his heart to me. He loved the young woman, he said, and the young woman loved him; and what signified all the riches in the world, if a man can't have what he likes?

But, says I, you ought to obey your father and mother.

I know that, you fool, replies Tom; I learned it in my Catechism. What then? There be things they ought to be masters in, and things not. To be sure, I ought to do as they bid me in things lawful; but it's against Gospel to marry a wife as one can't love, because one's commanded to love 'em. "Thou shalt leave father and mother, and cleave unto thy wife." There's scripture now—answer that.

Mrs Gamidge, however, was the only person in the family capable of contrivance and decision. She had been involved in the business of profound thinking several days, and at length conceived a most refined and delicate scheme, which, but for my obstinacy, might have restored the family glory and harmony to its pristine state.

One morning she rose earlier than usual, and came to find me in the library. Mr Wallace, says she, I takes you now to be as sensible a young man as most is; and, I dares to say, you have a great deal of gratitude and good-will for one as does you a kindness.

I hope, madam, it will never be in the power of any one to accuse me justly of ingratitude.

No, I dares say not; you seems to be quite another sort of body. Now, here's this affair of Tommy's gives us all vast concern; not that I values the expense of a farthing candle, but it's such a disgrace for a gentleman. Now, I thinks, you might serve your friend and yourself into the bargain.

I shall certainly, madam, be very happy in such an opportunity.

Yes, I dares to say you will, and be thankful to me for putting you into the way of it.

Certainly, madam.

I assure you, I don't think everybody would have thought of such a thing. You know now that Rachael's a decentish sort of a young woman enough, and one that's rather pretty.

She is, madam, very pretty.

Now, for all she has gone astray, considering it was with a gentleman, there's not so much in it; and if she had a bit of a fortune, many a one would jump at her, for all this.

I dare say so, madam.

I believe Mr Gamidge would give a hundred pounds down with her to any young man that would use her well. Now, I was thinking, Mr Wallace, it would not be amiss for you; a hundred pound's a pretty thing; you might set up in the law with it, and be Mr Gamidge's clerk, and do very well in the world.

I felt the blush of indignation tinge my cheek, but thinking it silly to answer folly with indignation, I only replied, I thought myself too young to marry, and, though I was poor, and likely to remain so all my life, I should still choose to have the getting of my own children.

Madam Gamidge tossed up her head, said it was a ridiculous nicety in such an one as I, and left the library. She returned in a few minutes, and, without further preface, said, if I was so squeamish as not to marry the young woman, and many of my betters had done worse, still, says she, you may father the child, and nobody'll know no better; and if we pays all expenses, what harm can that do you?

I hope you will excuse me, madam; it cannot injure your son because he has a fortune; me it might utterly undo; my all depends upon character.

Character, indeed! I says character; a lawyer talk of his character! Well, I sees what sort of man you be; everybody's for themselves now-a-days. When I was young, one good turn deserved another. Nobody now has no gratitude; so I sets you down for what you are, Mr Wallace; so good-morrow to you.

With such a disposition of the governess of this mansion, I had the sagacity to foresee my time in it would not be long: I even debated whether I should quietly wait my dismissal, or seek it. The matter was determined by a way I had not foreseen.—I have not been very particular in my communications concerning Miss Gamidge; for, I think, it is a law in the code of gallantry not to divulge the secrets of a lady; and, upon my soul, as I never received her advances without confusion, I know not how to talk of them without shame.—The morning had seen me embroiled with the mother; the evening was destined to complete my hapless catastrophe. Miss Gamidge came into the library whilst I was there. I rose, out of respect, and was going out: Oh, Lord! Mr Wallace, says she, if I'm so frightful you can't bear to see me, I'll go back.

I beg pardon, Miss Gamidge; I thought it my duty to retire.

So I thinks you always do whenever I comes anywhere.

I hope you are not angry, Miss Gamidge, at being treated with respect?

I don't want so much respect. Have you any pretty books here, such as I should like to read?

The Spectator is here, ma'am, the World, the Reflector, Parental Monitor.

What are all they about ?

The duties and manners of social life.

Why, I knows my duty well enough. Have you any about love ? I likes vastly to read about love : Don't you ? But I fancies not. I thinks you are not indicted to ladies.

I should be sorry to offend any. Why do you think so, ma'am ?

Because many's the time, and oft, you seem'd to shun my company, when I've been in the garden, and up and down ; and no longer ago than yesterday, didn't I ask you to fetch a walk in the evening to Miss Cave's ? and I would have walked home with you, and you wouldn't.

I thought you condescended too much, Miss Gamidge.

What's that to you, if I did ? But that's not it ; it's because you don't like me : I don't know why. I am sure I wishes I was more handsome and agreeable. Why, you looks frighted : I dares say you have not been used to talk much to ladies.

Not to such ladies.

Why, if I condescends a little, you ought to take it kinder, I think.

You are very good, ma'am.

Ay—but do you think so now in good earnest ? My mamma told me the talk you had together this morning, and mortal angry she is. Now, I thinks, you was quite right : I likes a man of spirit. A fine offer, truly ; a hundred pounds, and a wife big ! I dares to say there's many a lady with thousands, if they knew how handsome and genteel you was, would not scorn you ; for love, you know, never minds conditions.

Don't it so, miss ? says Mrs Gamidge, entering like a fury ; but I'll condition you, I will. Lord have mercy ! but for me, what would this poor family come to ? The son going to marry a maid-servant, the daughter in love with her father's clerk ! I have suspected it some time, you low creature, you. Walk down, forward miss ; I'll take care of you : And as to you, you ungrateful wretch, to-morrow morning's the last hour you have to stay in this house, that's pos.

Whilst the lovely Miss Gamidge was pouring forth her dear effusions, I was putting up a silent petition that the Lord would deliver me ; and now the end was obtained, I did not like the means. But it is no uncommon capriccio of fortune, to make one man pay for the follies of another.

In the silence of the night I meditated a most excellent speech, adapted to exculpate myself, without wounding the young lady's delicacy ; but, when I appeared in the morning before the venerable tribunal, neither the magistrate nor the magistrate's lady would hear it. She poured forth a rich torrent that would not have disgraced the emporium near London Bridge ; and flinging at me, rather than presenting, a twenty-

pound bank-note, Take your dirty wages, says she ; it's ten times more than you deserve ; and I hopes I shall never hear about you no more as long as I live.

I pocketed the note, with great prudence and great disdain ; and, without taking any notice of the lady, I bowed to the justice, and said to him,—I would wish you peace and happiness, sir ; but, unless you would take the trouble to govern your own family, the wish will be vain. If heaven gave you felicity to-day, the passions of your lady would destroy it to-morrow. As I went out I heard something about assurance, which I did not regard.—I took up my residence for that day at the Harrow, where my friend Thomas came in the afternoon to console me ; and where he told me in confidence he would be married in a week, let the old folks take it how they would.

Having communed, as wise men do, with my own thoughts, and finding little hope of employment in the county of Lancaster, I determined to try my fortune at Carlisle. I know, indeed, I cannot expect success in the law, but from time and accident : I hope for the accident, and whilst I wait, shall indulge myself in nature's primitive luxuries, roots and water. I have taken two rooms in a by-street, and over the door of one have affixed a brass plate, inscribed, Wallace, attorney.

I congratulate you on your acquisition, and am happy to hear the use you put it to. I wished to have thrown myself into your arms, dear Holman, to be advised and consoled ; but, fearing the nature of your counsel, and not choosing to interrupt your present fair prospect of family harmony, I thought it most prudent for you, and for myself, not to indulge in that pleasure.

Adieu.

JAMES WALLACE.

Direct to me, at Mr Brown's, weaver, in Cass Street.

PARACELSUS HOLMAN TO JAMES WALLACE.

Allington, August 9, 1787.

I LAUGH at thee, James Wallace. Thy situation in a by-street ; thy well-known name and fame ; thy brass plate ; thy roots and water ; and the sum of ten pounds in thy pocket ; all these conjunctions must force thee a way into the wealthiest regions of the law. I have my projects, too, James Wallace ; and, I trust, of a better complexion than thine, at least of a different, for roots and water make no part of them ; but as these projects are not yet ripe, I will suffer thee to starve one or two half years at Carlisle till they are.

In former days, James Wallace, when mankind was incrustated all over with virtuous inno-

cence and simplicity, roots and water, with a few acorns and pig-nuts, were sufficient for his maw ; but our wicked forefathers have so habituated the human race to *blood*, that in the very caves of hermits, within thirty degrees of the mid sun, you will now find flesh and wine. As a physician, I would advise you to use just as much of these as will protract your existence for a year ; but as it would be foolish to prescribe impossibilities, I inclose you a Lancaster bank note of L.50, just to enable you—not to die.

Don't trouble thyself about gratitude, James Wallace, nor beat thy law-stuffed brain for the finest expression of it. It is myself I want to gratify : It is my own happiness I want to seek ; and when I stand naked before thee, thou wilt judge if I take not the right road.

My mother is ill, dangerously so ; my father and I disagreeing concerning her disease : I sent, much against his will, for Doctor Webb, of Lancaster, who found us both in the wrong. The worst of it is, she has not mended under his care. The doctor is a man of genius and some humour, and has a peculiar pleasure in playing upon the foibles of mankind. With my father's he is well acquainted, and has often experienced his credulity.

Mr Holman, says he, after dinner, I can tell you an odd sort of a secret, though I must not tell you the means by which I learned it ; it is concerning balloons, which the French council have taken into their heads may be of prodigious use against the English in any future war ; but then they conceived it to be a case of conscience, and a case of conscience they made of it, for the private determination of the Sorbonne, and also of the Archbishop of Paris and his Chapter. The question was, whether, according to Grotius—to Puffendorf—to the *jus gentium*—or the *jus naturæ*—they could or ought to make use of a mere philosophical discovery to the destruction and annoyance of mankind.

To the Archbishop and his Chapter the matter seemed perfectly clear at the first view ; that, since his Most Christian Majesty had a natural, reasonable, consummate, and indefeasible right, to convert to his own use and pleasure, all the powers, and all the faculties, of his subjects ; and since it had pleased Providence that a natural born subject of his Majesty should conceive and bring forth this child of air and fire, it followed of course, that his Most Christian Majesty might take the child, and bring it up to any use that seemed good unto him.

The decision of the Sorbonne was equally wise and attentive to the good will and pleasure of the Monarque. All advantages, say they, are lawful against an enemy in *posse* as well as in *esse* ; and they knew of no difference in the nature of things, betwixt a fabric of balloons and

a foundry of cannon ; nor why a magazine might not be filled as well with inflammable air as with gunpowder, with taffeta and vegetable bottles, as with hemp and tar.

In consequence of these decisions, it is confidently affirmed in Paris, that great orders are issued to the East for silk and gum, and all over Europe for inflammable air ; in particular, Doctor Priestly is unlimited, and must infallibly make a fortune in a few years, if he can but contrive proper vessels for confining and conveying this precious fluid.

Here ended the doctor's relation, and my father has thought more about it than about my mother ever since. He fears the consequences for his dear country, and is debating whether, as a dutiful subject, he ought not to advertise government, and advise the taking Doctor Priestly up ; more especially as the Doctor is a traitor to the church as well as state, as appears evidently by his polemics, and by his tracts in favour of dissenters, and for repealing the test and corporation acts ; for though my father has his heterodoxies in matters of faith, he is well convinced that the church is the grand pillar of the state.

My father was mentioning this his opinion one day to a gentleman farmer here, who reads much. Yes, says the farmer, I have read all the English histories with great care ; and I find, when kings have had a mind to do what they ought not to do, they have called in the church's aid ; but when their heads were turned to the public service, I think they never wanted it, nor never will.

I told you in my last that my father had adopted a new system, invented by Messrs Marivetz and Goussier, who, by the help of a fluid 490,000,000,000 times more rare and elastic than atmospheric air, have fabricated a world *de novo*. This omnipresent, omnipotent fluid, performs attraction, repulsion, gravitation, electricity, and magnetism—rolls planets in orbits—and turns suns on centres.

But my father thinks a still greater use may be made of it, if we could contrive to fill our own air balloons. Good God ! says my father—a fluid 490,000,000,000 times more rare than inflammable air ! Whither would it not enable us to fly ? It is certain, if my father can bring this project to bear, exclusively, we never more need to fear being surpassed by the French in any levity whatever.

I modestly suggested to my father, that I was afraid a limit would be put to our ascensions from another cause ; that the lungs, when they had no atmospheric air to breathe, which would probably befall them by the time they had ascended fifty miles, would become as mad as raving mad oysters, and die of collapsion. My father assured me, that, notwithstanding all Mr Vernier's assertions to the contrary, he was well

convinced the lungs had no feeling, no sensibility whatever, and consequently could not die.

Adieu, dear Wallace; canst thou be sad?

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

JAMES WALLACE TO PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

Carlisle, August 16, 1787.

I KNOW your temper, dear Holman, and dare not return your present; but I have already a competent sense of my own littleness, and beg you will not increase it.

Thank you for your communication; had the ridicule been directed against the foibles of any man rather than a father, how much better should I have enjoyed it!

You laugh at my probabilities; my landlord, an honest weaver, laughs also. Master Wallace, says he, after I had been a fortnight in his house without a client, a friend, or an acquaintance, male or female, I have a good trade, and a bit of money at use; and how do you think I got it? Why, I got it by going to look for business; not by letting business come to look for me. How should anybody employ you, when nobody knows you? Come along with me, I'll introduce you to our club at the Raven; there are some amongst them that knows what's what. If they don't employ you, they'll talk about you, and that's the way to be known.

It was a club of honest tradesmen, whose principal subjects were politics and jokes. I was not extremely well qualified in either; but I desired to please, and, after a fortnight's exertion, succeeded tolerably. A young soldier, fresh from America, had favoured the members sometimes, and was at first well received; but as he chose to talk for everybody, everybody grew weary of being auditors only, and heartily wished to be rid of him, though no one chose to signify so unpolite a request. A Glasgow rider—a man of sense and some humour—came to Carlisle about this time, and, as most of his customers frequented this club, he came as usual amongst them, having been previously acquainted with the dislike of the military intruder: I happened to be there this night, and the officer, according to custom, entertained us with infinite volubility. The eternal themes were the American war and himself. To this personage, and a very few others, his panegyric was confined; but in his style of applause, he did not imitate either Livy or Tacitus. Courage, firmness, patience of labour, of thirst, of hunger, intrepidity in attack, coolness in defence, wisdom in council, alacrity in enterprize; these, and an hundred more of military virtues, were all comprized in spunk and dash. The manner of doing justice to his own merits, you have in the following specimen:—

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I am but a Lieutenant, gentlemen; but, by G—d, the lieutenants bore the burden of command throughout the whole war, and the colonels ran away with the glory. It is not prudent, perhaps, in a young soldier, who expects, and damme I'll be bold to say deserves, preferment, to talk too much about his superiors; but, by G—d, gentlemen, you see how the war has terminated! Damme, I would have eaten America, if I had had the command, before it should have terminated in this manner. I hate boasting, gentlemen, as I hate the devil and the Pretender; but I was sent out upon a secret expedition, and how do you think I conducted it? If I did not surprise the enemy's commanding-officer in the arms of his mistress, curse me. I delivered my gentleman to a corporal, and went to bed to the lady—a sweet girl, faith!—Another time, gentlemen, I was ordered to dislodge the enemy from a strong defile; a defile, gentlemen, is a hollow betwixt two impassable mountains. I had only one hundred men to perform this, and the devil a cannon would the general allow me, though he knew the enemy had six pieces at the mouth of the defile. Courage, gentlemen, is not the only thing required in a commander. What the devil would it signify to have led my hundred brave fellows to be blown to pieces? Damme, that would have been dash without spunk. Guess now what I did; but no—you can't guess—it requires knowledge in the military line to guess my stratagem. I seized a country fellow,—Friend, says I, conduct me to the top of yonder mountain.—God bless your honour, says he, it's not possible! No human creature but goats ever get there. Then, gentlemen, I took my purse in my left hand, and a pistol in my right. Choose, says I; one is thy portion. If I get to the top, this; if not, this. At length I conquered the obstinate old block. I divided my force into two equal parts, and, leaving half to stay below with proper orders, I ascended the hill with the rest, and in four hours, climbing perpendicular precipices thirty yards high, through briars and brambles, I got to the summit without the loss of a man. By the way we caught four goats. You will wonder why, gentlemen; I'll tell you; I ordered dry gorse bushes to be tied to their tails—set them on fire—tumbled them headlong into the defile, and a score of rocks after them—set up a military shout, and poured a volley of shot amongst them. Zounds, gentlemen, it was glorious—it was great—what confusion followed in the defile! By G—d, it was clear in twenty minutes!—I gave the signal. My men below entered the defile—seized the six pieces, and turned them against the enemy. See now, gentlemen, how merit is treated in the service. The army applauded me to the skies: The general never noticed the affair, by G—d!

Here was a moment of pause; the opportu-

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nity of which the Scotchman took to thank the young gentleman for the entertainment he had given the company. I, says he, ha' been a muckle traveller, but I ne'er speered the lik o' you, sir.—The officer, for the first time, seemed pleased to listen.—It caanno' be denied, continues the Scotchman, that the army is the school for fine gentlemen; for where else is the academy at which ye could have obtained this rapid everlasting eloquence? Where else could ye ha' got complete maister o' that fine figure the hyperbole? Where else could ye ha' learned to swear wi' sic a grace? But 'gin you wull pardon my freedom, sir, in one thing, I think, you fail—a little common sense, gude sir, is the thing wanting to mak you complete.

Sir! says the officer.

Not, continues the Scotchman, that it is absolutely requisite; many a narration gangs on weel enough without it, but a leetel wouldna be amess.

Sir, says the officer, with a tremendous frown, do you insinuate, damme, sir, do you insinuate, sir, that I want common sense?

No, sir—no—I do not mean that ye *want* it; but that it wouldna do you mickle harm gin ye had it. It would be a vary pretty addition to your aither accomplishments.

A half-stifled laugh around the room increased the officer's fury. Hell and the devil! says he; have I fought my country's battles in America, to come home to be insulted by a lousy Scotchman?

I canna' speer how you mustak the matter so widely. Sure I na mane to insult the mon I admire so much. A jontleman o' sic spunk and dash!—a jontleman that wants na but common sense to mak him complete!

Zounds! says the officer, it is not to be borne. Follow me out, sir!

I would do anything reasonable to oblige you, sir; but to what purpose?

To give me a gentleman's satisfaction.

But, sir, ye wudna condescend to measure your valour with a lousy Scotchman?

No man shall affront me with impunity; and, by G—d, sir, I insist upon satisfaction!

My trade, sir, is selling thread and lace: If you want anything in that way, I shall be proud to oblige you.

None of your damned evasions, sir!—I bear the king's commission, and insist upon your answering me with sword or pistol.

I have a profound veneration for common sense, otherwise I shudna ha' presumed to recommend it to you, sir; and I shud shew it but leetel respect, 'gin I were to fight a mon at his own weapons. Mine, gud sir, are the yard and scissars.

Then I'll shew you, says the officer, how a cowardly scoundrel ought to be treated. Moving towards him.

The Scotchman was taking a pinch of snuff, and when the officer was within proper distance, threw the whole contents of the mull into his eyes. The officer was obliged to retreat to his chair, where he kept swearing, threatening, and clearing his eyes of snuff. When he was in a condition for action, he seemed inclined to begin it; but the Scotchman, having armed himself with the poker, cried out, It's high time this farce should have an end. 'Gin you wull sit doon quietly, and lete the company enjoy themselves, it's aw well; 'gin ye wull not, I shall move to ha' you expelled; and if you offer any rudeness, by Chreest, I'll spleet your skull!

The Scot was a raw-boned, lusty fellow; the officer slender: Perhaps the latter considered this, and suffered himself to be something pacified. Gentlemen, says he, addressing the company, do you countenance such usage? If you do, let me tell you, you don't know how a gentleman ought to be treated.

Not we, indeed, replied one of the members; we are a club of humble tradesmen, and know our distance. We don't aspire to the honour of keeping gentlemen company. I believe, sir, that you came amongst us at all, is more owing to your gracious condescension than to our ambition.

A general smile succeeded. The officer threw down his shilling, damned the company for low-lived scoundrels, threatened the Scotchman, and departed. We have seen him no more.

Adieu.

JAMES WALLACE.

JAMES WALLACE TO PARACELUS HOLMAN.

Carlisle, August 25, 1787.

THE person of our society most gratified by the flight of the soldier was a Mr Dibble, the pretty gentleman of the club before the officer's intrusion, but since, very much eclipsed. Mr Dibble inherits from his father L.150 a-year; has some vanity, and a great deal of indolence. He detests business, and thinks the first felicity of life is to have nothing to do. He seems to court my acquaintance, and has introduced me to a job in the law way, which, being my first essay, you ought to know its success.

The mercer with whom he deals having looked over his ledger, found in it certain half-forgotten debts, which he more desired than hoped to recover. At the instance of Mr Dibble, he put one of them into my hands; I wrote as usual a letter of demand, which producing no answer, I sent for a writ. The man, a journeyman stone-cutter, was arrested at break of day, and carried to the bailiff's house; there I found my victim, half stupid, half desperate; his eyes

fixed now on the floor, by and by lifted to the ceiling, and calling out sometimes upon Christ Jesus, and sometimes upon his dear Molly!

Friend, said I, how do you propose to pay this debt?

Me, master! answered the man; I can as soon eat Carlisle Castle. I got into Mr Dilworth's debt many years ago when I had money, and had no children; but my mother had a twelvemonth's illness, and the doctor and potticary took all; then my wife took to breeding, and that's expensive, master.

Have you many children?

Six, master; wife almost at down-lying with seventh. What can I do, master, with twelve shillings a-week?—Lord of Heaven, be merciful to 'em! They must go to parish, poor souls, while I'm in jail! Christ Jesus!

For a moment, Holman, I cursed the mercer, and despised myself. I stole away, and ran to the man's house: Two female neighbours were holding the man's wife in strong convulsions; a third had the two youngest children on her lap; the rest were screaming and hiding themselves in corners. The gossips were heartily giving the mercer, the bailiff, and the lawyer, to the devil.—I flew to my lodgings, took out thy bill, dear Holman, changed it at a banker's, run back to the bailiff's house, and told the man I had met a friend of his who had paid the debt; bid him run home to comfort his wife, and went with the bailiff to the mercer, where I discharged the debt and costs. So ended my first essay.

In the meantime, Mr Dibble has undertaken to introduce me into genteel life, and has taken infinite pains to convince me that this is absolutely essential to success in the law, and that to dress with elegance is absolutely essential to this; and can I justify throwing away my friend's beneficence in trifles? I yield with reluctance as far as I dare yield.

Adieu.

JAMES WALLACE.

PARACELSUS HOLMAN TO JAMES WALLACE.

Allington, August 31, 1787.

UNHAPPY young man! What malignant star made thee a lawyer!

Be under no anxiety about my benefaction, as you call it, dear Wallace. To part with superfluous dress, is surely the least kind office of friendship. Never shall I think I fulfil the duties of that sacred name, till I —, but no matter; my cogitations are embryos yet, and may be abortive.

My mother died a fortnight since; my father —, nothing. I am at present involved

in some care, and more business. Continue your communications to your

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

JAMES WALLACE TO PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

Carlisle, Sept. 9, 1787.

MAY every event of thy life, dear Holman, bring a comfort to thy existence, or yield thee a consolation!

Since my last I have had some small increase of business; none yet that has been too lucrative.

A tradesman, pleased with my success in the mercer's case, put into my hand an affair something more complicated than common: It is a case, not of debt contracted by the defendant, but of respendency. According to the plaintiff's account, the matter is clear against the defendant; nor is the latter poor, but rich, and full of defiance. The trial comes on at next assizes. —A labourer of Borfield brought me a letter, which I copy for your edification.

"Dear Sir,

"EVER since you left Borfield I've had a dog's life; mother growling, and telling about the honour of the family. Father would be o' my side if he wa'n't so hen-pecked: Brother daren't meddle, 'cause he hears enuff of Rachel; so I'm forced to bear all, and it's all about my having a kindness for you. What if I has, I need not be ashamed to own it; why should I, when I means nothing but what's lawful? And if I likes you, and you likes me, why can't we come together? But if you can't take a fancy to me, there's an end on't, and no harm done. I hear you be set up at Carlisle; now I shud like to live at Carlisle, for I hates this house, it's so glum; one don't see a pack o' cards once a-week hardly. Father would forgive us as soon as look at us, for I knows he's a good opinion of you, though he daren't say so; and then we should have money enough, and live like ourselves; so if you thinks fit, send me a letter; and if you wants money, I've almost a hundred pounds which I saved out of my earnings; so you sees how froogal I be, which is all at present from your loving friend,

"MARY GAMIDGE."

No; whilst I have youth, health, and common understanding, my fortune can never be so desperate as to force me into voluntary misery. No—I will play no mean, no clandestine part: Howsoever low I may be stationed in the drama of life, let me play it well; let me preserve that firm elastic tone to the mind, which enables it to spring against the accidents of life, which rectitude alone can give, and guilt alone destroy.—

In consequence of this soliloquy I returned the following answer :—

“MADAM,

“To betray you into an alliance with poverty, would be to repay your kindness with ingratitude. My fortune is too low, my prospects too unsettled, to invite Miss Gamidge to partake them. After returning thanks for her kind regard, the best advice I can give her is, to forget the unfortunate

“JAMES WALLACE.”

I felt myself no hero in writing this, dear Holman; I practised no self-denial. Had she been at once rich, handsome, and sensible, would my candour have been strong enough to have refused the blessing? At how easy a rate, sometimes, are we virtuous, honest, honourable!

Adieu.

JAMES WALLACE.

PARACELSUS HOLMAN TO JAMES WALLACE.

Allington, Sept. 16, 1787.

I WROTE you a hasty billet on the second instant, just to inform you I was in existence. I now write another to satisfy myself about yours. Omissions with me are regular things, but with James Wallace they are ominous. Of myself I have little to say, except that I have purchased a fourth share in a neighbouring glass-house with my aunt's 2000*l.*, which is to be turned into an half, whenever I can leave Allington and my present business, to bestow my undivided attention upon the conduct and improvement of this manufactory.

This is my wish, my prayer; my father opposes it every way, except the way of kindness, the only one likely to prevail. We are but so, so. An expression of my mother's on her death-bed hangs heavy on me; she was in a sleep, something broken and disturbed. “Poor Wallace! says she. Don't tell me of fire, Mr Holman; it's all nonsense. We shall ruin our poor souls;” this in broken starts. On her waking, she was seized with that paralysis that ended her life; she never spoke more.

James Wallace, I do not love my father. Thy pious hairs will stand erect at this bold sentiment, but I cannot avoid the feeling; all I can do is, to be an hypocrite with my friend, and avoid the expression.

Farewell.

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

JAMES WALLACE TO PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

Carlisle, Sept. 25, 1787.

I ANSWER your friendly billet, dear Holman, in the utmost haste, being this instant going to take boat to a Scotch vessel lying at the river mouth, and bound for France. The reason of this I will write you at my leisure. Alas! dear Holman, I have been sick, and in prison. Fortune sported with my birth, and seems disposed to sport with me through life—but not in smiles.

Friend of my soul,

My only friend,

Farewell!

JAMES WALLACE.

JAMES WALLACE TO PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

At Sea, October 1, 1787.

Now, dear Holman, I proceed to inform you of my faults, my follies, and my misfortunes. I mentioned in my last a cause of responsibility to be tried at the assizes; it was not heard. The attorney for the defendant took advantage of a trivial error in point of form, and obtained a nonsuit. The lawyers laughed, the plaintiff was enraged, and I was undone. The stone-cutter, too, whom I had bribed to be silent, out of the fulness of his heart, intrusted the secret with a friend, and as it was an affair not very common, it circulated in a few days through the town. The lawyers laughed still louder, and the benevolence of the thing, if there were any, was lost in the folly.

In the meantime, Mr Dibble's persuasions, assisted by my own vanity, had betrayed me into the too prevalent and foolish custom of laying out that money in frippery, which, in circumstances like mine, ought to have been applied solely to the support of life and industry. By this I had incurred a debt at the mercer's of 20*l.*, or near it; and having lent Mr Dibble twice ten guineas, for the poor young man had met with disappointments, having lived also little upon roots and water, thy money, dear Holman, was frittered away, and a number of small debts contracted to the amount of a dozen pounds. This was my situation at the close of the assizes.

It was evident I had no farther prospect at Carlisle; but, were it honesty or pride, I could not for a moment bear the thought of quitting it in debt: I had but one way to get out. I called in to my assistance a worthy pawnbroker, and by the sale of all my wardrobe, but the necessary, I raised fifteen pounds. For the payment of the mercer I had destined the twenty guineas, lent my elegant friend; I believe my elegant friend foresaw it, and chose this time for a jour-

ney to Newcastle. I requested the mercer to accept a draft upon him; the mercer, with all possible complaisance, desired to be excused. I assured him frankly, I had no other way to pay him. The mercer, always polite, wondered gentlemen would be so indiscreet as to lend money, when they had none to lend: But, I suppose, sir, says he, you have his note?

Indeed, I have not; nor once thought of asking for one.

I suppose, sir, you thought it would be ungentle, and to be sure it is too generally thought ungentle to be prudent. You have other debts beside mine?

None, sir; I had, to the amount of twelve pounds, all which I have discharged.

I am sorry, sir, you should think it necessary to distinguish me so particularly.

Could I possibly suppose you would refuse a draft upon a man of Mr Dibble's consequence and fortune?

It is the easiest thing in the world, sir, for one gentleman to draw a draft upon another, but not so easy to make him pay it.

Do you doubt his honour, sir, or my veracity?

Sir, it is not my business to doubt either. Mr Dibble is undoubtedly a man of honour; but does honour oblige him to pay his debts? And as to his fortune, sir, it is not my business to insinuate anything to the disadvantage of a gentleman's fortune; and as to your veracity, sir, I have not the least imaginable doubt of your veracity, sir; but to be frank and ingenuous—you know, Mr Wallace, you are an entire stranger here—suppose now I should accept your note; suppose Mr Dibble inclined to disown the debt; you will have left the country, what shall I do then? Not that I have the least doubt either of his honour or your veracity; but caution, Mr Wallace, caution ought to be a tradesman's motto; and really we tradesmen in the higher lines see strange things, Mr Wallace, extraordinary things! I would not offend any gentleman, but great caution, sir, or great loss.

I am quite unprepared to answer these arguments, Mr Clair; all that I can say is, I would pay you if I knew how. Will you write Mr Dibble? I will wait the answer.

Excuse me, sir—it is not my business to take upon me to put impertinent questions to gentlemen; besides, sir, to be frank, I should prefer any other mode of payment to Mr Dibble's; for, sir, if Mr Dibble can pay you twenty pounds, he can pay me twenty pounds; and I had rather receive it on my own account than yours. Mr Dibble is pretty deep in my books, Mr Wallace.

Well, Mr Clair, what can I do? I have no other money.

You have friends, sir, I presume,—relations?

None, sir; I have no relation, no family.

Really, Mr Wallace—this is—extra—ordinary. It is quite repugnant to my nature to

speak to any person in harsh terms; but I presume—only put the supposition—if I were to throw you in jail—would it not make you think of ways and means to get out?

I cannot have a greater desire to pay you in jail than I have out, perhaps not so great; but do with me what you please.

Have you no sort of property, Mr Wallace? A superfluity of clothes at least, I presume? You have dressed well.

That superfluity is gone to pay the small debts I mentioned.

That was a partial honesty, I think. You might have considered they came originally out of my shop.

I have told you on what I depended for your payment.

Humph.—What is to be done?

I know not; but it is so debasing a circumstance to leave a place in debt, that if you could use my service to any advantage, I would be your servant till the debt was paid, with all my heart.

You are a lawyer?

I renounce the law for ever, sensible that, utterly without interest as I am, I stand no chance of success. It is true, I have learned no other trade, but in learning arithmetic, I have learnt the elements of all. I understand book-keeping, and can boldly answer for diligence and integrity.

The mercer, seeing no other way by which he could hope to recover his money, consented that I should come into the shop, do what I could, and keep his books; and that this might be real profit to him, he discharged an inferior journeyman to make room for me. In the shop I learned to be useful soon, and in my other occupation, I obtained Mr Clair's thanks for the order into which I put his accounts. These were, indeed, much behindhand, and constantly confused, which was owing to Mr Clair's increasing wealth, to the increasing indolence which sometimes accompanies wealth, and to another circumstance which my story renders it necessary to mention.

Mr Clair was a bachelor, and one of his maids was young, tolerably handsome, and very vain. I had not been in the house a fortnight, before I perceived he was as much enamoured as a man who loved money above all things could well be; but Sally, brought up in the fear of God and man, resisted the little liberties he was inclined to take, and put on a proper degree of indignation. The chastest ear, however, when exposed to frequent impressions, sends the angry vibrations to the heart duller and more dull; and at length, such is human mechanism, sends vibrations of pleasure. So seemed it to fare with Sally; and I, the young and foolish knight-errant of chastity, must take it into my virtuous head, that seduction of young women was no benefit to society, and that it was a duty incum-

bent upon every good mind to prevent it when he was able.

Sally, says I, one evening, whilst her lips were still red with Mr Clair's vivid affection, I suppose I must call you mistress soon?

Would that displease you, Mr Wallace?

No, Sally; everything that does you good would give me pleasure.

Thank you, Mr Wallace; and I am sure I wish you as well as you do me.

Thank you, Sally—you are a kind, good girl, and it would be a thousand pities you should not always be as virtuous as pretty.

Do you think my virtue in danger, Mr Wallace?

No, Sally; I dare say, Mr Clair loves you honourably.

Sally blushed.

If he did not, I think you would not give him the hearing. There is no young woman would lose her virtue, if she considered what she lost along with it. It is a sad thing, Sally, to lose the esteem of good people, and one's own. Money will not make amends for this, Sally; it may purchase the appearance of respect, but never the reality.

In this way I talked to Sally sometimes, whilst Mr Clair talked to her in his. If moral preachments, dear Holman, made upon the minds of the fair sex as strong impressions as flattery, the angels would not fall so frequently. I am afraid, indeed, and faith, Holman, there is no vanity in the fear, that, with regard to Sally, the determining argument on the side of virtue was still wanting. I often talked to Sally of Mr Clair's love, but never of my own. Weary of doing and undoing, as Penelope served her web, I exerted myself one night with uncommon energy, determined, and hinting to Sally, it should be the last time. The fair one assumed a captivating smile, and asked me why I took such pains with her?—I don't suppose, says she, as you have any thoughts of me?

None, Sally; but what angels might see without being angry.

I can make nothing out of that; but if I thought you had any thoughts—

What then, Sally?

All the masters in the world, if they were ever so generous, should never persuade me to nothing but what was right, if—

If what, Sally?

If—I told you before—if I thought you had any thoughts of me.

I am not in circumstances to marry, Sally. If I were, I should be cautious of marrying a woman I was obliged to persuade to be virtuous.—I ought not to have said this; Sally did not deserve it: nor do I wonder at the consequences, when I consider how directly it goes to the heart, especially of a woman, to have kindness treated with scorn.

Sally, without a word, bounced off indig-

nantly. The next morning a city officer did me the favour to wait upon me with a capias, and conducted me to prison: there I had ample leisure for reflection, and, as people in misfortune usually do, I began to think Providence had not dealt kindly by me. I considered myself as deserted by my parents, brought up, as far as I know, by the charity of your father; but, as far as I can remember, uncaressed by any human being; sent into the world young, simple, and sincere; and meeting, every step I take, with cunning, with misfortune, and disappointment. But with this proneness to complaint, it is impossible for a reflecting mind not to see how much of our worldly calamities is owing to human conventions, to human arrangements—how little to nature! why then arraign its author? Nature everywhere combines her elements, and gives, at the price of a little, little labour, the produce to the whole animal race. Kings, lords, and lawyers, are made by man.

Mr Paracelsus Holman, you are a physician; you know the heart contracts and dilates, and you call it the origin of circulation, the spring of life; but do you know the origin of that strong propensity in man to console himself, and be happy, even in a jail? At first, indeed, I was filled with horror and anxiety; but I found them painful, too painful to be long borne. I asked if philosophy was good for nothing? If I had read Cicero and Seneca in vain? At length I inquired why I inflicted upon myself, my innocent self, a punishment ten times as great as man could inflict? My speculations were not in vain. I became easy, almost careless of life, and all its issues, and consequently dead to the paltry distinctions and suggestions of pride. About the time when I had reflected myself into this state of mind, a young gentleman was brought in, who seemed to be the first philosopher in the world, if it is the first philosophy to bear calamity well. He entered humming a tune, and was taken into the best room of the jailor's house: And this is your best apartment, my buck, says he—it is, sir, answered the keeper.

Then bring me a bottle of your best wine.

What sort, sir?

French or Spanish, sir. No man of taste drinks Portuguese now. That damned dog of a bum that nabbed me, took me into a dark hole four feet square, and called it a parlour; and instead of calvalla, brought me raisin; so I refused to pay a shilling, and forced the dog to bring me hither, where, I suppose, I can have good usage.

The best in my power, sir.

Then, sir, the best gold in my pocket shall be at your service! What is your name, old boy?

Freeman, sir.

Freeman—good—a damned good name for a jailor. Well—Freeman—hast thou got ever a

poor sensible dog now, that has not been long enough in thy clutches to be corrupted—for I am a damned virtuous, moral fellow, and would not keep company with a dirty rascal that robs a hen-roost : and don't let him be lousy, Free-man ; none of your felons though, Mr Jailor, except he has robbed a church, or the bishop's palace.

I have nobody that I can recommend to you, sir, except one Mr Wallace, a lawyer.

Wallace!—Oh!—I've heard of him—the very man.

When I was introduced to this volatile genius, he looked at me, as Mr Lavater might have done ; and then shaking me familiarly by the hand, said, You have disappointed me, Wallace. I expected to see a fellow with an extraordinary aspect ; one that looked as no man ever looked before. *Tout au contraire!* but for the dismal in it, thou hast a fine open countenance ; nothing of that obliquity and queerness in it that would make one suspect thee of folly, and yet thou art accused of egregious lack of wisdom. Ruin thyself by paying other men's debts ! Unbound too ! From pure pity and benevolence ! An odd turn, sure enough. Now I never had a taste for paying debts, (my own, or anybody's else,) debts of honour excepted ; and that is the very reason I am here. My liquor-merchant, my mercer, and my bookseller, have all clubbed, I believe, for a writ, hoping thereby to convert me to wisdom and sobriety ; but did the puppies ever know a young fellow of fashion and five-and-twenty, wise and sober ? Time—time—Mr Wallace, would have made me a fine moral agent. Three-score years and ten brings a man to repentance ; not but if I had paid these moral scoundrels what I owed them, and had departed this sinful world the next hour, they would have cared a farthing whether I had taken the road to Elysium, or the burning lake.

I own I was not enchanted with this first specimen of Mr Scovel's eloquence and mode of thinking ; but I had not kept him company three days, before I discovered that he had genius and learning ; that he was more in the exercise of wit than judgment ; and that the most predominant feature in his character was a giddy, but good-natured thoughtlessness, which led him to squander without hesitation, and to say, and to do, perhaps, anything, or everything, which whim, fancy, or frolic, suggested. Whatsoever conversation we happened to fall into, I took the liberty to speak my sentiments as freely as if I paid for the wine I drank ; which, in truth, I was unable to do, and therefore drank as little as possible under such importunity.

By ox-eyed Juno, says he once, such morality as thine, most grave and philosophic Wallace, did my very reverend tutor endeavour to instil into my cerebrum ; but it all lodged betwixt the skull and pia-mater, and when it will get into the pulp, heaven knows ! Thy soul, I see, is sick

of many things—of bucks and gamesters—of lords with buckskin breeches—of kings without dignity—of statesmen without integrity—of lawyers without honesty—of priests without religion. Alas ! poor youth ! in the midst of this atrocious world thy sickness is incurable, and the best thing I can wish thee is a jail for life.

One day, whilst we were engaged in disputing, Mr Merrick was announced, and immediately introduced. I rose to go. Stay a while, says Scovel, and hear your reasoning confuted. Sir, says he, I beg leave to recommend this young gentleman to your notice. He was a lawyer, sir ; but being convicted of honesty, was expelled the profession, and retired hither to indulge in wisdom, and moralize without restraint. He has just been endeavouring to convince me, that morality, where common or statute law is not the basis, is built upon sand ; and that the priesthood—which I take to be blasphemy without benefit of clergy—the priesthood, dear tutor, spoils all it touches.

My business here, Mr Scovel, says Mr Merrick, gravely, is not now to resume the hopeless plan of your amendment ; that must be the work of a superior Being, if any being but the Omnipotent can effect it. My business now is—

The more hopeful intention of packing me off to the Continent—or to the devil, says our too-flighty genius. But where are my appointments ? Faith, tutor, I believe I am undone, and when I'm sure of it, I'm for the *coup-de-grace* ; for damn me if I will live a despised scoundrel, or eat toads for any lord on earth.

I would advise you against this *coup-de-grace*, replied Mr Merrick, were it only for the bare possibility of your having formed an erroneous opinion. Should there happen to be a Deity, what might become of you ?

Why, my dear reverend, did you ever hear me dispute it ? Of that I am as much convinced as your pious self ; but you must give me leave to doubt, whether you parsons are the sole interpreters of his will, or that you know him a single iota better than myself.

Whatsoever opinions we have each formed upon this, or any matter, conviction of their falsehood is not to come from you to me, or go from me to you ; let us therefore leave this fruitless opposition, and come to the business which brought me here. Your brother, from a calculation formed upon the list of debts you sent him, and from your steward's accounts, finds the whole of your ample fortune reduced within the compass of two hundred pounds a-year. He offers to take your property as it stands, paying all your debts, and allow you five hundred pounds a-year for life—provided you spend that life abroad—or so much of it, till he is convinced he can embrace a brother without blushing.

Why, what have I done, dear dad, to deserve such solemn reproof ? Treat me as a lunatic, if

you please, but not as a felon. It is true, I have run horses at Newmarket; I have shaken my elbows at Brooke's; but there is nothing in the Ten Commandments against them. Perhaps, I may have kissed my neighbour's daughter, and there may be a clause in the decalogue against it; but it was loving my neighbour as myself, and I hope the evil may be pardoned for the sake of the good. It is true, also, I lost or spent my fortune; but this was accident, not design, and therefore ought not to be imputed to me as a fault.

The parson smiled—Ay, now, says Scovel, I recognize something of my kind tutor: And how does Sir Andrew, my brother? and my sister, his fair spouse? I acknowledge his goodness, sir, and yours: Perhaps I may accede to his proposals; but I request the favour of this night to consider of it, and to consult my counsel here, learned in the law. In the meantime, my dear dad, be merry, and take sack; and may the angel of good dreams dispel the gloom from your reverend aspect, that I may see in the morning my old good tutor, whom I reverence in spite of my folly.

Alas! says Mr Merrick, that so much knowledge should be debased by so much ignorance; so much good be mingled with so much evil!

My dear sir, the apostrophe will suit all people that on earth do dwell; for what is the race of man, but Baboué's image?

Mr Merrick shook his head.

Before I bid you good-night, continues Mr Scovel, let me recommend it to you to inquire the character of this young man. If I migrate, I hope to persuade him to do himself the honour to clean my shoes; but more of this in the morning.

When Mr Merrick was gone, Scovel explained to me the state of his affairs, and said, that

brother Sir Andrew, being a penurious man, with little more to support him than ten thousand a-year; and having a wife to maintain, and two small children, his proposal was more advantageous than he could reasonably expect: he determined, therefore, upon the acceptance, and was disposed to retire into France, live frugally and virtuously, if he was able, and wait events; for he had an uncle, whose favourite he once was, and might be again. He then made me the proposal of going along with him, for a year or so, till I had forgot the past, and formed a plan for the future: Not, says he, that I can promise you any great emoluments, for my finances will not be sufficient to support you as a friend; but anything is better than a jail. Had you a prospect, I should be ashamed to make you the proposal; but, although I am under the necessity of taking you out externally as a servant, internally I design you as a friend. Consider of it.

I did so, dear Holman. Servitude, no doubt, appeared a bitter pill; but it was balanced by

freedom: This, I believe, is Irish, and I leave you to make it English, if you can. The idea of seeing the world flattered my inclinations, and that of taking away a burden from my friend was kindly to my peace. Yes, dear Holman, I durst not trust you with my misfortunes, and my imprisonment, till I was out of your reach.

Not to detain you with trifles, Mr Merrick returned next morning, and was pleased to say, that he had heard in general I was a well-disposed young man, and if I was to attend his pupil, he would release me from prison. I signified my consent.

You would be delighted, sir, with the good you were doing, says my wild master, if you did but know it. Over and above the little services he will have the goodness to perform for me, I shall have a monitor in him, a monitor who will revive your pious opinions in my memory. How would you rejoice to hear the Arian rogues and the Socinians, who now inflame you to wrath, and harden the down of your cushion, laid sprawling, and the church militant triumphant? You would wonder how a young man could be so good.

After a stay of three days, to sign, to seal, and to deliver, we took our station on board the *Carse o' Stirling*, for Ostend, and are now opposite the Downs. I seal this to be ready for the first opportunity, and will write again from the first town of France that gives me leisure.

Dear friend, adieu.

JAMES WALLACE.

Abbeville, October 9, 1787.

Is it because I plan with folly, and execute with ignorance, that no design of mine, proud or humble, should succeed? Or is it an article in the book of fate, that no one of the scattered favours of fortune should fall upon my head? I am at this instant, dear Holman, almost as much a wretch as guilt could make me; yet have all my poor endeavours been exerted on the side of virtue.

Every day's acquaintance with Mr Scovel convinced me, that to unravel his character was the most difficult of enigmas. Now entering into metaphysical or mathematical disquisitions, with the penetration of a Newton or a Locke; now drinking flip, and talking the gross language of the stewes, with the illiterate captain, or the lowest of the crew. Now a theologist, with ideas of the Deity as sublime as ever entered human imagination; now an atheist, affirming matter and motion to have been eternal, and the uniformity we behold with admiration, the effect of this matter and motion having combined in every possible form, and consequently of finding, amidst them all, the forms immutable. You, dear Holman, who know my reverence for the Supreme, will know my disgust, my horror,

at a blasphemy so absurd ; nor did I fail to defend the heavenly attributes, or spare Mr Scovel's absurdities. Amidst all this I was still treated kindly, and his commands, in quality of master, were delicate, and as much as possible concealed. Though we had contention and argument, we had no quarrel till some time after our arrival at this town, where we settled for the winter, after having searched the country for a rural situation for the coming summer.

Here we took lodgings, in which, when it suited Mr Scovel's humour, (for he now began to be capricious,) we might be as familiar as he pleased, without observation. I offended him sometimes by choosing to be sober, when he chose to be drunk, and yet I carried my complaisance in this particular as far as health and disgust would permit ; but a far greater offence was my determination to have nothing to do with women, whose favours were to be bought for *un ecu* ; nor, for still stronger reasons, with those whose virtuous principles it was first necessary to undermine. On this head, we wearied each other with mutual complaints and mutual revilings ; after which we returned to mutual good-humour.

There was in the town a very pretty girl, the daughter of a watch-maker, who worked at his trade above stairs, whilst she kept shop below. With this girl he commenced an amour, under the name and title of Lord Stainmore, an English baron ; but knowing my damned delicacy, as he was pleased to call it, it was not till the amour was very far advanced that he chose to communicate it to me. An elopement was agreed upon, and nothing but my assistance was wanting for the execution.

Scovel took once a pliant hour, or one he thought so, for persuasion ; and, having rallied me with his usual success upon the exquisite sensibility of my morals, asked where was the mighty harm done to society, when two people, of different sexes, chose to live their own way ?

He, says I, who sets an example of manners repugnant to the laws of his country, sets a bad example ; for he endeavours to introduce confusion instead of order.

No—by Pyramus and Thisbe—it would introduce freedom instead of slavery. Look round upon all animated nature ; see the freedom which reigns everywhere except amongst mankind. Now tell me, patriarch Wallace,—out of your Bible, if you can speak out of your Bible,—why man, the lord of the creation, should not be as free as his pigs ?

This natural liberty man agrees to restrain, for the sake of order, tranquillity, for all the endearing charities, for all the paternal, all the social affections—and amply he gains by the exchange.

That he gains *amply* by the exchange is true ; for he gains—a wife—a perpetual clog that hangs about his neck like a mill-stone—that fills his

days with brawls, and his nights with embraces, repeated till they sicken ; that fills his head too with perpetual alarms. No—"I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon."

Of all the difficulties I have yet experienced, the greatest is, to induce a man to reason, when he had rather laugh ; who answers argument with wit, and seriousness with joke. I attempted it upon the present occasion in vain ; but when he spoke to me of the elopement, and of my assistance, I told him without hesitation, I could not afford him any : Then he could become serious enough. It was not my business, he said, to inquire into the motive of his orders. Whilst I was his servant, I owed him duty ; and gratitude, considering whence he took me, ought to oblige me to pay it him with eagerness and alacrity.

I answered, it was the servant's privilege, in all countries where slavery was abolished, to quit his service when it became too heavy to be borne ; and that, in my opinion, nothing was so heavy to be borne as a command to do evil : I requested, therefore, my dismissal, and asked no more of him than a bare sufficiency to return to England.

I have seen, and sometimes felt, the operation of passion ; but never before did I see the human face and mind so deformed by it : nay, indeed, it rose to such a pitch, he struck me. So far, I had endeavoured to be cool ; but at this provocation, wisdom, philosophy, reflection, fled, and I was master of nothing but muscular motion, which I exerted rather to Mr Scovel's annoyance. We were, however, soon separated by the master of the house and servants, and I withdrew to cool myself at leisure.

At my levee the next morning, I found an officer of the police, who demanded my company to prison : I inquired why ? Those inquiries, he said, were never answered in France, so that I had nothing to do but wonder and obey.

In this dreary dwelling, dear Holman, I have resided about forty hours, with one louis-d'or in my pocket, and one friend in the world. What I am here for, or how long I am to stay, I know as well as the Madona, which the charity of the jailor's wife has lent me to pray to : but I will not afflict my friend with the knowledge of a misfortune, for which he can only grieve, and therefore will not send this to the post,—I believe, indeed, it would not be permitted,—till I can inform him of some change in my condition, which, as I am innocent of all crime, must, I think, soon be for the better.

Till then,

My only friend, adieu.

JAMES WALLACE.

I am free, my friend ; and, by the liberality of an Englishman, an inhabitant of Liverpool, am enabled to pursue my course to that emporium, where, when I arrive, I will give you a

more particular account, and shall then hope for the dear pleasure of embracing you ; till when, I am your sincere, though unprofitable, friend,
JAMES WALLACE.

JAMES WALLACE TO PARACELUS HOLMAN.

Liverpool, October 17, 1787.

ON the morning of the third day of my du-rance at Abbeville, the keeper of the prison in-formed me, that, upon paying the usual fees, I was free ; and I am now at liberty to acquaint you, says he, that your master, Lord Stainmore, lodged a complaint with the first magis-trate here against you for having robbed him ; and that, when he called you to account, you assaulted and laid violent hands upon him ; but the second night after you were committed, Lord Stainmore ran away with a watch-maker's daughter, and took the road to Flanders. Mr Vaughel then thought it necessary to inquire, on your account, into circumstances ; and, send-ing for the master of the house where you lod-ged, learned from him, that he believed you were wholly innocent of what you had been charged with ; and that he had all the reason in the world to believe, it was merely a mali-cious information, because you refused to assist him, and calculated to keep you fast, lest you should have taken some active method to pre-vent his carrying the girl away. The very handsome character this person gave of you, induced Mr Vaughel to order your release ; and he did it the more readily, because your mas-ter's assuming the name of Lord Stainmore to impose upon the poor girl, denoted him a bad man, and capable of false information ; besides, there was no ground of detention, because the informer had run away before he had been ex-aminated as to particulars.

See me now, dear Holman, at perfect liberty—to die, for I was wholly unprovided with the means to live. I returned to my lodgings with an intent to sell my clothes, and was so kindly received by my landlord, that I accept-ed his invitation to rest myself a few days, and to recover from the agitation the bad treatment I had received must have thrown me into : But it would not do, my friend ; my spirits were oppressed beyond the power of my own reflection to relieve, and French hilarity served only to deepen the impression. I became now visibly ill ; a yellowness spread over my skin, and gave the disagreeable idea of a lingering disorder. My kind host caught this idea, and assured me that, though it would always give him the greatest degree of pleasure in the world to accommodate me, yet that now—just at this instant—he was extremely sorry, but he was under the necessity of informing me, that the room I occupied—might be occupied

more to his advantage ; that for a day or two he did not mind—but he hoped I would not take it ill, for that he would be at all times ready to serve me to the utmost of his power.

You have always told me, dear Holman, and will tell me again, that I have had no real evils in life to complain of ; or that they were so in-ferior to those of thousands of others, that to a philosopher they scarce deserve the name.

What a philosopher might say upon the mat-ter, I know not ; but a man—in a foreign country—without a penny, or power to pro-cure one—without spirit—sick—dejected—un-known—unsupported—nay, even unpitied—a man will feel, in such a situation, in spite of all the powers of poetry, or powers of prose. I did suffer, and I did despond, even to a wish, an earnest wish, that my heart would cease to beat, rather than persist to ache.

Just when I was preparing to leave my land-lord's house, and to go I knew not whither, I was inquired for by a stranger, a Mr Lamounde, of Liverpool. At the inn where he alighted, in the road to Paris, some of the kinder hearts of Abbeville had condescended to mention me, and to lament the hardship to which I had been subjected. He accosted me with infinite sweet-ness, and, expressing his sorrow for my situa-tion, asked if it lay in his power to serve me, more than by enabling me to return to England. I was not at that time able to give him the sat-isfaction he seemed to desire, but the little I said interested his curiosity. He took me to the inn, apologized to his company, and made me partake his dinner. It was not that day in the power of wine to render me impertinently loquacious and communicative ; so that I only informed him, in general terms, that I was des-titute, and had no better prospect than of ser-vice ; yet, as I had never been in the service of any one but Mr Scovel, I had no precedent master to apply to for a recommendation. That, indeed, it was my want of connexion that form-ed my chief disability, for my education had enabled me to be useful in trade or in office. His obliging inquiries would have drawn from me all I knew of myself ; but the impatience of a young gentleman, his companion, would not permit. He, therefore, wrote a short letter, which he desired me to give as directed ; put into my hands five louis-d'ors, and a ten pound English bank note ; said he should return to England in six or eight months, and hoped to find me in the service of his sister, to whom this letter was a recommendation, and that it might be in his power then to dispose of me more according to my merit. Then stepping into his chaise, he left me without a power to thank him.

The next morning, leaving my little port-manteau to come by the diligence, I set out to Calais on foot, and reached it by short stages. When I had crossed the Channel, I proceeded

in the same manner through the west of England to Liverpool; and, by the exercise, recovered the full possession of my health, my strength, and spirits.—The morning after my arrival here, I went to the house of Paul Lamounde, Esq., and inquiring for Miss Lamounde, to whom my letter was directed, was ordered into the parlour, where she sat at breakfast with her uncle, apparently a peevish old man, and her aunt, Mrs Rebecca Lamounde, yet in her maiden state. Miss Lamounde, having read her letter, gave it her uncle, observing, that this young man came very opportunely, as William was impatient for his dismission.

Yes, says the old gentleman, nature has denied the fool the head-ache; and, to obtain that agreeable sensation, he takes a wife.

What is your opinion of my brother's recommendation of this young man?

That it is like your brother; eager, impetuous, credulous, perhaps, certainly not half informed.—Then addressing me, So, young man, you have been a traveller; this, I suppose, you consider as a complete recommendation.

I do not, sir.

Why, don't you imagine yourself much improved by it?

I have gained some little experience, sir, no doubt; but, I fear, not of that sort which ought to recommend me to Miss Lamounde's service.

Very probable. In what situation were you when my nephew found you?

Just released from prison.

Humph! A recommendatory circumstance. Was you in for debt?

No, sir.

For dexterity—perhaps?

Sir! says I, starting, and feeling the mantling blood in my cheek. I am poor—unfortunate—and I own have little to recommend me to Miss Lamounde's service. You have a right to reject me, sir; but, surely, yet you cannot have acquired any to insult me.

Humph! says he, surveying me from head to foot, and walking out of the room without saying a syllable. Miss Lamounde followed.

I own, my dear Holman, I had set my heart upon staying in this young lady's service till the return of her brother, who, being a merchant, has the proper power to do me a benefit, and, I am certain, has the will. I therefore trembled with expectation, whilst I waited Miss Lamounde's return; it was not long.

My uncle, says she, gives me leave to do what I please with regard to you, Mr Wallace; and my brother writes so warmly in your favour, that I should do myself a violence were I not to oblige him; but we don't give high wages, and our servants have no vails. I would not deceive your expectations.

I am afraid, madam, you will think any wages too much for one who has everything to

learn. If you will have the goodness to overlook my ignorance, it will be all I have to wish.

Then you have not been accustomed to service?

No, madam, it is new to me.

Then, I fear, it will be irksome?

You will not make it so, I am certain, madam; and I hope I have given Mr Lamounde no serious cause of offence?

The reply was spirited, no doubt, and, in general, my uncle does not bear contradiction well; but he has too good a heart to do any one an injury on slight grounds of offence.

I will endeavour to make myself agreeable to him.

It will be quite proper, and I don't doubt your success.

I settled in the house the same day; and hitherto, dear Holman, so far from having cause to complain, I have abundant cause to rejoice and be happy.

I long to see you.

JAMES WALLACE.

MISS LAMOUNDE TO MISS EDWARDS.

Liverpool, October 25, 1787.

YOUR reproaches are unjust, my dear Paulina; there is no day in which I do not think of you, and of the happy hours I have spent in your dear society at the school near Box. But they say all the affections of the soul are strengthened by exercise, as well as all the powers of the body; and, therefore, I hope I shall never love my Paulina less, because I admit another to share my friendship.

This new friend of mine is a Miss Caroline Thurl, daughter to George Thurl, Esq. of Kirkham, in this county; and as it may be some amusement to you to be informed of the rise of our acquaintance, I will communicate it.

Mr Havelley Thurl, the only brother of this young lady, did us the favour, in January last, to appear in our assembly, and some chance or other, I forget what, joined us together for partners. Before I proceed in my story, give me leave to speculate a little in the way of digression. At the beginning of this century England was supposed to contain twenty thousand country squires, "whose laughs were hearty, though their jokes were coarse," who devoted themselves to the cellar and the chase, and who took care that the eldest son should express the lineaments of his father in mind and body as much as possible.

It is said, that in the course of the last twenty years this race has entirely disappeared, and divines and philosophers, as usual, wrangle about the cause. The first ascribe it clearly to the mild influence of the Christian religion; the other to the influence of wealth upon man-

ners. A penetrating lady here assures me they are both wrong, and that this great and remarkable event is wholly owing to the beneficent race of barbers and hair-dressers. I confess, says she, that these refiners are not always complete workmen, and that vulgar sentiments, and vulgar words, are now and then, though rare, the lot of a country squire.

Mr Havelley Thurl was heir to 2000*l.* a-year, and to his father's virtues. The rector of the parish being consulted upon the great and ever-new question, the superiority of public or private education, gave it in favour of the latter, provided the young gentleman could be put under the care of a learned man, rather elderly, who had seen something of life, and who had a friendship for the family. This opinion coincided with Madam Thurl's, and, as all the requisites were to be found in himself alone, he became the private tutor of the heir of George Thurl, Esq. Nor were his pains and trouble unavailing. In spite of the daily avocations of the field; in spite of the care taken by Madam Thurl, that her darling should not be afflicted with learning when his head ached, (and the poor youth had the misfortune of an head so irritable, that it would ache at the sight of a book;) or when he was too cold or too hot; or when his fine bloom exceeded or fell short of that pure standard, kept in the treasury of her own mind; notwithstanding these, and other impediments, as I have been informed by the learned in such matters, the young squire, in his twentieth year, was a reader of Cornelius Nepos, and had got seven metamorphoses deep into Ovid. Besides all this, he had been taught to dance by a master of great vigour, and, except the mistaking a few small circumstances of time and place, no man performed with greater execution. The end of an English contra-dance brings young men to a moment of dreadful vacancy, when it is a piece of indispensable politeness to entertain their partners with some small degree of conversation.—The squire's mind was vacant. A longer interval happened at the end of the third dance; his distress increased; he looked round him for relief. Miss Thurl's partner was a well-dressed youth, who had taken possession of two of her fingers, and said, or seemed to say, something to her in a very engaging manner: it was pretty, and inspired Mr Thurl with courage. Miss, says he, taking my right hand with his left, and separating two fingers for the use of conversation—it's desperate hot, miss.

Pretty well for January, answered I, stealing my fingers away.—The dialogue stopped. The squire wiped his forehead, to prove the truth of the proposition, and the music struck up a new dance.

It seemed probable the young gentleman's mouth would close for the evening; but my curiosity being excited, I was inclined to open it: at the next vacation, therefore, I touched his

hand gently, and began to admire a small slip of embroidery that bordered his waistcoat. 'Tut it pure and pretty, miss? said he. My sister worked it. Look you—that's she—six couple above. I wish you would come and see my sister, miss. There is not a kinder-hearted lass, though I say it that should not say it, in all Lancashire; no more pride in her than in a besom's tail. Do come, miss. Father has got gout, and mother t' asthma; so they keeps above stairs, and sister and I have got the house to ourselves. We'll be as merry as merry can be.

As I made no answer to this kind and polite invitation, the squire supposed I wanted entreaty; and, for an irresistible inducement, promised, if I would come whilst the hunting season lasted, that, bar frost, I should have a day or two's sport out with the hounds; and that I should ride his sister's Little Gipsy, that cleared a hedge almost as well as his brown gelding, Whitefoot.

Does Miss Thurl hunt, sir?

No, she never took kindly to't; for, once, Gipsy ran away with her, and cleared hedge and ditch,—only her foot slipped, and so tumbled sister, heels o'er head, swat o'the ground. Mass! it was a comical sight! I'd like to burst with laughing.

Was she hurt, sir?

No, not she; why, she fell in a quag. Only frightened out of her senses, and mortal angry at me for laughing; but who could help it? So, ever since, she has taken to your play books and novel books. Now, I can't fancy these, miss. They be all stories, from one end to t'other;—as how Mr Thingumbob falls in love with Miss What's-her-name; how they be crossed in love; how Mr Such-a-one runs away with her. Then comes Thingumbob slap, and kills him. Then father and mother comes to; so they be married, and there's an end on't.

The squire's dumbness was now changed to a loquacity that seemed to know no bounds. He even arrived at gallantry; and told me, barring his sister, I was the prettiest girl and best dancer in all the assembly.

The next morning he performed the ancient etiquette of waiting upon his partner to breakfast; and, to convince me he was as hearty as polite, he asked for a slice of ham or cold roast beef, just to clap between two pieces of bread and butter; else, says he, it's gone by noon, and I'm ready to eat my nails.

After breakfast my uncle withdrew to the counting-house, and my aunt to her household avocations; when the squire, drawing his chair closer to mine, Now, miss, says he, that the old folks be gone, I'm minded to tell you a piece o' my mind; it's about a dream as I had last night. I thought that I was fallen downright hard and fast in love, and you may guess with who. So I sweethearted you, and I thought you was main shy at first; but I brought you to for

all that, and so we was to be married. I think I never was so happy in all my born days, and I wakened all of a sweat for joy. Now, miss, I could no go to sleep again for thinking on't; and I do verily believe, if you'll give consent, as it may be brought about. Father, mayhap, at first will pout a bit, and be sullenish, 'cause he looks for a power o' money. What o' that? He can't disinherit me if it would save his soul, being as the estate's entailed. It's a good 2000*l.* a-year, miss, and I can make another on't wi' a wet finger. Now, I understand you han't a power o' fortune, mayhap 10,000*l.* or so; but when your uncle comes to see what a rich match you ha' got, who knows but he may unstring a bit, and so make father gentle? What do you say, miss?

I am very much obliged to you for your goodwill, Mr Thurl, and hope you'll not take it ill that I decline your offer.

But why, miss?

For a substantial reason, sir; I don't like it.

But why, miss? Ben't I a proper man enough? Not proper for me.

But why, miss?

I am not fond of being bargained for, like a horse.

That's talking out o' th' way, miss; I ben't a-haggling for you, to get you as cheap as I can.

No—I am to buy you, it seems; and the haggling is, how much I shall pay.

There you be out again, miss; this is a Christian country; and they be only your heathenish, outlandish people, like your Turks and your Spaniards, as buy men and women.

Oh, sir, they are bought and sold in England common enough.

Miss, it's swat against law.

Many things against law are done in England.

I know that, miss; but then they be liable: Put case:—a man kills a hare upon another man's ground, or his own, that makes no difference, he's liable, without he's a hundred a-year.

A very wise, just law, sir.

Yes, there be few that beat it; for why should your inferior people be put upon a footing with gentlefolks? By George, I wish it was five hundred instead of one; for of late years such a power of trades-people ha' gotten qualifications, it's a sight to see!

All the better, sir.

No, miss, it's all the worse; for it only makes 'em proud and saucy, and nose we gentry up at races, and quarter-sessions, and what not.—Here the squire paused a little, as if struck by some consciousness; then resumed his discourse thus: Not as I have much to say about your merchant-people, as get a power of money, and keep their coaches; but then where's their coat-of-arms, miss? By George, they're forced to buy one

spick and span new; and then money and ships is not like land: land bides, when t'other mayhap are gone to bottom; and new families ben't like old: old families are always looked on, though they may not ha' gotten titles. For my part, when father dies, (and he's six-and-fifty next birth-day,) I'm minded to be made a knight on, and mayhap a lord; for the king, they say, is pure good-natured, and will make you a lord of a squire for almost nothing; so you'll come to be a lady, miss.

And what shall I be the better for it?

Why, you'll have precedence at church, and court, and balls.

And what signifies it, Mr Thurl, whether I go before such a gentlewoman, or after her? I shall be no warmer for it, when the keen east wind blows; and Lady Kirkham would have the ague as well as Mrs Thurl.

But have not ladies more respect?

And does it do the ladies any good? I am vain enough as it is, sir; but not enough to desire to nose up the ancient gentry.

Why, you ben't angry, miss? Come, kiss and friends.

Friends, without the kiss, sir.

Well, miss, I purpose to come again next assembly; and then, I hope, you'll ha' thought better on't, and not be so coy and frumpish.

Don't give yourself that trouble upon my account, sir; my sentiments will not alter.

Belike they may, miss, when you ha' talked it o'er a bit with the old folks. I must get away now, for sister stays on me, and father will be mad, if we ben't home by dinner; so, kiss and part. Nay, by mass—I'll have a kiss at parting.

At dinner, I endeavoured to divert my uncle and aunt with the preceding dialogue. My uncle, indeed, laughed heartily, but my aunt was not so much diverted as I expected.

And have you *really*, niece, says she, with great emphasis, have you *really* given a flat and peremptory denial to the son and heir of George Thurl, of Kirkham, Esq.?

Yes, dear aunt, really.

A little more deference to the opinion of your uncle and aunt, upon important occasions, would not misbecome you.

I hope I shall never want a due deference to either.

Alliances with rich and ancient families ought not to be too lightly treated.

True, dear aunt; but love is an affair of the heart, and the heart ought to be first consulted.

It would be well for most young women, if the heart were more under the direction of the head.

As thine has been, Rebecca, says my uncle; but the consequence is not to the taste of women in general.

If I am an old maid, brother—

If, Rebecca?

You are an old bachelor, and one's as good as the other.

Yes, thank Heaven for its indulgence; or I might have had a cargo that would not have paid prime cost, freight and insurance; and if it had been musty, I could not have thrown it overboard.

Men may be musty as well as women, brother; and other people may have reason to thank Heaven for its indulgence as well as you.

Meaning thyself, Rebecca?

I like matrimony no more than you; but, God knows, for very different reasons.

Yes, dear Rebecca, God and thee know—for very different reasons.

Paulina—pay my best respects to your God-given father and mother; and if you will treat me highly, tell me of their words and works.

For the present adieu.

JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

MISS EDWARDS TO MISS LAMOUNDE.

Box, November 2, 1787.

THERE is, my dear Miss Lamounde, something so inexpressibly sweet and dear to me in the friendship with which you honour me, that I endeavour in vain to find language to express it. Can this heart-felt pleasure be a necessary concomitant of friendship? No—for friendship would not then be the polite and lukewarm thing it usually is; or, is it in my bosom a superior sensation, because it is enlivened by gratitude; or, because it is unweakened by the common affinities of life? But I will rest contented with the feeling, without attempting the explication, and proceed to thank you for the entertainment of your last. I hope the sequel will not be long delayed.

So retired a life as I lead, I am sure you do not expect to be entertained with *living* observations; but you have assigned me a task, which, indeed, I could execute for ever, if the uniform tenor of a good man's life could afford a constant supply.

You know, as well as I, the very extraordinary circumstance that gave me to Mr and Mrs Edwards, and the thanks I owe to Heaven for so fortunate an event. From this theme, therefore, I am precluded; and the life of my dear benefactors has been so uniform, and so adapted to the present modes, that a description would scarcely convince many, even of the clergy, meek and lowly as they are, that happiness could be found in it. The day with Mr Edwards is usually a series of hours, spent in curing the sick, in comforting the afflicted, and in relieving, as far as he is able to relieve, the wants of the necessitous. One anecdote, which

happened about two years since, will be more descriptive of his turn of mind and peculiarity of thinking, than any other thing which occurs to my remembrance.

About the age of forty he had gone abroad, tutor to the son of Sir Everard Moreton, of Nottinghamshire. He was rewarded by the living of Box, in Cheshire, about 120*l.* a-year. After the old baronet's death, a friendly, though not very frequent, correspondence was kept up betwixt the pupil and the tutor; but more than twenty years had elapsed since they had seen each other. One Saturday they were surprised by a visit from the baronet, who had come about twenty miles out of his way in a journey to Westmoreland. The equipage and servants were ordered to the inn, and Sir Everard took possession of an elbow-chair in the parlour, with the friendship and familiarity of an old acquaintance. They dined, talked their travels over, and gave a mutual history of their courtships, which, I believe, is always an agreeable remembrance so long as men continue pleased with their wives. Long before they had exhausted their matter, a messenger came to inform Mr Edwards that the folks had all met at the Globe, and waited for him. Oh, dear! says he, I had quite forgot! Will you excuse me one hour, Sir Everard? It is to make up a difference betwixt one of my parishioners and a man of a neighbouring parish. I am sorry, but it's a pity they should lose their labour; some come four miles.

Don't make any apology, says Sir Everard.

And pray come back by six at farthest, says Mrs Edwards, for Jenny Langley comes then from Sifton to consult you about her case.

Mr Edwards went, and returned at the time to tea, and Jenny Langley. Sir Everard stayed till Monday morning; and I remember the heads of a conversation that passed the evening before.

So I find, says Sir Everard, you are the lawyer and physician, as well as the divine, of Box?

I know just enough of law, replies Mr Edwards, to enable me sometimes to keep my parishioners out of it; and of physic, to apply simple remedies to common disorders.

And you preach as you prescribe? Your discourse to-day I thought admirably simple, plain, and practical.

What can I do better, Sir Everard? My aim is to make my parishioners good husbands, good fathers, and good friends; not good propounders of mystery. It is true, they don't think me a very good preacher on this account; and now and then a straggler steals off to a neighbouring parish, to hear about election, reprobation, and grace; about the littleness of works, and the bigness of faith; about incarnation, atonement, with a long *et cetera*, all which I postpone explaining to my flock till I understand a little more of them myself.

So you mingle not in the present disputes between the learned sectaries and the learned orthodox?

No; I read them when they fall in my way; admire the understandings of the writers sometimes, and sometimes admire their weakness; lament the arrogance of some, pity the petulance of others, and believe they might be all better employed.

I remember when you thought differently.

Yes; I have some faint remembrance of a time when I thought I had learning, acuteness, penetration, and every good and fit quality for a polemic head; but my opinion of the real value of controversial divinity was not fixed, till I had experienced six successive changes of my own opinions—always from error to truth. At length I confessed, with a sigh, that these things are not of God.

My good friend, I came to you to know if the ideas I had formed in my youth were formed with judgment; I find them below your merit. I have a living vacant, worth about 250*l.* a-year; the parish large, and in a genteel neighbourhood: It is a donation, too; so you are installed and inducted, without giving yourself any extraordinary trouble, by my presentation only.

I return you my sincere thanks, Sir Everard, for your kindness, and rejoice to stand well in your opinion; but I hope I shall not incur your resentment if I decline this kind offer.

No, certainly; but it's very odd. Oblige me with your reasons.

My very good friend and patron, old age is coming fast on me. My habits are formed by my present situation, and for it. I have neither children nor near relations. My parish is small, but I manage it the better. My parishioners love me, at least I believe so: I have here health, peace, and competence. In giving me a genteel neighbourhood, you give me pride and poverty; in giving me a larger parish, you give me contention. To me it would be a transfer from happiness to misery; there are to whom it would be an exchange of misery for happiness.

Know you any such?

I do; but I beg pardon; you have your own connexions. What have I to do to encroach upon your goodness?

I beg you will proceed.

A neighbouring parish has a very fat rector, and a very lean curate. The latter, besides goodness, has learning and genius: He is a man of feeling too, and married, for mere love, a pretty young creature, with every merit, save that which doubles the value of all merit—money. This couple have now six children, and forty pounds a-year: It is true, I allow them twenty out of my revenue; because, having upwards of ninety left, it would be a shame if I could not live as well upon that as they with sixty.

Very well, my friend, your curate shall be

happy, if this living will make him so. I have now one thing more to propose, and I hope your obliging me will not diminish your own happiness, although it will add to mine. My only son is now in the eighteenth year of his age; three years since a most mild, ingenuous, and promising youth. At fourteen, he returned our parental with filial affection; approaching eighteen, he has changed it for the creeping, timid, unfriendly respect, which characterises those children who have learned their duty only by rote. The outward sign of a son remains; the inward grace is lost. Whether to attribute this solely to the influence of a large public school, I know not; but thither we sent him, and have received him back with other manners. It is highly probable a college would finish his education to our eternal regret. We wish you would take him two years under your care; for which, depend upon my gratitude.

It is impossible to refuse you, replies Mr Edwards, otherwise the task is too important, and, perhaps, too difficult for my poor abilities.

Sir Everard answered politely, and became still more pressing, and Mr Edwards sunk into a thoughtful mood. I was then about seventeen, something handsome you know, and it is probable I was the theme of this reverie; for when Mr Edwards came out of it, he said, Paulina, my dear, pray step to Mr Brown's, and let him know a circumstance has happened, which will prevent my calling upon him before Tuesday.

What passed in my absence, I know not; the conversation had taken another turn. Early the next morning, Sir Everard, having first made out a presentation, took his leave. It was two small miles to the village where Mr Franks (the curate) lived, and the impatient Mr Edwards would not stay for his breakfast: Mrs Franks afterwards related to me what passed when he arrived at their house.

We were at breakfast, says she, Mr Franks and myself, each with a child on our knees, eating and distributing to our four other little ones, out of a large bowl of excellent milk pottage. Well, patriarch, says Mr Edwards, with his usual familiarity, thou art in thy luxuries, I perceive. Mrs Franks, I come to breakfast with you; can you add another noggin to the board?

You are the last man in the world, I think, answers I, who would eat my children's bread out of their mouths. Besides, sir, you are a divine of the Church of England, and ought not to indulge in luxuries. You must be content with simple tea and bread and butter.

Well, to be even with you, says Mr Edwards, I will tell you a piece of bad news; you are going to lose your curacy.

Now God in Heaven forbid, says Mr Franks, for the sake of these little ones!

Why, says Mr Edwards, art thou so much in love with this palace, and this sumptuous living, thou canst not bear a change?

But the interval, sir, says Mr Franks; how calamitous may that be!

Thou art not righteous, sure, answered Mr Edwards, or hast lost thy faith. Didst thou ever see the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging their bread?

I fear I have, answered Mr Franks; but are you certain, sir? I have received no notice.

Die thou in thy infidelity; I will convert thy wife.

I was pouring out the tea, when Mr Edwards put a paper into my hand. As well as apprehension would permit, I began to read. The tea-pot fell from my hand, and broke its saucer. I read, and read again. A trembling seized me; I rose, and threw myself about Mr Franks's neck. He, trembling still more than myself, clasped me to his bosom, and said, Be comforted, my Emily, God is good.—He is infinitely good, answered I; do but see.—Well, says my poor husband, don't afflict yourself thus.—My dear, says I, kissing him, it is a presentation to a benefice.—Well, says he, it is a cruel stroke! but for my sake, for your children's sake, bear up against it; God will provide for us.—He has, he has, says I, read—it is a presentation.—God's will be done, says my poor husband.—Our kind friend here, says I, has prevailed on Sir Everard Moreton to give us a living.—God's will be done, answers Mr Franks.

Read, man, says Mr Edwards: To some people the Lord giveth eyes to see, and they see not. He saw at length, however, and he left them an hour after the happiest of human beings. Of young Moreton in my next.

Dear friend, adieu.

PAULINA EDWARDS.

MISS LAMOUNDE TO MISS EDWARDS.

Liverpool, November 9, 1787.

THANK you, my dear Paulina; your letter has increased the veneration and respect I have long had for Mr Edwards; and, I think, I wish no small good to the whole Christian world, in wishing all who entered the sacerdotal profession like him.

I must now write of characters more sublimary. On the evening of our next assembly, I entered later than usual: Squire Havelley introduced his sister to me, with a grace all his own. Miss Lamounde, says he, this is sister that I told you about. By George, I thought you would not have come, and then I should ha' gone mad!

Miss Thurl was very polite. She told me my acquaintance, if she durst presume upon it, would

give her inexpressible pleasure. I durst not answer with all her engaging openness and freedom, and I saw she ascribed it to its true cause. I had taken the precaution to engage myself a partner, and, as the dances were going to begin, he came to take me into the set. The squire opened his mouth with very amazement. Miss, says he, you ben't going to dance with anybody else, be you?

You great oaf, says his sister, in a whisper, how can you betray your ignorance in this manner?

I say, then, it's you be ignorant, sister. By George, I would not give a fig for e'er another in the room.—Mayhap, sir, addressing my partner, one may be as good as another to you, and I'd give a bottle of champagne as freely as—

You bribe high, sir, replies the gentleman; but I value the honour of Miss Lamounde's hand at a still higher rate.—Another insolent came to seize his sister, and the poor squire was left to console himself as well as he could. He left the assembly instantly. I had a slight cold, which dancing seemed to increase; early as eleven I made an apology to my partner, and to Miss Thurl, and, desiring my servant might be called, left the room; the distance between our house and which being small, I would not wait for a carriage. At the door we met Squire Havelley entering, who happened, at this unlucky instant, to have a more perfect use of his eyes than of his limbs. He knew me, and stopt up the door, waving like an inverted pendulum, with his hands in his pockets, and a mien that seemed to say, What care I? James, my servant, desired leave to pass. The language in which he answered was almost unintelligible, but was intended to correct him for the insolent request. He made way, however, and I passed on. His design, I suppose, was to wait upon me home; but he was rather uncouth in the application of it. I fancy he perceived his inability to make himself understood by words, and was, therefore, reduced to the necessity of action. He tried to take my hand, which, if I had quietly surrendered, I might have saved a beautiful sprigged muslin apron, which went to tatters in the little scuffle. The rape of the hand succeeding so ill, his next attack was upon my waist. I eluded his grasp; and his future attempts were rendered unsuccessful by James, whom the squire, shift how he could, constantly found interposed betwixt himself and me.

The enraged squire jostled, kicked, and swore in vain. At length his boisterous rudeness getting outrageous, James was under the necessity of using rougher means on his side, during which I got safe into the house. I had invited Miss Thurl to breakfast; she accepted the invitation, and came accordingly. She made many apologies for her brother, and told us, that he returned into the assembly-room soon after my

departure, with his nose bloody, swearing revenge against you, young man, (to James, who was waiting ;) and it is highly probable, if he has recollection, you will see him here soon ; not, I fear, to make apology, but complaint.

I am always sorry, says James, for having given offence ; but I cannot be sorry or ashamed for what I did last night.

Did not the bloody nose, young man, says Miss Thurl, indicate unnecessary violence ?

Ma'am, replied James, I assure you he had it not from me. Though obliged to oppose the young gentleman, I was cautious in the manner ; nor, though often struck at, did I ever return a blow.

I can believe you, says Miss Thurl, but fear my brother will not. I even think he will require that you shall ask his pardon, or demand your discharge.—James reddened, but was silent.

Gentlemen, says my uncle, are tenacious of their privileges, especially the privileges of superiority. If the alternative should be demanded, we ought to be prepared with an answer, and you, James, ought to instruct us to make it. Are you willing to perform your part of the alternative ?

To be forced to ask pardon, says James, for doing what I ought to do, what I rejoice to have done, and what I would a thousand times do over again, I should think hard, no doubt ; but I am prepared to obey the orders of my mistress.

Then you consider yourself as her sole servant, Mr James ? says my uncle.

I understand myself to be more peculiarly Miss Lamoude's, sir, though I do not suppose myself exempt from yours, or Mrs Lamoude's, or desire to be so.

In this case, however, you claim an exemption ? says my uncle.

I hope, sir, says James, I shall never be under the disagreeable necessity of disputing your commands.

Suppose it to happen, says my uncle, in this case ?

I cannot suppose it, sir, says James, and beg you will permit me to avoid offence, by silence.

Your silence will more offend me ;—pray, speak, says my uncle.

My mistress, answers James, is the person originally injured, best feels the offence done to herself, and is the best judge how far my dutiful resentment exceeded the occasion.

But I, says my uncle, endeavouring to conceal a smile of pleasure, I, as master of the house, ought to be judge of the conduct of every servant in it. Now, I may at least conclude you do not value your place, by your estimating my authority so lightly.

Pardon me, sir, replied James ; I know its value well, and would do anything to keep it, except a mean thing, or a dishonest one.

James had been serving during this little

dialogue, and now left the room with a bow. The company looked at one another. Upon my word, says Miss Thurl, you may challenge England for a genteel footman.

He is a very handsome young man, indeed, says Mrs Rebecca, and vastly mindful and obliging.

What strikes me most, says I, is his easy eloquence, the good sense of what he says, and the modest manner in which he says it.

He is a phenomenon, said my uncle ; I must observe him.

My uncle and aunt having withdrawn, Miss Thurl told me, obligingly, her inducement to this journey was very different from the desire of dancing at an assembly. It was to engage your friendship, Miss Lamoude, says she. My brother praised you without knowing how. Others who did know, agreed you were the most amiable young lady in Liverpool. I confess I am prompted by self-love : I am not happy in the friendship of any young person of my own sex. I have lived principally in London, where we contract acquaintances, not friendships. Since my aunt's death, I have come to reside at Kirkham. The manners of our house are jovial, and even hospitable ; but they are rude, and I endeavour to like them in vain. I learned to romp, and play at hot cockles. I have even carried my complaisance so far as to go a-hunting. All will not do. I sigh for some more elegant, more refined companion, and I hope I may have found her in Miss Lamoude.

I answered, that I must be the most insensible of human beings, not to meet so agreeable, so engaging a proposal, with at least equal ardour. There was, indeed, a circumstance——I stopped.

I believe, says she, you mean my brother ; but do not regard him, my dear Miss Lamoude ; I engage to bring him to reason. You may suspect, my dear, it is with a view to facilitate his suit I desire your friendship. No, upon my honour, my views are totally *self-interested*. Were there hopes he might prove a Cymon worthy such an Iphigenia, I should wish he might obtain her ; but I have no such hope. Not that my brother is quite the character he appears in your eyes at present ; he has really no bad heart, is placable, and even capable of doing generous things. His misfortune has been an education too rustic for the age.—James entered whilst we were talking, and begged to know if I had any commands to give him respecting Mr Thurl, whom he saw approaching the house.—I looked at Miss Thurl.

No, says she, no sacrifice whatever shall be made on my account. I do not wish to see a spirit needlessly humbled, which has been so properly exerted.—James made a grateful bow, and retired. Mr Havelley Thurl soon after came in to us, attended by my uncle, who rung the bell for James. He entered immediately.

James, says my uncle, do you know this gentleman?

No, sir, James replied.

He has brought an action of battery against you, by the name of Skipkennel, for assaulting him last night, and giving him a bloody nose—Guilty, or not?

Not guilty, sir, answered James. There was, indeed, a drunken man, in blue and silver, rude to my mistress; but he did not then look like a gentleman.

There now, says the squire, he pretends not to know me, because I was freshish, and had not the same clothes on; but, I assure you, it was me, and see what a nose I have got!

Brother, says Miss Thurl, pray let this affair drop; it does you no honour.

Be you there, Mrs Counsellor? says the squire; you be always ready with your advice when nobody asks it. If such things are to be overlooked, servants will soon be masters. I say he ought to be discharged.

I discharge you, says my uncle, gravely, for the future, from this gentleman's nose; and order you, upon pain of my displeasure, upon any similar provocation, not to advance higher than the shoulders.

I shall obey you, sir, answered James.—My uncle went out.

Shall you, you dog, says the squire? By George, but I'll horse-whip you soundly. James intercepted the whip in its passage, and wrested it out of the squire's hands. Miss Thurl was surprised when, instead of applying it offensively as she had expected, James returned it to the squire with a respectful bow.

I'll box thee for a guinea, says the squire.

I don't box, sir, replied James, and, making another bow, retired.

Brother, says Miss Thurl, how I blush for you!

Blush for yourself, replies the squire. I wonder you be'n't ashamed to stand by, and see me used like a scrub, and to see how spiteful the old fellow was!

But for your rude behaviour, brother, I was in hopes to have engaged Miss Lamounde to have spent some time with us at Kirkham; but what pleasure can she expect?

I'll be as gentle as a lamb, says the squire; I won't speak a miss word. Why, you know, sister, I'm pure good-natured, only I was provoked, and so a little out of myself like; but if miss will come, I'll be hanged if I won't be as good-humoured as ever I was born.

I promised the visit upon this assurance, and Miss Thurl and the squire took leave. Don't you think her very engaging, Paulina? But I have not yet paid the visit; when I do, you shall hear more. In the meantime, I am

My Paulina's assured friend,

JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

PARACELSUS HOLMAN TO JAMES WALLACE.

Allington, Nov. 17, 1787.

SINCE I have had the pleasure of seeing you in Liverpool, dear Wallace, and have pondered duly upon your words and works, my diaphragm has been superabundantly agitated, and, to this hour, it is apt to be convulsed, when I think of the deeds of *wise* men. My reflections on this head have given rise to an abstruse and recondite question.—Has there been, since the creation of this planet, one—one of the sons or daughters of men, actuated by wisdom *solely*, in any single action of his life?

To answer this question, every man will naturally look into his own breast; and if, upon true chemical investigation, he finds reason to believe he himself never could obtain wisdom pure, but always soiled or stained by some base earthly mixture, he will the less hesitate to answer—No, as I do.

As the solution is of some importance, I beg to recommend it to your serious consideration, James Wallace; and, because to examine one's self is a nice and difficult operation, I will submit to thy remembrance a few heads, by way of guide-posts, in a dark and cheerless way.

To beat sense into brainless skulls—to fling away a casket full of love and money, because thou didst not like the make of it—to administer law upon *unlawful* principles—to get into jail for chastity's sake, and out, for the sake of—slavery—Finally, to run into servitude with all the freedom of ancient Greece and Rome in thy head,—these are thy deeds, James Wallace; and which of them canst thou accuse Wisdom of having planned, contrived, and executed?

Thou art a clever fellow, notwithstanding, and never wantest a wise reason for doing a foolish thing; this wise reason, at present, is a certain exquisite happiness thou findest in the service of Miss Lamounde, and so few have been the situations which have yielded thee any happiness at all, it would be the silliest of all silly things to part with it, upon contingency.

But how comes it to pass, James Wallace, that thy woofs and warps have produced thee fabrics of so flimsy a contexture, that *any acid* would destroy them? Had there been any tolerable portion of wisdom, either in the raw material, or in the manufacture, could this have happened?

Miss Lamounde is so good, so sweet, so gentle—yes, James Wallace, she is, or will be, all amiable, all accomplished; all the virtues, all the beauties of her sex, will shortly be her sole and exclusive property. And what then, James? Oh! it will be exquisite happiness to—walk behind her.

That a man should choose to live on moonshine all the days of his youth !

Having taken the trouble to confess thy sins, Wallace, have the goodness to attend whilst I confess my own.

Molly Sleith, the baker's daughter, was, if you remember, a fair maiden of fifteen, when you left Allington, six years ago. At sixteen, Molly took a liking to tobacco-pipes, which, not digesting well, gave her a sickly hue, and a strong disposition to ease. My father battered her four years with all the emmenagogues in the *Materia-medica*. At length, out of pure pity, I undertook her myself ; my labours were successful, and Molly became a perfect woman. Ever since, she has conceived herself a very proper object for matrimony, and has made me a great many propositions to this purpose, which I have hitherto declined, out of mere modesty, as, all things considered, I did not think I deserved such a treasure for life. Molly, however, has a greater opinion of my merit, and the evening I returned from Liverpool, renewed the proposition with great vivacity ; still I could not conquer the opinion of my own unworthiness. No woman likes an excess of modesty in man. Miss Sleith grew angry, and at length told me, in terms perfectly intelligible, I should have her either for a wife or a mother.

Now, James Wallace, search the Canonists. I am a miserable sinner *in foro conscientie*, if I let my father marry my — patient ; and if I do not, as gentlemen when they approach their grand climacteric love to dotage, if they love at all, off at once fly all my father's little felicities, which, ever since the death of my mother, I find he has treasured up in the arms of Molly ; and Molly is betrayed too, for the which I shall be broiled in the court of Cupid.

Had I but a father that—Oh ! but they are naughty boys that tell tales of their fathers. Adieu.

Comfort me, dear James, if thou canst.

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

On second thoughts, I have no profound opinion of thy jesuitical abilities ; besides, I have determined. I had rather you would pay me the anecdotes of the Lamounde family, as you promised.

JAMES WALLACE TO PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

Liverpool, Nov. 24, 1787.

You have taken very great and very unnecessary pains to prove me a weak and silly fellow. My good friend, did I ever deny it ? It may be in consequence of this immaturity of brain that I have got into so many distressing situations, but you feel at present that the greatest solidity

of head will not always keep a man out of them. So far, Paracelsus, I find myself your superior, that I owe my embarrassments to nothing foolish than folly ; but crimes and misdemeanours, Holman, are of a browner complexion, draw mankind into labyrinths, and give him the delightful prerogative of self-reproach. If thou hast anyhow obtained this prerogative, Holman, *much good may it do thee* ; I advise thee, without a fee, to make the most of it.

You desire a little history of the Lamounde family, which you suppose to be foreign by the name ; it is so. When the Duke of Alva was so illustriously employed in chopping down Flemish heretics, for the pure love of God, and glory of Philip the Second, Peter Lamounde, a weaver by trade, and Huguenot by religion, preferring life to martyrdom, gathered together his wealth and his implements, and, leaving the crown of glory to others, settled, I believe, at Kendal.

What became of him, and of his immediate successors, oral tradition, the sole preserver of the records of ignoble families, sayeth not ; probably they died, and were buried. Be this as it may, in the beginning of the present century, Paul Lamounde was a merchant of some consequence at Liverpool. No longer a Huguenot, but a sound Presbyterian, Paul, the merchant, was a man of strict justice, equally rigid in economy and religion, and knew the full value of faith, justification, *ten per cent*, and grace.

St Paul, the Apostle, said, Let all you do be done to some great end. The merchant obeyed the precept, and married Miss Clarkson, with 10,000*l.*, at that time a fortune of some note.

This lady had as lively, but not so saving a faith as Paul, and this created, amongst other matrimonial disputes, one that seemed eternal and unfathomable, the proper use of money. The proper use of money, in Paul's opinion, was to save it ; in the lady's, it was to increase life's comforts, its conveniences, and its pleasures. Paul shrunk with horror from the idea of all worldly vanities, especially those which cost money, and maintained with great firmness, that the only way to heaven was by the scaling-ladder of mortification.

Death, the only power that could, at length ended the contest. Mr Lamounde was a long time inconsolable for the loss of his lady ; for, in the holy state of matrimony, love and discord have affinities, for which no chemist has yet accounted. After a time, when he had duly considered that all must die, and that the Lord sendeth afflictions to the righteous, he began to feel the return of peace ; and, at the end of a year, upon inspection of a certain account in his ledger, called by merchants the account of balance, he perceived it was impious to arraign the will of Heaven, and ungrateful to repine at its decrees.

Mrs Lamounde left issue, Paul, James, and Rebecca; and to educate them virtuously and frugally, was now the father's first or second care. He had a sister, Esther, who had been indiscreet in her youth. She had strayed out of the fold, and had married, for pure love, a poor church curate, whose wealth lay where no thieves could break through or steal. Esther's fortune depended on her brother, who thought an established hierarchy an abomination in the land, and could not be prevailed upon to support it. The curate had married with far different hopes; he found that woman, *quasi* woman, was no great acquisition to a poor man. Add to this, the only patron from whom he expected preferment was dead; the conjunction of circumstances was too much for him. He drank, and died.

Upon this event, Esther became destitute; but before she was starved to death, Paul's heart relented, and opened itself to the dictates of generosity. He allowed her ten pounds per annum, which, by the help of a day-school, and having no children to maintain, afforded her as many of the good things of this world, as enabled her to perform several functions of a living body.

The death of Mrs Lamounde restored this sister to some share of her brother's lost affection. He recalled her, and made her at once housekeeper and preceptress, which double duty she performed with great economy and affection. As the children grew up, however, an increase of expense became unavoidable; and Paul, who would consider no account but that of balance, and was a tolerable master of grumbling eloquence, did not permit his sister to live in perfect ease and tranquillity.

Sometimes, indeed, when fretted beyond her ordinary patience, she would rise to eloquence even superior to his own. Brother Paul, a body had better be in one's grave, than harassed up and harassed down, scolded here and maundered there, and make and mend, and all for nothing! God has given you plenty, brother, and what does it signify? You do nothing but hoard and hoard, and cark and care. Here is James's coat twice turned, Paul's is patched at both elbows, and Rebecca has hardly a cap to her head, their book-learning has not cost you a farthing, and yet there's no giving content!—But avarice itself could scarcely be blind to the necessity of some better education, especially when Mr Clarkson, the maternal uncle, undertook to shew his brother Lamounde his error.

Send your eldest son, says he, to the academy, to learn accounts well; let James go to the Latin school; a little learning in a family is not amiss. As for Beck, she's as well where she is; the less girls learn, the better.

This, often repeated, and by a rich man too, could not fail of its proper effect; so the chil-

dren were disposed of according to Mr Clarkson's directions.

For the present,

Dear Holman, adieu.

JAMES WALLACE.

TO THE SAME, IN CONTINUATION.

Liverpool, Nov. 30, 1787.

SOME children take after the father, and some after the mother, and man seeketh the cause in vain; the effect, however, was plain to all the young and old ladies in Liverpool. James, at sixteen, was a sweet youth, and very attentive to their favours. Paul, a year older, was rude, uncouth, not much addicted to the arts of politeness, and thought women mere mortal beings in petticoats. In the accompting-house, Paul would do as much business in one day as James in two; yet, upon pressing occasions, and in some humours, James would get as far in one hour as Paul in three.

This diversity kept the balance of affection wavering in the old gentleman's mind. Solid parts, and sober application, inclined it to Paul. Perfect good-humour, and quickness of comprehension, brought it back to James; but in the course of six years, Paul obtained the ascendant decidedly. His clothes cost less, and he saved his pocket-money. James was lavish of shillings, and did not appear to set a proper value even upon crowns; often admonished, he was still incorrigible; and once at a tavern, where his share of the reckoning came to the enormous sum of nineteen shillings and sixpence, he threw down a guinea, and bid the waiter pocket the change. This anecdote coming to the ears of his father, was decisive of his character. The old gentleman immediately made, or altered his will, and bequeathed his effects to Paul, James, and Rebecca, in the respective proportions of three, two, and one.

Whatsoever Mr James Lamounde might think of this unequal dispensation, he had too much spirit and too much contempt for mere money to complain, and too much good sense to suffer it to alter his affection for his brother. Miss Rebecca was not quite so passive; she was unable to comprehend the reason for this difference: Daughters were the gift of God, as well as sons, and, in her judgment, to the full as deserving.

But though the brothers were thus apparently of different and uncorresponding characters, they had, in the more essential qualities that dignify man, much resemblance. Had they been candidates for the palm of justice, of good faith, or of integrity, I know not to which it could have been given in preference. Their manners, rather than their morals, were unlike. The

youngest was gentle in his demeanour, mild in speech, caressing, and polite. The eldest seldom encumbered himself with ceremony; but went directly to the point, the nearest and most obvious road. If James had more benevolence, Paul's was more corrected by wisdom; and if Paul had learned to give but little, James had learned to give with little discretion. Each had a taste for books, but this taste was dissimilar. Paul regarded those only which gave him information, and would sometimes call Malachi Postlethwaite, the Whole Duty of Man.

Yes, would answer James, it is the whole duty of man to buy and sell; but man has other duties. He has to acquire the virtues which dignify his nature; an universal benevolence; affections which form the happiness of social beings, and a justice that rises and looks down upon the laws.

The justice that soars above the laws, would Paul answer, is romance. Universal benevolence is romance; and the affections you talk of, meaning, I suppose, the altitudes of love and friendship, the greatest romance of all.

Ten years the two brothers continued the trade in partnership, and lived in the same house together, without any event that interrupted their mutual harmony. The household was under the care of Miss Rebecca, who conducted it so well, that the brothers could have no cause but love to impel them into matrimony, and this cause had not yet existed. Not that Liverpool had not its beauties as well as other places; but Messieurs Lamoude had fallen into an irregular and unjustifiable mode of reasoning upon the subject. When I marry, says Paul, I will have a wife that shall stay at home without compulsion, and who will make domestic duties her first care. Now, in the fair ones of Liverpool, there appeared no pre-disposition to this.—When I marry, says James, my wife shall be capable of looking upon men and things with an eye of discrimination, and that eye shall be her own.—The fair ones of Liverpool had no eyes of their own; they saw only with those of fashion;—not that they were without the laudable vanity of desiring admiration and applause; but, like Francis Quarles, of emblematic memory, they were content to derive them from beauties not their own.

It is common enough to be in raptures with the charming chintz, or the sweet lace, that adorn the fair; but the fair who wears it will not rest it there. With a delicious self-complaisance, they transfer this sweet and charming from the proper objects to their own dear persons, which, I presume, can have no title to such epithets from such a claim.—Now this, says Paul, is a little piddling, unprofitable vanity, that leads a woman in the pursuit of it to no one good thing:—It marks, says James, a confusion of intellect that threatens to spread disorder through the

whole intellectual system; and a woman may be absurd enough to be vain, because she has more shining tongs and pokers than her neighbours.—The thing happens every day, says Paul.—But love, the end of all, will come, when it will come. A Mrs Pennington arrived at Liverpool from Jamaica, where she had been left a widow, and which she was forced to leave by a long and painful disorder, to which the climate was unfavourable. The business of her plantation required a connexion with some merchant of known integrity, and she got recommended to Messrs Lamoude.

It is not, however, of Mrs Pennington I am to speak, but of her daughter, who came to exhibit to the wondering eyes of Liverpool, a character said to be once frequent in the island. In this young lady, all the vanities of the sex yielded to duty and to filial affection. Miss Pennington appeared to have no inclinations that were not directed to her mother; no solicitude but for that mother's life. She bore confinement without regret, and all the offices of a nurse without disgust. Even the peevishness which naturally attends infirmity, never drew from Miss Pennington the least asperity of look or language. To the last hour of her mother's life she persevered in the same unremitting attention, with a still increasing grief, the more difficult to be borne, as it became more necessary to conceal it.

Mrs Pennington died in about eight months after her arrival, a period in which a very intimate friendship, or one that seemed so, was formed between Miss Pennington and Miss Lamoude. This was to be supported by an annual visit, and constant epistolary correspondence; for Miss Pennington's future residence was to be at York with an aunt.

It was not till some days after her departure, that Paul and James Lamoude perceived that anything ailed them. They eat less than usual, and drank more; sighed often, and seemed buried in thought; answered interrogations peevishly sometimes, and wide of the purpose; and once or twice wrote "for Leonora, Torrismond."

Plain as these symptoms were, it was left to the sagacity of Miss Lamoude to discover the disease to which they belonged: She also pointed out the cure; a specific of acknowledged powers, which would not only cure the person who took it, but probably the person who did not. Which should take it, since both could not, became a point of more serious debate than any they had yet experienced. Paul's plea of seniority was laughed at by Miss Lamoude, and spurned at by James. After thirty quarrels and reconciliations, they agreed to the arbitration of Miss Lamoude, who settled it by directing the lovers to make their appeal to the lady. Paul's first essay was the following:—

"MADAM,

"SINCERITY does not want the aid of fine expression. Ever since you left Liverpool I have found myself unhappy. There was a time I thought I should never marry, because I despaired of finding a wife to my taste. You are exactly she. I suppose I ought to say a great deal to convince you of my affection, but to what purpose? Don't I give the fullest proof of it when I desire you for a wife? You have too much good sense to mind fine speeches. The plain truth is, I love you, and desire to make you happy, and be happy myself. What can a man say more? As to settlements, they shall be fully equal to your fortune. This is all the needful, and to write more would be only to waste your time and my own. Hoping to be favoured with your kind answer, I am, madam, with the greatest esteem,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"PAUL LAMOUNDE.

"Liverpool, Dec. 6, 1787."

JAMES WROTE THUS:

"DEAR MADAM,

"I AM sensible an address of the kind I am now daring to make, ought to have been preceded by attentions which should have left no doubt of the affection for which it solicits a reward; but, whilst I saw you, I was attentive only to the pleasure of seeing you, without reflecting, indeed without knowing, how dear it would cost me to be deprived of that pleasure. Did Miss Pennington but know what was that sickness of the heart, which has been a part of my daily portion since I saw her no more, I should be certain of pity from her goodness, although she should be cruel enough to deprive me of the sweet hope of her affection.

"To make a first declaration of this tender nature by letter, is indeed an uncouth, unconciliating mode, but circumstances render it necessary. My honest brother has conceived the same opinion of your merit as myself; but, as he has not much cultivated an acquaintance with your sex, he depends for success more upon the conscious integrity of his own feelings, than upon the delicate forms instituted by love and politeness. In order that we may still be brothers, we have agreed to coincide in the steps we take to procure our happiness. Essential, therefore, as you are to mine, I dare not give full expression to my feelings, lest I should seem to injure a brother. I tremble to request an answer, lest it should be unfavourable to my hopes.

"I am, madam, (how much it is impossible to express,)

"Your most obedient servant,

"JAMES LAMOUNDE."

Miss Pennington answered these letters with great politeness, thanking both the brothers for

the great honour they did her; but expressing a strong disinclination to the married state, and hoping she should still stand well in their good opinion, although obliged to decline their address. The lovers understood the repulse *au pied du lettre*, and disposed themselves to sighs and obedience. Miss Lamounde knew better; she had promised Miss Pennington an early visit at York. At the same time the brothers remembered that they had long desired to see that ancient city, and they would be their sister's escort. The gentlemen took up their abode at an inn, from whence they made their excursions. They had several times the pleasure of drinking tea with Miss Pennington, who still retained her cruelty, and sent them away in despair: Miss Lamounde stayed some time.

Before the ladies parted, Miss Pennington, under entire confidence, disclosed to her dearest friend the secrets of her heart. She must own she felt a partiality for Mr James Lamounde, he was so extremely sensible and polite. Mr Paul was a very good sort of gentleman too, but had not that tenderness of nature she should wish in an husband. However, as they had both done her the honour to think well of her, she would not offend either by a preference to the other, nor be the cause of interrupting the concord of two such brothers. All that Miss Lamounde, therefore, had to do upon her return, was to persuade one brother to decline, and the other to prosecute his suit; and this arduous task was to be performed without the least breach of that delicate confidence Miss Pennington had reposed in her. Whether Miss Lamounde was immaculate in this particular, my record (the old nurse of the family, a treasury of biographical anecdote) doth not say; but it is certain, in due time, she brought the matter to its due conclusion, and James was the happiest of men.

Paul displayed abundant fortitude upon the occasion, and swore the whole sex was not worth his little Juno. The little Juno was, indeed, deservedly a favourite, for she had made six West-Indian voyages, and never sprang a leak. The family concord was not to be interrupted, whosoever proved the happy man. It was an express stipulation. However, Paul, not finding himself so much at his ease as usual in the same house, chose another, and complimented his sister with the superintendency of his household.

Paul's tranquillity was still imperfect, and to insure it, he found plausible pretensions to dissolve the partnership; after which a regular progress of discontent ensued, which got as far as a genteel coolness; but as to perfect hatred or contempt, they were not able to arrive at any considerable degree of either, even by the help of a general election, in which they took different sides.

Small circumstances decide the fate of empires. When things had been in this state a few

years, an accident happened, which restored the family harmony, never more to be broke, or interrupted. Men's minds were still in a ferment, which the late election had occasioned, when Mr James Lamounde supped at a tavern with several gentlemen of his own party. One of these, knowing the coolness subsisting between the brothers, began to inveigh against the opposite faction, and instanced a shameless piece of conduct, at the head of which he very politely put Mr Paul Lamounde. James blushed the blush of anger. Sir, says he, my brother is incapable of acting a dishonourable part on this, or any occasion. If your charge is no more true respecting others, than it is respecting him, let it drop for ever; it will not be believed.

The gentleman, provoked to find opposition where he expected applause, doubled his opprobriums. The quarrel became violent. On the morrow they met, like gentlemen. One got a ball lodged in the thigh, the other lost a small collop from his right cheek. The seconds interposed, and they parted, like people who had done the business they came about, much to each other's satisfaction.

This news was communicated to Mr Paul Lamounde by a gentleman present at the original quarrel. Against his will, Paul's legs carried him to his brother's house. The surgeon was dressing his wound.

Brother James, says Paul, with no very firm voice, I—I—I thank you. It was kind—very kind—after—

Brother Paul, says James, looking kindly at him, with the tears springing to his eyes, it was just. Could you, brother, have borne to have heard me accused of dishonour?—me, whose integrity you knew?

No—no—no—replies Paul, taking James's hand.

Mrs Lamounde sprung upon Paul's neck, and kissed him. The surgeon ran; discord ran after him, and the door was shut against her for ever.

In due time, Mrs Lamounde had given the most affectionate of husbands and fathers six lovely children; nor would it be easy to find a family with more earthly happiness in possession, were earthly happiness of tolerable stability. Four successive years robbed the exulting parents of as many of their offspring. So tender a mother could not sustain these shocks without injury to a frame as delicate as beautiful; she fell into a gradual decline, and died almost without disease. James and Judith, the only surviving children, were of an age capable of feeling the severity of their loss; even Paul forgot his stoic boast of viewing sublunary events with indifference.

The grief of the husband and the father, it suits not my languid pen to describe. Business became disagreeable to him, and he relinquished it. A slow, nervous fever, or something so

called, seized him. Medicines were useless, and change of climate was soon the only prescription left the physicians. He went to Jamaica, where he had plantations in right of Mrs Lamounde. At the end of three years he returned home with an incurable atrophy, and lingering one year more, left his griefs and the world together.

Upon his death-bed he addressed his son and daughter thus: "I leave you, my dear children, with less regret, because I have given you a virtuous education, and have lived to see the fruits of it proper to your years. Yours, my dear James, has been so mixed, that you have learning enough to rank with gentlemen, and the proper elements of mercantile knowledge. With regard to your future avocation I leave you free. You may be a gentleman with an independent fortune; I should rather advise you to be a merchant, and increase it. But do not regard the gain of the profession as your sole inducement. You are affluent; every day presents a benevolent merchant opportunity to benefit some worthy man. Do not withhold the loan from the unfortunate, nor suffer merit to sink under distress. Judge with impartiality, yourself as well as others. You have the proper virtues of youth, its frankness, candour, its generosity. You have its peculiar foibles also, its fire, its impetuosity, its rapid conclusions, its precipitate judgments. Your present temperament uncorrected, your friendship will be enthusiasm, your generosity profusion. Excuse me—it is against your faults only a father's last admonitions can be directed with any effect.

"The young women of the present age, my dear Judith, are said to be less respectable than their grandmothers: I hope the charge may be too generally made. As far as it is true, to what can it be attributed but to the early occupation of their minds in trifles? Vain mothers, always attentive to outward forms, turn the first bias of their children's minds to dress, and dress becomes a passion: I do not call it a vice; but it is a weakness, and often attended with most pernicious effects. Society has a claim upon us for a decent attention to this goddess of vanity, but not for adoration. Every young lady, with temperate judgment, will draw the line for herself with propriety. Fortune determines, or ought to determine it, for those who have not superabundance; good sense for those who have.

"But my chief apprehensions on your account, my dear Judith, arise from your sensibility. Gentle-tempered, and disposed to affection, you are now at that time of life when this disposition is directed by nature to the amiable of the opposite sex. It is peculiarly incumbent upon you to guard against mistakes of the heart. Make it a habit to examine the source of your sensations, especially of the tender kind; are they excited by beauty of person, of dress, or address? These are trifling causes, and never act, except for an instant, but upon trifling minds.

Your favourite poet has said everything in two lines :—

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow ;
The rest is all but leather—or prunella.

“ Thus, my dear Judith—Worth makes the man.”

I weary you, dear Holman, as I have wearied myself ; but I have so little more to communicate, that I choose to finish in this letter.

Mr James Lamounde, at his father's death, had just entered his twenty-first year, consequently was a minor till the end of it, and under the guardianship of his uncle. This short reign, Mr Paul used, in his way, to give his nephew the best possible advice ; but this way was not so mild and delicate as people, especially young people, require, when advice is given unasked. Amidst a number of small contests, one reared its head aloft, and demanded to be settled. This was Mr James's avocation. From the turn this celebrated dispute sometimes took, there was an appearance that Mr James had not the least objection to the life of a gentleman ; and as Miss Judith supported her brother's arguments, the uncle concluded she was much disposed to live the life of a lady.

All the collected wisdom of ages, says Paul, one day, and delivered by an oracle, would never be able to convince a young blockhead he was not wiser than his father, or a miss of nineteen, she was not as sensible as angelic. Nothing will satisfy this fool now, but to lounge his life away. Instead of conversing with his pen with the sensible and intelligent inhabitants of every commercial country in the universe, he chooses to be a—blank ; to spend his mornings under the hands of his hair-dresser, and his hours of thinking, if he has any, in contriving what party of *bon vivants*, gamesters, or *filles de joie*, he shall honour with the joyous hours of night.

Pretty young ladies have their morning employments also ; they have heads to take care of, and humours to discharge upon humble Abigail, that their evenings may be perfectly good-humoured and serene. I have lived to see astonishing improvements ; misses educated to no one useful purpose in life, and calling inanity accomplishment. The proper duties of a woman are to breed, to spin, and make puddings.

Brother, says Mrs Rebecca, there is really no end nor measure in your vulgar ideas. As if people of fortune ought to be subject to the drudgeries of people of no fortune ! To be sure it would be better if young people would not trick themselves out so much, and if they would pay a little more deference to their elders and betters, and not be so vain of their beauty ; and they might be more obliging sometimes, and not run to their harpsichords, and play-books, if one asked them to a pool at quadrille.

True, Beck, answers Paul ; come, draw thy own picture, and set it up for all good young women to copy after.

I want no such thing, brother ; but I say again and again, my niece would not be the worse, if—

She was like thee—But what says the looking-glass, Rebecca ?

This is a specimen of Paul's manner, and of Madame la Sœur. Miss Lamounde was usually silent.

At length James, determined more by his dying father's advice than by his uncle's philippics, resolved upon becoming a merchant ; but, as he was yet young, he wished to have two years to look about him before he settled for life.

And what would'st thou look at, James ?

At men, manners, and commerce. I would visit first every part of my own country, and make one excursion abroad.

The first design, answers Paul, is a good one ; the second, as it may turn out. However, if a young man did not mingle some folly with his wisdom, he would not be a young man.

No—nor an old one neither, adds Madame Lamounde, by which respectable title I design, in future, to distinguish this lady from Miss Lamounde.

And so, says Paul, since thou resolvest one day to be a man, I will give thee credit for virtues yet to come, and try to believe thee the son of thy father.

Make thy comments, dear Holman,

And so farewell.

JAMES WALLACE.

MR JAMES LAMOUNDE TO MISS JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

Paris, Dec. 13, 1787.

I AM NOW, my dear sister, going to make the amende honourable ; my conscience reproves me. Absent two months, and but one short letter ! I could, indeed, make excuses, but it is better to make reparation. When I got on board the packet at Dover, I found in the principal cabin a youth about twenty, with a pretty face, and genteel figure ; but whose brow wore the undissembled marks of sullenness and discontent, accompanied by a grave, elderly gentleman in black, of no prepossessing physiognomy.—We paid our mutual compliments ; a silence of a minute or two ensued, and the Reverend Mr Hilliard (such I found afterwards was his name) took the opportunity to go on with a lecture, which my entrance seemed to have interrupted.

As I was saying, Mr Moreton, chastisements, whether coming from our earthly or our heavenly parent, are inflicted from pure love, *pro salute anime* ; and certainly nothing can more demonstrate the affection of a parent than—

Whipping his son with scorpions, answered the youth.

No, sir, not so, continued the tutor ; neither is there any verisimilitude between a whip of scorpions and a tour through France and Italy : for, firstly, the tour is a most pleasant thing to youth, and peradventure this gentleman—Sir, may I crave your name ?

Lamoude, at your service.

Perhaps, I say, Mr Lamoude himself is going the same tour, merely for the abundance of delight he expecteth therein.

But I go, says Mr Moreton, expecting the ten plagues of Egypt !

Mr Moreton, replies the grave gentleman, amongst other things given me in charge by your wise and provident father, one was——

To kill his son with—wisdom !

Wisdom killeth not, rather it preserveth life ; but, as I was saying, one part of my duty is to instruct you in elegance and propriety of speech, to the end you may one day shine in the assembled senate. Now, one of the most palpable improprieties of speech is the abuse of metaphor. The ten plagues of Egypt, as you have now employed them, is merely metaphorical, but wanteth the proper requisites ; for although, as a man, you may be covered with boils, or invaded by lice, you are not a river to be turned into blood ; neither are you a bull to be afflicted with murrain. You——

No—no—says Morcton, striding out of the cabin to go upon deck, no—I am a spaniel to be kicked ; an ass to be beaten with stripes.

The tutor shook his head. Sir, says he, this is the son and heir of Sir Everard Moreton, at whose instigation, but more especially at his lady's, I have undertaken to accompany this young man in quality of tutor, to cure him of his follies, to return him wise and temperate. Think you not, sir, I have a difficult task ?

If you have undertaken to cure folly by remonstrance, I think you have.

I profess, good Mr Lamoude, I know not any other means. Remonstrance, *remonstratio*, is the setting forth and repeating of truth : It infoldeth advice, caution, discretion, and it complaineth of error and mistake : But the young men of the present age, I am sorry to observe, laugh at admonition ; they despise the wisdom that proceedeth from experience : Not so the Roman youth.

I attended patiently about half an hour to the excellent qualities of the Roman youth, when Moreton re-entered the cabin with a face as white as a sheet. The tutor, who thought it his duty to administer comfort as well as admonition, began to give us an explanation of the nature of sea-sickness, which was nothing more than a sort of unequal distribution of the nervous fluid, whereby the sensorium was disordered, and the stomach was afflicted by sympathy.

Now sympathy, says he, though an occult quality—may be—reasoned—upon—I protest—I can't see !—Sympathy—I say—heu, *quanta vertigo* !

The Reverend Mr Hilliard became now so occupied by sense, as to be no longer capable of intellect ; and, indeed, we all sympathized, more or less, till our arrival at Calais. Monsieur Dessein paid us his immediate respects, and requested we would honour him with permission to offer us suitable refreshments after the fatigue and terror of the voyage, assuring us, everything in France was at our service. On his retiring, Mr Hilliard amused himself with a bitter philippic on French complaisance, informing us, that it was venal, and aimed solely at our purses. At supper, however, he threw off his chagrin, feasted clerically, found the wine tolerable, and cracked jokes with great success. My ever-respected father, you know, recommended Scipio to my particular kindness ; and the good creature deserves it both for his solid sense, and his undoubted attachment to me. I make it a rule to inform myself of Scipio's opinions upon most occurrences, am always entertained, and sometimes instructed.

How, Scipio, says I, undressing for bed, do you like Calais ?

Me like, sir—me no like. Me find a de poor black woman, of Angola, in de kitchen ; me did get her into corner to cry. De fat cook came, and beat poor Betty. Me swear, de good God forgive me ; me going to beat de fat cook. She raise cry big as six Liverpool fish-women. Hundred monkeys come, and make a de grins and de chatters. Den Philip, servant Mr Moreton, take a me by de arm to draw me away.

I hope you like Philip ? He will be your companion the whole tour.

He be drunk as de pig. Me afraid for my morals. Everybody be tipsy. Do you know, sir, why Mr Moreton leave England to come to get tipsy in France ?

No, Scipio.

Me tell you ; he in love wid parson's daughter. Fader have de rage—cause no money—cause no blood. Son have de rage, cause he banisht from sweetheart—and cause tutor do split his head wid de talk.

Your injunctions at parting, my dear Judith, were, that, like an honest English evidence, I should give you in my correspondence the truth—the whole truth—and nothing but the truth. In return, you kindly promise to be secret, and indulgent, pre-supposing, no doubt, that an Englishman at Paris *must* have need of both.

It is easy to write truth, sister, and you shall have it ; but to require the whole truth seems something unreasonable ; and to say nothing but the truth, is the hardest injunction that ever was imposed upon any traveller, ancient or modern.

The first days of our arrival at Paris were

taken up in an inquiry into the present state of external architecture. In a week we ventured into the inside of churches, palaces, and halls. Our next step was to the toy-shops, the operas, the comedy.

But this progressive improvement appeared tedious, especially to my active friend, who thought Paris capable of furnishing more lively pleasures than any that could be cut out of marble, or painted on canvass: so we began to look at the ladies, with fear and trembling, indeed—because Mr Hilliard had remonstrated against so imprudent a thing, and had convinced us, from an hundred good penmen, sacred and profane, that the devil was in women.

Monsieur Vauclan, of the gens-d'armes, had the goodness to take us under his tuition; and I must do our master the justice to confess it was not his fault, if we were not of the first class of proficient. No man better understood the geography of the *pais d'amour*. No man could be more free of the communication, provided, as was reasonable, he had the happiness to meet with pupils of good fortunes and liberal souls.

Monsieur Vauclan is a younger son of nobility, and has as many noble propensities as would exhaust a fortune forty times as large as his own. Frank to an extreme, and so perfectly Christian, he thinks friends should have but one purse.

I own, my dear Judith, I have not yet been brought to relish the sublime sentiments, nor the corresponding practice, of this pattern of Roman friendship. I am ever in danger of throwing away, like an idle boy, all that I might derive from so intelligent a master, and all the eclat that would be the consequence of adopting his ideas. Of this in my next. Let me hear from you as speedily as possible, directed to Monsieur Sanson, banker, Paris. Say everything proper to my uncle and aunt, and believe me, ever affectionately,

Yours,

JAMES LAMOUNDE.

MISS EDWARDS TO MISS LAMOUNDE.

Box, Dec. 20, 1787.

I ACKNOWLEDGE, dear Miss Lamoude, that Miss Thurl is amiable and engaging; and, but for a little jealousy, I should rejoice at your acquisition of so agreeable a friend. It seems to me also that you have an engaging servant, of whom, if he continues to excite your notice, I shall be glad to hear. I promised in my last account of Master Moreton, son of Sir Everard, from whom I have derived one good at least, the honour and pleasure of your friendship; for my prudent father (so Mr Edwards permits me to call him) not being certain that the consequence of introducing an unbridled young man

to a very silly young woman would be to his liking, sent me to Mrs Scott's boarding-school, to be out of the way. This provident intention was frustrated by an illness of Mrs Edwards, which required my return, and, before she was well recovered, Mr Edwards himself fell ill. I was of necessity, therefore, one of the family, and an acquaintance commenced of course.

You may probably suppose Mr Edwards would fortify me with admonitions, proper to prevent the connexion he feared. No; he knew young women better. He contented himself, therefore, with keeping a tolerable watchful eye over us, without himself putting into our heads what possibly might not else come there.

It was a considerable time before Mr Moreton took any notice of me, more than common politeness demanded. My father lost his fear, and, consequently, his caution. I played upon the forte-piano; Mr Moreton was a violinist. Mr Edwards, glad that his pupil could spend his hours of recreation so laudably, promoted our little concerts, and, after a time, left us to perform them by ourselves.

Mr Moreton could, whenever he thought it necessary, behave with the most insinuating sweetness, assume an uncommon tenderness in his manner, and be all attention to please. I suppose these things captivate the hearts of most silly inexperienced girls like me. He was handsome also, had a fine taste in dress, was eloquent, of a most agreeable vivacity, and did not seem to want generosity, and even benevolence. Do I succeed, my dear Miss Lamoude, in making an apology for my own weakness? Or is it necessary to add the vanity that must arise in such a poor forlorn young creature as I was, on the view of so splendid an establishment?

Mr Moreton had declared himself, or rather, had said and done a thousand pretty little things that superseded the necessity of a declaration. I understood him to be a sincere, an honourable, lover; for what girl of eighteen dreams of deceit?

But there was a duplicity in the secret conduct of this business I did not approve. In the presence of Mr and Mrs Edwards, our words and looks were guarded with uncommon care. Mr Moreton convinced me, that the consequence of the discovery of our connexion would be immediate banishment from all he held dear in life. He knew Mr Edwards would think it a point of honour to communicate it to his father; and he knew the avarice and ambition of his father too well to flatter himself with any immediate hope. I sighed, for I was in love; I acquiesced, for I was weak; but the practice of deceit hung heavy on me, and many a pillow did I wet with my tears.

These tears first betrayed me. Mrs Edwards saw my uneasiness, guessed the cause, and communicated the suspicion to Mr Edwards. Suspicion once awake, all was soon discovered: I

was sent to a friend's at a distance, and became for a while the object of my father's anger. To confess the truth, my dear Miss Lamounde, he was for a time the object of mine ; for such is the nature of love, and probably other passions, that whosoever crosses them, though his reasons were the dictates of eternal truth, becomes another being, an odious being ; and affection, reverence, esteem, are all absorbed by this pitiful passion of love.

So, to my everlasting shame I own, so it was with me ; and the individual that had protected me, when deprived of all natural protection, whom I adored, and who was entitled to a gratitude that ought to have known no end or limit, now ceased to excite it. Thanks to the Father of mercies, this ignominious state of mind was of short duration ; reflection prevailed by degrees, and shewed me the errors of my heart. Not that I did not still love, still sigh ; but in proportion as my reason convinced me I had less to hope, I acquired more resignation. I wrote to my father with tears of penitence ; I confessed my fault with bitter reproaches. In return, I had a letter of true affection, and full forgiveness ; I was almost at ease.

Mr Moreton had conjectured truly, that Mr Edwards would not hesitate to convey this disagreeable affair to Sir Everard. He received an answer of thanks and acknowledgment, and his son a letter full of anger and reproof, with a peremptory command to return home. The young gentleman was not willing to obey any commands but those of love, and absolutely refused obedience. Mr Edwards soothed, reasoned, and remonstrated, in vain. Mr Moreton was sullen and silent, except when he broke out into reproaches for what he called Mr Edwards' unnecessary and officious interference. At length Mr Edwards assumed the stern authority of a preceptor, and informed him he had not a house at the service of young men who had lost self-government. It was not, however, till he saw a messenger ready to depart for his father's that his mind could be subdued. Poor youth ! he pleaded hard for one interview ; but there lives not a more resolved man than Mr Edwards, when his resolutions are formed by rectitude.

After his departure I was sent for home, and became again the child of affection ; nay, I think, they loved me even better than before my deviation from the paths of propriety. Pity, probably, added strength to affection : It was, however, a settled maxim never to introduce the subject, nor mention Mr Moreton's name, and a full year has passed away without the least intelligence concerning him.

I try to excuse him ! I had, perhaps, better try to forget. Adieu, my fair friend. Love me not the less for the weakness of a—woman.

PAULINA EDWARDS.

MISS LAMOUNDE TO MISS EDWARDS.

Kirkham, Dec. 27, 1787.

YES, my dear ; perhaps it would be better to try to forget, and better still to succeed in the endeavour. Though this is a changeable world, there are things in it of more stability than young men's vows ; and the grand tour, which your lover is now taking by way of penance, is a wonderful destroyer of first loves. I came very honestly by this secret of the tour ; my brother is abroad ; they met upon the road, and are now at Paris together. My dear Paulina, exert yourself in the recovery of your former tone of mind, and do not depend upon *love* for happiness.

I am now upon a visit to Miss Thurl. You desire a farther acquaintance with this amiable lady ; and you desire also more anecdotes concerning my servant Wallace. These desires are very reasonable, Paulina ; young women would scarcely ever form any other, were it not for—men. I shall best gratify them by a little history of our words and works.

As I had given my friend notice of my coming, the young squire was ready to hand me out, and, by way of welcome, saluted me with a hearty smack : I blushed. Brother, says Miss Thurl, Miss Lamounde's stay here will be very short, if she is to be exposed to such rudeness.

Rudeness ! answers the squire ; why, there now, women be always in the wrong. It's out of pure kindness ; besides, you never barred kissing.

We bar it now, then.

Well—since you be so frumpish and dainty, I'll fit you.

I was introduced to the old squire and his lady ; he laid up with the gout, she with an asthma ; they seldom come down stairs.

I'm glad to see you, Miss Lamounde, says the old gentleman, in a frank, hearty way ; you're kindly welcome. Lord, how the world wags ! I remember calling upon your father for his vote, when you were a child in frocks. How the world wags ! It is but a day since, and see how you're grown ! Well, and how does your uncle Paul? gruff old Paul ? He was against us, but an honest man for all that : It's pity he should be a Whig ; he must grow old now, Miss Lamounde—and I grow old—Time, with his stealing steps, hath clawed me in his clutch, as the old song says : And this cursed gout ; but it is what we must all come to. Nothing so sure as death and taxes.

Never talk of dying, father, says the young squire ; it's melancholy, and miss came here to be merry.

Good, Havelley, good. Hang sorrow, and cast away care, as the poet says. It's very good of you, Miss Lamounde, to come and see Caroline ; she's moped, for we han't a deal of com-

pany o' late. Havelley don't fancy the neighbouring gentry; for why? He's up to anything manly; but the young gentlemen of this age be all women! What dressing, and powdering, and puffing! Lord, how they shiver at a bit o' frost!

The ceremony of introduction being over, my agreeable friend carried me to my apartments to dress; and, as I came alone in a hired chaise, asked me if I was afraid of eating them up, that I brought with me neither man-servant nor maid-servant?

No, my dear, I answered; it was because I did not imagine Mr Wallace would be an agreeable object to Mr Havelley; and besides, he is at present engaged in a business that it would be cruelty to take him from. As to a maid, why you must know I have only, as the lawyers say, an undecided moiety of one, my aunt and I being joint tenants.

Pretty! says Miss Thurl; that must now and then make some agreeable confusion; economy, I suppose?

Economy in my aunt, in my uncle a peculiarity. He thinks every additional servant an additional plague. Leave, says he to me one day, leave, Judith, these splendid plagues to the rich and great. I would sooner undertake to govern the Chickesaws, than a house of well-dressed gentlemen and lady servants.

Your uncle is right, my dear; we have only sixteen, and a housekeeper; and we have three factions that fill the state with troubles. Upon my brother's account, there was no necessity for leaving the spirited Mr Wallace behind. My brother bears no malice. You have great obligations to him, I find; but such is the pride and ingratitude of beauty, I question if you will acknowledge them. Unknown to me, he has invited half a score of *his own* friends, purely to make you merry.

Wisdom, saith I, endureth all things.

I hope, then, says she, it will be able to endure my cousin, Sir Antony Havelley, a baronet of moderate fortune, and immoderate talents. He is an old grave gentleman, of thirty, enamoured of all the out-of-the-way things in nature, nice and splendid in apparel, exact in his ceremonials, delicate, nervous, and apt to be disordered by an east wind. Take care of your heart.

The first week we spent in receiving a rich succession of visitants. We eat and drank, talked of London, Liverpool, and lace, and *consolidated* our society with quadrille; but pleasure endureth not for ever. With the absence of company came a vacuity, which the young squire knew not how to fill up. Love was interdicted, and all the rich fund of manual wit and humour. It was a condition not to be borne; and, to get rid of it, the squire was determined to fetch his dear friend, Jack Cornbury, to enter-

tain us with the cutler's wheel, and the growling of dogs about a bone.

In his absence arrived the valet-de-chambre of Sir Antony Havelley, to announce the approach of his master, to prepare his apartments, and arrange his toilette.

It is a lovely morning, my dear, says Miss Thurl; the sun and the birds invite us, a thousand flowers are wasting their sweetness on the desert air, and we know not when we can again enjoy an uninterrupted walk.

I accepted the proposal with pleasure. In the midst of our walk, my fair friend reminded me that I had promised her some anecdotes concerning my servant Wallace, whom she was pleased to call her favourite. I promised the same to you, my Paulina, and I now write what I said to Miss Thurl on the subject.

It is difficult to explain the odd way we are in with him. Through the whole of his words and actions, it was impossible not to observe a something that denoted he was now below his proper situation; yet he gave himself no airs, assumed no pride, claimed no exemption. Whatsoever questions were asked him, he answered with extreme modesty, and in few words; but with an intelligence that invited us to ask them frequently. In short, a certain degree of freedom and familiarity took place imperceptibly. We saw him perform his little offices without reflecting they did not belong to him; and when we had not company, drew him into conversation without reflecting he had these little offices to perform.

My uncle, by the aid of contracted eye-brows, and some asperity of language, conceals a kind and benevolent heart. He seldom speaks to please, and still more seldom acts to offend. He likes to talk notwithstanding, and will often take the side of absurdity for the sake of puzzling my aunt and me. One day at dinner he got deep into a labyrinth, yet carried it so triumphantly, that my aunt appealed to Mr Wallace. He gave not his own opinion, but mentioned an elegant author who had wrote on the subject, and from whom he gave two or three quotations.

So, sir, says my uncle, you are one of those who decide by authority.

If the authority is good, sir.

There is no good authority but reason; names are nothing. Support your cause from your own bottom, since you have undertaken it, and leave quotations to pedants.—It was impossible for a man to speak with greater modesty; but the subject, from being simple, became learned, and my uncle seemed bent upon trying the extent of Mr Wallace's knowledge. It appeared that he was acquainted with French and Latin. At length, my uncle, dropping the argument, and his knife and fork with it, looked full in Wallace's face, and said, with an emphasis, Young man, who are you?

Mr Wallace answered only by a look of surprise.

That your education is superior to your condition, says my uncle, is evident. You have concealments, therefore, and concealments breed suspicion. How do we know for what kind of folly you may now be doing penance? Errors of youth are pardonable; but, whilst you dare not be ingenuous, how dare we confide?

I thought this very harsh in my uncle; was it not?

Mr Wallace, however, with a pleasing, placid smile, said, Pardon me, sir; the charge against me is rather too heavily laid. I know not why I should be thought anxious to conceal, where I do not remember to have been interrogated. If I have been unfortunate, I have no right, with impertinent loquacity, to intrude the knowledge of my misfortunes upon others; and it would be folly to advance a claim upon compassion, which, if allowed, might render an easy situation irksome. Permit me to say, I feel the value of my present situation sensibly; I have in it a satisfaction and content which I never remember to have had before. I ought to be cautious how I put it to the risk.

You were born, then, in a superior rank of life; you are of family, perhaps.

Do not let me mislead you, sir; I know nothing of my family. I never was in affluence, consequently have no right to murmur at the want of wealth. My education is accident; that I have been in better situations, (others will call them better, though I do not,) is more a deviation from the common occurrences of life, than to be what I am.

A lady, who called herself Wallace, attended only by one maid, came in the dusk of the evening to the house of Mr Holman, an apothecary, at Allington, in this county, and, after a conference with Mr Holman, took up her residence for a time; she was in the last month of pregnancy, and in due time was brought to bed of me. She staid her month, and then went away, leaving me behind. It must be confessed, that Mr Holman has always been much upon the reserve whenever the subject has been touched; but his account is, that the lady never communicated her family; that she gave him a little money for my maintenance, and a small packet well sealed; that she obtained a promise from him, nay an oath, that he would preserve this packet so sealed six years; that if in that time he did not see or hear from her, the contents of the packet would explain all the mystery, restore me to my relations, and procure him a proper return for his kindness.

This packet Mr Holman carefully locked up in his study amongst his most valued papers. Unfortunately, about the middle of the fifth year, a fire broke out in his study, and consumed this packet with other papers of value; and as my mother has not since been heard of, there

cannot well be a smaller probability than that I should ever come to the knowledge of my family; nor if I could, is the probability much greater that I should be benefited by it.

Mr Wallace then acquainted us of his having been apprenticed to a lawyer, and of a number of small misfortunes which had since befallen him, but which, at present, I have not time to communicate. He concluded with expressing a hope that, as he claimed no consideration from the obscurity of his birth, it would not operate in our minds against him.

That, says my uncle, would be unjust; but I must wonder to see a young man of talents with so little ambition.

Why should I nourish a passion, sir, from which I have hitherto reaped only delusion? It is in your family alone I have met with kindness, protection, and content. These valuable blessings you will not wonder that I endeavour to render as permanent as I can.

After this elucidation, my dear Paulina, my uncle did treat him with more consideration, though he sometimes strove to hide it. My aunt changed her tone to greater softness, and now and then ventured an encomium. For my part, as I never treated him much *en maitresse*, I had not the appearance of any considerable change; yet, I know not how it is, I do feel a difference—I reverence him more, I think. It is an odd term, my dear, to be applied to a footman; but I owe it less, I believe, to his unfortunate tale, than to some other circumstances which I am going to mention.

I was reading one afternoon in the parlour alone, and wanting something, rang the bell. Being much engaged in a tender tale, I did not at first perceive Mr Wallace's entrance: when I did, his fine face was all in a glow; he trembled, and had every mark of perturbation about him.

What is the matter? says I; you seem ruffled.

I have been upon the dock, madam, for my master, and have seen a sailor fall into the water, and drowned by the contention to save him. The alarm had reached his wife, who ran with a child in her arms, and fainted upon the corpse. They were carried home senseless together. I followed amongst a crowd, none of which seemed able to comfort or relieve. It seemed, indeed, a hopeless business. When she recovered, I endeavoured it. The little money I had about me I gave her for present support. She thanked me; But comfort, she said, could never be hers on this side the grave. Don't despair, says I, you will be largely assisted; the merchants of Liverpool are too generous to let a sailor's wife want.—No, says she, I shall not want whilst I live; but I am dying of an incurable cancer, and what will become of my six poor orphans?—O madam! continues Mr Wallace, whilst you are weeping the fictitious distresses of a Catharine, did you but know what real calamities are around you!

There was, my dear Paulina, something so humble in Mr Wallace's looks when he said this, it was so totally unmingled with any air, or any pertness of manner, that, though the expression seemed to convey a reproach, it never entered my head to be angry. I am scarcely able to develop the nature of my emotion; but its immediate effect was a kind of instinctive pulling out my purse, and presenting it to him.

He drew back: No, madam, says he; though I wish to excite your benevolence, for I wish to increase your happiness, I dare not be your almoner.

Why, Mr Wallace?

Because to be driven from your service would, in my apprehension, be the greatest of misfortunes; and I dare not place myself in a state of possible suspicion.

Mr Wallace, says I, take it without fear; I cannot suspect.

On this occasion, madam, you will have the goodness to excuse me. Your benevolence will not, I am persuaded, be necessary here; nor have I exhausted the liberality of your brother.

Promise me, then, you will apply to me whenever you think any future necessity arises there or elsewhere.

He bowed, and was half a minute silent. If I might presume, says he;—but—I dread your anger—

Speak without fear, Mr Wallace; if my anger could be excited by your goodness, it would ill deserve to be dreaded.

I could point out to you the unmerited distress of two very deserving sisters, who had their little fortunes of a thousand pounds each in the hands of an uncle. This uncle went off yesterday, and will become a bankrupt. The young ladies are newly arrived at Liverpool. Having lost father and mother, they came to live with this their nearest relation. The stroke has come so suddenly upon them, that they are overwhelmed with affliction. It is not relief they have occasion for, it is kindness, it is consolation. They have not had time for want.

So then, says I, you are not content with benevolence in the form of money?

No, says he, (a fine glow overspreading his face,) I would have it in the form of an angel. On saying this, he retired hastily.

I must confess, my dear Paulina, perhaps to my shame, that the doctrine of personal acquaintance with distress was new to me, and not perfectly agreeable, either to my pride or inclination; yet, I know not how it was, I could not rest till I had executed the will of this my extraordinary instructor. The event was happy: the young ladies were consoled; and I had my reward in a great number of new and agreeable sensations. I thanked Mr Wallace for having procured them. He bowed, and said, he believed the greatest of human pleasures was procured by a habit of active and personal benevo-

lence; and he wished me the greatest of human pleasures.

A few days before I left home, I heard a female voice at the kitchen-door, saying to Sally, my half maid, Pray tell him my name is Dorrington; and I hope he will have the goodness to let me see him as soon as possible. But why should I doubt his goodness, who have felt its effects so largely!—God bless him, wherever he goes!

I suppose, Paulina, you know something of female curiosity. I rang for Sally.—What woman was it you were talking to?

One of Mr Wallace's trollops, I suppose, says she; he has them calling every now and then.

Why do you give her so coarse a title?

Because, madam, she looks for all the world like them there creatures, so shabby fine.

She did not talk like one. This has the appearance of spite to Wallace; I suppose he is not in your favour.

No, nor never will while he's so proud. What if he does not wear a livery? that's your goodness more than his desert. But, indeed, madam, he's quite spoiled above stairs.

This is new language, Sally.

Nay, ma'am, I don't mean for to offend you; for I see nothing but good-nature from you to everybody; so no wonder he comes in for his share. But Madame Lamonde did not use to be so gentle; and I'm sure she could not speak kinder to him if he was her own son, and he's young enough.

Let me hear nothing disrespectful of my aunt.

Poor servants are snubbed, let 'em speak truth ever so much; but you'll see one day.

What I shall see one day I don't know; but I think I do perceive a change in my aunt: it is, however, for the better.

When I said this to Miss Thurl, Paulina, she said, in her manner,—I wish you saw her manner,—And pray, my dear, don't you feel—as it were—some slight matter of change in yourself?

Yes, Miss Thurl, I have changed my manner of thinking in several respects; I have less pride, I hope, less vanity, and more compassion.

That's well, says she.—But who is Mrs Dorrington?

I asked the question of Mr Wallace, who told me she was once a Miss Dean, of Cambridge, the daughter of a shopkeeper, poor, but proud. Her careful mother had brought her up to dress, to visit early, that, as soon as possible, she might get rid of that retiring modesty the foolish poets of the last age praised so much, and to make an appearance, the first study of the present age.

The pretty Miss Dean, it seems, captivated Mr Godfrey Dorrington, a Cambridge scholar, of nineteen. She was too tender-hearted to kill the youth who loved her. Her father was consulted, who generously gave his consent to their union, and furnished them out for Gretna-Green.

Godfrey was an orphan, and under the guardianship of his uncle, a bachelor, who lived in

Norfolk, and whose heir he was. To this uncle he wrote from Gretna-Green for money and pardon. Godfrey's own fortune was two thousand pounds; and when he arrived at Cambridge, he found Mr Bond, an attorney, there, ready to pay him this fortune, and to assure him that he had lost for ever his uncle's affection, and eight hundred pounds a-year.

But he might relent; and, upon the strength of this possibility, this young couple took a small country-house, and set off with a dash. No deity intervening, they were soon undone, and Godfrey had no other expedient than to take orders. He removed from curacy to curacy, with a wife and three children, and at length settled at Liverpool on a curacy of fifty pounds a-year. Having enjoyed this establishment six months, an intermitting fever incapacitated him for duty. The good rector bore it patiently a whole month, and then dismissed him. Since this he has lived upon air, and making ghosts and murders for one of our newspapers. In this dismal situation, he had the consoling intelligence that his uncle was dead, and had bequeathed him—one shilling!

My acquaintance with him, says Mr Wallace, began at the bookseller's shop. I perceived he had learning and genius, and I never could look upon his poor emaciated figure without a pang; but when, upon a particular occasion, I was induced to call at his house, and found an elegant woman, three pretty female children, hunger, rags, and despair—good God, madam, what heart could stand it!

Was I so sunk in your esteem, Mr Wallace, that you chose not to have recourse to me?

Madam!—Miss Lamoude!—for God's sake!—sunk in *my* esteem, madam!—But you know how presumptuous I have lately been; however, as all I had, and all Mr James Lamoude gave me, is gone, I must soon have had recourse to your goodness; but my hopes for my new friend are not confined to mere acts of charity. From certain things that fell in conversation, I suspect Mr Godfrey Dorrington is heir to all his uncle's real property, notwithstanding the will. It would be tedious to you, madam, to speak of the nature of modern tenures, and what forms are necessary to turn them out of the legal channel. These forms, I think, have not been complied with. I have consulted Mr Wilson, your attorney, whose skill and integrity are well known. He has wrote to counsel, inquiries have been made, and the aspect is very promising; but we want a man of weight to countenance us, a man not deficient in spirit, in purse, or in generosity, such a one as my master.

I wish you had him.

I don't despair of it, if you will have the goodness to introduce the subject when there is leisure to pursue it.—I promised.

We supped without company, and my uncle seeming to be in a good-humoured mood, I be-

gan, by saying to Wallace, A Mrs Dorrington, a very pretty woman, they say, called upon you this afternoon, Mr James; I doubt you are not punctual to your appointments, to give the lady this trouble; but though she was impatient, she was secret; she would not impart an iota of her business.

Oh! says my aunt, that's the trollop that Sally told me of: I desire to know who she is, and what she is.

Nay, Rebecca, says my uncle, that is too much to desire; if the lady is delicate, the gentleman ought to be discreet.

Don't tell me, brother, every master ought to inspect the conduct of his domestics. If there is any bad doings, don't the reputation of the house suffer? Who is the trollop, I say?

A poor gentlewoman, madam, in distress.

What have you to do with them?

Assist them, madam, if I could.

Now, I think, you should leave it to those that are richer.

Most willingly, madam, if the rich would undertake it; but as my mistress very justly observes, domestics ought always to be under a master's eye, and I shall be happy if you will permit me to explain my connexion with Mrs Dorrington. If I have been wrong, I shall be benefited by your reproof, if right by your advice.

My uncle not denying, Wallace told the tale, my dear Paulina, with so pretty a mixture of the pathetic, that my uncle had some difficulty to preserve the stoic composure of his face. When the story ended, he contracted his brow into a frown, and said, And so, sir, you would really have me undertake the cause of these silly people?

I own I wish it, sir.

To rob folly of its proper reward, you mention the man's genius and learning; sir, they are his peculiar condemnation. Pretty qualities to waste in idleness and vanities!

Their folly has been great, sir, so has been their punishment. For a few cups of honey, they have long drank the waters of bitterness. The innocent children too, sir!—

Are punished for the sins of their fathers. That is a divine ordinance, and you would counteract it!

I would indeed, sir.

When you go about to divert the ordinary course of human affairs, how do you know but you are creating more future evil than you are doing present good? You remember Zadig?

The conduct of an angel, who can see into futurity, may be directed, with certainty, to the greatest good. Men can only be guided by what they know. I am sure, sir, it is no maxim of yours, that no one ought to attempt a probable and proximate good, for fear of producing a remote and improbable evil.

No, sir, but man is an ass; these remote and

improbable evils are upon his right hand and upon his left, whilst the fool, guided by passion or prejudice, will only look straight forward.

Passion, sir, and prejudice, I hope, are not the general guides to charity, compassion, and benevolence.

I hate the cant of benevolence ; books are full of it ; it fills our mouth, and sometimes gets as far as the eye, but never reaches the heart.

Not never, sir.

What is it at best, but the ostentation of vanity?

Not at *best*, sir ; that can hardly be allowed to be the motive of a man who is pleased to do good, and pleased to conceal it.

If there be any such, the man is ashamed of his folly, perhaps.

There are sentiments, sir, which issue from the mouth, and are contradicted by the feelings of the heart. Will you have the goodness to pardon me, sir, if I suspect your assumed principles ill agree with your practice?

Practice, sir ! Does any man accuse me of these milky doings?

Some men, sir, and some women. If all gratitude were as strong as Mrs Calthorpe's, you would not be able to do good by stealth.

Humph ! says my uncle, stopping for a minute ; but, continues he, Mrs Calthorpe was as handsome as Mrs Dorrington, perhaps. My commiseration might be excited by beauty, so may yours.

More shame for him then, says my aunt.

I am not insensible to beauty, sir, replied Wallace ; nor, when I see beneficent effects, am I solicitous to trace them to their causes. Pride performs great things, and vanity good ones ; had they no other operation, who would not call them virtues?

In consequence, you have never taken the trouble to scrutinize your own motives? a sure way to avoid the mortification of finding under what despicable commander you have acted.

Not despicable, sir, when he leads me on to victory.

Victory !

Overavarice, perhaps ; self-love, or indolence ; perhaps over himself.

Well, sir, you are very allegorical and poetical ; and I am a plain, blunt, old fellow, just able to spell common sense.

I fear I have been impertinent, sir, and humbly beg pardon.

No, I invited you to the contest, and you have sustained it well ; not that your arguments are profound, but they are pretty. I dare say Judith thinks them so, and my sister Rebecca.

I confess I do, replies I.

Now I don't, says my aunt.

Well, sir, I will consider the matter, as soon as I can strip it of your damned tropes and figures. To-morrow, perhaps, if I don't find my-

self too much a fool for it, I may call in with you at Wilson's, or Dorrington's.—Wallace, his eyes sparkling with gratitude, finished his business, for supper was now over, and withdrew.

I believe, says my uncle, after a minute's silence, there never was a house so fitted up with a footman.

* * * * *

Pox take the puppy ! I know now he will plague and fret me into this foolish business, yet won't leave me the comfort of being angry at him.

But I'm sure he should not, says my aunt.

What the devil, continues my uncle, has a fellow, not worth a groat, to do with these exalted notions?

That's what I say, brother ; he's out of his latitude.

Ay, and longitude too, Beck ; a footman pretend to goodness ! I hope thou wilt get him discharged for it.

Lord ! brother, if one says as you say, then you go and say quite the contrary ; I must sew up my mouth, I believe.

Thy tongue will break the stitches. But, Judith, I am of opinion this man should be no longer your footman.

So am I too, uncle ; yet it would be an extraordinary motive to discharge him for goodness.

If we cannot discharge, we may translate him. Dost think he might be trusted in the accounting-house, Jude ? Dare I make him cashier?

Can you possibly suspect his honesty?

Any man's honesty *may* be suspected. I am an old man, Judith, and have had a great many dealings with this same honesty. I know the dog to the bottom : Let him be as staunch as he will, he will yield, after all his barking, to the sop he most likes.

Who deals in trope and figure now, sir?

Pshaw ! whose honesty is it will stand firm against his ruling passion ? The key of my cash would sleep quietly in Wallace's pocket, when he was solicited only by common vanities : But you see the turn the fellow's head has taken ; a weeping mother, especially if she was handsome, with half a dozen supperless children, would unlock my bureau, provided he had no money of his own, and off fly my guineas half over the town.

I think I should forgive him, sir.

I believe thee ; thy sex has a privilege to be fools upon all crying occasions.

Yes, and I know you like us the better for it. May be so.

So ended this dialogue ; nor were my uncle's fears vain, for it is certain he did get entangled, and in four days had acquired a tolerable quan-

tity of zeal for the cause. I will right the Doringtons, says he, if it cost me a thousand pounds.

Here, Paulina, Miss Thurl desired to know how I approved my uncle's scheme of translation.

I don't know, answered I. Certainly I ought not to oppose the young man's good ; and yet, I own, I should like as well to keep him where he is ; for I don't know how it is, but I actually feel a sort of superior ease and confidence when he is near me : Is it not odd ?

Vastly so, answered Miss Thurl. How can you be so wicked as to wish to prevent his rising under your uncle's auspices ?

I don't know ; we all prefer our own convenience, I believe.

Should you rather wish him to rise under the auspices of your aunt ?

My aunt ! Miss Thurl ?

Your aunt, Miss Lamounde.

What a fantastic idea !

Yes, child, it is so—but you'll see one day, as Sally says.

You see, my dear Paulina, what my wild, amiable friend has got in her head, and ten to one she does not spare me in her suspicions. How whimsical it is ! Only think, Paulina.

Adieu.

JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

JAMES LAMOUNDE TO MISS JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

Paris, Jan. 2, 1788.

I HAVE received my dear sister's letter, and acknowledge the justice of her reflections. There is no true pleasure in the gratification of irregular desires. I have seen the folly of others, and felt my own ; I am determined to begin to be wise, and the first steps to it are to return to England, embrace my sister, and fall in love with her fair friend, the lovely Miss Thurl.

But I see not the equality of my putting on chains, whilst my sister, who forged them, is free. I thought it the duty of an indulgent brother to return the obligation ; but, Judith, thy Christian name is against thee. In vain I have assured my friend, Mr Moreton, that my sister is superlatively handsome, and witty enough, and gay and fashionable enough ; no reasonable man need desire a wife to be more so. In vain I have informed him, that thy name is nothing more than the remains of an austere Calvinism, that once got into the family blood. Still he is unable to conceive my sprightly sister, *Judith*, to be anything but a precise, grace-saying, primitive damsel, with a brown unpowdered head of hair, turned up under a round mob. He shall see.

I think, in my last, I mentioned the valuable

acquaintance we had contracted here with a Monsieur Vaucan. I am now to note a few of its consequences.

There are gambling-tables at Paris, dear Judith, to some of which this worthy gentleman did us the honour of an introduction. A young man, sister, who travels for improvement, must go where he can find it. We won and lost, and lost and won, like gentlemen. One unfortunate night we happened to be stripped by two Italians. I lost—no matter—

I awoke next morning with a pain in my head, and another in my heart. I dressed, and felt in my pockets the necessity of an application to my banker. I drew a draft, and laid it on the table ; it encountered Scipio's eye as he brought in my coffee.

Damn ! says Scipio.

What's the matter ?

Me go cursed often, Monsieur Sanson's—Me not know what comes of de money !

Go once more, Scipio, and I will get ready my accounts for your inspection. Scipio departed : I sat down seriously enough to a serious business, and when Scipio returned, had generalized my accounts as under :—

	£	s.	d.
Art. 1st, Lent to Mr Moreton, at sundry times	1200	0	0
2d, Ditto Monsieur Vaucan . .	330	0	0
3d, Necessary expenses . . .	376	0	0
4th, Unnecessary	1352	0	0
5th, Lost last night at Caussin's	360	0	0
6th, Lent Vaucan there . . .	480	0	0
7th, Ditto Moreton	500	0	0

Damn ! says Scipio—but Scipio trembled—his eyes twinkled—and a tear or two fell. I could have joined him with all my heart ; but it would have been adding a woman's folly to a man's. I endeavoured to bring back Scipio to his usual tone, that I might have the benefit of his remarks.

Well, Scipio, what think you ?

Sir—Mosser—me observe when you have spent evening of jollity, you have de morning of head-ache. De low-spirited day always follow de gaming night.—Now, sir, if you get six hours of de pleasures, you pay wid six hours of de pains ; and so you give away de money for noting.

Just so, Scipio.

Sir—me do love you dearly—but me do not love die of de broken heart.

Be satisfied, Scipio ; I see my folly, and have done with it. I will return to England immediately, and settle, and grow wise, and rich, and cross, like my uncle.

Me no like Monsieur Vaucan.

Nor I neither ; but how shall I avoid him the short time I stay ?

Ask him pay you, sir ; if he do—good—well ; if he do not, he no come near you. Me tink de debt bad ; me don't know if de oder, Mr Moreton, very good.

Why so, Scipio?

He be de what you call de minor. If he do lose life soon, he cannot pay you; if he do lose honour, den he wont.

Of this, Scipio, I am in no fear.

Whilst we were still upon the subject, in came my two dear friends, and proposed a scheme for the day, so spirited, so joyous.—Nothing could have been better adapted to try the strength of my resolution.—Gentlemen, says I, my pockets are empty.

Apply to thy banker, quoth Vauclan.

No—I have been there too much—I had just thought of applying to you.

Me! says Moreton; I will pay thee when I am a knight.

And I, when I have a battoon. At present I have not a louis. *Mais diable!* what dost thou talk of? A man of thy fortune, unencumbered with a father, what difficulty canst thou have in raising the coriander seeds? *Parbleu*, I engage to procure thee five thousand louis-d'ors in twenty-four hours.

It would be more agreeable to me if you would choose to lessen your own debt, rather than increase mine.

Diable! says Vauclan, what a plague ails thee to-day?

I leave Paris almost immediately, Mr Moreton; I fear I shall not have the pleasure of your company.

What damn'd perversity hast thou got in thy head, Lamounde? Dost thou not know it is but six days since I engaged with Madame Moreau, of the Italian theatre?

Six days more will be a proper time to dissolve it.

Who, but a splenetic Englishman, says Vauclan, would be so cursedly peevish for one night's ill luck? Come, Moreton—let us leave him to his enjoyments. Lamounde, we dine at Fruelle's. Adieu.

I was determined to stay one fortnight more at Paris, and spend it in cultivating the acquaintance of a few literati here of my own taste, and in seeing things a little more worthy to be seen than those frivolous ones upon which I had hitherto employed my eyes. I sought no longer the society of my dear friends. My dear friends sought not me.

I had begun to prepare for my return, when one morning the Rev. Mr Hilliard honoured me with a call. His round, ruddy face was lengthened into an oval; and throwing his wearied body into a chair, and wiping off the sweat that plentifully bedewed his brow—Why, says he, why did I undertake the rash task of bridling the sallies of intemperate youth? There was a time, Mr Lamounde, when young men had a reverence for age and wisdom. *Sed tempora mutantur*. If I had not the comfort of having faithfully discharged my duty, I should be inconsolable. I admonished my pupil daily when I could; but, would you believe it, Mr Lamounde,

in the last three months, I have not seen him three half hours? I understand too, that you have broke off acquaintance with him. If so, to whom shall I apply to release him from thralldom! I beg your advice.

What is the circumstance, sir?

Sir, it is most disgraceful! Taken for debt! If not directly released, he will be lodged in the Little Châtellet.

What could I do, dear Judith? Though Moreton has at present the follies of youth, he is a most agreeable wild fellow, and will in time have the virtues of a man. I could not see my countryman and friend confined for the paltry sum of five hundred pounds, so I accompanied Mr Hilliard to the house of the officer.

Whilst we were in the *fiacre*, this reverend gentleman continued to lament the calamities of a tutor, in woeful terms. Once more he requested the favour of my advice, For, says he, though a young man, you have much solidity.

When these embarrassments happen, I answered, it is usual for tutors to state the matter to the parents or guardians of their pupils, and take their direction.

But, sir, our last accounts from England do testify, that Sir Everard Moreton is rather in an odd way. He hath had a stroke, sir; strokes are dangerous. One would not aggravate his malady.

Nor alienate the mind of the young gentleman at so critical a time.

Certainly, sir. For you must imagine, Mr Lamounde, although I am totally devoid of avarice, that I would not have left my *otium cum dignitate*, and become a drudge, for mere temporary emolument. I had permanent views; I had promises, sir. I have a son and daughter, Mr Lamounde: I have a father's affections, sir, a father's anxiety. If I covet preferment, it is for their sakes.

The *fiacre* stopt; we found Moreton rather more low-spirited than became a buck, upon so trifling an occasion. He had wrote Vauclan, and received a billet in answer: in this Vauclan cursed his hard fortune; for that, being under the necessity of going instantly to Versailles, he could not fly to the relief of his dear friend, till after the tedious space of three entire days, and advised him to apply to me.

As soon as the necessary forms were gone through, we departed for my lodgings. Moreton, in sufficient spirits to damn the insolence of his *tailleur*, his *marchand de draps*, and the police; and the tutor reading lectures according to custom, though, it must be owned, the mild air of Paris had rather softened their asperity.

I come now, my dear sister, to the last act of our comedy. Mr Moreton had the goodness to see his folly, to repent of it, and to prefer my company to Vauclan's almost a week. In that time, I had the happiness to convince him he mistook the path of pleasure, and that Monsieur Vauclan was by no means an eligible preceptor. He allowed

the truth of all I said, swore Vaucan was little better than a scoundrel, and disappeared the sixth day. He had languished, it seems, for the joys at Mr Caussin's, had met Vaucan there, renewed his intimacy, and these dear friends were somewhere enjoying the snug pleasures of Paris incog.; for I sought Vaucan to claim my debt, but sought him in vain.

Everything was ready for my departure; I had taken leave of some truly worthy and respectable friends: Scipio was actually placing my luggage on the chaise, when I was stopped once more by the Rev. Mr Hilliard, whose grief and terror had rather disordered his intellect. When he could speak to be understood, it appeared that certain officers of the police had seized his unfortunate pupil at his own lodgings, whither he returned only that morning, and had carried him he knew not whither.

The secret of all this, my dear Judith, is not to be trusted in a letter. It is sufficient to tell you, he had stumbled at a masquerade upon no less a man than the Duke d'Artois, whom, in the character of a Highland seer, he had affronted with true English spirit and licence. The duke, on proper representation, was so good as to pardon the offence, on condition of his leaving Paris. An express from Lady Moreton arrived during his confinement, pressing him to return home directly, if he would see his father alive. We are only detained by another litter of debts; and very soon I hope to receive consolation for my imprudence, in the affections and smiles of a sister.

Say everything *proper to say* to my dear uncle and aunt, and prepare them to receive the prodigal,

JAMES LAMOUNDE.

MISS LAMOUNDE TO MISS EDWARDS.

Kirkham, Jan. 9, 1788.

IN my last I gave you due notice of the arrival here of Sir Antony Havelley's precursor. I now announce the arrival of himself, muffled for a Siberian winter, and fatigued to death by the jolting of his chaise twenty miles upon a Lancashire road. He was immediately conducted to his apartment by Monsieur Tuissele, his valet, who, according to his custom, in cases of extreme fatigue, gave him thirty drops of a cephalic tincture, prepared at Paris; then laid him gently to rest, and, excluding the sun's troublesome rays, left him to repose, till it became necessary to dress for dinner.

Sir Antony's dressing-room joins Miss Thurl's, and we happened to be at our toilette when Mr Tuissele entered to raise his master from his bed of soft repose.—Lard! says Sir Antony—at three! dine at three! What a sacrifice to consanguinity am I necessitated to make!

This exordium excited our curiosity, and we

never thought of the wickedness of gratifying it by listening.

Hast thou seen any of the Goths, Tuissele?

Je fait une connoissance wid de cuisinier, et wid de boutelier.

And what is the state of things in this gloomy mansion?

Monsieur Turl, le seigneur de Paroisse, keep his apartment wid de gout. *Madame—votre tante*—do keep hers wid de vat you call—de rheum—*la toux*. *Monsieur l'Heritier gone à la ville—et Mademoiselle s'accommoder*. She be handsome *comme ange*—Sir Antony—she tounsh your heart.

I suppose her accomplishments are all English, and divinely rustic, Tuissele?

She ave de beauté naturelle.

Prithee, what can nature do for a woman of fashion? The cosmetic blooms so infinitely excel the natural. The adornments—what has nature to do here, but give the colours? But no English woman, Tuissele, is born to captivate my heart. The sex at Paris surpass the sex at London with such an infinity of superiority! The graces, indigenous at Paris, in London are exotics.

I do allow de *supériorité*, comme Paris had de finish of de *politesse* of Sir Antony Havelley.

I suppose the master returned the compliment, but we could not give ourselves the trouble to hear any more.

Before dinner, Sir Antony paid his respects to his uncle and aunt, after which he joined the rector of the parish, Miss Thurl and I, in the dining-room, and paid his respects with such a terrible quantity of grace, that, like Sir Charles Grandison, of ever graceful memory, he seemed quite encumbered with it.

We had no sooner sat down to table, than we were disturbed by the tumultuous entry of the squire, in dirty boots, buckskin breeches, and hair dressed by the wind, whilst the baronet was all elegance and taste.—Cousin Sir Antony, says the squire, shaking him by the hand till the blood mounted into his cheeks—you be heartily welcome—I'm as glad to see you—as glad—This is Jack Cornbury, cousin, a comical dog; but come, let's mind dinner, and then you shall tell us about foreign parts.

Sir Antony made one or two small inflexions, but his elegant magazine of words afforded none proper to answer his extraordinary cousin; an air of dissatisfaction was repressed by a smile of contempt. During dinner every one talked a little, except Sir Antony, who had the humour of silence strong upon him. Pestered with that savage remain of islandic barbarity, the drinking of healths, his condition would have been insupportable, but for a large pier-glass, commodiously opposite, which, by its elegant reflections, inspired him with gratitude to nature and Paris, for the difference between himself and these animals of the plains.

Grace being said, Miss Thurl inquired of Monsieur Tuissele what wine his master drank ?
Toujours le claret, Madame.

Blood ! says the squire, it will rot your guts out, cousin ; but come, let's have a bumper to church and king.

The politer nations, says Sir Antony, have laid aside the custom of drinking toasts.

Why so ? says the squire ; it's hearty, and promotes good fellowship.

There are, sir, who think it blunts the nice sensibility of the nerves, and consequently destroys the finer affections.

Finer affections ! What be those ? By George ! I'm never more loving than in my cups.

Sir Antony directed the smiling disdain to the mirror, which returned the ineffable image ; then wrapping himself in conscious importance, seemed determined to all possible silence.

When men are drunk, says Miss Thurl, there is no predicting with any certainty whether they will hug or knock one another down.

If we do quarrel now and then, sister, it's all over when we be sober ; and what's life if we can't be merry ?

Nothing so vulgar, brother, as noisy merriment. Lord Chesterfield banished laughing from the beau monde.

More fool he, sister ; and ben't the bo-moon made of flesh and blood ? Now, for my part, I can't help laughing when I'm merry enough, if I was sure to be hanged.

I dare say Sir Antony never laughs.

Sir Antony bowed assent.

Well now, that's odd, says the squire ; but ben't you melancholy then, cousin Sir Antony ?

Sir Antony did not answer.

Melancholy, brother, has been celebrated as the sweetest of all pleasures, and felt only by the finest minds.

By George, let them take it that like it ; but come, cousin Sir Antony, do tell us about foreign parts.

Sir Antony took no notice.

Dear brother, says Miss Thurl, you are strangely ill-bred to-day.

For what, sister ? I want to know nothing but what's fair : I don't desire to steal anything. They say turnips came from foreign parts, and I should be glad to know which get best crops.

Turnips, brother ? Fie ! A man of quality travel to see turnips ! It is not to see what is common, but what is curious, that connoisseurs go abroad. Sir Antony, I hear, has enriched my late uncle's collection to the amount of ten thousand pounds.

With what, sister ?

Paintings of the best masters, brother ; fossils, coins, lavas, petrifications.

What, such as you took me to see, when I came to see aunt Granger and you at London ? Yes.

Now, I'd rather ha' laid out ten thousand

pounds in a mortgage. For why ? That's productive, and these are a dead weight. Mayhap if they were sold again, they'd not bring 'em half the money—and when one has seen 'em, one has seen 'em : But come, cousin Sir Antony, be you a smoker ? Parson wants his pipe, and if Jack Cornbury don't make you laugh, tell me I'm no conjurer.

Sir Antony desired to be left with the ladies, who thinking, if he could be taken from the contemplation of that charming image in the glass, he might be drawn into conversation, shifted their seats into the bow window, and began by asking a few questions, alas ! of too little importance.

The baronet, indeed, had scarce any passion stronger than that of being thought an engaging gentleman by the ladies. Miss Thurl informs me of the value of the graceful address, the soft voice, the eternal smile, and the embroidered coat ; but the person who forms a complex idea of Sir Antony's merit, correspondent with his own, must take science into it as well as taste ; must respect him as a man of fortune, and reverence him as a man of family.

Familiar treatment and trifling interrogatories, were sure signs that the idea was not made up as it ought to be. The first, Sir Antony knew how to repress by a cool reserve, but the other perplexed him long. Sir Antony had observed, that when a man thinks profoundly, he is not supposed to hear : He begun then to think profoundly, and in a short time acquired so well the habit of deep abstraction, as to lose by it one half at least the sense of hearing.

After several questions, therefore, asked by Miss Thurl, which produced monosyllabic replies, or none at all, I ventured to ask his opinion of the Italian ladies. Sir Antony took the mien of considering the question profoundly ; and, after a minute's pause, answered, with great politeness, They are viviparous, madam.

Young ladies are too apt to laugh at serious things. It was contrary to all the rules of politeness, yet it must be owned they did laugh a little. Sir Antony had the goodness not to perceive it.—Spalanzani, ladies, continued he, has observed several parturitions.

He is a man-midwife, I suppose ? says Miss Thurl.

Madam ! says the baronet.

But I am not, says I, inquiring into their births, but their manners.

The manners of confined animals, madam, replied Sir Antony, are all forced and unnatural, and beneath a philosopher's attention.

Are Italian husbands still so jealous, then ? asked I.

Madam ! replies the baronet.

I apprehend a small mistake, says Miss Thurl. Did you know, Sir Antony, Miss Lamounde was inquiring after the Italian ladies ?

I ask ten thousand pardons, madam ; I

thought it had been after the *simia volantes*, an African animal, which has lately been the subject of investigation in Italy ; the learned cannot determine whether it is bird or monkey. As to the ladies, I adore them, and should consider the making them the subject of philosophical disquisition almost as blasphemy.

This brilliant compliment struck us dumb, and gave Sir Antony liberty to slide back to his beloved contemplation ; in which he had scarce indulged two minutes before he was interrupted by the young squire, who entered smoking his pipe.—Cousin Sir Antony, says he, pray tell me now what your coat be made of ?

In thirty seconds the baronet answered, Of flesh, blood, bones, and feathers ; though what the peculiar conformation may be, which permits it to dive, but not to fly, we are yet to learn.

The squire gaped.—By George, says he, it's the oddest coat that ever I heard tell of, and Jack Cornbury and I be both out !

Coat ! said the baronet—I beg a multitude of pardons ; but I was really so absorbed in the consideration of a bird, called the aptenodytes, lately found in the South-Sea, that I mistook the nature of the question.

Why, it was nothing in the world, cousin Sir Antony, but to know whether your coat be come from foreign parts.

Monsieur Condery, tailleur to Monsieur le Duc d'Orleans, formed and fashioned it. I believe it is from the loom of Lyons.

Then, by George, I've lost my money, that's all, and I thought myself as sure as sure ; for, says I, cousin Sir Antony is an Englishman, and do you think he would go to carry his ready money to the Moonseers, when there's so many honest tradesmen at home that would be glad on't ? It's natural to love one's country.

It is common to talk of it, replies Sir Antony ; or rather, we may consider it as a fashion gone and past. It is now a genteeler thing to be a citizen of the world, and love mankind.

What, all in a lump ! Now that's nonsense, cousin Sir Antony ; for how can a man love all the people he never see'd ?

Have you seen all the people of England, Mr Thurl ?

No—can't say that ; but then they be my countrymen.

Mr Thurl, all the difference betwixt us is this ; you are fond of a name, and I of excellence, wherever I find it.

And why can't you find it in England ?

Probably, because it is not to be found there.

Now there, cousin Sir Antony, you be out ; for I heard a gentleman say, that he heard Sir Joseph (what's his name, that went over all the world ?) say, that England, take it for everything, was the very best country upon God Almighty's earth.

Respecting liberty and law, Mr Thurl, many people are of that opinion ; but, upon honour, the English tailors do not make the best coats.

But why now, cousin Sir Antony ? I can't see why.

The baronet cast a glance upon the squire's coat, and then upon his own.—The difference, I should think, says he, is tolerably conspicuous.

Yours be finest, to be sure, replies the squire ; but finest ben't always best. Mayhap, when you see our stud, cousin Sir Antony, you'll take that to be best horse 'at has got finest cloths. I—cod you'll be confoundedly nick'd, that's all.

Sir Antony took snuff with a polite air of contempt ; and Miss Thurl, fearing a quarrel, desired her brother to retire, for she was disordered by his tobacco.

Ey, ey, sister, I'll go. I want to offend nobody, not I.

Miss Thurl thinks it necessary to be doubly obliging to Sir Antony, to recompense him for her brother's want of politeness : My poor endeavours also have tended the same way, so that we are now very intimate and easy. Sir Antony, though a coxcomb, is a coxcomb of parts ; and since, when he is perfectly awake, he is good-humoured and desirous to please, we are willing to forgive him his self-important conceptions, his consequential silence, his dreams, and his abstractions.

Miss Thurl devotes some hours every morning to attendance upon her father and mother. Some of those I seize, and shall seize, to converse with my Paulina. Thank you for your last agreeable letter, which having nothing particular to answer, I only acknowledge it. I am sorry you think the good old Mr Edwards declines so fast.

My dear Paulina, adieu.

Your own

JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

JAMES WALLACE TO PARACELUS HOLMAN.

Liverpool, Jan. 18, 1788.

No, dear Holman ; of imbecility, of folly, I may give you sufficient cause to accuse me ; of dishonour, never. I own you have been right in your prophecies. Miss Lamounde's absence has convinced me how much I love her. So soft, so tender, so pleasing, are the sensations she inspires, how can I wish to stifle them ? They are inmates of my own bosom ; there were they born, there shall they die, unknown to all but my friend : So will I govern, so will I control them—they shall always remain as inactive as innocent. I tell thee, dear Holman, they never shall be known to the dear object who inspires them. Their whole operation, with re-

gard to her, shall be silent respect, and dutiful attention. Rather than injure her, I would die a thousand deaths.

Fear nothing for me, my friend ; I am master of my resolutions. Should Miss Lamounde ever suspect me of *more* than a servant owes, whilst it appears in the form only of superior respect, she is too wise to notice it, too good to punish it. Nay—were it possible—but it is not possible—her sensibility should be excited by it—Should she—which is still more impossible—betray a moment of weakness—it is mine to be the guardian of her fame and honour, and I will guard them well. Rather than permit her to indulge a sentiment of degradation, I will quit her presence for ever.

Adieu.

JAMES WALLACE.

PARACELsus HOLMAN TO JAMES WALLACE.

Allington, Jan. 24, 1788.

DOST thou remember a certain king, James Wallace, (King Canute, I believe,) who said to the waves of the sea—"Stop—come no farther, on forfeit of your heads. I am a king—" Yet the waves rolled on, and would have salted majesty, if majesty had not run away ? In which predicament, I say, thou standest ; and hast just as much reason to suppose thyself able to stop the waves of passion, as King Canute had, to be able to stop those of the sea.

Wallace, I sorrow for thee. Can a fair face so blind the judgment of one that *was* a man, that he cannot perceive how he entangleth himself—amongst the possibles and impossibles ?—Weak reasoner ! If thou art still a man—know thyself in man.

When first I did myself the honour to warn thee of this folly, it was light. A single finger, would'st thou have applied it, would have pushed it from thee. Now it requires thy whole hand. Soon, James Wallace, too soon, all the muscular motion in the power of thy will, will not move it from its seat—for thy will will have no power. Am I not now another Mentor, preaching in vain to a fond Telemachus ? Would I could push thee off the rock !—But I have not at present strength and spirits sufficient to quarrel with thee to any considerable amount. My father is ill ; and, though unaltered in sentiment, I find myself altered in feeling. The cause of his illness is—No—I will never tell thee another of his follies till he gets well, and into his old habit of abusing me.

Farewell.

PARACELsus HOLMAN.

MISS LAMOUNDE TO MISS EDWARDS.

Prescot, Jan. 30, 1788.

I HAVE this instant parted, not without tears, from my dear and amiable Miss Thurl, who has brought me so far on my road home, and where I am under the necessity of waiting a few hours for horses, the Earl of D— having, as they call it, swept the town. In what can I better employ my time than in writing to my equally dear Paulina ?

I had been a fortnight at Kirkham, without once hearing from Liverpool. I had wrote to my uncle, and had not been favoured with an answer. I had thought it possible that Wallace might have rode over ; for sure it was easy to conceive that in that time I might have some orders to execute. In short, my dear Paulina, I was peevish at being so neglected, and could not help expressing some discontent to my friend ; but from this little anxiety I was yesterday morning relieved by the post, which brought me the following letter from my uncle :—

" I wish you would come home, Judith ; I want you. This is a greater compliment than ever I expected to have paid a woman ; for, in general, to depend upon these creatures for happiness, is not the part of a wise man ; but your aunt and I have tried to mend each other so long in vain, that I am weary of the retort courteous, and she will no longer give herself the trouble to scold. Wallace, indeed, took care I should not die of a calm, for he has suffered me to have little rest by day. However, the Dorrington affair is now over ; they have agreed to accept two-thirds of the real estate, and finish at once law, poverty, and humility. How Mrs Dorrington is to reward Wallace, I know not. Adequately, she cannot ; and, being a woman, ten to one she thinks more of a new gown. However, he has too much spirit to trouble her with any claim, if he lives ; and if he dies, which is of the two the more probable circumstance, she will quit her score at an easy charge. What think you this restless and enterprising spirit has been about since you went ? no less than a duel with an Irish sea-captain ! The fellow cannot forget that he is, or ought to be, a gentleman ; and this want of memory makes him disgrace *his cloth*. Both the combatants were wounded, but neither mortally ; yet Wallace is really in danger from an excess of weakness. I am sorry ; he is a gallant fellow, but always in mischief. Come, Judith, and fan away a black vapour that hovers round me ; for, though I am ashamed to confess it, something is wanting to my happiness when thou art absent.

" Thy wise uncle,

" PAUL LAMOUNDE."

A faint sickness came over me while I read this letter, my Paulina. Miss Thurl kindly inquired the cause.—See how affectionately my uncle writes, answered I, giving her the letter; I am excessively concerned to give him the least uneasiness, and must leave you this very day.

Really, my dear, says this arch, teasing creature, you are a pattern for all dutiful nieces that are and are to be. Your consanguineal sensations are arrived at the ultimate degree of perfection. There are people in this degenerate age, who would find it difficult to believe this. Are you sure, my dear, your old uncle, though a very good uncle, is the sole efficient cause of these emotions?

Sure?—Yes—What else can?

Nay, I know not. It was possible to suppose, that humanity for a suffering domestic might have some share.

I hope I don't want humanity, my dear Miss Thurl.

No, my dear Miss Lamounde; I don't accuse you of it. I even think—humanity may claim its share in this little tumult.

The accent of your *humanity* gives me *your* idea of it; but, my dear Miss Thurl, the idea is whimsical and unkind.

Miss Thurl took me by the hand, and, in a softened voice, said, I have no unkindness at my heart, my dear. If pleasantry on this subject be disagreeable to you—I lay it aside.

You shall part with it for a moment only, to tell me your meaning seriously and plainly.

You love Mr Wallace.

I absolutely started, Paulina.—Good God! whence can you have derived such a suspicion?—She smiled.—But no matter whence. The very idea is terrible!

Why, my dear Miss Lamounde?

How can you ask?—In love with my footman!

I know of no prohibition issued by nature's council.

The finger of scorn would be always pointed at me.

Yes—arrets against such things are always issuing from the court of pride; and you, like most females, acknowledge its authority. I, no more than you, should dare to be happy against the good pleasure of the talking ladies; and yet it is often hard upon a poor woman to be forced to rest satisfied with a shadow.

If you think I have this weakness, my dear Miss Thurl, sure you would not endeavour to encourage it?

No—dear Miss Lamounde; but it is a subject I scarce know how to treat; it is most truly delicate. If your happiness is concerned, how can I plead against your happiness? Or treat, as a mere servant, a man of more exalted merit, a man of more sense, learning, spirit, and generosity, than you would, perhaps, find amongst

people of fortune, and please you, in ten years, even by the help of a candle?

Sure I may be charmed with goodness, without taking it for a husband? Besides, were I convinced I had the requisite affection for him, I ought to know also that he had the requisite affection for me.

Oh, yes—if that's a doubt, it ought to be cleared up; and yet, his unassuming modesty on one side, and your delicacy on the other, it may be a secret to yourselves twenty years after it has been known to all the world beside.

The world is not so sagacious as my friend, though it must be owned it sees often enough beyond the truth; so, for once, I hope, do you, my dear.

We shall see, as Sally says.

I took the proper opportunity to pay the compliment of leave-taking of the old squire and his lady; and the important concern of my departure was soon known throughout the house. For the last time, this season at least, Miss Thurl and I indulged ourselves in our favourite walk to a pleasing grot, surrounded with shrubs, and decorated with many beauties, by the hand of my fair friend.

We were soon after joined by Sir Antony Havelley, who had ventured out in the cold of July, wind N.N.E., with no other precaution than two muslin handkerchiefs about his sensitive neck. He looked a little melancholy, and had a tender cast with his eyes, which, after the usual salutations, he threw alternately upon me and the shell-work.

It was some minutes before silence was broke; Miss Thurl and I both amusing ourselves with forming a conjecture whether my beauties, or the beauties of the grot, would be the first subject of the baronet's elocution. To the mortification of my vanity, it broke out upon shell-work; upon the shells, and upon the vast variety of animals which inhabit them. This led him to a descendant of the loco-motive powers; in the midst of which, a doubt appeared to strike him, and brought him back to thoughtfulness and silence; but the account was really curious and interesting, and we wished him to continue it. After a lapse of three minutes, and perceiving his eyes once more fixed upon me, I ventured to request a farther explanation of the loco-motive powers.

Alas! my dear Miss Lamounde, says he, after a few seconds, what avails the power of locomotion, unless we could move along with the dear objects which fill the heart with its first and supreme delight? You leave Kirkham to-morrow. All is gone when you are gone; for what is left but ignorance and rusticity?

Miss Thurl rose without speaking, and made the baronet a curtsy down to the ground. It awaked him.—My dear Miss Thurl, says he, I shall die with confusion, if you imagine I intended in the least to involve you in this cen-

sure. I protest, my dear cousin, I cannot breathe—I cannot exist—till I am assured you acquit me of so barbarous an intention.

Miss Thurl smiled.

Upon the honour of a gentleman, madam, it had been a solecism in common sense, as well as politeness, to apply terms to you which are so totally inapplicable. Pardon the indiscretion, my dear madam. It was solely owing to an unfortunate abstraction, which, fixing my ideas upon one object, I overlooked the rest of the universe.

I pardon you freely, Sir Antony, replied Miss Thurl; but how can I pardon myself for being, upon so tender an occasion, the ill-omened bird of interruption?

I felt the rising blush, Paulina, and rebuked my too gay friend with a look.

Nay, Miss Lamounde, said she, in answer, you cannot deny but that it had all the appearance of a beginning declaration, and in terms so sweet! I am angry at my own indiscretion.

I own, says the baronet, with the most gallant air imaginable, I own my fair enslaver. Then taking my hand, You, madam, said he, are the queen of my affections. I lay at your feet a heart which has withstood the fairest eyes of Italy and France. I crave permission to escort you to Liverpool, and that you will honour my carriage with your conveyance.

No—hold there, cousin Sir Antony, cries the young squire, coming from behind the groat—she be our guest, not yours. As to your making love to her, why, that's as she and you can agree: I've nothing to do with it, but I'll see her home safe and sound. She may have as many sweethearts as she likes; and, though she tied my hands up while she's at Kirkham, I'm free to court her as well as you when she's out of the parish; and seeing I fell in love with her before you ever see'd her, I don't see why I haven't a bit of a chance. Mayhap you may think your title sets you uppermost; but I can tell you she don't matter titles; she told me so herself;—Didn't you, miss?

Brother, says Miss Thurl, one would imagine you had been drinking this morning, or had lost your senses.

Why so, sister? If I have had a whet, I don't see 'at I'm a bit less sensible; only they told me Miss Lamounde was to go to-morrow; so it vexed me, and I pulled a little deepish out of a bowl of milk-punch; and then I ran up to the Druid's Cave, and then back again down to the grot here; and so, finding you all together, I'd a mind to hear a bit what was going on; that's the short and the long on't.

But then you need not be rude to anybody, nor lose sight of good manners.

No more I don't, sister; only you be so dainty and froppish.

I beg, Miss Thurl, says Sir Antony, you will not give yourself the least trouble on my ac-

count; I have seen human nature in all its forms. I am surprised at nothing—except that my uncle should choose to give his son and heir the education of a boor.

By George, cousin Sir Antony, I've had a better education than yourself!—I'll lay you a guinea on't, and Jack Cornbury shall hold stakes. What I knows is useful.

Really, Mr Havelley Thurl, answered the baronet, with great dignity of contempt, your language and sentiments are so below the gentleman, I choose to decline all conversation with you.

What! because I can't jabber French, and my coat's made by an English tailor; and because I don't know nothing about burning mountains and porcupines; and because I don't lay out my money in stones and cockle-shells? No, no—cousin Sir Antony, as big a fool as I be, I a'n't fool enough for that, neither.

This is intolerable, brother; you have neither decency nor good manners.

I say I have, sister; if anybody hits me a slap o' th' face, it's good manners to return it. Didn't he call me a boor just now, and as good as say I was not a gentleman?

I doubt it is too true, brother.

Women's tongues are no slander, sister. You be always taking part with anybody that abuses me; and i'cod, if cousin Sir Antony had not been half a woman, I shouldn't ha' taken it so quietly.

Ladies, says Sir Antony, I kiss your hands. *Jusqu'au revoir*. Mr Havelley Thurl, your most obedient. I shall find a time to renew the conversation, when you are more *compos mentis*.

There now, says the squire; that's as much as to say I'm drunk. By George, clenching his fist—and I shall find a time to knock thy lantern jaws together!—The baronet was out of hearing.

Come, Miss Lamounde, says my friend, let us go home, and leave this hair-brained wretch to quarrel with the trees.

Well, then, you may go, if you be so frumpish. I came out of love and pure good will, to be sorry about Miss Lamounde's going away to-morrow, and to offer to take her. If you was but a little better humoured, and more like a sister, I don't see 'at it would hurt you. As to Miss Lamounde, I've done nothing whereby she could be offended. I've never offered to court her, nor say a word to her about love; and I take it unkind she should let cousin Sir Antony court her before my face.

The squire stalked indignantly away.

As soon as Sir Antony got back to the hall, he gave orders for his departure in three hours. These he employed in taking leave of his uncle and aunt, and in writing the two following letters, which, without soliciting an interview, he ordered to be delivered the instant of his departure:—

"TO MISS THURL.

"MOST AMIABLE COUSIN,

"A LADY of your supreme accomplishments and enlarged understanding will not be surprised that, after the rencounter of this morning, I should take a sudden leave of Kirkham. I hope, however, the person of the charming Miss Lamounde will be the connecting band of friendship and consanguinity between you and

"Your most obedient servant,

"ANTONY HAVELLEY."

My billet was thus addressed :—

"TO MISS LAMOUNDE.

"MADAM,

"WHEN a gentleman is so unhappily situated that he is hourly exposed to ignorance and insult, he need not fear the disapprobation of a lady of Miss Lamounde's spirit, sense, and taste, for asserting his own dignity, and for leaving a place where what is due to a gentleman is so little known or regarded. I should have been happy, madam, to have had the honour of conducting you in safety to Liverpool; but, as this is not permitted, I take the liberty to request your permission, at some future, more convenient time, to throw myself at your feet, in order to demonstrate how incontestably I am, madam,

"Your most humble and devoted servant,

"ANTONY HAVELLEY."

So you see, my Paulina, *at some future, more convenient time*, what a chance I have of being a lady. I give you all the interim to increase your veneration, and am, not at all the less at present,

My dear Paulina's friend and servant,

JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

PARACELSUS HOLMAN TO JAMES WALLACE.

Allington, Feb. 5, 1788.

A REPORT is spread here that you have fought a duel with an Irish captain, are wounded, and in danger. At what an instant has fate opposed my duty to my friendship!

My father's languor increasing, I put him under the care of Doctor C—, our best physician, whose prescriptions were duly administered; notwithstanding which, a paralysis, preceded by manifest marks of mental imbecility, came on, and took away one half his muscular power, and his speech entirely. But for this I would have flown to my friend; but to leave a father to die, most probably in my absence—would it not have incurred the reproach of others, and my own remorse?—Dear Wallace,

write, or cause to be written, one line to ease the anxiety of

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

JAMES WALLACE TO PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

Liverpool, Feb. 9, 1788.

I AM weak, my friend, but not in danger. When I have strength I will inform you of the cause. Be satisfied, I have not incurred dishonour or disgrace. Perform your duties to your father, as long as you have a father. When you have him no more, come and receive, what you must give, comfort from your friend,

JAMES WALLACE.

MISS LAMOUNDE TO MISS THURL.

Liverpool, Feb. 9, 1788.

I PROMISED my dear Miss Thurl to give her a fair and candid account of what is doing here, without and *within*. I will fulfill this promise to the best of my power. Deception would indeed be folly; for if I am sick—and I fear I am not well—who but you can be my physician?

My uncle received me with that grumbling cordiality that I have been accustomed to love in him. My aunt—I know not how, she seemed to make an effort to be kind. We had not been long seated before I asked how Wallace did? This simple question, my dear Caroline, was thrice upon my lips before I could ask it; and, though I strove for composure, I asked at last with inward commotion.—Poor fellow, says my uncle, he is amazingly weak; you must pay him a visit, Judith; he has great gratitude for small kindnesses. Your aunt has been good to him; and, I dare say, he has told her she is the first of her sex in benignity. You, perhaps, will be an angel.

It would be extraordinary, brother, if you was to make a speech without a sarcasm at me. If doing good deserves no better, I wonder what doing ill might expect. I suppose I know Christian duties as well as you, brother; and I think kindness to the sick and afflicted one of the first of them.

The very quintessence, dear Beck, and I congratulate thee on the discovery. This, I believe, is thy first essay.

I fancy you are mistaken, brother; there is no necessity for making a boast and ostentation of good works.

No, sure. The more private, the more christian-like; and thine are done in the most christian-like manner possible.

My aunt answered this only with, You are a provoking creature, brother; and so the dialogue ended.

I took the first opportunity to visit Wallace,

who had been accommodated, by the kindness of my aunt, with an apartment on the second floor, his bed being in an adjoining closet. He was sitting with his back to the door, his cheek resting upon his hand, and involved in contemplation. I stepped softly round, and presented myself before him.

A delirium of a moment seized him, and he sunk upon the back of his chair. He recovered instantly. A hectic flush came over his cheek. He rose, bowed, and made an effort to speak; he was, however, unable to stand, and having sat down again, seemed on the point of falling from his chair; I was obliged to support him: his head rested on my waist, I could neither leave nor assist him. My salts were unthought of; in short, I was distracted. You may judge how little self-government I was mistress of, when I tell you, that, by an involuntary motion, upon his pale and dying face I laid my own, and wet it with my tears. Perhaps, also, he was insensible to his own motions; for his arm had moved, and somehow had placed itself around my waist, had pressed it; I even felt the motion of his lips; it was vastly alarming—and restored me to a due sense of my situation. I was angry too—or thought I was; and, looking on him with a frown—Good God! says I, Mr Wallace! What freedom! What! Do you know to whom—I stopt.

I know nothing, answered he, but that I was in heaven, whence your anger has recalled me to earth.

Have I not reason to be angry?

Alas! madam, I know not; for I meant no offence, nor knew that I committed any.

It is not very respectful, at least, so to indulge sudden impulses of fancy.

As well, madam, you might accuse me of parricide—of any vice—of every vice—as want of respect for you.

I am a young woman, Mr Wallace, and sensible of my own imperfections. I have no claim to greater respect, than you would pay to any other person in my situation.

No claim, madam!—but I beg pardon. I know not how far I may even praise without offence.

I am not sorry to be thought well of by you, Mr Wallace; but I cannot applaud outre sentiments, even in my own favour.

I know not, madam, that I have ever given unlicensed way to any sentiment that could injure you: Rather than do this, I would be—as I now am—miserable for ever.

There was something in the manner of this, my dear Miss Thurl, so touching—I cannot express it—I could not immediately answer—I could not suppress some tears. At length I said, You are very low-spirited, Mr Wallace. What is it that makes you speak in this desponding strain?

Your anger.

No, I'm not angry, Mr Wallace—that is—I

excuse—I pardon what is past, provided—but we'll talk no more of it. We must endeavour to get you well as soon as possible. To-morrow I hope to find you more cheerful.

I retired to my own apartment, my dear Miss Thurl, and gave way to a copious shower of tears. They could not entirely relieve me: I became capable, however, of some very serious reflection. The case now, my dear, I doubt, is too plain on both sides; but it is easier sure to eradicate the infatuation, than to bear the obloquy and contempt consequent upon its gratification?

The three subsequent days, not daring an interview, I contented myself with sending frequently to inquire after his health, and with taking care that he had everything proper to recruit his strength, in which, indeed, I was mostly superseded by my aunt. On the fourth day, not satisfied with myself, I ventured a visit, and began the interview, with hoping he was better.

I am better, madam, replies he, much better; but I am sorry—and ashamed—that——

That what, Mr Wallace?

It is impossible to repay your generous goodness but with gratitude.

But with gratitude! Well, continued I, smiling, I shall remain content; and what, pray, since you hold gratitude so cheap, do you exact from Mrs Dorrington? How great soever may be my merit in wishing you health and happiness, I cannot think it equals the re-instating a wretched, undone family, in ease and affluence.

I have been your servant, madam, says he, with a pensive air, and you never permitted me to perceive I was one. Once for all, madam, let me return you thanks for all your goodness; and be not offended if I say, upon whatsoever country I may be thrown, in whatever situation fortune may place me, your happiness will always be my prayer, always the first wish of my heart.

I thank you, Mr Wallace, says I, turning to the window to look upon nothing, and to hide the starting tear. How weak I was! my dear Caroline.

Then you intend to leave us, Mr Wallace? He bowed his answer.

I hope, says I, you will be benefited by the change; and give me leave to assure you, if my purse or interest can be used to your service, you are welcome to consider them as your own.

O God! says he.—I had no other answer.

May I inquire into your intentions and prospects?

Half suffocated—No, madam, answered he, I beg you will not.

I know, says I, my service is beneath you; nor do I wonder you should wish to change it.

Good Heaven! madam, says he, with no small emotion, how much do you mistake! I never thought your service beneath me; I never wish-

ed to change it ; it has been to me a source of happiness unknown before ; but—

But what ? says I, in a tremulous and softened accent.

There is an invincible necessity, Miss Lamounde.

Of what is it composed ? asked I, in a smiling sort of manner.

Of honour, madam ; of probity, of everything that ought to influence man to good.—I thought he would have swooned.

You seem faint, Mr Wallace ; pray sit down : Smell at these salts. I am exceedingly sorry to see you so weak.

Mr Wallace did smell at the salts, Caroline ; and also with such an air of veneration and respect, I could not possibly be angry, did imprint a kiss upon the soft hand that held them.

I wish you would think of nothing at present, but to get well. You delay your recovery by anxiety. Come, says I, laying my hand upon his, promise me to wait my brother's coming—he cannot be long.

It would be the pride of my life to obey you, madam ; but—

No more buts—I must be obeyed.

How sweet would be obedience, if—

If obedience were inclination, I suppose ; however, lay them all up, these buts and ifs—get well—and we will examine their validity. Good-morrow.

I have wrote you this afternoon, my dear Miss Thurl, the conference of this morning, and wait your judgment. To any man but Wallace, I should reproach myself for having said too much. To him I can scarce forbear it, for having said so little. Tell me, dear Caroline, on which side I have erred.

Your affectionate

JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

JAMES WALLACE TO PARACELUS HOLMAN.

On board the Caithness,
Liverpool, February 15, 1788.

THAT which I supposed impossible, dear Holman, is come to pass. In a delirium I have discovered my love ; it did excite her sensibility. In a subsequent conference she betrayed the moment of weakness. I *will* be the guardian of her fame and honour ; I *will* quit her presence for ever, though my death may be the consequence. The state of my spirits will not permit me now to acquaint you what events have caused my present situation ; but I will write them fully when I get to sea. I should be happy to embrace you before my voyage ; but we sail in three days, and I charge you not to leave your father. The first vessel we meet homeward-bound, shall bring you a large packet.

Dear friend, adieu.

JAMES WALLACE.

MISS THURL TO MISS LAMOUNDE.

Kirkham, Feb. 18, 1788.

IT is impossible, my dear Judith, to be a perfect judge of the question, of which you desired my decision, for want of the principal evidence. As far as words went, I decide that you have no cause to reproach yourself ; they seem to be words of mere humanity ; yet, to a man in love, they might seem words of kindness. But how went looks and tones, my dear ? In this case I should have relied more on them than upon words. It seems, however, as if your fate, relative to Mr Wallace, was drawing to a crisis. I beg you will not delay the communication.

The letters wrote to you and me, my dear Miss Lamounde, were not the sole products of the elegant pen of Sir Antony Havelley ; my brother had the same honour. I have taken great pains to get at the bottom and top of the whole transaction, words, thoughts, and deeds ; and, by Mr Cornbury's assistance, I have succeeded. Read, read, young woman, and lament the ravages your fatal beauties cause.

COPY.

“MR HAVELLEY THURL,

“As you assert your title to the rank of gentleman, I suppose you know the usage on the receipt of gross affronts. I expect you will meet me in the field with pistols, or the small sword, as may please you best. Since inconvenience often ensues by the laws of this country to the survivor, if one gentleman happens to fall, it will best be prevented by ending the contest abroad, upon the confines of France and Flanders : I therefore appoint Bethuné, a town of France, for the place of our meeting, on the first day of March next, there to determine the other necessary points ; and shall come attended only by one gentleman, my second, and my surgeon.

“ANTONY HAVELLEY.”

Immediately after the fracas of the morning, my brother had gone to his friend Jack Cornbury's, with a sturdy resolution, seeing Miss Lamounde was so ungrateful, not to care a fig for her ; he had also resolved not to come to the hall whilst Sir Antony stayed. It happened that Mr Cornbury's house lay in Sir Antony's road ; and my brother had the pleasure of seeing the baronet and his equipage pass by at full speed. The pair of friends had dined, and had advanced into the regions of fun and noise, a bottle a-piece deep. This accident produced two bottles more, to drink Sir Antony's good journey ; after which my brother, accompanied by his friend, took the road home. His servant presented the baronet's letter. My brother read

and swore, and swore and read, and stamped with a wonderful degree of wildness, to the utter amazement of his friend ; and, as he found himself endued with an extraordinary quantity of valour, he stormed, blustered, and was coming to make you and I partake of the entertainment ; but Mr Cornbury informed him, that it was reckoned cowardly to trust an affair of honour to women ; and that men of courage always maintained an inviolable secrecy, except to that one friend who was to be the second ; however, it was proper to write Sir Antony an answer, to inform him if he accepted the challenge.

My brother resented the if, and asked his friend if he looked like a coward ? To which Mr Cornbury answered, he knew his courage in the field ; but, as he was not much used to pistols, and had never learned to fence, he did not know how it would be ; however, adds this learned counsellor, the gentleman that's challenged always chooses his weapons.

Before they had gone much farther in consultation, two gentlemen farmers came in to complain of certain infractions of the game laws, which my brother considers as the Magna-charta of country gentlemen. His anger was now turned into a more important channel ; they set in to sound solid drinking, and the evening ended with great festivity.

In the morning my brother was low and nervous. The challenge was the first thing that entered his head. It must be answered, and what signifies put-offs ; so taking a few pulls at a bowl of milk-punch, his favourite morning's draught, he gathered together as much steadiness of head and hand, as produced the following morceau :—

“ COUSIN SIR ANTONY,

“ I RECEIVED your epistle, telling me you want to fight me, to the which I am both ready and willing ; only I see no occasion to go amongst Papishes in foreign parts, when we can do it every bit as well in the county of Lancaster. As to being afraid of the law—it's nonsense. If one man goes to kill another without his consent, that's murder ; but if two people be minded to kill one another—why, it's their own act and deed—and the law has nothing to do with it ; so you see if a man be tried for't, he's always quit.

“ Now, cousin Sir Antony, I being the person challenged, you knows have a right to choose my weapons. Now, I don't matter pistols, because a body can't hit a barn-door with them twenty yards off—And for the small sword, Troll, my hound, knows as much on't—because I never was a soldier, do you see—for I don't like soldiers—and father could never get me to go into militia—for let them fight as have nothing else to trust to, say I.

“ So, cousin Sir Antony, I don't see why you and I mayn't take a turn or two at boxing, or else at cudgels, or, mayhap, you may like quarter-staff ; and when it's over, drink a bottle together, and be friends ; for why should a body bear malice ? But if you be so bloody-minded, nothing but death will serve ; then I desire we may have fowling-pieces—but not rifle-barrelled—and only a yard and four inches from mouth to touch-hole. Jack Cornbury shall stand between us with a handkerchief, and drop it for signal to fire, and if I don't fetch you down, say I'm no shot ; so, if you like any of these proposals, name place any where in Lancashire, Westmoreland, or Cumberland ; and I'd rather have any other day in the year than the 1st of September*—for why ? all my best coveys would be shot before I got back again ; however, to shew you I an't of a blood-thirsty humour, I'd rather gi' you only a broken head, or a black eye, and so make an end on't.

“ Your loving cousin,
“ HAVELLEY THURL.”

What think you, my dear, of my brother's answer ? If I had not known the simplicity of his character, I should have taken it for a ridicule of duelling, but it is all very honestly meant ; nor does my brother in the least want courage—but it is not courage *à la mode*. What will be the event of this letter, I know not ; but I think Sir Antony will despise it, and drop all farther notice. I shall watch, in order to prevent mischief. Pray write soon to your

CAROLINE THURL.

Is your brother returned ? I am half in love with him for those letters from Paris.

PARACELUS HOLMAN TO JAMES WALLACE.

Allington, Feb. 23, 1738.

I COULD swear the moon down, Wallace, at thy folly ; or I could cry at it, were it not for disgracing my *toga virilis*. Just at a time when I had projected making your country a comfort to you, you leave it ; but if you have not entered into an engagement, revoke your intention, and come to me. Thirty miles from Miss Lamounde may be as efficacious as three thousand. If you will commit yourself to the mercy of the faithless sea, almost as little to be trusted as a woman, accept these memorials, which I have ordered to be delivered into your hands : A chased gold watch, a family antique, and two portraits. I have a strong suspicion they were your mother's ; why I think so, I will reveal to no man whilst my father lives—and then to no man but

* There is apparently an error here. The challenge bore the 1st of March.—ED.

yourself. If I am right in my conjecture, accept them from me as a restitution ; if wrong, as a present. I add a memorial of a less valuable matter, which I do not ask you to keep for my sake : I hope I live in your heart. Adieu. Though enraged, I wish you a safe voyage and swift return.

Yours,
PARACELUS HOLMAN.

My father's life I do not expect many hours.

JAMES WALLACE TO PARACELUS HOLMAN.

The Caithness, March 4, 1788.

YOUR friendship, dear Holman, is the healing balm that cures half the evils of my life. At this busy instant I have not time to indulge either in the feeling, or in the expression of it ; we are getting under sail. Cease your anxiety, I shall soon return. For the memorials of my mother, if they are of my mother, I am deeply indebted to you. Can the portraits, think you, be hers and my father's ? From the little I know of my own face, it seems to resemble the gentleman's, and, or I am fond of imagining so, in the lady's, is a likeness of Miss Lamounde. I return your fleeting memorial ; I do not want it ; and you say rightly—I have got you in my heart.

JAMES WALLACE.

MISS LAMOUNDE TO MISS THURL.

Liverpool, March 8, 1788.

SINCE I wrote last, my amiable friend, I have been much distressed ; the bitterness of it over, I am *now* only perplexed. Effects have happened that seem to me greater than their causes. I will relate all I know, and hope to be indebted to your clearer comprehension for the elucidation of what, at present, appears obscure.

I called in upon Wallace the morning after I wrote my last, and found my aunt in his apartment, whom I had not happened to meet there before, though I knew she was so kind as to make personal inquiries sometimes. She was saying something when I opened the door, but stopped. I thought she looked angry : I thought also that Wallace had a glow upon his cheek. She bid him good-morrow, and saying, with a sort of toss of the head, she left him with more agreeable company, went away. What could all this mean ?

Is my aunt angry, Mr Wallace ?

No, madam, I hope not ; I have given her no cause.

I then renewed the discourse of the day preceding, concerning his stay till my brother's ar-

rival. He looked dejected, and did not answer. I began to entreat ; and I know not how, had put my hand within the reach of his, when he, very respectfully, and to thank me, I believe, put it to his lips. At this instant Sally, my moiety of maid, opened the door, and, seeing me, was stepping back. I ordered her to come in, saying I was going away ; then desiring Wallace to remember my advice, I withdrew.

At dinner there was a gloom for which I could not account. My uncle was thoughtful, my aunt silent and reserved. She retired as soon as the cloth was drawn. I then ventured to ask my uncle if anything had discomposed him ?

Yes, answered he, woman. After a pause—Have you heard anything about your aunt ?

No, sir. Of what nature ?

Of the nature of woman. She is going to be fool enough to throw away all that blaze of charms she possesses upon Wallace, if the fellow will be fool enough to take her.—Dear Miss Thurl, how I trembled !

Is it possible, sir, said I, you should believe such a thing ?

Yes ; why should I not ?

Dear uncle—it is so improbable.

That an elderly maiden should like a handsome young fellow !

Sir, she is twice his age.

Yes ; that adds to the improbability.

I don't know, dear uncle, but I cannot believe it ; it is so unnatural !

Unnatural ! Judith, you are quite philosophical to-day.

I mean, sir, it is so unlikely.

Yes ; as unlikely as unnatural.

My uncle then told me his reasons ; I will not trouble you with them. If my aunt has follies, I ought not to expose them. My uncle did not convince, but he staggered me.

That night he supped abroad. My aunt kept her apartment ; I retired early to mine. I wanted to think, my dear Caroline ; I never was less capable.

In the course of our conversation, my uncle had asked me why I was so agitated ? What was it to me ?

To be sure, my dear Miss Thurl, it is nothing more to me than the concern one naturally takes in having one's relations act wisely. She is her own mistress, and Wallace his own master ; but there is something vastly odd in it. Are men's minds so light ? It is true he had never uttered a syllable ; I could never have forgiven him if he had ; but when he was weak and unguarded—did not his behaviour seem to denote that he had unfortunately imbibed a passion for—quite another object ? Such thoughts as these distracted me all night. The following day—what a day !—I never saw my uncle ; nor did my aunt come down. I paid my duty to her in her own room, and was rewarded by silence and chilling reserve. Most of my hours I spent in

tears: I only sent in to Wallace, whom I had not spirits to see.

The next morning my uncle and I breakfasted together. He was pensive, and seemed unhappy. After our uncomfortable meal was over, I ventured tremulously to ask if he was not well? He answered, frowningly—Not sick, unless in mind.

Anything more, sir, of my aunt?

No, answered he, sternly, something of her niece. Then, looking me full in the face—That dog, Wallace, says he, has the power of fascination, and every female in the family, I believe, is destined to feel it.

The blow, my dear Caroline, was sudden; I felt the colour mount into my cheek. I could not speak. My uncle cried, Humph! caught up his hat and cane, and walked out. He did not return till midnight. I had the whole day to myself, and I spent it in tears and in reflection.

At Wallace I was seriously angry; for to what could I attribute my uncle's sarcasm, but to some indiscretion of his? Was it then possible he could have made me the subject of his discourse in such a way? Oh! my dear Miss Thurl, how hurt I was!—But is there, as my uncle asks, is there stability in woman?

The morning opened with a different scene. William, the coachman, when I was entering the breakfast-parlour, put in my hands a letter. Read it.

COPY.

"MADAM,

"The crime my heart has dared, I fly to expiate. To quit my country is nothing; for few—very few, indeed, are the ties that bind me to it: But you, Miss Lamoude, permit me—now that I am never to see you more—permit me, for the first and last time, to say I love you, and must love you, whilst Heaven grants me memory and reflection. I ask no pardon for presumption: I have no presumption—no hope—no prospect—but of despair. You—madam, you—I must see no more! At this thought a mist gathers round me—my sight is obstructed—my heart sickens. If it were death, how willingly would I embrace it! But I must live—to suffer, perhaps, for the sins of my parents. May the first happiness be ever yours; and never may a more unpleasing sensation arise in your mind, than pity for the lost

"JAMES WALLACE."

It was fortunate my uncle did not rise this morning so early as usual, so that I had half an hour to read—and feel. At length I mustered spirits to go down, and found my uncle attentive to the perusal of a letter. He saluted me with more placidity than the day before; then looked directly at me, as if he would have inquired

red of my eyes what passed in my heart. I had in my eyes, no doubt, traces of the recent tear, which might possibly dispose my uncle to something like pity.

You look poorly this morning, Judith.

I have not slept well, sir.

Want of sleep, Judith, is a symptom of some disease, corporeal or mental; you should have advice.

I don't perceive the necessity, sir.

The very want of perception is often symptomatic: As for example, when young ladies are in love—a grievous disorder—they can seldom perceive that anything else ails them.

Shall I pour out the tea, sir?

Where is your aunt?

She has sent word she does not come down to breakfast; she has not slept well, and has a cruel head-ache.

Humph! It must have been an odd night, that no woman could sleep in it.

Would you choose the hot rolls, sir, or —?

Judith.

Sir?

Are there amongst women any such things as candour, ingenuousness, veracity?

Why should you doubt it, sir?

I do not ask after these as occasional qualities. When it is a woman's interest, she can be good, almost as easily as otherwise; wise almost as easily as silly: But knowest thou a woman wherein these are permanent qualities? Who can adhere to them upon all occasions?

There may be causes, sir, wherein the exercise of these virtues would be productive of more ill than a temporary suspension of them.

Love, Judith, produces these causes abundantly.

I am not acquainted with its effects, sir.

Not all its effects, Judith; some, perhaps.

Have I sweetened the tea to your liking, sir?

The tea tastes as it ought to do. Nature has succeeded in all her works, but woman. She could never mean to create so versatile an animal.

My dear uncle, how should you comprehend the nature of an animal you have avoided all your life?

As I comprehend other natures—by their effects.

I am certain I don't at all comprehend the nature of your catchism this morning.

Its origin is here, giving me a letter; it was from Wallace. I opened it, and tried to read; but, whilst my uncle observed me with such penetrating keenness—to understand was impossible. I saw enough, however, to perceive it was worthy of the writer. My situation was distressing. I would have given the world to have retired, and to have indulged in the luxury of tears: A few fell, notwithstanding my utmost endeavours for firmness and composure. I ob-

tained enough of these to draw Wallace's letter from my pocket; and, putting it in my uncle's hand, said, I would do my endeavour, that, in one woman, at least, my dear uncle should find candour, ingenuousness, and veracity.

My uncle read and read again: I suspect, too, he was moved with a womanish weakness, from the pains he took to hide it. At length came the comment.

Why, here now, says he, this is what you call love and honour; the very stuff that fascinates young ladies; and you really believe, Judith, that this young fellow is running away, purely to stop the tattling of gossips?

Whatsoever I believe, sir, is of no importance. Since I am to see him no more, no bad consequences can follow my credulity.

Folly may, my pretty niece; the folly of thought.

I hope I shall be able to correct it, sir; at least, conceal it.

I hope so too. I am sorry, after all, things have taken this turn. To tell thee a secret, I never yet did see a young fellow I liked so well. I had designs in his favour; but I did not intend him for a nephew—nor did I much wish him for a brother-in-law. Betwixt thee and I, Judith, is it thyself, or thy aunt, that is the true cause of this elopement? Does he run away from a young woman, or an old one?

I am totally ignorant, sir, of any kind of correspondence betwixt my aunt and Mr Wallace.

And if thou hadst known it, Judith, at which would'st thou have been most angry—at him or her?

I had no right to be angry at either.

Then thou would'st have been wrong, take my word for it.

I hope your apprehensions are so, sir. I own my compassion for an unfortunate young man: I think he has great merit, nice honour, and too strong sensibility; but as to love—dear uncle—I protest—

Reserve the protestation, dear Judith, till thou hast well considered it. I have an appointment this morning: I own too, I am not the proper confidant of a young lady—in love or out; but I love thee, though I seldom tell thee of it, and I would have thee happy. All I wish is, you would confide in your brother.

I promise you I will, sir.

My uncle gave me a very kind kiss, and went out, leaving me with more tranquil spirits than I had enjoyed many days: still I had my aunt to encounter, of whom, indeed, I did not stand much in awe; since, if whispers are to be admitted as proofs of folly in me, the same proofs, at least, lie against her. Shall I confess also, my dear Miss Thurl, I did not feel myself, with respect to my aunt, disposed to pay that deference to her authority and opinions, as to those of my uncle; so, half a rebel, I entered her apartment.

I found her walking up and down with hasty strides, half dressed, her hair loose, her face inflamed. She answered my salutations peevishly, and plainly intimated she did not at present wish for my company. I retired, with a resolution she should desire it before she had it again. I am sorry for it, Caroline, but such is woman.

Alas! my aunt was more an object of pity than of anger. She *did* desire my company the next morning, and she received me with tears. They disarmed me, and I attempted to console her—awkwardly indeed enough, because the cause of her grief was too delicate to be touched. At length she spoke nearly as follows, in which I found more good sense, and more candour, than I had been accustomed to think my aunt possessed; and instead of lessening, she rather increased my esteem.

It is possible, my dear Judith, you may attribute these tears and this grief to a wrong cause—to a loss of the hopes, with which I had flattered myself respecting Mr Wallace: No, my dear, they arise from the shame of having ever entertained any. I struggled long against my weakness; but the object of it, with all his merit, was too often before me. I need not expatiate upon this merit, my dear, because you have always acknowledged it, and, if report is right, have felt it.

She said this with a smile. I was going to answer, when she laid her hand upon mine, and said—I have lost all right of animadverting upon the lesser weaknesses of others. My present concern is to acknowledge and expiate my own. When I had got over the obstacles which my pride laid in the way, such as his being a footman, a beggar, the child of nobody, and others of the like kind, I determined upon being happy my own way; but the difficulty lay in the first steps to be taken to inform the young man of his good fortune—for so, I had no doubt, he would esteem it. There was only one way consistent with female decorum. To speak in kinder accents—to become more familiar—and seem to consider him as a person entitled to esteem. All these produced nothing like what they were intended to produce. He kept still at a most provoking, respectful distance, and treated me with a double portion of esteem and regard. I now see clearly how this ought to have been interpreted; but then I could see nothing but myself. One day I went so far as to tell him, I was sure he must be a gentleman by birth, and that I should value myself upon being able to raise him to that distinction, which nature had designed, and fortune denied. But this was not plain enough. He had infinite gratitude, indeed—but a word of warmer import he would never suffer to escape him.

It would be fruitless and tedious to dwell upon this subject. I could not avoid opening

my eyes at last, to the true meaning of this behaviour—nor resenting it. From hints, too, which Sally had the impertinence to let fall, and I the folly to pick up, I became jealous of you, my dear ; and was actually quarrelling with him on this subject, when you entered his apartment a few mornings since. The only instance of disrespect he ever shewed me was upon my mentioning your name on this occasion. Madam, says he, to insult Miss Lamoude, is not to know her ; and to possess such a treasure in a niece, and not to know its value, I can scarce conceive a greater misfortune.—I left him, confirmed in my suspicion that there was a correspondence betwixt you, and that to this circumstance I owed his rejection of me. Hence arose the manner in which I have behaved lately to you, and which, I hope, my dear, you will not remember.

I answered, I certainly should not ; and she must now give me leave to clear myself of the suspicion she had entertained.

This letter, says she, has convinced me there has been nothing improper on your part :—

“MADAM,

“For the honour you have done me, accept my most unfeigned thanks, and do not attribute to any disrespectful sentiment of you, that I beg leave to decline it. I am not worthy. Rumours have arisen, and you, I fear, have imbibed them, that I have dared to regard my young lady with other eyes than those of duty. Yes, madam—I own it—I do love—I adore her ; but, till this instant it has been a secret and sacred sentiment within my own bosom. I acknowledge her infinite goodness, as I do yours, madam, during my illness ; but it is to that goodness she owes the malignity which now assails her. I go to defeat it. I go, madam, to some other country, that this may no longer make me the instrument of its malice. Wherever I go, I shall retain a grateful remembrance for all your kindness—and am, madam,

“Your most obedient servant,

“JAMES WALLACE.”

I confided my aunt's *amende honorable* to my uncle, requesting it might never be remembered against her.—In particular, dear sir, says I, have the goodness never to make this lapse, so well recovered, the subject of a bon mot.

Well, well, says he, if the good ladies of Liverpool will let her slide quietly back into the awful class of virgins censorial, I will not disturb her.

Tranquillity being thus restored to our house, I had time to think of myself—and Wallace. I sat down with the utmost serenity to my work, and pricked my fingers with great satisfaction till the sensation became too lively. I sat down to my pianoforte—tried Abel, Bach, Schobert,

Haydn. I was unfortunate in my selection ; every piece was flat. At length I sat down to muse—and, without thinking of it, I took Wallace's letter from my pocket-book, and read it, more, I doubt, like a woman than like a philosopher. I tried, indeed, to be angry, but my pride had not vigour enough for the support of turbulent emotions, and I sunk into compassion.

Wallace, my dear Miss Thurl, is on board a vessel, bound, I suppose, to America. He had the good fortune to do a service to the captain, a grateful Scotsman, I believe, for he visited him several times during his illness : but the poor youth has no money, and what will be his condition abroad without it ? Something he has a right to demand for wages ; and if humanity were silent, common honesty required that this something should be paid. I could wish to see him, but durst not ; there are many reasons to the contrary. I saw none against my writing, at least none I was disposed to regard. Six efforts, Caroline, I made, to say exactly what was right and proper. There was something too much or too little in all of them. Out of pure weariness I was obliged to rest contented with the seventh. Here it is :—

MR WALLACE.

“SIR,—That the resolution you have taken to quit this country is prompted by honour and delicacy, I cannot doubt ; nor can I be entirely at ease without making the acknowledgment. I am sorry, indeed, you have conceived sentiments that—but though this is a subject on which I cannot speak, I know not what sense of propriety should prevent my giving you some testimony of my esteem.

“Why you should choose to leave England, rather than seek in it an *occupation worthy of you*, I see no cause. You yourself have taught me, that the best use of fortune is to assist the worthy ; and to have practised the precept upon its author would have been a real source of pleasure.

“I ask as a favour your acceptance of the enclosed. Let not your pride be the opponent of your principles : if you refuse it, it will be a proof to me that you no longer design me a place in your memory. This will be delivered you by a safe hand, Captain Islay himself, who dines here to-day. I excuse your writing back, because, as the captain informs us, he sails to-morrow. I wish you a good voyage, and shall always be glad to hear of your health and happiness.

“Your humble servant,

“J. LAMOUNDE.”

This letter I shewed both to my uncle and aunt, who did me the honour to approve it. Will it—and will my general behaviour, meet with the approbation of my Caroline ? If not—

I shall again lose part of the peace of mind I have recovered. Adieu. Yours,
JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

My brother is hourly expected.

MISS THURL TO MISS LAMOUNDE.

Kirkham, March 12, 1738.

AND so, my dear, your affair turns out one of the most common affairs of life—if my clear comprehension comprehends the whole of it.

Mr Wallace is ill. Mrs Rebecca Lamounde, an aged lady, takes care to give him sweet-meats. The servants talk—for why? as my brother says, when they were ill she left them to live or die, as pleased God and the apothecary. Judith Lamounde, too, a young lady, gives a few sugar-plums; and, though it is a clear case, that she gave them from pure humanity, every one does not perceive when humanity is pure. Sally, I dare say, is dim-sighted as to such objects, though there are some she can see very well; and when she sees what she does not like, I suppose she has the talent of painting it in suitable colours. That kiss of the hand, probably, Sally painted in black, and shewed it everybody, and then, you know, it is soon a secret to nobody. Thus things come about, Miss Lamounde, and, as the world goes, you ought to be much obliged to it, if it takes the trouble to talk about you two or three days, on so slight an occasion.

Nothing here to be talked about. No news of Sir Antony; my brother says he is not half a man, for not accepting the terms of his challenge. I believe I have stifled the affair by a letter I wrote to *cousin Sir Antony*. Havelley desires his service to you—not his love—because—though you be a pretty girl—and that's the truth on't—yet pride spoils beauty.

I desire to hear all that has passed since your brother's arrival: in consideration of which, and for other good and sufficient causes, I do confirm that your conduct has been perfectly proper, and sweetly amiable, let the ladies of Liverpool say what they please; and do testify this by my sign manual.

CAROLINE THURL.

MISS LAMOUNDE TO MISS THURL.

Liverpool, March 16, 1738.

I ACCEPT the sign manual of your approbation, which is, indeed, very necessary to the obtaining my own: and I will thank you for it, by obeying your commands.

My brother arrived late in the evening, when we had all separated to our apartments. I was only half undressed, indeed, so flew down stairs to bid him welcome; but finding him extreme-

ly fatigued, and more in need of rest than refreshment, I conducted him to his chamber, and left him to his repose.

His servant Scipio, a person of some consequence amongst us, and whom I must introduce to your acquaintance, by a relation of those circumstances which introduced him to ours,—Scipio's desires were more alive than his master's. As the maids and the coachmen were still up, Scipio chose a regale; and to heighten the pleasure of it, they gave him the state of our household affairs, drawn up after the manner of men, with some enlargement, I believe, but not on the side of charity.

However, as they all talked at once, after the manner of women, Scipio arose in the morning with a mass of unformed matter in his head, and went to attend his master, just at the instant my brother was wondering why he had not seen Wallace the evening before. The first question he put to Scipio was—if he had seen him?

Scipio answered; he have run away.

Run away!

So dey tell a me, sir.

Gone away, you mean; left his place.

Yes, sir, gone away, run away both; what de difference?

Difference! What—has he run away with more than himself?

Yes, sir.

The devil! What, has he robbed the house?

Yes, sir.

Then I give up physiognomy and Monsieur Lavater for ever. What has he stole?

Two hearts.

What humour are you in this morning? If thou hast any meaning, Scipio, prithee explain it.

Me not ver well understand—but dey do tell a me, dat he have stole de heart of Madame Lamounde—and de heart of Miss Lamounde—and run away wid dem beyond sea.

My brother swore, I believe, a few French oaths, made Scipio give him the little information he was able, and then, with a head as clear as that of Scipio himself, he came down to the breakfast-parlour.

My uncle was there alone, and the salutations were perfectly cordial: after which—I have heard, says my brother, a very odd account of the man I sent from Abbeville; it has surprised me very much. I could not have thought, so young, so ingenuous as he appeared to be, he could have harboured a corrupted mind.

Why, replies my uncle, gravely, he certainly has been guilty of some extraordinary things. I take as much care of my money as most men, but I have not had vigilance enough to keep his hand out of my purse. Even your aunt Beck has been a sufferer, careful as she is; and, to my certain knowledge, he is gone off with a fifty pound bank-note that was your sister's:

Indeed, he had very secret and uncommon ways of spending money.

And of getting it too, I think, says my brother.

If, says my uncle, with continued gravity, he had made his attack upon our purses only, I think I should have forgiven him—but to steal our hearts! To thaw the icicles that surround, or should surround, a virgin's heart! To warm the breast of frozen age!

Dear sir, says my brother, your jesting upon a subject of such consequence makes me hope I have been too easily alarmed; but in proportion as you silence my fear, you excite my curiosity.

And here comes Judith to gratify it, says my uncle; she will give you the naked truth, as all young ladies do, when the question is love.

As far as I know the truth, dear uncle, my brother may be assured of knowing it also. I will have no secrets for him, no more than I will have for you, sir, whenever you please to condescend to become my confidant.

I am too old, Judith. I should be mingling the laws of prudence with the laws of nature, and, I am told, they seldom mix kindly.

My aunt entered, and changed the conversation. After breakfast, when my uncle had withdrawn to the accounting-house, and my aunt to her domestic matters, my brother took my hand very affectionately, and said, I am referred to you, dear Judith, for information concerning some odd particulars relative to Wallace, but don't be afraid; in a country where Cythera reigns, it is not likely I should have learned to become a severe censor of slight deviations.

A pretty exordium, brother, answered I; it supposes I have something to confess which requires indulgence.

I own, my sister, I understand it so; it has been told me that Wallace has presumed—

To do what, brother?

To raise his hopes as high as yourself.

I believe it is not true, brother.

What then am I to understand, by my uncle's innuendo about stealing hearts?

My uncle does my aunt and I the honour to suppose we fell in love with Mr Wallace.

What! without foundation?

Oh, no! One of us did presume to raise her hopes as high as Mr Wallace, but not me, brother—it was my aunt. I will inform you of the particulars more at leisure: But as my aunt has since been extremely ingenuous, has owned the foible, and repented of it, I beg it may never be remembered against her.

Be it so; but it is not for my aunt I am now anxious. Speak, dear Judith, of my sister.

Here I stand, brother, a simple girl, exposed to all the horrors of catechism.

Does Wallace love you?

I think he does.

Has he declared it?

Yes.

Have you encouraged or rejected his suit?

Neither.

Not to reject is to entertain.

I deny the position, brother.

Will you trust me with the true state of your own heart?

Yes—with sincerity. As a proof of it, I own, that of all mankind, my heart gives Wallace the preference.

My brother looked, Caroline, I know not how. I must admire your candour, my sister, how little soever I may approve your sentiments for such a man—a man mean enough to attack your purse!

Brother, it is through my purse he stole into my heart. You labour under some of my uncle's equivokes; but if you will be a patient auditor one half hour, you shall hear all that has passed amongst us; and your generous nature must be much changed, if you do not approve the delicacy of Wallace's conduct, howsoever you may dislike his affection.

I then gave my brother a very faithful account of *things*, amongst which, of Mr Wallace's gentility of manners, of his great good sense, of his exalted benevolence, of his birth, and of his misfortunes, "it was my hint to speak." Having brought down this history to the day of my departure for Kirkham, I concluded thus:—

So far, brother, there was not the least appearance on his part of anything more than an extraordinary portion of duteous assiduity. For myself, my esteem was hourly on the increase; but, for love, it had never once entered my head, nor did I suspect it at my heart, till Miss Thurl forced the suspicion upon me, and a letter from my uncle, acquainting me of Mr Wallace's danger, forced it still more. My uncle desired my immediate return; I obeyed, and found the malade reduced to a great excess of weakness, the least motion almost brought on a fainting. I confess, brother, I could not see him thus without pity, and I thought myself obliged to overlook some little discoveries which escaped him—not in words—for to this hour he never presumed to speak, but in some little unguarded looks and actions, when the poor soul did not know what he was about. It is true we took great care of him, both my aunt and I; and this not meeting the approbation of the good people in the kitchen, they animadverted upon it, and in due time set half the tongues in Liverpool at work. This reached Wallace's ear, I know not how, far before I knew anything of it, and it determined him upon leaving England, which he did before he was well able to walk. He wrote three letters to my uncle, my aunt, and myself. This is mine, the others I will procure you.

My brother read the letter, and even studied it; then owned there was all appearance of honour and delicacy on the part of Wallace, and on mine, nothing that he could blame. All he feared was, lest my inclinations should be so far engaged as to endanger my tranquillity.

No, brother, answered I, not a tear—a sigh, perhaps.

Young ladies pique themselves upon fidelity in their first loves.

Fear nothing from my romance, dear brother; I could not promise where a promise was never asked, nor am I so little acquainted with the changeable nature of opinion as to burthen myself with the faithful vow.

I should have been unhappy to have my sister, from the indulgence of some fond idea, capable of rejecting establishments calculated to make her happy.

Is this a general observation, brother, or have you had the goodness to provide for a beloved sister?

Not quite so; but I would have her see with an unclouded eye, and judge with an unbiassed mind.

Thank you, brother.

Sir Everard Moreton is dead. After a decent time, my young friend has promised me a visit. It is not absolutely impossible but he may see something in my sister which her brother sees.

Is the picture a likeness, which you drew of him in your letters from Paris?

A tolerable resemblance, as far as it reaches.

And could you recommend the original of such a picture to your sister?

Something, I hope, may be forgiven to a young, rich, amorous, high-spirited Englishman of quality.

I had rather not have the necessity of forgiveness. My system on this subject, however, lies in little compass. So long as I think of Wallace as I think of him now, so long as my heart tells me it prefers him to every other man, no other man shall obtain me; but if your knight, or any other, can by good and lawful means transfer these feelings and sentiments to himself, and if such a man also should have your commendation, dear brother, I think I should pay a proper regard to it.

So, my dear Miss Thurl, ended this conversation, and so must end this letter; hoping that I shall very soon see you here, which, I assure you, I desire, even to longing.

In a few days my uncle quits this house for a pretty little country box, about half a mile off, giving up this house and the business to my brother. My aunt goes with my uncle, so that I am to be lady-president here. Assure yourself I will be a kind hostess.

Yours,
JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

MISS EDWARDS TO MISS LAMOUNDE.

IF I had nothing more to plead, my dear Miss Lamounde, than the common pleas of careless correspondents, for suffering three of your letters to remain unanswered, I should ill deserve your friendship or future regard; but Mr Edwards, my excellent more than father, has finished a long and painful sickness, by death. It is not a week since he died in my arms, blessing me with his last breath, and conjuring me to continue with my dear mother, and be her comfort and consolation, till Heaven pleased to call her to a similar fate.

This solemn scene of closing mortality in my view, I have been able, indeed, to weep for your perplexities and distresses, but not to enjoy your livelier scenes, comic as they are.

The effusions of so sad a mind as I possess at present, may give you pain, but cannot give you pleasure. Indulge me, therefore, in silence a little time, and continue your friendship and correspondence, which will be ever blessings to your

PAULINA EDWARDS.

JAMES WALLACE TO PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

On Board the Caithness, at Sea.

I AM now preparing to relate to my friend, most truly, all the circumstances which lately obtained me the honour of the world's notice, meaning by the world, a small number of my neighbours, as most people mean.

It was my custom to rise with the sun, that I might enjoy its earliest and most cheering beams, and to walk a mile or two into the country—most commonly, indeed, to a beautiful grove, a short mile east of the town, the favourite walk of Miss Lamounde.

Entering this grove early one morning in August,* I saw a bulky gentleman, by his dress a sea captain, snoring with great emphasis amongst the trees. Not to disturb him, I turned my steps to another part of the grove. Presently came in staggering another sea-captain, who shook the sleeping gentleman outrageously.—Devil burn ye now, my dear, says he, but get up, and when I've given you a ball, you'll be after sleeping sound enough.

The fat gentleman rubbed his eyes, and as soon as he was able to discern objects distinctly, The muckle deil gang awa wi' ye down Inverlochy, says he, for a loitering loon! Whare hae ye been, mon, these twa hours? Lig ye down, mon, and sleep a spell.

No, by Jasus, says the other; and I'll not sleep in this world till I have sent you into the next; so rise, and let's have a cannonade.

* A misprint, it must be supposed, for February. ED.

Gin you're in sic muckle hurry to gang to the deil, take ye're groond, mon, and fire awa.

After a few efforts, the Scotsman rose, and the Irishman, reeling twenty paces back, fired his pistol, the ball of which tore off the bark of a tree near the place where I stood, forty degrees at least from the line of direction to his mark. The Scotsman struck his pistol, which missed fire. The Irishman fired again. His antagonist struck his other pistol, which missed fire also. Enraged at this, he threw it at the Hibernian's head, crying, Dom ye, mon, tak it aw together.

By my shoul, my dear, says the Irishman, drawing his hanger, we must end the combat with the sword.—The Scot drew his also, and staggered to meet him, but stumbled over a stump, fell heavily down, and cut his leg with his own hanger.—And are you there, my dear? cries the Hibernian. And are you after dying without being killed? By Jasus, now, it's nothing but a trick to save your life; but it won't do.

The Irishman was in earnest. He came there to kill his antagonist, and thought of nothing else. He raised his arm to strike, and I believe indeed it would have been the stroke of fate to the poor Scot, if I had not run at the instant and averted the blow, by a smart rap with my walking-cane upon the Hibernian's elbow. The hanger fell from his hand, and, in stooping to recover it, he fell also.

Gentlemen, says I, securing both the weapons, you are my prisoners. I am a constable, bound to preserve the king's peace.

By Jasus, says the Irishman, but I will squeeze your soul to tinder. Do you know who you are talking to? A free-born Irishman?—and we have a king of our own, and a parliament too, honey; and the devil of any other law that we will submit to at all at all.

Hoot awa, mon, answers the Scot; ken ye what ye're gabbling about? Isn't King George king of England and Ireland too?

The devil burn the Irishman, answers the other, that cares who is King of England at all.

If, says I, you were a subject of the Grand Turk, you must obey the laws of England whilst you are in it; so I must beg the favour of you to go quietly to your quarters, and, when you have slept, I will do myself the honour to restore your hangers; and I hope you will think no more of your difference.

You spake vary weel, says the Scot, and I believe ye're a gude chiel, that has saved one or twa o' our lives. By Saint Andrew, noo, Captain MacNallin, punch and a whore ha been too many for baith our wits. Come along, and you, friend, (to me,) will gang too; for I se na part wi' ye till I ken ye beeter—for, dom the Scot that's bleend tull a kindness.

Hear, you dog of a constable, cries the Irishman, would you be after leading MacNallin a

prisoner from the field of battle? Let Scotland yield to arbitrary power—I demand my arms.

I have no desire to offend, or offer an insult to any gentleman, answered I; I only wish to keep the peace.

That's aw reet, says the Scot, taking his hanger, and putting it in the scabbard. The Hibernian did the same, and we set out peaceably together towards the town.

On the road, I learnt that these two combatants had been drinking all night, and, instead of going to bed, had agreed to seek a nymph, had quarrelled about the right of prior occupancy, had gone each to his lodgings for pistols, which the Scotsman had forgot to load or prime, and had appointed the grove to end the quarrel.

We had not advanced half way before these gentlemen found themselves deep in politics, which they treated as drunken people usually do, with little sense, and great intemperance of tongue. At length they had recourse to national aspersions, which neither were in a temper to brook; so, without more ceremony, out flew the hangers, which I strove to beat down with my cane. The affronted Irishman turned his vengeance upon me, and gave me a cut upon the left side with a hearty good-will, for it went through my clothes an inch deep into the flesh. Man never thinks of two things at once. I thought only of the savage brutality of the wound, and not of the drunkenness which occasioned it, and, in the extreme of anger, struck him with my cane so forcibly upon the right arm, that I broke it a little below the elbow. His weapon dropped, I seized and threw it into the Mersey, from which we were now not more than thirty yards distant. The Scotsman tossed his there also, crying, Dom ye baith—ye wull do nae mair mischief in this world.

MacNallin had reeled to a bank, swearing revenge upon my damned constableness; but Captain Islay, that was the Scotch gentleman's name, now saw the blood streaming in great profusion from my wound, and had sense enough to see the immediate necessity of a surgeon; so, taking me under the arm, we went into the town, the captain endeavouring to persuade me to be dressed at his lodgings.

But I thought I should die, my dear Holman; and—shall I confess my weakness?—I longed to be pitied in dying by Miss Lamoude. The captain attended me home, therefore, and having delivered me to the care of the coachman, the only servant up, he himself went to our most celebrated surgeon, returned with him, and would not leave me till he had seen my wound dressed.

Before this business was finished, Mr Lamoude was raised, and came to my room. He did not at first see the captain, and began asking me for reasons and causes, which pain not

permitting me to answer instantly, he began supposing, after his manner, that I had been raking all night; not ill-naturedly, but by way of triumph over my immaculate virtue—when the captain roared out—Hawd your gabble, Paul; ye speir nothing o' the business; the lad has been saving my life, and MacNallin's neck fra' a halter: For ye mun ken, after you left us last night, MacNallin and I stayed another bowl, and ane more: so when the punch had taken awa our understanding, we quarrelled, and steered to the grove, to kill one anither, and this bra' lad prevented it, for which MacNallin had lik to ha' cut him doon: But the mon has got a broken arm; and faith I mun gang to take care of the fou, for he has no brains to luk tull himself.

When the dressing was finished, and the captain gone, Mr Paul Lamounde kindly ordered me a very good apartment one pair of stairs lower; and, indeed, had I been heir to the house, I could not have had more indulgent treatment. Unfortunately an intermittent seized me, which delayed the cure of my wound, and brought me to an extremity of weakness.

It was a fortnight before I had the pleasure of seeing Miss Lamounde, who was on a visit at Kirkham; but, to make me amends, Madame Lamounde, the aunt, visited me every day, and took such extraordinary pains about me, that the servants began to talk. It is true, this lady had taken into her head the extraordinary fancy of being married, and had done me the honour to believe I should make her a loving husband. As she is a lady of great decorum, it was an operation of three months, the communication of this fancy to me; and a very troublesome operation it was on both sides. I was obliged to put on the semblance of stupidity; she to overstep the maiden bounds of modesty.

The innate benevolence of Miss Lamounde brought her to see me as soon as she returned; I was not apprized of her coming. Weak, both in body and mind, it was too much for me: I had nearly fallen from my chair; she supported me. I opened my eyes, before my senses had fully recovered from their trance, and did something—I know not what—for which she chid me. I forbore the guilt of words, and she forgave.

But things were hastening to a crisis. William, the coachman, had the goodness to tell me how the people talked about me and madam, and how some officious body had carried it to master. This accounted for Mr Lamounde's not having called upon me for two or three days past, and seemed to threaten me with a disagreeable *eclaircissement*.

Miss Lamounde, on the next visit, saw my spirits labouring with oppression, and had the goodness to sympathize, and even to discover some little marks of tenderness. I presumed to kiss her hand for one expression of kindness, at

the instant Sally entered, Madam Lamounde's maid. Miss Lamounde took leave, desiring me to get well, and remember her advice. Sally gave me a look peculiarly expressive, that seemed to say, Oh!—so it is—is it? I preserved, however, a perfect composure, which laid Sally under the necessity of trying her own eloquence to bring me to shame.

No wonder, Mr Wallace, you holds up your head above poor sarvants, when mistresses condescends to—

To what, Mrs Tresset?

Perhaps you may think that sarvants have neither eyes nor ears; but, I assure you, they have, and all their other senses, as well as mistresses.

What then, Mrs Tresset?

I don't say that young men are to be blamed that goes about to mend their conditions; for everybody would mend their conditions if they could, and yet nobody can say what will—and what won't; for all's not gold that glistens, and good wives aren't to be made of silks and satens.

I wish, Mrs Tresset, you would speak to be understood.

So I does—but nobody's so blind as them that won't see—and everybody's apt to forget what they have been, when they gets above their sphere.

You are above my understanding, Mrs Tresset: I wish you would speak plain, or not at all.

God help us—we was always proud enough, and see how snappish we get!

If it gives you any pleasure to abuse me, Mrs Tresset, you are kindly welcome; take your fill.

Me abuse you, Mr Wallace! me—that always takes your part—and that have tended you here day and night!—but so it is to have to do with ungrateful people. All that poor sarvants do stands for nothing, when old mistresses, and young mistresses—

I thank you for your care, Mrs Tresset; but I wish you had less impertinence. What's the conduct of your mistresses to you?

What! when they behave ridiculously! everybody sees how ridiculous Madam has been ever since you have been ill; and, for aught I see, Miss is made of the same stuff.

Hold your impertinent tongue, Mrs Tresset, or walk out of the room. The tongue that dares to calumniate your excellent young lady, ought to be plucked out for an example to evil speakers.

Mrs Tresset turned pale with rage.—Don't go about for to say that I calumniate my young lady, answered she, or my old lady either: I scorn your words; but I know my own know. So, since you be proud—take your own way—whereas I might have been a friend. Thank God, some people aren't so soon set up as some people.

God help us—if pride was to govern us all!—Away went the meek and humble Sarah.

I laid myself down upon the couch; a multitude of indistinct and rapid ideas crowded into my mind; they agitated and wearied me. Unable to disentangle the chaos, or bear the tumult, I tried to sleep, and obtained at length a gentle slumber.

I was but just risen from the couch when Captain Islay called in.—My dear boy, says he, I am glad to find you so much better. That sneaking dog, MacNallin, has sailed with malice in his heart against you, for having prevented mischief. I wull sail in six days—but I canna gang wi true content, till I ha' been gratefu' to the lad who saved my life.

I beg you will not mention it, captain: it is a little service I shall always reflect upon with pleasure.

So wull I, my bra' cheel; but I wull think on't wi mare delect, gin I'm allowed to reward it.

And I with less.

Luk ye, says he, I am Captain Patrick Islay, born and bred in the Highlands o' Scotland; one that never suffers the loon that wrangs me to get awa' with impunity; nor the lad that serves me withoot acknowledgment. Yesterday I dined at Wilson's, the lawyer's, wha' speered into the particulars of my foolish business with MacNallin. I hate a lie—so I told the hale truth. He said a particular occasion made him acquainted with ye; that he did na ken hoo ye got into a servant's condition, probably by misfortune; for that ye united the manners of a jontleman, and the learning of a scholar, with as honest, as kind, and benevolent a heart, as ever warmed a human bosom. Noo, Wallace, withoot a leetel ambition, a young fellow is na worth a bawbee; and it is na consonant to the nature o' things for a chiel o' your erudition to serve in sic a post. Gin you've any prospect by land, I ha' three or four hundred poods English liggung idle, and it is at your service wi' all my heart. Or gin you'll mak trial of a sea-faring life, gang the voyage with me: the ship and cargo are all my ain, boy. Fifteen years I have ganged fra' port to port, buying and selling, and doing what I leek. When I am at sea I have books and ease—rather too much: but I grow into years; the gout batters my carcase, and I want an understanding freend, wi' a heart o' kindness, to associate with. I ha' naither wife nor bairn, and ha' got together a decent speel for age and infirmity. It may be, this shall be my last voyage. Gin you wull bear a hand, I promise you, upon the honour of a gentleman, ye wull ha' na occasion to repent it.

I know not, answered I, how I can possibly deserve your favours. My ignorance will render me useless.

In answer to this, the captain informed me

his accounts fatigued him, and he had more than once thought of taking out a clerk; But what, says he, is a mere clerk to a confidential friend?—He said many flattering things on this head, and I became really inclined to embrace his proposal; but Miss Lamounde! Holman—I had not the courage to determine to go, although I saw, but too plainly, it was improper to stay. Thanking the captain, therefore, most sincerely, I begged a day or two to consider of it, with which he acquiesced, and for the present took his leave.

But it was to no purpose to consider, when it was impossible to resolve. Like many other christian sinners, I saw the right path, but had too much weakness to overcome the obstructions that lay in the road to it. Mrs Tresset had the goodness to assist my determination. She came in the evening to inform me, that though I had used her very ill in the morning, she would shew me she did not bear malice; for to forget and to forgive was like a Christian. Then, in a tone at once querulous and spiteful, she told me what a rumpus there was in the house. How folks talked of Madam, and how Miss came in for her share; how old master had heard all about it; how he was sullen and glumpish, and never spoke to the ladies all day. How Miss pretended to have the head-ache, and was gone crying to bed. How it was all over Liverpool, and would be all over the whole world in a week; and finally, how foolish it was to court out of one's own sphere.

If, says I, in a rage I was unable to suppress, if your innocent young mistress is talked of, it is owing to your lying and malignant tongue—and it is well for you, you are a woman. Had a man dared it—But go—go—lest I forget your sex, and treat you as you deserve.

If ever I speak to you again, says she, I'll be burnt!

High as my anger was, it soon gave way to grief. Miss Lamounde traduced, and traduced for me! this injury, as far as possible, I must repair: there is but one way; I must see her no more: I must not wait for explanations. I must give the most decisive proof that she is calumniated; and sure it is most decisive to go; for who runs away from fortune and felicity, if there is any probable prospect of obtaining them?

This train of thought I continued till midnight; then rose, and wrote three letters—one to Miss Lamounde—the other to the uncle and aunt: they are not worth transcribing; you will guess their purport. After I had finished these, I put all my worldly possessions into a trunk, and William, the coachman, being now up, I informed him I was dismissed the evening before, and begged his assistance to carry my trunk to a certain public-house upon the dock, near which I knew the Caithness lay.

Master Wallace, says William, I'm sorry you

be going, damn me, if I an't; for, though you be proud, you be civil, and had rather do a body a good turn than an ill one.

When we arrived at the house, I treated William with a dram, gave him the letters, which he promised to deliver faithfully, and then went on board the vessel to wait the captain's coming. He was surprised to see me, and received me with the greatest appearance of pleasure; assigned me a small cabin adjoining his own, and ordered the sailors to treat me as himself.

We set sail the third morning after, and I found myself greatly refreshed by the sea-breezes; indeed, I had grown stronger ever since I came on board. I was pleased with everything but the leaving Miss Lamounde; and most with that, whenever my heart would permit me to exult in the idea of having acted with a proper portion of honour and delicacy.

The captain and I sat down in the evening to our principal repast, and seasoned it with self-congratulation on the happiness each proposed in the friendship of the other. The captain sacrificed at least a bottle upon the occasion, and shewed me that he was a sensible man, and joyous companion.—Maister Wallace, says he, ken ye what the worthy citizens of Liverpool are about? raising a statue to the memory of Captain Islay, for kidnapping a mon that froze auld men's hearts, and thawed auld women's. Ancient virginity, they trust, may now rest satisfied with censorial dignity; and maiden affections return under the guidance of authority. Ken ye this terrible mon?

I answered, no.

They call him James Wallace, says the captain.

I could not suppress the rising sigh, dear Holman, and begged the captain would spare me upon that subject.

Weel, says he, gin ye're sa delicate, I'se say na mair. Love is na to be jested with, lik a profane subject; but what wull I dee wi a letter directed to the said James Wallace, which I got last night fra a Miss Lamounde?

Give it me, dear captain.

When a mon renounces the pomps and vanities o' this wicked world, he ought to flee temptation.

Alas! I *have* fled it.

The captain gave me the letter. I send you a copy. The dear original shall never be out of my possession.

When I had read my letter, some dozen times, I asked the captain how he came by it?

Ye mun know, says he, that Paul Lamounde and I are intimate freends; but we have cultivated that freendship mostly at taverns; because in private hooses one is fettered and plagued wi' your domned politeness; and, lik your Shenstone, I ay foond my warmest welcome at an inn. I supped with him last night at the Talbot, and

we ootstayed the rest of the company; when Paul himself gave me the letter, and desired his love to you, wished you a good voyage, and should be glad to hear of your welfare always.

I told him the motives which had induced me to wish to carry you with me, and desired his opinion of you.

You must have observed, says he, if sickness had not altered his features, that the fellow is almost "damned in a fair face"—and to tell you a secret which is spreading apace all over this good town, both my sister and my niece found it to their liking. Now this is an accomplishment no master of a family would desire in a *male* servant, being apt to create confusion among the females. The young man has, moreover, a sound understanding, and, I suppose, a large stock of integrity. The fellow has damn'd fine sensibilities too, and a nice notion of honour; but his greatest extravagance is a romantic benevolence; a folly of the first magnitude, when there is nothing to support it. In short, the young man's qualities are all misplaced. They would be damned good ornaments to accompany a star and garter; but in a footman are ridiculous and outré.—

This instant we are hailed by a homeward bound vessel. I had much to say of the captain's kindness and attention to me, and of my own tranquillity and ease, one subject excepted, of which I think too often; but must make this up directly to accompany the captain's letters to England.

Dear friend of my heart, adieu.

JAMES WALLACE.

MISS LAMOUNDE TO MISS EDWARDS.

Liverpool, March 20, 1788.

I HAVE your melancholy letter, my dear Miss Edwards, and am truly sorry for the occasion. The loss of *such* a friend must be sensibly felt by a grateful heart, and yours is grateful. May I ask, Paulina, if this loss is aggravated by too slender circumstances? If so, I claim the dearest privilege of friendship.

It is now a month since the vessel sailed which carried away the preceptor, who taught me the proper use of fortune. To you, Paulina, and Miss Thurl, I own his memory is most dear to me, and I own it without a blush, for goodness gave birth to the affection: of him, therefore, I can write no more; to that Heaven, who inspires his virtues, I commit him.

I am not the only one who feels his loss. My brother was so pleased with his character and behaviour at Abbeville, that he destined him his confidential clerk; to say the truth, my dear, I believe that he might pursue his own taste for pleasure with greater confidence; for I can per-

ceive, by the effusions which escape my brother, that he would be extremely glad to indulge in the pleasures of the metropolis.

You talk, says my uncle to him one day, when he had been expressing his regret and the cause of it—You talk like a young man who trembles for his pleasures. I watched my clerks into honesty.

I own, says my brother, I had rather be spared the trouble.

Alas, poor young gentleman! You must, however, take the trouble, or the consequences; but, without perpetual inspection, no clerk, I think, is fit to be trusted.

If there were, I presume you would allow Wallace to be one?

Yes, answers my uncle, the young fellow seemed to me to have the vanity of integrity as much as any man.

Vanity, sir!

Yes, fool—vanity. No man moves without a reason, nor runs without a passion.

What is vanity, dear uncle?

The itch, dear nephew, scratched by flattery; and so obstinate, the whole *materia medica* affords no specific for its cure.

This is satire, sir, not definition.

Well—I define it to be the universal cause of all things done by man or woman.

Good! says my brother; your moral metaphysics lie in small compass. Is ambition, is avarice, nothing?

Not nothing—but begotten and born of vanity. Peep into thy own brain, thou wilt find her mounted upon the pineal gland; mark her steps heedfully, you may trace her going to church.

Is my uncle logical in his conclusions, Paulina? Do you recognize this active agent everywhere?

Miss Thurl had the goodness to pay me a visit, almost as soon as my uncle and aunt had retired to their country-house; and but for an accident that was very likely to happen, we should have passed our days in tolerable tranquillity.

But to see Miss Thurl, and not to love her, proved to my brother an impossible thing. She has beauty, wit, grace, and good-humour; twelve thousand pounds left her by her aunt, and is the daughter of Squire Thurl of Kirkham. All these qualities are sufficient to engage love, and some of them to check presumption. My brother, indeed, has good sense, some eloquence, and a polite address; but he has a sort of modesty, which sometimes proves an enemy to great undertakings; and this is the reason, I suppose, why most young gentlemen get rid of it as soon as possible. He does not believe his person and merit to be such, that a young lady cannot see him without being enamoured. He thinks, too, that the all-accomplished Miss Thurl

must look down upon a merchant; and, formed as she is to give dignity to rank, he confesses, with a sigh, it is almost pity she should not.

I am his confidante, Paulina; to me he imparts his hopes, which are few, and his fears, which are without number. I am hers also, and know she does not despise my brother; though far enough, at present, from thinking of him but as the brother of Miss Lamoude. I, for my part, will leave this delicate affair to its own progress; and will neither become the persecutor of my friend for the sake of my brother, nor will ever betray a sentiment to him, should she trust me with any, such excepted, as she herself might speak to him without impeachment of her delicacy.

Last Saturday night we spent three hours after supper, I believe, the most exquisitely pleasing my brother had ever known. My sweet friend was all herself, and supported her share of the conversation with such spirit, good sense, and sweetness, had displayed a succession of sentiments so void of pride, that my brother was convinced she must be uniformly good and perfect, and that cruelty could have no part in her composition. This comfortable conclusion he communicated to me in the morning, and with it his resolution to speak or die.

In the afternoon we were walking in the garden, my brother thoughtful, and bent upon the execution of his bold design, if he could any how get rid of his sister. Fortune favours the bold. A servant came; a gentleman desired to see me.

Then, as Miss Thurl informs me, she saw my brother's perturbations increase. She saw his eye fixed upon the alcove, as if desirous to enter. She felt also his trembling hand, and suspected his fluttering heart: The wicked wantonness of woman tempted her to see how ridiculous love could make a man of sense; so she walked composedly into the alcove, and took her seat.

My brother's tremulation was now greater than ever. He looked as he would speak, but no sound issued from his lips. At length he took the fair lady by the hand, and, having communicated to it a part of its own paralytic affection, he raised his timid eyes to hers, and said, Madam—Miss Thurl—I hope—I humbly hope—

It was not Miss Thurl's business, you know, to comply with hopes before they were expressed; so, withdrawing her hand gently from his, and pointing to a fantastical ornament in a neighbouring garden, inquired what it was.

My brother did not hear the question; he only felt the hand withdrawn, and the shock in consequence; so answered the inquiry thus: The presumption, madam—I own the presumption—but your goodness, Miss Thurl—When you consider the perfect respect—almost to ado-

ration—you will not punish that presumption as it deserves——

My brother was now growing bolder and more consistent, when I had the misfortune, in my turn, to be the ill-omened bird of interruption, by introducing Sir Antony Havelley.

Oh, dear! says Miss Thurl, rising to meet him—my cousin.

Sir Antony saluted her with infinite grace, and was then introduced to my brother, to whom he said, with an air of dignity,—The brother of Miss Lamounde, sir, must be a gentleman of infinite merit and consequence; and I shall esteem this a most auspicious hour, if it shall prove to be the first dawn of a friendship that is to end with life.—James, considering the late perturbation of his mind, succeeded pretty well, I think, in his answer.

Sir Antony, says he, cannot offer friendship without conferring a favour. Not to accept it with infinite respect, would declare me void of common sense as well as politeness.

A great many fine speeches were made on both sides, which are not, I believe, to be found in the Academy of Compliments; and then we entered into general conversation, in which we had not been long engaged, before it was interrupted by a well-known voice, saying, No—no—friend—I'll go to her—never mind ceremony—and the door opening, entered Mr Havelley Thurl, in dirty boots, a common riding-frock, and, in all points, the reverse of the elegant and brilliantly habited Sir Antony Havelley.

The squire was performing his best honours to the ladies, when Sir Antony caught his eye, and arrested at once his legs and his elocution. He opened his mouth to take a more assured view, and, having satisfied himself as to the goodness of his optics,—Hey—cousin Sir Antony, says he, be you here?

Sir Antony assumed an air of dignity, and was silent.—Well, says the squire, if that's your humour, keep it; and much good may it do you. For my part, I never bears no ill-will to nobody, when the heat's over.

Nor Sir Antony neither, I dare say, brother, answers Miss Thurl.

Now there you're out, sister, for he's as sulky as sin; and he goes in cold blood, and writes me a challenge to go and fight him, sword and pistol, beyond sea, among the Papishes: But I writes him word back I did not like on't—for why? If I'd been killed, Jack Cornbury said, I could not ha' got Christian burial. So I offered, d'ye see, to have a bout at boxing or cudgels, and then be friends—for why should relations go for to kill one another?—And from that day to this, he never sends me a word of answer.

Mr Havelley Thurl, says the baronet, you have not had the education of a gentleman, nor I of a ploughman; therefore, it is not probable we should come to a right understanding concerning any one thing in life.

That's as much as to say, says the squire, that I am no better than a ploughman? and i'—cod that's better than a monkey or a civet cat!

Brute—brute! says the baronet—I despise thee.

Brute—brute? returns the squire—By jigs—I wish I had thee upo' Kirkham-Moor! I'd soon shew thee whether I was a man or no.

Brother, says Miss Thurl, before you came we were quiet.

Why, you may be quiet still, says the squire; it's cousin Sir Antony I be angry at; not you, nor Miss Lamounde, nor this gentleman here, as I don't know.

This gentleman, says Miss Thurl, is Mr Lamounde; Miss Lamounde's brother.

Sarvant, sir, says the squire. I hope you don't take it amiss 'at I talk to cousin Sir Antony here, in your house, as it were; because, mayhap, he's your guest; for, mayhap, he comes courting miss here.

I hope, replies my brother, I shall never have occasion to take anything amiss, either of Sir Antony or you, Mr Thurl: I am sorry you have had any cause of quarrel, and wish I might aspire to the honour of reconciling you.

Never mind, says the squire, pulling my brother by the sleeve, to stop him, whilst Sir Antony and the ladies walked to the house. Never mind, it's as well as it is. I'll bet you a guinea now you don't guess what cousin Sir Antony and I differed about.

About the best hunter, or the best pointer, perhaps, replied my brother.

Lord love you, says the squire, you be a mile off!—Why, cousin Sir Antony never hunts nothing but butterflies, and it's my belief he daren't let a gun off; for I offered to fight him wi' fowling-pieces, and i'cod he was right to be off; for, though I say it that should not say it, I am one of the best shots in Lancashire; but as to cousin Sir Antony, it's my belief he's not half a man. What do you think I did? I stole into his dressing-room one day, and I'll be hanged if he had not more pill-boxes, and patch-boxes, and gewgaws, than your sister and mine both together!

Very likely, answers my brother; he seems a nice gentleman; but, as he came in not an hour ago, and I never saw him before, I know little of him.

No! says the squire. Why, I thought he'd come a-courting to miss.

That may be his errand, answers my brother; but this is the first time he ever came hither.

Is it, by your truly, now?

It is, indeed; and I think he might have saved himself the trouble; for, if I know anything of my sister, he will not be to her taste.

By George! says the squire, then I have a good mind to have another touch at her! For, d'ye see, I was her sweetheart first, at a ball here; and I should ha' courted her yet, if she

had not scorned me : But no matter—let her have her own way—If she takes cousin Sir Antony here, mayhap she'll ha' the worst on it. What, though he be a bit taller and slimmer than I be, see how solid I be put together. As to cousin Sir Antony, you may blow through him. If I did not shake all his bones out of joint at three shakes, I'd ha' nothing for my pains ; but I ben't of a humour to die for love. If I takes a fancy to a young woman, I tells her so ; if she likes on't, well and good ; if not, there's others that will ; and what signifies fretting.

I must own, says my brother, I think your system of love-making very rational.

Yes, answers the squire, I think it be. By George, you'll find I don't want sense, when we come to be better acquainted ; and I desire you'll come and take a fortnight's shooting with me next September : I'll shew you sport. For what, though your sister does not fancy me, that's no reason why we should not be friends, is it ?

No, certainly, says my brother ; and, I assure you, your acquaintance will give me great pleasure ; for I take you to be an honest, hearty, good, English country gentleman, which is a very respectable character.

Give me your hand, says the squire ; you be as sensible as a judge, and I should like to crack a bottle wi' you.

Do me the honour, then, to take a bed with me to-night.

Why, I should like it hugely, but not if cousin Sir Antony stays ; for then we should be jawing like mad.

He'll not stay without invitation, certainly ; and, though I choose to be civil to every gentleman, there are some I should not like to be intimate with.

Then I'll stay, says the squire ; but let's crack a bottle after supper, for I've got something to tell you.

My brother having agreed to the proposal, they followed the ladies, and found, to the squire's great satisfaction, Sir Antony had taken his leave. This polite gentleman begged a thousand pardons for the invincible necessity under which he lay, of denying himself the exquisite pleasure of drinking tea with the ladies that afternoon ; but hoped he might be permitted to repay himself on the morrow.

We sat down to tea, and Miss Thurl began to reprove her brother for his rudeness and incivility to Sir Antony.

There's it now, says the squire ; it's all my fault ! Cousin Sir Antony's not a bit rude if he calls me a hundred names ! Did not he tell me I was a ploughman and a brute ? By George, I'd ha' bruted him if you had not been by !—I'd ha' laced his fine French jacket.

A hundred years ago, brother, these manners

might have been supportable ; but where do you hear now of gentlemen beating one another ?

As if killing one another was not as bad as beating ? but women are always taken in by the eye. If so be a gentleman wears fine clothes, and makes fine speeches, that's all in all with them ; though, mayhap, he may have no more honesty and free-heartedness than will fill a thimble.

It is very possible, brother, to unite good qualities with agreeable ones ; and, to make society happy, no man ought to be permitted to treat another uncivilly before company. Above all things, it is most ungentle and unmannerly to begin a quarrel before ladies : He who does so, is either supposed to be a coward, whom everybody will insult, or a tyrant, whom everybody will shun.

Ha' you done, sister ? Blood, ha' you done ?

Everybody knows, brother, you have good natural sense ; but for want of good company—

Like cousin Sir Antony's ?—Ha !

No, brother ; he has too many refinements, and you too few. To make a gentleman, you should meet half way.

I'll tell you what, sister ; rather than be like cousin Sir Antony in any one thing in this world, I'd be a pig.

I must own, says my brother, I think if Mr Thurl should meet Sir Antony half way, he would be a loser by the bargain. I allow, indeed, that Mr Thurl's exterior manners are not so polished as the present age requires ; but Miss Thurl will be so good to remember, that, under an exterior much more unpolished, our ancestors had to boast of a manliness of action, and a generosity of spirit and sentiment, which, I fear, are incompatible with the refinements Sir Antony seems to have adopted. If I enter into Mr Thurl's character right, the true basis of it is honour and honesty. His temper, indeed, seems hasty, and his language rather incorrect ; but time will soften the one, and improve the other, especially by the aid of good company and books.

There now, sister, says the squire ; here's Mr Lamounde has said more to th' purpose in a minute, than you'd ha' preached in an hour. If he finds fault with one thing, he gi's a body one's due in another. You be for nothing but fault-finding.

You are mistaken, brother ; I know you have many good qualities—that you are friendly and generous—and that you had rather do a good action than a mean one.

You talks now something to the purpose, says the squire ; and if you'd bid me keep Mr Lamounde company, instead of cousin Sir Antony, I'd ha' minded what you said ; for, though I speak it before his face, he has more sense in his little finger than cousin Sir Antony has in all his body.

This conversation ended with a very amicable convention, that Mr Thurl should read when it did not make his head ache, and keep my brother company as much as he could, when shooting and hunting seasons were over.

At eleven, Miss Thurl and I retired, and then the squire insisted upon his bargain. It was not, I believe, much to my brother's taste; but all things are possible to a man who has love in his heart, and design in his head.

The best way to please a man inclined to talk, is to listen; and my brother listened, or seemed to listen, very profoundly, the space of two bottles, in which the squire shone extremely; and was so pleased with my brother's attention and complaisance, and so elevated by sound old port, that he pulled his chair nearer my brother, and, with a lowered voice, and an air of more than common importance, asked him, how he liked his sister. My brother answered, he thought her the most amiable young lady he had ever seen.

You shall have her, says the squire; mind what I say. Father told me one day, as if she married to please him and me, he'd make her up twenty thousand. Now I know I can bring him about, though you ben't a landed man; and, as to mother, what I says is law;—but then one good turn deserves another; I like your sister. What though she can't fancy me yet, mayhap she may when I gets polite, as you're to teach me, you know; but then I won't learn too much on't, for I hates your soft-spoken gentlemen wi' voices like bull-rushes when wind blows among 'em, grinning e'ery mouthful of words they put out, to make believe they're better humoured than other folk. Now I'd rather be as I be than so, for I think it's all unnatural; for why can't a man speak wi' his own voice, and look wi' face that God has gien him?—Come—push bottle—I be dry. Now sister, mayhap, thinks as I want to learn to talk, but there she's out; I can talk fast enough, and to purpose, though I say it that should not say it; but belike my words don't all come out pop in grammar order, for though I learnt a pretty bit o' Latin, I never could make much o' grammar: And father would no' send me to school, so parson taught me; and I kept company most an end with Kirkham farmers, and good fellows too, for matter o' that; and wi' father's huntsmen and grooms; and so I learnt some o' their lingo, for that's but natural.—Come, fill glasses—here's to better acquaintance. I'm as glad I gotten you for a friend, almost as if anybody had gien me a hundred a-year; if so be my sister can but fancy you, and your sister can fancy me, I shall be proud on you for a brother as if you'd been a gentleman born: And why shouldn't they? You be handsome enough, and I be a proper person too—none o' your spindle-legged chaps, like cousin Sir Antony. Well now, I'll tell you a secret; but be sure don't tell on't again, for fear father should hear;

the lasses of our town are ready to run mad o' me. At this precious minute o' time there's two on 'em wi' child, and I'm at my wits end to know what to do with them; but come, hob and nob, I never thinks on 'em but they make me dry. Now you must not tell your sister o' this, because some women make but little account of a man that meddles wi' any but themselves. No more shan't I when we be married; but it's better to sow all one's wild oats aforehand, in't it now? A body may always take up when one's a mind, mayn't they? Now I be heir to five thousand acres of as good land as ever crow flew over. It's true it's underlet; but that's father's fault, not mine: It can be raised, can't it, when time serves? By George, brother Lamoude, you flinches your glass, I think. You ben't a milk-sop, be you? Come, a man never knows a man to the bottom till he's made him drunk. Here's a brimmer to our lasses. Come, I'll gi'e thee a sentiment: Wine to our women, and women to our wine. In't it a good one? I'd a mind to make a song once, when Moll Parkins was coy and froppish:—

If you would know a piece o' my mind,
I loves a lass that's coming and kind—

But, by George, afore I could think o' the next line, Moll yielded, and so there was no occasion for't, you see. Now I'll tell thee a good joke: When Moll and I had been gracious together, like, she took airs, and nothing would serve but neighbours must call her mistress; for Moll would be mistress, and mistress would be madam, and madam my lady. All that's natural to women; and that makes me think o' being a baronet when father dies. Mayhap it may take wi' your sister, though she told me no when I courted her first; but I believe that was only out o' spite.

This, my dear Paulina, my brother gave me as a small specimen of the squire's elocution this memorable night. At length, the squire could speak no longer, and fell asleep. My brother consigned him over to Scipio and another servant, who got him to bed. Whilst they undressed him, he opened his eyes once or twice, growled out a few prayers, as they thought, and said something about the devil.

My brother rose in the morning with an aching head, and made a great many serious reflections upon drunkenness, and his new brother; and concluded, that all things must be endured for love as well as faith.

When he came into the breakfast-parlour, he found the squire taking his first draught from a large tankard of October, with a toast.—Here, says the squire, shaking him by the hand, take a swig, it will settle your head.—My brother desired to be excused. I tell you, says the squire, you need not be afraid on't, it's mild as milk—Why, my hand shakes like an aspin sometimes

of a morning ; I takes a pull or two, and it's as steady as a tree.—Still my brother persisting in his refusal, the squire, to shew him his folly, pulled it to the bottom.

Miss Thurl and I entered.—So, brother, says she, at your usual morning exercise ; you will certainly injure yourself by it.

There you be out, sister, says the squire ; it's hearty and nourishing, and gî'es a body spirits, especially when one has had a sup too much o'er night.

I hope, says Miss Thurl, you did not keep Mr Lamounde up drinking ?

A bit, sister, answers the squire ; for seeing as he and I got into a liking for one another, I was not minded to go to bed wi' dry lips ; so one bottle brought on another, and I got a little deep. Now everybody has fancies o' one sort or other, drunk or sober ; and, would you think it, I got a notion the devil undressed me, and put me to bed, and it was the first thing I thought at this morning, so it made me a little low like, and so I took a whet ; and, by George, if the ladies, with their ratafees and cordial waters, would take a little more to sound ale, it would—

Scipio's entrance cut short the sentence, and arrested the squire's eyes. After a minute's pause, he asked my brother, in a low voice, if that was his servant ?—Yes, answered my brother, and the very devil that last night flew away with you to bed.

By George, I'm as glad on't as ever was ! for when I came to think about it this morning, it put me in mind of the Catechism and Ten Commandments, and, by the Lord, I could remember nothing o' them : And then—as I'd been a little wicked wi' wenches, you know—how could I tell what the devil might have to say to me ? But I'm glad there's nothing in't. When you come a-shooting, I'll take you to see Moll Parkins—a fine crummy wench. If you like her—but mum.

After breakfast my brother was beginning to entertain Miss Thurl with a little history of Scipio, who has, indeed, great claim upon the kindness of our family ; for he once saved my father's life, and was capable of acting in an extraordinary manner upon a certain occasion relative to himself. My brother had scarce begun this story, when—God bless my soul ! says the squire, I was so flustered with cousin Sir Antony yesterday, and tossed with wi' one thing or other all night, that I quite forgot to tell you what I came about. Mother sent me to wish you to come home as to-day, and were to ha' sent chaise this morning, if so be I had gotten back last night.

Is anything the matter, brother ?

Not 'at signifies much, only she's a bit out of order.

Oh, dear ! how unpardonable this is, brother ? Shall I beg the favour of Mr Lamounde to send to order the Talbot chaise directly ?

Why, sister ? Women are always in such a

flurry, when there's no occasion. Dr Rundle was sent for ; so you see there's no danger ; only mother's wheezings got bad again. One may hear her down into the blue parlour.

Lord have mercy ! says Miss Thurl. I never was so angry at you, brother, in my life.

Clap a plaster o'th' angry place, sister. What ! a body can't always remember when they will.

Nothing, my dear Paulina, could have happened so *mal-a-propos* as Miss Thurl's departure ; for it left me alone, exposed to all the fury of Sir Antony Havelley's courtship. I received the baronet in the afternoon, with a full determination to put a final period to his addresses ; but I was not so happy. The baronet, intrenched in compliments and forms, was not able to arrive at the declaration he meditated in less than a full hour, and my brother arrived before its completion. The remainder of the visit passed mostly in scientific conversation, in which Sir Antony shone, or thought he shone, extremely ; and went away perfectly satisfied that he had gained the admiration, and consequently the esteem, of Mr Lamounde.

This is a long letter, my dear Paulina ; it is probable it may weary you as much to read, as me to write. I will give you a respite ; and only tell you I am always

Yours,

JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

JAMES WALLACE TO PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

The Caithness.

THAT my friend still lives in my remembrance, what better proof can I give, than taking every opportunity my duty will permit, of conversing with him in the only possible manner that distance allows. But what, dear Holman, can be my subject ? The sea, as sea, you know better than myself. The elements of plain-sailing would be useless. Of love, you would have more than enough ; yet, if I spoke from the abundance of my heart, it is of love only I should speak.

It happens very fortunately that Captain Islay, by way of table-conversation, has, at different times, given me a kind of abstract of his life ; and, on my asking leave to make it the subject of my letters to you, he permitted it most willingly. This abstract methodized, I am now going to entertain you with, as near as my memory will allow, *in his own words* ; for it is of importance to me, that the esteem he has already conceived for you should be mutual.

" Sir Wallace Islay, my father, was the laird of a sma' clan, in the county of Caithness, and did aw he could to support the antient greatness of our hoose ; for he had four bag-pipers that piped him in and out, waked him at early dawn, and sang him to rest at dewy eve.

"My father married a bonny Highland lassie, with an immense fortune in richness of blude. Her talents were vary great. Seventeen of her offspring were aw alive at once; but it pleased the fates only three sons, and as many daughters, grew up to maturity; and even these contributed mare to the venerability of our sire, than to his felicity.

"Save and except about one hundred acres of land in the neighbourhood of Cromartie, aw the territory of our antient hoose, which spread itself over moors and mountains round about the Castle of Lothgaim, were barely sufficient to support its dignity. Ye may gar at its fertility, when ye ken, that not aboon one-twentieth found other consumers than the laird and his clan; consequently, as ye may weel expect, Sir Wallace had little siller, and less gold.

"My maither was a gude wife—but she was a woman—and a woman, according to Virgil, is an animal delighting in finery. The Cromartie acres produced the sole revenue that could be exchanged for articles of taste and fashion, and they were too few by half.

"All the clan thought my father a great mon; great upon the hills; great in the hall; great everywhere but in his ain parlour. He lost authority by contention; and contention was there inevitable and foraye. Sell those dirty lands at Cromartie, and dinna let these bonny chieils disgrace their noble blude. This was the sang o' the parlour, and this was the chorus.

"At length Sir Wallace yielded. The land was sold. One part of the purchase was destined to fit out my elder braither, Archibald, and buy him an honourable place in the metropolis; another to purchase a commission for Wallace, my second braither, in some Scotch or English regiment; the third was set aside for my sisters' fortunes; and the fourth for present elegance. As to poor Patrick, he was na mare considered in this treaty of convention, than if poor Patrick had na been born. This was the reason:—

"Notwithstanding the richness of my maither's blude, the purity of it had been sullied by one degenerate branch of the family: This was a younger braither of her faither, who chanced to be smitten sorely with the charms of a burgher's daughter of Cromartie. He took the maid to wife—a crime of great magnitude; he succeeded in due time to all the burgher's monee, which was ample, and to his traffic also. The whole constituted an unpardonable enormity.

"This merchant had a son, who succeeded his father, and proved as gude a chiel as could spring frae sic a contaminated stock. He had the discretion to give his aunt and female cousins, at Lothgaim, some deft pieces, of India manufacture, for the ornament of their proper persons; and my father had the generosity to overlook the foul stain, and acknowledge him for a relation.

"This gentleman, whose name was Lochiel, took a liking to me, and obtained permission to carry me home, on condition of giving me an education suitable to my blude. So I learned Latin and mathematics, and read history, auld and new: But, with aw my learning, I never could ken how exchanging the goods of one nation for those of another, and benefiting baith by the operation, could damage my blude.

"I was with this relation when the grand convention was made, and the proverb, 'out of sight, out of mind,' was verified in my favour. My elder braither got a post at Edinburgh, which suited him weel; for, it brought some siller, little employment, and na contamination of dignity. My younger braither, a bonny bra' lad as e'er ganged the mountains o' Lothgaim, had a commission in an English regiment. He fell in love with a Miss Corbet of Lincolnshire; for his heart was as tender as valiant; got her to gang with him to kirk, and the next year was ordered to Germany.

"But first he implored Sir Wallace's pardon, in a vary humble letter, in which he pourtrayed his wife's gude qualifications. At the same time, he informed him that the match was na liked by the girl's father and maither, wha would na be reconciled. Sir Wallace chafed like a wounded boar, when he learned that the mon wha made so little estimation of the best blude in the eastern Highlands, was na mare than an English parson.

"My poor braither obtained leave to throw himself at his father's feet in person, hoping to find an asylum for his wife, but aw in vain; Sir Wallace would na see him. I was the only person of our family wha took the least notice of him, and I did it at my peril. Lochiel, however, invited him to Cromartie, whence I returned with him to the borders, and saw his wife: She was a lovely woman, and big with child. We parted with true tears. He departed for Germany, and she after him, as we suppose, as soon as she was lighted. The poor lad was killed in battle, and of her we never heard more. She was a lovely woman, and he as bra' a lad as ever ganged the mountains o' Lothgaim.

"Our next family occurrence was the marriage of my elder braither to a lady of Clydesdale, a widow, wha had six hundred pounds sterling per annum, and a hoose in Edinburgh. She was a lady of great politeness, wha never said a rude thing, except to her inferiors. She had the complaisance to pay a visit of duty to Lothgaim, to express her satisfaction at everything she saw there, and to invite my father, maither, and sisters, to the metropolis.

"But a journey to the capital could na be underta'en without muckle siller, and Sir Wallace did na possess twelve ounces. As the thing, however, was indispensable, he was under the necessity of granting a mortgage for four hundred pounds to cousin Lochiel, of Cromartie.

With this sum they made an appearance suitable to the renoov of our lineage. Alas ! in twelve months, it had melted like snaw in the valley ; and the pair of elders ran back teell their moun-tains, where alone they could be oot o' danger, and defy the world, the flesh, and the deel. My sisters remained at Edinburg.

" What might be the proximate cause, I dinna ken ; for Lothgaim is na less remarkable for the longevity of its inhabitants than other Highland clans—but my father and maither, though far short of an hundred, sickened baith at once, and died the following winter. On this occasion, I was sent for hame, and had the satisfac-tion to ha' the hale affliction to mysell.

" Sir Archibald, however, arrived alone, in time for the funeral rites ; and the will being opened in due form, the new hede of the house found himsell burdened with a legacy of one thousand pounds to me, and five hundred pounds to each of my sisters, payable in the year, and was left to raise it how he could.

" He ca'd to his aid a mon o' skill, wha had, moreover, gude common sense and humanity. This gentleman set a progressional value upon the lands—at first a low one—and rising yearly till it reached the apex ; For, says he, your tenants have a market to create—they have also a higher degree of skill and industry to acquire—and they must have time for aw.

" This was a reasonable proposition ; my brai-ther could find naething to object to it, but his ain needs ; so, having dismissed the mon o' science, he ordered a new rent-role to be dis-persed amang his clan, commuting aw for siller, and beginning at the top of the valuation, instede of the bottom.

" The clamour was loud and grievous ; the baronet couldna stand it : So, assuring me I was the best o' braithers, and that my welfare should be aye his care and delect, he conjured me to stay at Lothgaim, and mak the best hond I could o' the baists. Furthermore, that I should live at his expense, and stint mysell in nathing that could give me content. For his part, his post required his presence in the metropolis, and he felt muckle impatience to be in the arms of his dear wife. He might have added—and in those of a young lowland lassie, whom he indulged in a quiet retreat in Clydesdale, and whom he loved quite as weel ; but this circumstance I didna then ken.

" This post of steward I accepted with muckle reluctance, and kept it one year. If Lothgaim were to be my reward, I shouldna spend sic an- other ; it produced much tumult, and little sil-ler. I pleased nobody, not even mysell. The clan complained of my oppression ; the baronet of my conscience. The din was loud about me ; and the post, instede of comfort, brought me na but reproof. Between them I lost my patience ; so, gathering my accounts together, I carried them to Edinburg, and threw them, with some

resentment, at my braither's feet. He disputed every article ; and the sum of fifty-five pounds, my year's subsistence, he called enormous. In-jurious reproaches rendered the feud between us almost dedely ; and we parted with aw the rancour of—braithers.

" As to my incomparable sisters, no dare crea-tures could have made greater improvement in less time. Three years before, with hunting-poles in their hands, and their coats tucked up to the knee, like their goddess, Diana's, they would have sprung after the hounds over the stony enclosures that divide our demesnes. Al-ready had they learned not to be able to walk ; to mince and fritter the broad Highland elo-quence into infantine lispings ; to languish with nervous affections ; with other poleetnesses, which mingled with their Highland manners like oil and water. The sweet girls were incensed, beyond measure, that I should take the part of the Highland brutes against Sir Archibald, laird of the clan, and my elder braither.

" My illustrious blude was all in a ferment with the treatment I had met with ; and I re-turned to Cromartie with muckle spleen, and med-itating vengeance. Cousin Lochiel received me kindly ; for he loved me weel : He had also his causes of complaint ; so, after a formal demand of the money due to each of us, we began to batter the baronet with the red-hot balls of law.

" But this was like to be a work of time ; and I had an immediate call upon me for action on anither account, which I must gang back to trace to its source.

" You are an astronomer, and ken the length o' winter nights in a latitude of 58°, and you may weel enough conjecture the comforts of an auld cætle, inhabited by three people, and some-times half-buried in snow. The three in-dwell-ers were, mysell, a lad of fifteen, my groom and footman, and a Highland lassie of twenty-four, with black eyne, fair red legs, and higs of a de-licate sandy brightness. The Highland maidens are mare remarkable for dirt than beauty, but Mauge, as she was handsome, had the vanity of being clean ; so that when een came on, when she had donned her stockings, and smoothened her cockernoon, she was an object of muckle charms. It is true, Pliny, Livy, Maclaurin, and Sympson, amused me weel ; but they tired me too ; and I looked at the beauteous Mauge for pure recreation. Mare sinful thoughts came at length into my hede ; for what can be more sin-ful than to rob a poor girl of her chastity ? The deel shall ha' me before I'll doot, says I ; and this resolution I strengthened by a volume of sermons, which spit fire and flame against forni-cation, both simple and complex ; and I ha' no doubt I should ha' gained a decided victory gin I had been blind. In a long contest, the flesh and the deel are aye too powerful.

" When I quitted Lothgaim for Edinburg, poor Mauge had the misfortune to be pregnant.

When I returned, the kirk had got hold of her ; and were persecuting the poor lassie, *pro salute animæ*, with the same Calvinistic clemency that burnt Servetus. The pastor of Lothgaim happened to be a man of great learning in things of heaven, but very little understanding in things human ; of great bigotry, and sma' humanity. I knew he was malignant, and believed him hypocritical. When a youth, I had dared to laugh at the whites of his eyne turned heavenward, at his long graces, and puritanic cant. He prophesied that I would be a son of Satan ; and hated me with all the piety of a priest.

"The prophecy had now become true ; and Mess Andrew couldna lose so bra' an opportunity of exaltation and revenge. He preached wi' sic a divine fervor, that aw the parishioners were convinced I was the deel's ain chiel, and were willing to assist the pastor in executing heavenly justice on sic an abandoned miscreant. He drew up a memorial, and got it signed by aw who could write, and marked with the symbol of a cross by aw who could not.

"This memorial was transmitted to Sir Archibald, wha piously answered, Heaven forbid he should screen a delinquent, though his ain braither. Nay, een for the love he bare me, he desired I might taste the salutary chastisement of Heaven, inflicted by its haly ministers for the gude baith of my soul and body.

"But before the haly minister directed the spiritual thunderbolt against my breast, he chose that Mauge should have the benefit of it. After sundry lesser penances, and terrifying the poor girl with the splendid display of hell torments, they were upon the point of exposing her to public shame in a white sheet in the parish church of Lothgaim.

"This I couldna brook. I have aw proper respect for religion, but none for its grimace ; nor could I bear that the spiritual gang should invade the province of the civil magistrate, and punish, not in proportion to the injury done to society, but the injury done to God's holy ordinances, of which they have the manufacture and the direction.

"Mauge was still my servant as weel as the lad ; baith lived in the castle at my expense ; nor was I yet cast out fra' my stewardship. Accompanied by my cousin Lochiel, I repaired to Lothgaim, and found my poor girl terribly at a loss, whether to look on me with kindness or horror. They had endeavoured to persuade her her precious soul would be lost, gin she did na shun me, as she would the great deel himself. Whilst the pastor was thundering out his terrible admonitions, Mauge believed and trembled. When he was gone she found her heart refractory. My coming decided the contest, and earthly affections triumphed over heavenly, as they usually do.

"It was dark when we arrived at Lothgaim ; and, as our intention was to abate the pastor's

haly zeal for persecution, we kept our coming secret ; and the next Sabbath, being the day of penance, we sent Mauge off by moonlight to Cromartie, in the care of Lochiel's servant, and spent the remaining time in settling our plan.

"In order that so meritorious a work should ha' the greatest number of spectators possible, the gude pastor had given a month's notice, that it should be performed that Sabbath in the afternoon, and Mauge was ordered to attend. The hour came, but Mauge did na', which the pastor attributing to fear and shame, sent four gude matrons to bring her, as we had foreseen ; one of them proved to be our boy's mother, a case we had provided for.

"The lad, preinstructed, and faithful as a Scot, met the matrons with his hair unkemmed, with muckle disorder in his dress, and mair in his looks ; and, running to them, Oh, mither ! mither ! says he, I weel gang hame wi' ye ; I'd na lig another neet i'th' castle, for aw Cromartie town. Sic yellings and yelpings ! I shrunk hede and ears into my bed, and darst na pop my eyne, not till noon. E'er since I ha' been upo' th' gang high and low, aw o'er the castle for Mauge ; and I fears as how the muckle deel lugged her awa i'th' neet.

"Oh ! thank my gude St Andrew, for preserving my bairn, my dear bairn ! says the mither, clinging about his neck.—Then without mair inquiry, they trotted back to the pastor, where Jockey told his tale, with its needful appendages ; for nature had given the chiel a gude memory, and we stored it weel with matter. The pastor, though prone to superstition, its follies, and its fears, had in this case wisdom enough to suspect a trick ; so he hied back to the castle with Jock and the woman, threatening the poor boy aw the way with God's anger, and his ain, if he had ony hand in't.

"Jockey affirmed his innocence, and to mak it mair manifest, was active in leading the search through the castle, in opening doors, and peeping into closets ; but always pulling his mither along with him. When they approached the end of a long gallery, Jockey's terrors, at the sight of a door which fronted it, greatly increased. He trembled much, and drawing his mither back—For loo o' Christ, says he, dinna let our pastor gang in there ; th' auld laird walks there aw in white.—A mon 'f God, says the pastor, frays not at spirits—Jock, open the door.—Na, answers Jockey, na for the wide world.—Hoot awa, tike, says the pastor. I ken ye noo. I speer weel enough wha the ghaist is.—So saying, he pushed at the door, which yielded to his haly touch, and discovered a figure, indeed, aw in white, stalking across the far end of the room, which had na mare light than was admitted at the door. The women shrieked, and fell upon their knees. The pastor, advancing boldly, cries out, I speer it aw. Mauge—the wrath o' God wul fall heavily on you for this profanation.—

He had scarce ended the denunciation, when the floor opened a hideous chasm, and the poor pastor sunk into the bowels of the earth. The door shut with a clap that echoed through the castle; the lightning flashed in their faces, and the thunder rolled above. Jockey ran off: the poor souls hobbled after as fast as they could get; and, without turning back to see if the great deed was behind, gained the church-yard without loss of life or limb.

"It would be waste of words to describe the confusion there. In this hale clan, there was na one presumptuous infidel wha dared to doubt. All believed, and all were terrified.

"A grey-headed carle, a mon o' second sight, gathered an audience in one corner.—Freends, says he, it is na for nought that mairning visions come to Sawney Garblocken. I awoke at dawn of day, and I said,—Rise, Sawney, and gang thee to Lothgaim. Then, said I, for what? Thou art thyself a mon o' frailty, Sawney Garblocken; why delectest thou in seeing a frail sister brought to shame? Gin the gude Gode had dealt with thee as the pastor o' Lothgaim deals with weak maidens, what would have become o' thee, Sawney Garblocken? So I would nae gang; and smothering my pillow, composed myself for a wee bit mair o' sleep. Behold, freends! a figure came wi' aw the lineaments o' the pastor o' Lothgaim, and said unto me, Gin thou beest a mon o' Chreest, gang thy gait to Lothgaim, Sawney Garblocken; so I donned my garb, and followed the man o' Gode, wha spake not till he came to the rock o' Dronnold, and the rock o' Dronnold opened, and I saw the mon o' Gode na mair! Then was I carried back again to my bed by some power invisible, and my body flowed wi' moisture! Freends! I could rest na mair: I rose, and came along to Lothgaim.

"Whilst aw was waiting in the church-yard, the poor pastor lay half-smothered upon a bed of feathers; for ye mun ken the haunted chamber was directly over the feather-hoose, in a corner o' the castle. I believe I need not be minute in my explication; ye may ha' a shrewd guess of the hale contrivance. Lochiel, and Jock, and I, cut the boards: I was the ghaist aw in white. I flashed the powder when the pastor was swallowed up. Lochiel, when he ken'd the lightning's glare, rolled the thunder upon the leads of the castle. The drama was now near its close.

"We did na desire to keep the pastor long in his dark apartment, lest some o' the church-yard guests, wiser or bolder than the rest, should propose a visit to the castle: so, after we had suffered him to pray and groan a while, I ca'd to him with a voice mair than human, for it was conveyed through a hunter's horn—Andrew—rise—I am thy gude angel. At my intercession thy sins are forgiven. Assume na mair the power of heaven to chastise a sister—less a sin-

ner than thyself; for under the pretence of zeal, thou hast indulged in rancour, malice, and revenge. Repent, and go thy way—an angel guides thee.

"At this instant Andrew saw a thin column of light: he groped his way toward it, and, to his muckle joy, found it proceed from a sma' opening of a door which led into the court-yard o' the castle. His gude angel lifted him along, so that he flew rather than walked, till he reeste-d his weary leegs safe upo' consecrated ground.

"His flock gathered round him with increased reverence; the proper due of a haly man returned fra' the shades below, in hopes to hear what was doing there; but the pastor only told them, he had seen sic things as neer were seen by mortal eyne; and that, on the next Sabbath, gin he might be permitted to reveal the secrets o' the other world, they should hear aw, and he would pray to Gode to gi'e them comprehension; for they were things far beyond the ordinary pooers of the human understanding. So, dismissing aw wi' his blessing, he withdrew to his ain hoose, to ponder upo' the marvels o' the nether world.

"We left the castle the same night, and the faithfu' Jockey, wha' is still my servant, joined us in a few days. Mauge was safely delivered, but the child died. We na mair repeated our sins, and Mauge was soon after weel married. The tale o' the haunted room was carried to the baronet at Edinburg, wha speered the hale wi' muckle sagacity, and took no sma' pains to bring us to condign punishment for sic flagrant behaviour to a minister o' the kirk; but the haly purpose was defeated for want of evidence. Lochiel and I had better success; we recovered aw we sued for, wi' costs.

"It was under the advice and direction o' this worthy relation I commenced merchant and navigator. I have followed the business twenty years with grete glee, and some success. I ha' got a speel for auld age, and having na heirs, for my braither has na legitimate children, and my sisters never knew the blessings o' matrimony, I ha' made my will in favour of cousin Lochiel, wha is a bachelor too, and has paid me the same compliment. I have remembered some auld freends, and shall add a clause in remembrance of, at least, one new one."

We are entering the Tagus, dear Holman. A busy scene is opening before me, to which I must attend. Farewell, dear friend—I will seize the first opportunity to send this, and give you fresh news of your

JAMES WALLACE.

MISS LAMOUNDE TO MISS EDWARDS.

Liverpool.

I do excuse you, my dear Paulina, as you de-

sired me in your short billet ; and most sincerely do I wish the visit of Sir Everard Moreton may be attended with all possible happiness to my sweet friend, and the worthy relict of the excellent Mr Edwards. It was certainly a generous letter he wrote Mrs Edwards, and will, I hope, be followed by correspondent action : but, Paulina—there have been known in this world—nay, even in England—young gentlemen, amorous, plausible, and designing. You will scarcely believe it, my dear, but the cloak of generosity has sometimes been worn to hide a very bad shape. Sir Everard Moreton may, for aught I know, have all the virtues that dignify the gentleman—but also, he may not. He is not now, Paulina, the ingenuous youth at school. He has been at Paris, Paulina—a bad school to teach a lover fidelity. These insinuations, my dear, are plainly designed to caution you. This is an age in which a young woman cannot well put too little confidence in flatteries, in promises, especially of young, rich, titled gentlemen, who have seen the world and Paris, with the eyes it is usually seen with at twenty-one. Be cautious, therefore, dear Paulina, and forgive the impertinence of my friendship, for daring to insinuate the necessity of it. I will now proceed to your requests, and continue the history of the loves of Antony Havelley and Judith Lamounde.

You must have perceived the baronet's head to be full of elegance, etiquette, and vertu. I suppose he conceived, that as I had permitted him to see me twice at my own house without a frown, and that my brother had seemed pleased with the brilliancy of his talents, his merit must be irresistible ; and that the amour was brought precisely to that degree of advancement, that rendered it proper to announce his pretensions to the heads of the family.

The morning after the interview I mentioned in my last, he ordered his chariot to the house of Paul Lamounde, Esq. and, sending in his name, was shewn into the parlour, where my aunt attended him, as soon as the proper change could be made in sundry parts of her habili-ment.

My uncle, though no connoisseur, had a taste for the extraordinaries of nature, and his mercantile connexions had enabled him to form a small collection. Amongst other things that now adorned the parlour, was a piece of Bolognian stone, which, having been much speculated upon whilst Sir Antony was in Italy, the many things he had heard of it, rushed into his mind so forcibly, that they drove out of it Miss Lamounde, his love, his business, and all his elegant attentions.

My aunt already stood beside him, had thrown away her first honours, and, before the baronet was disengaged, my uncle entered also.—Brother, says my aunt, Sir Antony Havelley.

I am Sir Antony's most obedient, answered my uncle.

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Sir Antony heard them distinctly, and made a very elegant, and, I suppose, instinctive bow.—Sir, says he, this is the Bolognian stone ; probably you know its property of shining in the dark—but it has other properties which may not have come to your knowledge.

Was it to communicate these, says my uncle, that Sir Antony did me the honour to call upon me to-day ?

The baronet recollected himself, and might blush for aught I know, could the blush have been seen.—I request your pardon, good sir, says he, I perceive my abstraction has led me into a strange error in point of politeness ; and I request yours also, madam. I shall be overwhelmed with confusion, if you believe me capable of failing in the most profound respect and esteem for the ladies, the dear objects from whom we extract felicity.

Humph ! says my uncle—I should be glad to know the process.

The baronet, whose recovery was now complete, smiled, and went on.—I have taken the liberty to wait upon this lady and you this morning, Mr Lamounde, in order to lay a proposal of a very delicate nature before you. It is my ambition, sir, to act in all cases like a gentleman, and man of honour ; nor is the attempt to steal into any family clandestinely consistent with my rank or fortune. I presume to say, that some splendid families have courted my alliance, and, considering the honours which have been bestowed upon me, for I assure you, Mr Lamounde, I am fellow, *speciali gratia*, of no less than three foreign academies of science, as also of our illustrious royal society at home :—To which I must add—

The proposal itself, answered my uncle, which, amongst so many illustrious considerations, may, I fear, chance to be forgot.

Now this was not very polite, Paulina ; but my uncle does not value himself upon this quality : however, it was not the baronet's business to be captious ; so, though, I suppose, something mortified, he continued his oration.

I hope, Mr Lamounde, you will not think my exordium superfluous, when you consider I come here a candidate for favour, and therefore ought to offer some reasons why I may hope to merit the favour I solicit. Your good-will, sir, and this lady's, may, for what I know, be essential even to my existence ; for my suit, Mr Lamounde, is of that delicate nature, that may require the aid of collateral love and friendship. A cloud upon your brow, sir, or upon this lady's, may overcast the dawn of my cheerful day ; the fair enslaver of my heart—

Oh ! a love suit, then—says my uncle. If it would not be giving you too much trouble, Sir Antony, I should be glad to know the lady's name.

If my heart was laid open to your inspection, sir, you might read it there ; for there it is

wrote in characters indelible. She is a lady, sir, whose beauty is her least perfection; whose praises were I to expatiate upon as they deserve, the day would be too short.

Humph! says my uncle; I thought a name had lain in a smaller compass. She is not Spanish, I hope?

A small matter of offence appeared in the baronet's countenance. My penetrating aunt saw it, and said—My brother is always cross, Sir Antony, when he hears women praised; but he is very fond of his niece, and ready to hear proposals for her benefit.

Good, Beck! says my uncle, this *is* coming to the point. Is my niece then, Sir Antony, the fair enslaver of your heart?

To see, and not adore her, replies Sir Antony, would denote me blind to the perfection of female merit.

And what do you desire of me, Sir Antony? asked my uncle.

Your permission, sir, and your interest, says Sir Antony.

Neither of which, answers my uncle, are worth a straw. Young ladies now acknowledge no authority in matters of love, but the heart. Besides, Sir Antony, she has eyes, and a good common understanding, and, I dare say, will be able to choose herself a husband. My sister here may, perhaps, think more highly of her own influence, and it is impossible she should refuse it to so accomplished a gentleman. To her I beg leave to refer you, Sir Antony, and wish you—a good morrow.

With infinite pleasure I accept the reference, said Sir Antony, as soon as my uncle had withdrawn: I can expect nothing but what is polite, courteous, and obliging, from a lady, to whom, I am persuaded, Miss Lamoude is indebted for a large portion of personal and mental grace.

So sublime a compliment, perhaps, had never reached the ears of my aunt, even in her most blooming days. How could she answer it otherwise than with the utmost courtesy? She was sensible the alliance of so superior a gentleman must do them honour; and she hoped she stood upon such terms with her niece, that she should be able to promote it.

Sir Antony answered, he should be indebted to her for more than life: so, after a few more compliments and precautions, he kissed her fair hand, and took his leave.

My uncle, who truly loves me, posted to our house, to inquire concerning this phenomenon.—I suppose, says he, you expect I should thank you now, for the compliment you paid me this morning?

I ought not to let any day pass without some mark of my duty and affection to a very cross good uncle; but I have no peculiar claim to-day.

You sent me Sir Antony Havelley. Where did you pick him up?

At Kirkham.

He's of a new order of coxcombs. I have never seen any before who joined foppery to science.

I am told the conjunction is common at Paris. And this is the first importation. Pr'ythee, Judith, which of his fine qualities art thou captivated with?

Women, dear uncle, seldom fall in love with learning; but Sir Antony, as you must needs see, has a charming taste in dress; then you cannot but remark how genteel he is.

Yes, if it be ungenteel to have a carcase of flesh and blood.

Then his pensive gentleman-like air, uncle—and his title; is it for the daughter of a simple merchant to resist so many attractions?

Humph! says my uncle.—I wish I could spell my uncle's humph, Paulina, provided it could be spelt; but it is nothing more than the letter M pronounced with the mouth shut.

Besides, continued I, he is a virtuoso and connoisseur. His collection of shells and pictures will be the admiration of the whole county. Then he has the honour to be abstracted, uncle; a sure sign how very profound he is.

M, says my uncle. Shut your mouth, Paulina.

So, my dear sir, says I, you really set him down for a coxcomb?

He did not impress me with much veneration. When he has the honour of being your husband, I suppose I shall see him with other eyes.

But I have the misfortune to think him a coxcomb, dear uncle, as well as you; and he cannot have the honour of being your nephew, until I have experienced a great revolution of sentiment.

Why dost keep him dangling after thee, then? But a woman never can prevail upon herself to dismiss a lover, whether bear or monkey.

I have not had opportunity, sir; he has not yet honoured me with a declaration. Yesterday he was in labour of it a full hour. I had the greatest reason in the world to expect his delivery, when my brother came in, and Sir Antony's pains went off in scientific effusions.

My uncle told me he was glad I was not such a damned fool as the generality of my sex; then giving me a kind kiss, departed.

About five in the evening came Sir Antony, with increased consequence, I thought, and increased gravity. I received him alone, and was so very gracious, that, in fifteen minutes, he told me he had that morning taken the liberty to wait upon Mr and Mrs Lamoude, and hoped he left them propitious to his wishes.

Was it upon my account you gave yourself that trouble, Sir Antony?

Certainly, Miss Lamoude; can you doubt it?

I am sorry, Sir Antony, you did not think me

of sufficient consequence to be informed of this intention ; I could, perhaps, have convinced you there was not the least necessity for it.

Although you are perfectly independent, my dear Miss Lamoude, I hope you will consider it as a proper decorum in me.

At least, Sir Antony, it was extremely premature, unless you supposed it impossible I should find anything to object, whenever you choose to do me the honour to declare your sentiments.

I must own, Miss Lamoude, I had presumed to flatter myself that there could arise no objection of consequence. Could it be to my birth, my rank, my fortune ?

To none of these, Sir Antony.

I hope I may say without vanity, Miss Lamoude, that my understanding is not contemptible ; and for my person, I must own it would be *tout nouvelle* to find it was become the aversion of the ladies.

I have no desire to controvert these sentiments, Sir Antony ; but I am not disposed to marry.

I flatter myself fate may have destined me to be the happy man, that is to create this disposition.

I don't see the probability, sir.

This is very mortifying, Miss Lamoude : Will you do me the favour to mention in what particulars I have the misfortune to be disagreeable to you ?

Disagreeable ! Sir Antony. This is your language, not mine. Sure I may be allowed to decline the honour you intend me, without such an inference.

Excuse the timidity of a lover, Miss Lamoude ; I fear I have a rival—a favoured rival.

If so, Sir Antony, I presume it will be a sufficient reason why you should desist from your intention.

I would not, Miss Lamoude, credit the voice of fame, where it depreciates a lady.

Speak plainly, Sir Antony.

The subject is so immensely delicate, madam, that I cannot—upon my honour—as I cannot give it credit—so I find it impossible to give it language.

Your delicacy, Sir Antony, is extreme. My footman, I suppose.

Name the horrid idea no more, dear madam. It is not possible the accomplished Miss Lamoude could stoop to such an object. It is not possible she should treat Sir Antony Havelley with so much indignity, as to give him such a rival—a rival with whom he could not measure his sword ; a rival who would be honoured by his cane.

I allow the sublimity of these ideas, Sir Antony ; but must beg leave to interrupt their course, in order to rectify an error into which you have fallen, by supposing the accomplished Miss Lamoude must be blind to merit, because it has neither title, nor coat of the loom

of Lyons. That I may not cast another indignity upon Sir Antony Havelley, by suffering the greatness of his own conceptions to lead him into mistake, I think myself bound in honour to acquaint him, that I *had* a footman for whom I entertained a very sincere regard, and upon whom, as in all appearance Sir Antony would choose to pay a prudent regard to his own person, I would not have him confer the honour of his cane.

Sir Antony rose from his seat with great dignity. I am sorry, madam—I am in despair—I wish you all imaginable felicity ; but you have the cruelty to excite a civil war betwixt my honour and my love.

I beg leave to end the contest in favour of honour ; for love would only persist in an unavailing suit.

Unavailing ! Miss Lamoude ; and have I then the mortification of entering the lists against a valet, and of losing the day ?

If you choose to mortify yourself with imaginary causes, Sir Antony—

Imaginary ! dear Miss Lamoude. Say only, you have no predilection for that fellow—I beg pardon, dear madam ; but say this only—you revive my hopes—you restore me again to life.

Pardon me, Sir Antony. Exclusive of my near relations, I have not yet seen any man, for whom I have conceived so great an esteem, regard, or, if you will, predilection, as for that fellow.

Miss Lamoude—I wish you all possible happiness—but after such an avowal, I own it is not with Sir Antony Havelley you can expect it.

It is not with Sir Antony Havelley I do expect it.

Madam, I take a most reluctant leave.

Sir Antony, your humble servant.

So ends, my dear Paulina, the history of the loves of Antony Havelley and

JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

I have a letter from Miss Thurl—a sad one. The lives of both her parents are precarious ; her mother's hangs by a thread.

CAPTAIN ISLAY TO PAUL LAMOUNDE, ESQ.

Lisbon.

DEAR PAUL,

THERE was kindness in your private desire, that I would write you about James Wallace, and I fulfill it with pleasure. It was well for me that you did not know the true value of what fortune had thrown in your way ; otherwise, instead of being my right hand at Lisbon, he would have been yours in the accompting-house at Liverpool. Genius, you know, Paul, carries improvement wheresoever it carries ap-

plication ; and James, in the great leading points of sailing, is a better seaman than myself. He found amongst my old books a Spanish Grammar and Dictionary, with Don Quixote and Friar Gerund, and in six weeks he read them both. He is much caressed by our gentlemen of the factory here, and very advantageous terms have been offered him. Once I persuaded him to accept them ; he burst into tears, and answered, if I was indifferent to him, he was indifferent to life ; for having no prospect of pleasure but in my friendship, that lost, all was lost.—Paul, I hugged the bra' lad in my arms, and swore that nothing but death would part us. But, says I, do you design to forget your Judith Lamounde ?

No, never—never. Though the remembrance afflicts me, it is dear and sacred, answered he ; but it is perfectly without hope, and consequently without expectation.

That's right, no doubt, says I ; for I suppose that surly old fool, Paul, looks up to grandeur for his niece.

James stopt ; and, for the first time, gave me a look that seemed to indicate displeasure.—Captain Islay, says he, you tell me your acquaintance with Mr Lamounde is of old standing. How is it possible you could apply to him an epithet so harsh and so improper ?

Is not that the epithet, says I, that all lovers apply to fathers and uncles, who cross their fond wishes ?

The language of passion, sir, is always unjust.

The whole town of Liverpool admit the epithet surly, as his proper due.

Mr Paul Lamounde resembles a pine-apple. He has a rough outside, but beautiful even in roughness. His interior has everything in it that recommends man to man.

How like you your advocate, Paul ? But no matter, for the boy is mine now, and I shall have the making of him.—I have disposed of my cargo, and taken in half-lading for Algiers. I have three or four honest Mussulmen to take leave of before we depart for our respective paradises. From thence I will go to Valencia, where I have friends I will like to see once more, and there, perhaps, take in my *last* cargo. As I pass the Straits, I will land Wallace at Gibraltar, and send him by land to Valencia, to settle some old accounts, and prepare new purchases.

Old friend, farewell. The time, I hope, is coming, when you and I will have nothing more to do than drink our old men's milk together.

PATRICK ISLAY.

MISS EDWARDS TO MISS LAMOUNDE.

Box.

I CANNOT express my obligations to my kind friend, for the trouble she has taken to amuse me, when I most wanted amusement ; and for the friendly cautions in her last favour, when, perhaps, I most want caution.

Yet I hope not. Though my fluttering heart confesses its conqueror, Sir Everard Moreton has hitherto given me no cause to suspect a change in his own. My dear Mrs Edwards almost doats upon him, he is so polite, so attentive, and so generous. To me his language is all tenderness ; his eyes—oh ! if they were but the faithful interpreters of his heart ! And why should they not, my dear Miss Lamounde ? Why should an ingenuous mind rush upon suspicion, when there appears no cause to excite it ? Sure it is but common justice to give a person credit for good intention, till he has shewn himself disposed to bad.

I know I am his inferior ; but some minds delight in conferring obligations. Why should not his be one ? I am sure, if I was a queen, the most delightful act of majesty would be to make the man I loved a king.

Sir Everard has not taken up his residence in our house, nor even in our village, but at an inn two miles hence. Is not this extremely considerate, my dear Miss Lamounde ? And does it not shew a delicacy one would hardly expect from so young a man ? But, indeed, my dear, you can scarce conceive how very delicate he is. I dare say it is owing to that, that he has not yet spoke to me in direct terms of marriage ; for that would have been very precipitate, you know, considering the recent deaths of his father and mine.

He does not talk of quitting his present situation, till he can prevail upon my dear Mrs Edwards to honour him with her company to a pleasant country seat in Westmoreland. Is not this a confirmation of his honourable intentions ? It is true, the season is not favourable for excursion ; but one may be equally happy within doors as without, in company one likes.

It is now near the hour Sir Everard usually comes, so that I am sure my dear Miss Lamounde will excuse my writing more, and continue the blessings of her friendship and correspondence to her poor

PAULINA EDWARDS.

SIR EVERARD MORETON TO JAMES LAMOUNDE, ESQ.

Tarbox.

FAITH ! Lamounde, I have no other apology to make, for not being with you at the time ap-

pointed, but that my charmer grows every day more charming. Let the belles of Paris and of London boast their refinements and their ton, I grant them the power to animate sometimes; but the flood of soft and tender sensations, such as my Paulina knows to give, is not theirs to bestow. It is from humble, from domestic life, where alone sensibility can grow into a habit, those soft, engaging sweetnesss must come, which have the power to captivate a heart like mine.

But, Lamounde, to make a wife of this divine little girl, to raise her into rank, to introduce her to the *belle monde*—would be to destroy the hen that laid me the golden eggs of felicity. No faith! I am not such an idiot: It is one thing to marry; it is another thing to love. Marriage is a sacrament, a divine, solemn, legal, and spiritual business. Love is not spiritual—but volatile as air. Does he not spread his light wings, and fly at sight of solemnities? Then catch him again, if you can.

I have learnt wisdom, Lamounde; how should I not, precepted as you know I was for nine long months? If my honoured father were now alive, I would marry to please him: As he is not, I will marry to please my mother; for, after all, parents are usually pretty clear-sighted as to the solid requisites that make the marriage-state happy, and my mother has already glanced at a girl of a million. After this, will any casuist priest deny my right to love? A wife, Lamounde, for affairs of state; but for affairs not of state, a maid—a maid.

Not that I dare hint a syllable of this to my charmer. Her virtuous spirit would fly out of its prison at the bare mention of it. She is so abundantly stocked with maxims of piety, that all the arts of persuasion would be tried in vain. No—she must be surprised into it: I have almost persuaded that credulous old woman, her reputed mother; for, by the by, my Paulina dropt into her lap—out of the moon, I believe—having no father or mother in this world. But this is too long a tale—I say I have almost persuaded her to go with me into Westmoreland. And then—adieu, Lamounde! Pray for my success.

Yours,
EVERARD MORETON.

JAMES LAMOUNDE, ESQ. TO SIR EVERARD
MORETON.

Liverpool.

I CONJURE you, my dear Sir Everard, by every thing sacred—by the awful names of religion and virtue—by all the ties of humanity—and all the laws that respect the peace of society—for all will be infringed—I conjure you, give up the enterprise you have conceived.

Ill should I deserve the name of friend, could I suffer the passions of the man it is my boast to call by that name, to plunge him into irretrievable guilt, and entail upon him a bitter and lasting compunction, without an endeavour to save him.

You are the head, Sir Everard, of an ancient house; you have its honours to maintain, and transmit to a *legitimate* posterity. Is it Sir Everard Moreton who is stooping to the fraud, the deception of intrigue? Is it he who will do to a woman, what common integrity will not permit to be done to a man?

It is your own acknowledgment, my friend, that persuasion would be vain; and sure persuasion ought to be the ultimate boundary, even of a libertine; beyond is infamy.

Every word you utter in the praise of your *divine* Paulina, is to your own condemnation. Is it for the loveliest of women to inspire only illicit desire? Is it because she is poor and unfriended? Because she is an orphan? Because she has a superior claim to the compassion of every breast endued with humanity, that you would degrade her to the dust?

By Heaven! Sir Everard, I am agitated almost to frenzy, when I think of so much excellence, such sweet simplicity, as you have described,—for I know her not,—devoted—nay, trepanned into involuntary ignominy. I stop my pen, lest I say something too rude for friendship. I am always, dear Moreton, and never more than at this instant,

Your friend,
JAMES LAMOUNDE.

SIR EVERARD MORETON TO JAMES
LAMOUNDE, ESQ.

Tarbiz.

By all that is sacred in gallantry—by all the laws of love—by all the ties that bind rude man to lovely woman, I conjure thee to quit Moorfields, or the Tabernacle, and be again thyself.

How long is it, Lamounde, since thou hast been favoured with grace? When came the spirit upon thee? Oh! how pleasant it is to have a sublime and virtuous friend to preach the purest morality, and to shake the sinner's soul—with laughter.

Did I tell thee, Lamounde, that *all* the arts of persuasion would be vain? No—not all; those of night and moment are yet to come. Divine Crebillon! thou art my master now.

A pretty notion thine, of preserving family honours by chastity. If all families are tainted by the lack of this goodly virtue, how many, thinkest thou, are sweet?

She is an helpless orphan, and demands compassion.

She shall have it. I will pity and protect her. Nay, I will carry my humanity farther ; I will love, will cherish her ; I will take her to my bosom. Why, man, the winds of Heaven shall not visit her too roughly ; that is, when I get her to my paradise, at the foot of Mount Skiddaw ; an event, let me assure you, very near ; for I have the old lady's promise to set off the day after to-morrow.

If thou art a true friend—if thou art not in danger of a fresh attack of one of these irregular fits of virtue—come, and amuse the old lady, whilst I——

Adieu,
EVERARD MORETON.

CAPTAIN ISLAY TO PAUL LAMOUNDE, ESQ.

Algiers.

DEAR PAUL,

I TAKE every opportunity of fulfilling my promise, and send this by an English vessel leaving Algiers to-morrow. The disposition of the Algerines, generally, is favourable to the English, though there are not wanting those who wish there did not subsist any treaty between them and us ; but their rage against the Spaniards is increased to a very great degree ; nor are the Italians without a considerable share of their hatred.

My principal acquaintance here is Mustouf, a Moor, very rich, with all the honest punctuality of a merchant, all the keenness of a corsair, all the superstition of a good Mahometan, and all the penchant to love, of an Algerine. I have brought Mustouf to allow that Christianity is the second best religion in the world ; And, says he, one day, whenever you shew me that it has a power to make kings, emperors, sultans, and deys, just and honest in their dealings, I will allow it to be the first. But, continues he, whenever I bring a prize into port, besides his portion assigned by law, our dey must be complimented with the choice of slaves ; and if there are girls on board, he is sure to take the handsomest.

I should think, says I, you have little reason to complain. Consider how you come by these prizes. You plunder all the world ; your dey plunders you.

By Omar ! says he, what reasoners are Christians ! How sharp-sighted to the faults of others ! How blind to their own ! As if Christians did not go to war, and plunder with all their power !

War, I grant, says I ; yours is not war, but piracy.

So fools, answered he, are blinded with a name. Ours is perpetual war. We never make peace at all. You make peace only to break it. Our disease is a continual fever ; yours an intermittent. This is all the difference.

Mistakes, says I, may arise betwixt two cabinets ; kings may be splenetic, and ministers complaisant. Some reasons, plausible at least, they always offer ; you offer none but the rapacious affection you have taken for other people's property.

Yes, such is our motive—and what is yours ? Most commonly the same. If it differs, it differs for the worse : Pride, revenge, folly—By the angel Gabriel ! ours is the most justifiable cause of all.

The Spaniards will exterminate you. They wait only till they can find a Pompey the Great.

The Spaniards ! Curse the abominable race ! They have our eternal hatred, and deserve it. Remember their second Philip, that inhuman dog, who sent off a million of Moors, who he knew must perish for want. That cursed Don Barcelo ! By Allah ! he burnt down one of the best houses in the city. I have sent two sloops upon the coast of Spain—if they return unrevenge—by the Prophet's beard ! I will have the commanders impaled.

Two days after, one of these sloops really came into port with a prize of some value. The captain reported that he had left the other sloop conqueror, and preparing to board a rich vessel belonging to Signior Udivido, a rich Valencia merchant, returning from Majorca ; on board which was the Signior himself, his wife, and daughter, a celebrated beauty.

Mustouf became almost frantic with this piece of news, whilst I myself was almost in despair ; for you must know, dear Paul, it was to Signior Udivido, whom I have known and traded with almost as long as with yourself, that I sent Wallace, when I passed the Straits.

I will have ten thousand pistoles for that Christian dog's ransom, says Mustouf ; and ten thousand more for his daughter, after I have enjoyed her a month at my country house. I will love her gloriously from pure revenge.

I am sorry, says I, your prophet did not give you better precepts : Ours taught us to forgive even our enemies, and to do them no injury.

And well you obey him, answered Mustouf ; but I laugh at your peaceable precepts. If a man smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him thy left. If he steal thy cloak, give him thy coat also. By Ismael ! a community of true Christians must always be governed by the greatest scoundrel amongst them.

Well, says I, if the angry passions are so agreeable to you, indulge them : But love—at your time of life, love is a nonentity.

Thou talkest, replies he, like an envoy from the North Pole. An Algerine always loves.

Yes, with the utmost vigour of imagination. Love at sixty is a creature of the brain ; and that poor brain must be terribly stimulated to produce it.

I reasoned, I railed, in vain. Mustouf continued to indulge himself with the idea of this

rape ; I had formed several plans to prevent this indignity, when the corsair came into port—without his prize. His report ran thus :—

After an hour's firing, resistance on the part of the Spaniard ceased. The Algerine grappled and boarded. Almost as fast, however, as the Moors passed over, they were killed without seeing their enemy. The enraged corsair swore he would exterminate every Christian dog on board. He passed into the Spaniard with almost all his men. A fresh discharge killed many, and the captain amongst the rest. All at once there issued out from some concealed place about half a dozen furious men, armed with pistols and sabres, with which they made terrible havoc. They were followed by a number of Spanish sailors, who made the air ring with their shouts. All the Moors who could, got back into their vessel, and, loosening their grappling-irons, got clear of the Spaniard, for it was now night. The officer who took the command steered for Tangier, the nearest Moorish port. Whilst he was refitting here, a Spaniard came in from Alicant, who reported the rejoicings at Valencia ; and the regard that was shewn to a young Englishman, Cavaliero Dugbio, to whom the disaster of the corsair was principally owing.

That this cavaliero was my James, dear Paul, I have no doubt. Whilst we were entering the bay of Gibraltar, it blew a tough gale, that called all my skill into action. Then it was I saw Wallace observing everything attentively, and giving orders superior to my own, with as full a collection of his powers, as if all had been tranquillity and pleasure, instead of tumult and danger ! Do you think I don't long to embrace the chiel ? Mustouf has taken to his bed from grief ; and I am preparing for Valencia, whence I will write you through France. .

Adieu.

PATRICK ISLAY.

MISS LAMOUNDE TO MISS THURL.

Liverpool.

BEFORE the arrival of the post this morning, my brother and I had prepared everything for our visit at Kirkham, so long delayed. That I should be able to share, and diminish by sharing, my sweet friend's grief, for the loss of both her parents, gave me no little pleasure. The more I have indulged this idea, the greater has been my disappointment.

When my brother had read his letters, a sad thoughtfulness spread over his brow, and, after a consideration of some minutes, My dear sister, says he, I am sorry, exceedingly sorry—but I cannot attend you to Kirkham this morning ;

an indispensable necessity obliges me to go another way. But go—and I will join you as soon as possible. Be assured my heart will be with you.

I smiled, and answered yes ; but, brother, is this necessity of the secret kind ?

It is, dear Judith. I go to serve a friend, whose secrets I have no right to impart.

Sir Everard Moreton.

Yes.

What has prevented his visit to you this spring ?

Love.

I hope you are going to give that love an honourable completion. I know the lady—Miss Paulina Edwards. Next to Miss Thurl, she is the nearest friend of my heart. Her character is sweet simplicity and ingenuous frankness. Of the world she knows nothing, and to deceive her would be as easy as infamous.

My brother looked at me with some astonishment. Do you suspect deception, sister ?

I own I am not without my fears.

I hope to banish those fears on my return, and change your opinion of my friend.

I hope you may.

My brother set off in an hour. There was a peculiar tenderness in his manner at parting ; and he requested me to present you his most profound respect—with almost a sad solemnity. My spirits were too low for my journey. I put it off because I wept, and wept because I put it off.

I sent you a copy of Miss Edwards' last letter ; you thought there was an appearance of simplicity in it that bordered on weakness, and more than was consistent with the good sense I always said she possessed. Indeed, my dear Miss Thurl, she is very, very sensible ; but who reasons well under the influence of passion ? She loves tenderly. How can she suspect ? Everything Sir Everard does, must, in her eyes, be great and generous. Let us pity her weakness—Alas ! it is the weakness of woman.

My uncle has communicated to me a part of two letters from Captain Islay. The first speaks highly of Wallace ; the last makes him a hero. He seems to have been the knight-errant, who has vindicated a damsel from captivity ; a rich, beautiful damsel, Caroline. I suppose the romance must end properly. I really believe I wish him sincere happiness ; but I know not how it is—I don't like he should owe it to a Spaniard. Do men transfer their affections easily, Caroline ? Can gold be a motive ? My sweet friend, adieu. I hope our meeting is only put off a few days.

Your most affectionate,

JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

PARACELSUS HOLMAN TO PAUL LAMOUNDE,
Esq.

yet rest.—The moment I can send you better
news or worse—expect it from
Your

J. LAMOUNDE.

Allington.

SIR,

A MELANCHOLY necessity obliges me to send you a most afflicting piece of news. Mr James Lamoude has received a pistol-ball in his breast, we suppose in a quarrel with Sir Everard Moreton—who has also a shot on his head: Particulars we are ignorant of. We cannot yet judge with precision of the state of the wound; though something may be hoped, much is to be feared. Mr Lamoude is at my house, because it being necessary to send an express to Lady Moreton, I thought the inn not commodious enough for both families. My house is large; I can accommodate you, sir, and the ladies of your family, without inconvenience; and I beg you will favour me as soon as possible.

I am, sir, respectfully,

Your most humble servant,
PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

THOUGH my brother's fever has subsided, our worthy and sensible apothecary enjoins him the most perfect repose and silence. He kindly assures us the ball has not touched any vital part, but dares not decide respecting the danger that still may arise. Several causes render it uncertain whether yet the event may be fortunate or fatal. In this suspense, my dear, I cannot write. Adieu.

Yours,

J. LAMOUNDE.

It is two days since Lady Moreton arrived—and we now begin to have a correspondence of politeness betwixt the inn and Mr Holman's, the apothecary, where our family reside.

MISS THURL TO MISS LAMOUNDE.

Kirkham.

WHAT, and whence is this rumour, dear Judith? Good Heaven! Your brother killed in a duel with Sir Everard Moreton!

If it is so, I ought to respect your grief; I ought not to intrude upon it with unnecessary queries. My dear and amiable friend, I am much too uneasy to consider what is right: I cannot express my uneasiness. Since I heard the report, I have not eat or slept—for thinking of the misery it would occasion my sweet friend.

I send my servant with this, with orders to go to you, wherever you are. Send me only four words in answer. The report is—true—false. Say the last, if Heaven permit; but confirmation, even of evil, is better than suspense.

Adieu.

CAROLINE THURL.

MISS LAMOUNDE TO MISS THURL.

Allington.

ALAS! my dear—I know not whether the report is true or false. My dear brother is wounded indeed—but still lives. Heaven permits us even to hope. The ball has been extracted—and a fever has ensued—rising sometimes to delirium. Once—whilst only myself was sitting by his bedside—he started, and cried, “Did Sir Everard want to kill my Caroline?”—My dear—I cannot yet write—I cannot

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Allington.

I AM happy enough to be able to acquaint my sympathizing friend, that we now look about us with pleasure and confidence. My brother is pronounced out of danger; but is still too weak to acquaint us with all the particulars of this extraordinary business. Whilst I was alone with him this morning, he thanked me for his life, which he was pleased to say he should have lost, but for the consolation I gave him.—It is, says he, of so much importance to me, that my sister should not rank me amongst the brainless duellists of the age, that I must be allowed to lay aside mere motives of delicacy, and trust to her faithful secrecy the whole of this almost fatal business.

He then put into my hands two letters from Sir Everard Moreton, and a copy of one in answer to the first; for the second was that which changed our destination to Kirkham, a visit he had so ardently desired, that it had long occupied the greatest part of our conversation. This letter he took the resolution to answer in person.—I was always desirous to save this poor young lady, says he, from mere motives of humanity; but when I knew she was my sister's friend, I hesitated no more: I determined to expostulate with Sir Edward. I trusted in so good a cause I should have eloquence enough both to convince and to persuade. Alas! the eloquence of reason is weak to that of passion.

It was my firm purpose not to resent anything

his anger might suggest. I expected indignities, and I determined to bear them ; but it was my firm purpose also to save the lady ; and if I could not obtain it from his justice, or his humanity, I resolved to apprise her, nay, convince her, of her danger. How I proceeded, you shall hear when I am more able to tell it.—Soon after he added, a fine faint blush tinging his cheek, You have a friend, my Judith, most deservedly dear to you ; she has a tender heart, and may sympathize in all the sorrows, and rejoice in all the joys of a friend. If she is so kind as to interest herself in the knowledge of this business, I entreat the whole may be communicated to her.

I am, my dear Miss Thurl's sincerely,
JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

MISS THURL TO MISS LAMOUNDE.

Kirkham.

THE relief you have given me by your last is greater, much greater, than I can find words to express. I feel I love you more and more, my dear Miss Lamounde, and I cannot be happy whilst you are otherwise : I long to see you, and if you do not soon leave Allington, shall certainly call in upon you for half a day. Why is not my brother worthy of you ? How would the name of sister endear that of friend !

There are, my dear, many more illustrious actions than this which your brother has intended to perform ; but none that indicates more true and genuine goodness. It must not pretend to greatness. Ten thousand men killed, would have had ten thousand times the éclat. Nay, it would have been more in spirit and ton, if he had killed the baronet, and carried the lady off—for himself.

I believe, my dear, a notion has prevailed that this was Mr Lamounde's design. My brother returned from the spring assizes at Lancaster.—And now, sister, says he, I can tell you all how, and about it. Lamounde and Moreton quarrelled about a parson's daughter.

They both courted her, I suppose ?

No—you're out. Neither on 'em wanted to marry her ; for why ? She's as poor as Job, only she's pretty enough ; so they wanted to make a mistress on her : And so they went to kill one another, like a couple o' damned fools, as cousin Sir Antony wanted to serve me ; but, by George ! I was a bit too cunning for him. And if I'd been consulted, I warrant I'd have found a better way than they took, for all their learning and politeness. By George ! I don't like such politeness.

What would have been your way, brother ?

What ! why, share and share alike, and club for maintenance. Why not ? Law does not allow so for a wife ; but it does for a mistress,

and they might have been as good friends as ever.

This is a gross idea, brother.

Lord love you ! it's as common as common. Gentlemen take a liking to't more and more—for why ? When they're tired of one, they can take another ; and then there's no for better for worse, till death us do part.

How do you know, brother, that this was the ground of quarrel betwixt Sir Everard and Mr Lamounde ?

Lord love ye, sister ! you be as ignorant for all your London breeding. Why, what else could it be ? Besides, I heard on't at the high sheriff's ; and do you know, sister, they talk as if I was to be pricked next year ? By George ! I'll shine. Such a livery shan't ha' been seen in Lancashire these twenty years past and to come, and you must help me to hit on't. I can tell you farther, they begin to talk of me for th' county ; and I should like it well enough, only it costs such a power of money.

Aren't you sorry for Mr Lamounde's misfortune ?

Yes—that I am—for why ? We were to have been the best friends in the world, and he's a good clever fellow, sure enough ; but when I expect him here every day, as I might have a little pleasure after such a power of sorrow, he goes and gets himself shot, like a fool, and all for nothing ; for one woman's as good as another for a mistress, though she ben't for a wife, and there's plenty.

You would be glad to hear of his recovery ?

Ay—as if anybody had giv'n me a thousand pound almost—for I like him partly as well as I do Jack Cornbury, only he has not Jack's fun. Then there's Miss,—for all her scorn, I've a month's mind to her yet—and if her brother and I'd been friends, I might have had a better chance, you know. I must needs say, she's handsome enough, and good-natured enough, when one doesn't offer to court her. But they say how she likes that footman as went off to sea. I wonder what she can see in him !

I'll tell you, brother ;—sense, knowledge, and the manners of a gentleman.

But where's the main chance, sister ? Now I'll be hanged if I see much in your fine behaviour, as women make such a fuss about ; for what signifies if a body makes a bow this way or t'other, or stands straight, or bends body a little ; then your polite talk—I don't see much in't. Madam, I'm your most obedient humble servant, with a grin. I beg to know how you rested after the fatigue of last night.—What's this better than how do you do, miss ? I say it's more round about, and it's not so natural ; but town-bred misses don't like what's natural—or else—I know what I know.

I seldom presume to reason with my brother, my dear, so broke off the conversation ; nor would I expose him—even to you—did I not

know you were sensible of his innate goodness of heart, and more inclined to pity than laugh at him ; for what indeed is his misfortune, not his fault, a most preposterous education.

I wait your letters with impatience, and am—if there is sincerity in woman,

Sincerely yours,

CAROLINE THURL.

MISS LAMOUNDE TO MISS THURL.

Allington.

YES, my dear Miss Thurl, I do pity your honest brother, and would love him with all my heart for your sake—if I could ; but as I cannot, if you would have the goodness to love mine, it would answer the same end : Not that I know whether he would be able to return you a vulgar mortal affection ; for at present he has placed your divinityship upon an altar so high, and adorned it with so many luminous rays, that I am apprehensive he never will be able to address it, but with silent orisons. I, for my part, am well content with the deification of my friend ; nor do I ever interrupt your worshipper's adoration, by a hint that you have one single mortal quality about you.

I may, I hope, presume upon your *impatience*, that you do condescend just to step down from your Olympian altitude, to interest yourself a little about us poor things below. If this be so, you are entitled to my brother's confidential communication, of which I here send you an abridgment.

He crossed over to the Cheshire coast, and not finding Sir Everard at Tarbix, he rode to Box, and had there the mortification to learn he was two hours too late. With great reluctance he took the road to Westnoreland, often debating whether he should return, and trust Paulina to the care of Heaven. As oft, however, as his virtue relaxed, it was stimulated by my expression to him, that, next Miss Thurl, Miss Edwards was my dearest friend ; for since you were a goddess, my brother thought, no doubt, Paulina must make a great approach to the angelic at least, since a person of my consummate judgment had placed her so near you.

Fatigued with a long ride, my brother put up for the night at the inn at Allington ; and, on riding into the yard, was agreeably surprised to find the bloody hand upon a carriage there, and to know, by other insignia, it belonged to his friend.

His friend, though unable to conceal a certain embarrassment, strove to receive him with his usual cordiality. He was introduced to the ladies ; and each individual of the party being, for some cause or other, under a certain degree of restraint, they had a charming dull sentimental evening as could be wished.

When the ladies retired, the gentlemen sat down to a fresh bottle, and seemed inclined to indulge themselves by way of recompence.

It was not Sir Everard's business to begin the moral part of the entertainment, and he turned aside very adroitly two or three of my brother's leading hints ; but my brother was determined to bring the subject on, both to save himself the trouble of a longer journey, and Paulina the indecorum of it.

My brother hoped, therefore, that, in the letters Sir Everard had honoured him with, he had rather amused himself with some sallies of wit and gaiety, than that he had harboured a fixed intention to ruin so lovely a woman.

Ruin ! swore Sir Everard. Lamounde, if thou comest here for no other purpose than that of preaching the cant of religion and morality, prieth thee lay the pious design aside ; thy heart pursueth a vain thing.

Do you mean to say, Sir Everard, there is no virtue, no vice, and that religion and morality are all cant ?

No—but what else is it, to affix the name of ruin to the condition of half womankind ? Look about you upon this earth of ours, with an eye unobfuscated by old women, and say what seest thou there ? What scene doth the east present ? Or, if you please, look at home. Is there amongst his Majesty's lords and gentlemen one—one—Lamounde—who would scruple to take a pretty girl upon these conditions ? And the women too.—'Sdeath, man ! what you call ruin, they call felicity. How many thousands would most willingly change the happy state of wedlock—for ruin !

The picture is not true, Sir Everard ; and if it were, it applies to those women only who *choose* this state of life, not to those who are trepanned into it.

Pshaw ! all women *choose* to be trepanned into it.

That is at least a proof that there are principles of a different complexion which they regard with respect. You will not deny these principles are of great use in society ; nor the fatal consequences that would ensue, were they totally lost.

They are calculated for the vulgar herd, and let the vulgar herd enjoy them. Fortune gives me a claim to exemption ; nature gives me appetite. If there is any fault, let them share it between them.

Nature gave us all our appetites, and many of our passions. If, on that account, she is to be burthened with our crimes, in us nothing can be criminal. Every action may be traced up to the impulse of nature ; or to some impulse descended from her, either in a straight or collateral line.

Own, Lamounde—this is a legitimate child of nature, and none of her bastards.

True ; but does it follow that children should

be under no restraint, because they are lawfully begot?

Damn your logic! It is as fallacious as your notions are narrow and illiberal. I look upon women as the true *ferè natura*—and, by G—d, I will hunt them down!

At least, my friend, the sport ought to be fair. There is little pleasure, I presume, in taking a hare in a trap.

It eats as well.

But is contrary to the game laws.

In this way they sported for the first hour; the wit, or what they took to be such, giving zest to their wine. My brother was unwilling to interrupt Sir Everard's good humour, and saw clearly nothing was to be gained by argument that night. Hence, he only trifled with a subject he wished to postpone to a fitter time.

The baronet thought my brother conquered by the force of his arguments, or at least lukewarm in the cause he had undertaken; nor did he doubt, a little more wit and wine would bring him to reason and manhood.

My brother gave less and less opposition, in proportion as Sir Everard became more and more vivacious, who was by this time also tolerably tipsy; and, finding my brother so placid and pleasant, he exultingly told him the artifices he had already made use of, and opened a large storehouse of invention for the future.

My brother thought he saw there the magazine of a demon; friendship fled, and its place was filled with horror and resentment. He spoke, then, directly to the point; and he spoke with enthusiasm, and loudly accused the baronet of acting totally unlike a man of honour or a gentleman.

The baronet was dumb for a minute. My brother went on.—But why, Sir Everard, in your pursuit of pleasure, do you fix upon an object that must give you pain? It will require years to make Miss Edwards change those habits of thinking which a pious education has taught and confirmed.

A damned good observation, muttered Sir Everard, of a sex that never contracted a good habit but they were in a hurry to change it.

My brother went on.—That young lady ought not to be judged by the levities of that part of the sex, which has been unaccustomed to reflection and trained to dissipation.

Lamoude, interrupted the half-angry, half-witted baronet, didst ever see a woman? Pri-thee talk of a Friezeland hen, or any animal, or any thing, thou know'st some little about.

I will talk to you, then, Sir Everard, about the honour, the integrity, the humanity, that ought to be the component parts of a gentleman. Why does Sir Everard Moreton stoop to deceive? Why does he not propose his intentions fairly and openly to Miss Edwards? If she accepts your proposals—well—I have no more to say.

What a damned olio of folly and godliness

hast thou hashed up! Mark now. When a wise man wants a thing, whether it be a crown, a mitre, or a pretty girl, he takes the means most proper to get it. For a crown he will fight and bully; for a mitre he will flatter; and for the girl he will swear and lie. I am a wise man, and want Paulina Edwards. Are you answered?

Yes, to my sorrow. A highwayman wants your purse. The likeliest means to obtain it is to murder you: He murders you accordingly, and is a wise man; but can Sir Everard Moreton value himself upon the principles of a highwayman?

Curse me if I forgive this insult, Lamoude! By what right do you assume the liberty to direct my conduct?

In this particular, by the right of friendship and of humanity.

I disclaim your friendship, and will bear the interference of no officious meddler like yourself; and Miss Edwards shall be mine, my own way, in spite of your hypocritic cant and nonsense.

Sir Everard, replied my brother, in a raised and determined tone, I came hither with the sole intent of convincing you of the folly, the injustice, the barbarity of your intention. I hoped also to have preserved your friendship. This, as you use me, is now become indifferent; but I *will* save the lady, if I can; at least, I will open her eyes.

What! you will betray my confidence?

Yes, if I am forced to it, as a last resource.

Then you are a scoundrel.

I am content to be a scoundrel in the eye of vice, to be an honest man in the eye of virtue.

Vice! d—n you! Every word you say tends to affront me. You presume upon the paltry debt I owe you. What would become of that, I wonder, if I was the villain you represent me?

If you could basely shelter yourself under the pitiful subterfuge of a minority, I should lose it; and you would gain the honour of making yourself publicly known and despised.

D—n your inference! I hate you more and more. I demand the two letters I wrote you from Box.

Give me your honour to quit your design upon Miss Edwards, and here they are.

Curse me if I do! I insist upon having them without terms.

You shall not.

Sir Everard now rose furiously to fetch his travelling pocket pistols, which he had laid upon a marble slab, and called upon my brother to defend himself.

Moreton, replied my brother, I have no arms; let us postpone this business till the morning.

No, swore the baronet; I will have instant satisfaction. Take one of the pistols.

I will not, answered my brother.

Coward, says the baronet, I'll shoot you through the head!

Shoot ! says my brother.

The baronet had presented his pistol—but my brother thinks not with a design of firing it : It went off, however, and lodged the ball in my brother's breast. He fell.—Dear Moreton, says he, you have killed me—but I forgive you. Only listen to my dying request. Let Paulina—

He was here interrupted by Scipio, and the baronet's servants.

Save yourself, Moreton, says my brother ; I forgive you sincerely.

The horror of the scene, and my brother's kindness, struck Sir Everard most forcibly and instantaneously.—No—never, says he, applying the other pistol to his temples—never !

It went off—but with an unsteady hand. The ball sloped upwards, tore the temporary artery, and bruised or broke a part of the bone above. He fell into the arms of his servants, deprived of sense.

Excuse the remainder, my dear Miss Thurl, till the next post, and believe me ever

Your own,

JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

MISS LAMOUNDE TO MISS THURL.

Allington.

I MUST now introduce to your acquaintance Mr Holman, the apothecary of this place, a young man, as it is said, of great abilities, a good heart, something of a humourist, and possessed of more sincerity than complaisance.

At his entrance into this scene of confusion, he found Sir Everard supported by his servants, bending, with half-recovered recollection, over a young lady in a deep swoon at his feet. This was poor Paulina, who had been raised from her bed by the alarm, and who, with a very slender quantity of dress, had made her way into the parlour. Near Sir Everard, and holding his hand, was my brother, in appearance dying in the arms of Scipio. Mrs Edwards in agony in a corner of the room, and the servants of the house running backwards and forwards without end or aim.

The apothecary approached my brother, who said to him, I am not in immediate danger ; let your first attention be to that gentleman, and take notice, if I die, I acquit him of my death.

No, dear Lamounde, replies Sir Everard, no ; I never will be tried for thy death, but in another world.

Is this Mr Lamounde, of Liverpool ? asked the apothecary.

Yes, yes—he is my mosser, sobbed out the half-suffocated Scipio.—Mr Holman's first orders were to the females of the family, to convey Mrs and Miss Edwards back to their chamber, whereby he delivered himself, as he says, from no small quantity of useless clamour. His

next application was to Sir Everard, whose wound he washed and bound up as well as the shortness of the time would permit ; then delivered him to the care of the servants, to lay him as gently as possible in bed, proposing to see him again in an hour.—And now, sir, says he, for you, whom I must have conveyed to my own house, for reasons I will acquaint you with hereafter.

I can die here, says my brother.

As you did not think proper to die directly, replies the apothecary, I don't know that I shall let you die at all. Certainly, death shall not have you without a battle ; but you are my subject now, and I exact unconditional submission.

But—says my brother.

But, replies the apothecary, I must interdict you the use of speech. Be entirely passive. If you must die, you may as well die in your obedience ; but I must and will force you to live if I can. I have an interest in it ten times as great as the common interest of the faculty.

There is a frank oddity about you that pleases me, says my brother ; I submit entirely to your directions.

Then shall you live, replies the apothecary. My brother was now conveyed in a chair to Mr Holman's house, which was, indeed, only opposite the way, and put into Mr Holman's own bed ; after which his wound was inspected, and Mr Holman, having done what he thought proper for the present, left him with an injunction to sleep, and returned to Sir Everard.

It was not in his power to form any certain prognostic concerning either of the gentlemen ; so he thought it much the best way to send off expresses to Lady Moreton and my uncle. This done, he turned his attention to poor Paulina and her mother, who, indeed, wanted comfort more than medical assistance. His next care was to send for the best physician in the country, to be assisted by his advice.

I perceive, my dear Miss Thurl, I am growing unnecessarily minute. You are acquainted by my former letters with the event, as far as relates to my brother, and why should I dwell upon the uninteresting means ? Sir Everard is also now pronounced out of danger, though to the detriment, they say, of a very handsome face. It may not, perhaps, be to the detriment of young maidens.

Poor Paulina is now our most distressing object. She seems to have fallen into a moping insensibility. Not that her senses are disordered ; one would rather say they are in a stupor. She does not mistake objects ; but they seem to make little impression. When I first saw her, indeed, she flew into my arms with a scream ; but presently resumed her seat, fixed her eyes as usual upon the floor, and took no more notice of me.

Lady Moreton came, attended by her physician, who returned after a consultation, con-

vinced the baronet was properly treated, and by the Rev. Mr Hilliard, whose tutorial abilities you so much admired in the letters of my brother. Her son's danger occupied all her mind for several of the first days ; when she was satisfied this danger was past, she was desirous to know the causes that produced this almost tragic event. The baronet was too weak to give the relation, and, perhaps, she did not expect it from him so free from error, as she might wish to know it : she applied, therefore, to Mr Holman, as the person most likely to give the desired information. Mr Holman related all the particulars he knew ; of the causes he knew nothing.—But can you form no conjectures, asked Lady Moreton ?

None, my lady, supported by sufficient circumstances. The common notion is, the young gentlemen quarrelled for a lady.

Do you know the lady ?

She who accompanied Sir Everard hither, along with her mother, Mrs Edwards. She is at present my patient, and at my house.

Miss Edwards, says Lady Moreton, sighing—I feared it.—Is she ill ? What is her complaint ?

This melancholy business, my lady, seems to have given a shock to her intellects ; at least, her mind seems employed upon some object that leaves her no leisure for attention to anything else.

Poor creature ! I pity her.

She deserves your ladyship's compassion.

That, says Mr Hilliard, seems doubtful. I have all the reason in the world to believe the young woman has drawn this calamity upon Lady Moreton, by an insidious design to ensnare her son.

Some little ill-blood had before arisen, my dear Miss Thurl, between Mr Hilliard and Mr Holman. The former gentleman, you know, is very much addicted to precept, and he had departed from the clerical line to give a few to Mr Holman in his own profession. Now this did not please the apothecary, who, besides, is suspected of having no great predilection for the parsonic character. I mention this, not to excuse, but to account for the sharpness of Mr Holman's reply.

There are men, says he, to whom small reasons for calumniating and persecuting seem great. Then turning to Lady Moreton,—Mrs Edwards, says he, has a very prepossessing exterior ; your ladyship will scarce find any insidious marks upon her open countenance, and for the young lady, she has all the mien of innocence, sweetness, and simplicity.

Appearances, young man, says Mr Hilliard, appearances are deceitful. *Fronti nulla fides.*

There is great truth in the maxim, replies Holman, looking the poor parson full in the face ; I never assented to it more than at this instant.

You are a pretty young man, Mr A—a—, Mr Apothecary ; you are a young man. It would not misbecome you to have a little more deference for your superiors.

How shall I know them ? *Fronti nulla fides.*

Is suppose there might be sufficient indications, sir, if an over-weening self-conceit did not obstruct the discovery of them.

I acknowledge many of these indications, sir. I acknowledge superior pride, superior arrogance. I wish I could also acknowledge superior charity, that seeks to extenuate error, rather than aggravate it ; that charity which always ought to be, but is not always, the peculiar lot of a Christian divine.

Gentlemen, says Lady Moreton, you forget yourselves and me.

I ask your ladyship's pardon, says Mr Holman ; and, not to repeat my offence, I beg leave to wish your ladyship a good morning.

I imagine, my dear Miss Thurl, Mr Holman's behaviour to Mr Hilliard must appear to you rude and uncivil : I do not pretend to excuse it wholly, but, over and above what I mentioned to you before, it is Mr Holman's way, and I, who hear and see daily instances of his goodness of heart, and have been accustomed to see its bluntness in my dear uncle, do not think quite so ill of it as a lady must do, bred as you have been, in the regions of politeness. Besides, to be partial to Mr Holman is a family failing ; my uncle and my brother are largely infected with it ; with them, the cause is some oddity joined with extraordinary understanding ; with me—these—and, perhaps—something more. Would you believe it, my dear Caroline, in this very house was Wallace born ? here he lived, till about eight years since, that he was apprenticed to an attorney.

I knew not a syllable of this, till one day that my brother was asleep, and my uncle gone back to Liverpool ; Mr Holman and I were drinking tea together. It came into my head to ask him why, in the necessity he thought himself under of receiving one of the wounded gentlemen into his own house, since both were equally unknown to him, he preferred my brother ?

There was no such necessity, madam, replied Mr Holman ; it was the name of Mr Lamounde which first suggested it. I knew him at Abbeville.

You have travelled, then ?

Yes—very far—in this apartment ; but my knowledge of Mr Lamounde was not personal. I knew him, as I afterwards knew before I saw her, the amiable Miss Lamounde—by the letters of my friend—a James Wallace, madam—once your servant—

I almost started. You surprise me, sir.

In this house we were educated together—had one bed—one heart. I love him, madam, better than ever I loved man, and better, I hope, than I shall ever love woman.

I smiled.—Our sex is not a favourite with you, sir?

Not *à la folie*, madam. I acknowledge your power to please, but I tremble at your power to plague; and when I look round upon the little world of women that lies within my view, it seems generally addicted to exercise the latter prerogative rather than the former.

Well, sir—I will not now undertake the cause of my sex. Cupid will one day revenge us.

Minerva forbid! and forbid it, thy fate, James Wallace!

Has he suffered by our sex, sir?

I think he has, madam—from one individual of it, at least.

Perhaps she is innocent of intentional injury?

Faith, I believe she is.

How has she had the misfortune to hurt him, then?

By love, madam—the sex's universal weapon—when young. The folly of it, indeed, was apparent; I had the honour to convince him of it sometimes. He pleaded the lady's merit—All the excellencies of her sex were united in her, he said.

But what, I answered, is that to you? Were all the excellencies of a woman assembled for the happiness of a fellow not worth a groat?—

No, for his misery, would be my friend's reply. In short, Miss Lamoude, I strove to get him off the rock where you had transfixed him.

Me, sir!

You, madam.—Why should we talk at each other any longer? You gave him felicity untasted before. You have deprived him of it for ever.

Of what do you accuse me, Mr Holman?

Of being too lovely, madam. Once I thought his folly egregious; but there is a propensity in human nature to pardon follies, which we feel, in similar circumstances, would have been our own.

This is a politeness, Mr Holman, which—

Faith, madam, you are the first who ever accused me of politeness, but you are wrong. The nearest approach I have made to politeness, is to be silent. If I speak, I speak what I think. I should have loved you for myself. I love you now for my friend.

I admire the honest plainness of your character; nor do I fear to confide in you, and expose the weakness of my heart. I almost loved your friend.

I thought it, madam, more than almost.

What, sir! has Mr Wallace—?

Yes, Miss Lamoude, he has.

But is there not a levity in this, sir—almost a treachery?

Did you trust him with the secret, Miss Lamoude?

No, sir.

What treachery, then? what confidence did he break?

But there is a want of delicacy, sir.

Faith, madam, I am ready to laugh at such prettinesses. It is necessary, however, you should know the full extent of his crime. To me, every thought of his head and heart has been always open; I am determined to betray him, for his want of delicacy. For your evening's perusal, you shall have all his letters to me since our first separation.

Mr Holman rose, and opening a cabinet, brought me a considerable bundle. I hesitated about the acceptance.—Ay, now, says he, delicacy is at work again. Am I not right, madam, in having as little as possible to do with your capricious sex? Well, don't read them, Miss Lamoude; only lay them under your pillow.

You are a strange man, Mr Holman.

Yes, thank God.

So saying, away he went, and I saw him no more till breakfast the next morning. I am now going on a visit to Lady Moreton. Adieu.

Yours,

JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

MISS LAMOUNDE, IN CONTINUATION.

I DEPOSITED the papers Mr Holman had given me, my dear Miss Thurl, in my own apartment, and when I went to rest for the night, sat down seriously to debate whether I ought to indulge myself in the perusal. Reason had little to say in favour of it—much against it. In short, she conjured up so many horrible sprites, that I resolved not to be guilty of so great an indecorum.

Whilst I was strengthening myself in this just determination, my fingers had unwarily loosed the string, the letters scattered about the floor, and, in collecting them again, “the innate benevolence of Miss Lamoude,” struck me full in the eye. What could I do, Miss Thurl? I could not but read, so submitted to my destiny.

But, of how many tears did this reading deprive me!—How did I admire!—Oh, Caroline! how did I love! Delicacy wounded—my dear. He is the most delicate of men.

I returned them to Mr Holman the next morning.—If I should tell you, said I, that I had not read your friend's letters—

I should not believe it, says he; or, if I did, I should consider you as an *angel* of delicacy—and to angels leave you.

For what purpose did you desire I should read them?

That you might see what a fellow your pride and vanity made you reject.

Could you, as a friend, Mr Holman, advise me to an union with Mr Wallace?

Yes—if your aim was happiness. No—if it was splendour and parade.

Consider, sir, I have against me the customs of society, its opinions, its proprieties.

Yes—the chaste maiden sisterhood of fifty will wag its tongue against you. If, like the sensitive plant, you shrink at the touch of fools, think not of James Wallace. He believes you to be one of the very small number of mortal men and women who think for themselves.

Perhaps you despise the opinions of the world too much.

When they are founded in folly, Miss Lamounde.

Folly to you, may be wisdom to others.

It is my misfortune, madam, to be left often in a small minority.

Would it not be better to give up one's own judgment to that of others, in matters of small importance?

He may give up his inclinations to those of others, and it will be a pretty exercise for his politeness; but the man who gets into the habit of giving up his judgment, will soon be in danger of having no judgment to give up; and this I take to be the present case of a large majority of his majesty's faithful and fashionable subjects. Mine and my last breath shall go together, in spite of all the makers of creeds, hats, caps, and fardingales in the universe.

Well, sir, you may be right; but whatsoever may be my sentiments respecting your friend, an insuperable bar is likely to arise in Spain; for, against beauty and interest, what modern love can stand?

I then gave him an account of Captain Islay's communication from Algiers.

Faith, madam, says he, if he could find his happiness there, I think your ladyship's encouragement of him too slender, to give him fair and prudent cause to reject it; but he will not find it there. To convince you of it, I have a letter from him by the last post; but will it not be wounding your *de-li-ca-cy*, Miss Lamounde?

You are a provoking creature. Give it me.

I ran with it to my room. Why should I publish my folly, when that folly had no witnesses? I copy it, my dear, for your instruction.

Adieu.

JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

COPY.

JAMES WALLACE TO PARACELUS HOLMAN.

Valencia.

THE evils I meet with, dear Holman, in this great, this little world, of which I am now a citizen at large, I bear with impatience, because

I cannot complain of them to my friend; with the good I am but partially affected, because I cannot impart it. Yes, dear Holman, I have felt the want of those tonics with which you were used to strengthen my weak, and of those sharp, but friendly caustics, with which you were used to eradicate my proud flesh. Had it not been for one dear remembrance, I know not in what sea of vanity or folly I might not now have been immersed.

I was ordered by Captain Islay to address myself principally to a Signior Udivido here, a merchant of great eminence, a widower, with one child only, a daughter, now approaching her twentieth year.

Signior Udivido gave me a general invitation to his own house, and business induced me to make frequent use of it. As it is not the custom of Spain for the sexes to mingle in society, as they do in most other European countries, it was some time before I saw Estella Udivido; but when it was seen that I comported myself with gravity, went to church, and behaved decently there, and did not mock their processions, as my young giddy-headed countrymen had used to do; when it was considered also, that my stay was short, and that my bad Spanish would not permit me to be eloquent in love, even the duenna gave it as her opinion, that there needed no separation of family on my account.

A familiarity grew up imperceptibly between Estella and me; we became preceptors to each other. She undertook to improve my Spanish; I her French: she sung to me also, and played upon the guitar. The balance of obligation was, I think, on her side.

In the meantime, I made several acquaintances abroad, the most intimate of which was with Don Sylvio Comorra, a young gentleman who lived about four miles from Valencia, upon his own estate, equivalent to about 800*l.* sterling a-year.

This gentleman had one brother only, who lived at Madrid, and was secretary to Count Aguileia, who was in the ministry; and one sister Antonia Comorra, who had the care of his house, and was the intimate and bosom friend of Estella Udivido.

Once Estella had been permitted to pay her friend a visit; a visit fatal to the peace of Don Sylvio, who fell in love, according to the Spanish custom, violently. All that was permitted to be done upon such occasions, Don Sylvio did. He sighed—wrote tender *billets doux*—and gave serenades—but the fair Estella had hitherto proved inexorable—not from hardness of heart, perhaps, but because it is the Spanish custom for ladies to be inexorable a decent time.

It was impossible to see, and not adore her—for a Spaniard. Alas! my heart was English. No lady in Valencia had so many serenades: no father in Valencia had so many applications.

The only successful one with Signior Udivido, was that of Signior Joseph Praio, a gentleman of forty, who had several good qualities, and some not so good, but who was incontestibly the richest man in Valencia. With Estella, no one has been yet successful, and Signior Joseph least of all.

Her father, however, laid his commands upon her to regard this gentleman as her future husband. She received it with tears and trembling; but she knew her father, a very honest man, who never broke a promise, or changed an opinion, especially one that had been well weighed in the scale of profit and loss. He knew, indeed, there was a difference in the ages of Signior Praio and his daughter; and he thought he had acted the part of a kind and prudent father, when he had taken care a proper compensation should be made in rials and maravedies.

Signior Joseph Praio has an estate in Majorca, which he visits once a-year in a vessel of his own, and brings back the produce. This is in general a voyage of festivity, and might be called his annual feast, to which he invites his most intimate friends. I had that honour lately, along with Signior Udivido, Estella, Antonia Comorra, and several others.

We had not been many hours on board, before I discovered Don Sylvio in the dress of a sailor. He perceived it, and took the first opportunity, when on shore, to single me out, and explain his motives; they were love and despair. He requested me to be his friend: I told him I was already so.—You have the ear of Estella, says he, and may improve this circumstance to my advantage.

And repay the confidence and hospitality of Signior Udivido with ingratitude and treachery.

He started at this—for no people are more delicate in points of honour than the Spaniards; no Spaniard more than Don Sylvio. I had nothing to do, therefore, than appeal to his good sense, and, luckily, love had left him sufficient to perceive the force of my reasons. All I could now promise, and he thanked me for it, was silence.

Having staid six days in the island, we reim-barked, the wind standing fair for Valencia, and set sail, in company with a bark from Malaga. The wind changed to the north-west, and blew us out of our course. It increased to a storm, and confined the ladies below, and Signior Joseph upon his knees to an image of the Virgin Mary. Towards evening the storm abated, when a new and more terrible danger presented itself, two corsairs, of Algiers, who had already perceived us, and were in full pursuit.

At this terrible news, Signior Joseph's devotion seized his whole soul, and all his faculties. Udivido would not for a moment leave his swooning daughter; and the master was not much disposed to risk his life for the sake of a

man, known not to be addicted to acts of generosity.

I was therefore obliged to exert myself, and to endeavour to inspire courage into the sailors. Don Sylvio, too, threw off his disguise, and seconded my exertions. We were soon attacked, and the Malagan taken in half an hour, and carried away by the weaker corsair. Our defence was weak, for the master wanted interest, and the sailors encouragement, to act with vigour.

A fortunate thought struck me, suggested by the position of certain goods upon deck. I communicated it to Don Sylvio, who approved, and assisted me in carrying it into execution. I could not, dear Holman, make you understand it without a drawing, and more words than I now have time to throw away. It was in the nature of an ambuscade, by which for a long time we destroyed the Moors as fast as they boarded, and at length succeeded in making them quit our vessel, and give up the contest.

This affair had more applause in Valencia than it deserved. The Signiors Udivido and Praio also, acknowledged an immensity of obligation, till they came to consider who was my coadjutor; that this coadjutor was in disguise, and that disguises were seldom assumed for fair and open purposes. That there is no effect without a cause, is an axiom of philosophy, even in Spain; and this cause the penetrating Udivido had no difficulty in guessing, because Don Sylvio, almost at the beginning of his love, had caused the usual application to be made for leave to pay his addresses; notwithstanding the Don before his name, when weighed in the balance against Signior Joseph, he was found too light, and had a civil and very positive refusal.

Don Sylvio was my friend; Don Sylvio was my assistant. I must know he was on board in disguise; I must know the cause also. The conclusion was, indeed, probable, and I had nothing to say against it; but that, though I had discovered Don Sylvio, I was not his confidant. Considering the service I had done them, it would have been rude, not to seem, at least, to believe me. They did more; they assisted me assiduously to get my business done in the shortest time possible.

But it was not so necessary to believe the fair Estella innocent. Both she and Antonia protested in vain that it was a caprice of Don Sylvio's, unknown to both. Estella was harshly treated; Antonia returned home in disgust, and Don Sylvio's service was valued—at a straw.

Signior Joseph, never very high in the esteem of Estella, was now become odious. He was a coward in danger, he was deficient in gratitude, and mean in the reward of those inferior agents in the late action, to whom reward was acceptable. He was, besides, the cause of her father's present sternness and persecution.

Though Udivido seemed to view the intimacy

between Estella and me with a cloudy brow, he had not forbade it. She sought it more and more, and even appeared to be uneasy if my absences were long or frequent. I was pleased with this gratitude, though sometimes embarrassed by it.

Often, with a pretty feminine curiosity, she used to question me concerning the modes and manners of my fair countrywomen; now, she became more earnestly inquisitive. The freedom of our customs always forms an agreeable picture in the minds of young Spanish ladies.—Happy, happy, England! was a frequent expression; and once—I wish my lot had been cast there, or in any country where the odious alternative for young women, is not a disagreeable husband, or a nunnery.

One day she resumed this subject with an earnestness that alarmed me. I began to fear—I know not what.

You divert yourself, Signora Estella, says I, desirous to reason her out of such ideas—It would be an unfortunate change for you, from a country where affluence, honour, and respect, attend you, to one where you would be a stranger, unallied, unknown, and exposed to the distresses of indigence.

Not so, answered she, with quickness; I could take with me what would be wealth to many. Friends, indeed, are not to be bought; but are English people strangers to humanity, or the usual courtesies of life? Could *you* see me there—wretched—and deny me common kindness?

Me!—Signora—no, certainly.—If you *were* there, I should find my happiness in serving, in obliging you.

Happiness! I wish the language of men had more sincerity, and less compliment.

I do not compliment in saying this, Signora Estella; at the same time were I to advise you to try my sincerity, no enemy could advise you worse.

I might try it, notwithstanding; but, perhaps, you would not find so much happiness in obliging me, as I should find in being obliged.

Estella blushed as she uttered this—and hastily retired. I also retired to my lodgings with much agitation of mind, much confusion of ideas.

You know, dear Holman, with what sentiments of Miss Lamoude I left my country. In the change of these sentiments I have not made that progress which wiser men might think it prudent to do; nor, indeed, any progress at all. It is true, I have no expectation—no hope—nor could I wish her united to an ill-starred wretch, who, upon whatever ground he is cast, finds it tremble under his feet. Notwithstanding this, Holman, Miss Lamoude forms my happiness. This is inexplicable, perhaps, but it is true. In all my vexations—and my present situation furnishes plenty to a too irritable mind, that bears with impatience the

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want of integrity in others—Miss Lamoude is my restorer to peace; my mind rests upon her, and, by a happy illusion, finds its most delightful sensations in the contemplation of her virtues. You know not, my friend, the infinite consolation I derive from her own sweet assurance that I possessed her esteem; a possession, I swear, I would not change for that of any other whole and entire woman, with all the appendages of beauty, wealth, and dignity.

What you will think of this, I know. It is all enthusiasm, all folly. Be it so, my friend; it is a private folly, if it be one; and, pardon me, an enthusiasm that gives me peace, and secures me virtue.

Thinking in this manner, you will not imagine I could be alive to the feelings of a little contemptible vanity; or to any feelings, but those of pity or sorrow. I was, indeed, pained to the heart.

I have mentioned an attendant upon Estella, by the name of duenna: she was not so in reality, nor is this kind of governante in vogue as formerly. She was an unfortunate cousin of Udivido's, a maiden lady, of little fortune, much good-nature, of ample devotion, and extreme simplicity.

In her way to vespers, she called at my lodgings, and, with a little chiding, which shewed me she was in Estella's secret, gave me a billet, containing as follows:—

"I have said too much, and have possibly injured myself in your esteem by a breach of female decorum; but pity my situation. Signior Praio can never possess my heart. He who does, derives the possession from gratitude. He saved my honour, and my life. It is to him I would confide the fortune and happiness of

"ESTELLA."

As I had not time for consideration, I answered thus:—

"I have business in Signior Udivido's accounting-house to-morrow, and hope to be favoured with his invitation to dinner. During the siesta, I hope it may be my happy lot to entertain Signora Estella, and convince her of the honour and sincerity of

"JAMES WALLACE."

It happened as I expected. Signior Udivido withdrew to the garden, and the good aunt, for that was her usual denomination, to the sofa. With all the tenderness I could assume, I took the blushing Estella's hand, and thanked her for the honour of her note. I felt its kindness, and was sensible of the happiness that must accrue from an union with one so lovely, could it be authorized by mutual love, and parental sanction. On the last I dwelt, and endeavoured to convince her, there was no probability a mind

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so delicate as hers would be tranquil under the sense of filial disobedience.

To this she answered, that with Signior Praio, misery was her certain lot : that she hoped the misery arising from disobedience would be temporary only ; for it was scarce possible her father would punish her for ever, for choosing a man he always liked, and to whom he owns himself so much indebted.

After much of this kind had been said on both sides, and there appeared no probability that I could end the contest as I wished, I was under the necessity of using my last resource, and informing my fair antagonist, that there was on my side an insurmountable bar to her invaluable favour ; that my heart was engaged—tenderly and faithfully engaged—to a lady of my own country, an English Estella.

For virgin pride, joined to the national pride of Spain, this was too much.—Estella reddened—rose—and was going to withdraw without reply.

I rose also, and, with most submissive action, entreated she would permit me to lead her back to her seat, and condescend to hear what more I had to say. She did condescend.

But, in fact, I had nothing more to say—nothing but to deprecate her anger—to entreat her not to punish an unhappy man for an involuntary offence.

Estella was too sensible not to perceive her anger was ill-founded—and, therefore, soon assured me she was not angry ; but she owned herself hurt by her own imprudence ; that she must take time to recover her peace—if peace was recoverable—and begged that, for that time, I would permit her to retire.

I dined almost constantly at Signior Udivido's. He would have it so, and I preferred it to a tavern. Estella did not appear on any of the three following days ; a slight indisposition was the pretence. I sent her a note by the good aunt.

"You make me miserable, Signora ; if I see you not as usual, I prepare to leave Valencia the soonest possible : in which case there is no possible kind of felicity I do not wish you, with the last adieu of the sorrowful

"WALLACE."

She answered thus :—

"I cannot see you, Signior. Wherever you go, you have my good wishes.

"Adieu,

"ESTELLA UDIVIDO."

This note disturbed me. I knew not whether to impute it to grief, or resentment ; but I was unhappy to have inspired either ; nevertheless, since I must leave Valencia soon, though I could not so soon as I wished, I thought it best to make no efforts to renew our intimacy.

Business made it necessary to see Udivido often at his *comptoir* ; but I was at some pains to avoid his house, and to form plausible excuses for it. I cultivated the acquaintance of Don Sylvio only ; for I knew him brave, and thought him honourable. He seemed equally pleased with me. Estella was never mentioned between us. I believed he thought no longer of her, and it was not the part of a friend to revive her in his memory. One day, indeed, crossing St Jago's church-yard, I saw my friend talking with the governante, our good aunt. I was at first surprised ; but wondered afterwards why I should be so, since I myself frequently stopped her, in consequence of our pre-acquaintance, to inquire after her own and Estella's health.

It is now a fortnight since I have lost Don Sylvio ; he is gone for Madrid. When he took leave of me, he did it with a solemn tenderness that affected me much. He dropt a hint, that I might have been more his friend ; but he respected my principles, they were principles of honour.

It is a custom in Spain for parting friends to exchange tokens. I begged he would accept my sword.—Most willingly, answered he, obligingly ; I know its value : I would offer mine in return, were it not too much inferior.

I know not, answered I, anything a brave man values more : I accept it without acknowledging its inferiority ; and never will I use it, but in an honourable cause.

Since this, dear Holman, my time in Valencia has hung heavy upon my hands. I have finished my business, and only wait Captain Islay's arrival, which I expect every day. Adieu.

In three months at farthest I hope to embrace my friend, and tread at least the earth that Miss Lamounde has trod.

Thine,

JAMES WALLACE.

I leave you to your comments, my dear Miss Thurl, and humbly entreat your advice as to the regulation of my sentiments. Tell me exactly how, and how much, I ought to think of Mr Wallace ?

Your most sincere,

J. LAMOUNDE.

MISS THURL TO MISS LAMOUNDE.

Kirkham.

I HAVE in contemplation, my dear, the drawing up a code of laws for the good government of your faculty of thinking ; which, I apprehend, will be a complete and perfect system by the time you have obtained the power of putting it in execution : but till your head is mas-

ter of the family, suffer the heart, the mistress, to direct the sensations and sentiments—her own way.

I observe, when the memory of a young woman is tolerably active upon any one manly object, it is apt to be passive to all others, especially womanly ones; otherwise it is possible I might have heard something of Lady Moreton—something of Paulina and Mrs Edwards. You have a brother too, but brothers are women to maids in love. I am not in love, and can therefore inform you that *my* brother sends you his service. You might have had his faith if you would; but, seeing you did not know how to value it, he has taken the liberty to transfer his allegiance, if not to a handsomer, I dare say to a kinder sovereign. I give up the idea of seeing you at Allington, because I had rather visit you in Liverpool; and you cannot be long before you must have Mr Holman's leave to return.

Notwithstanding my politeness—by the by, my dear, I have been over-dosed—I do like that Holman extremely; and, if I settle within ten miles of him, he shall be apothecary in chief to my imperial person. I hope he will give you a few more drastics—and so, farewell.

CAROLINE THURL.

MISS LAMOUNDE TO MISS THURL.

Allington.

I HAVE your favour, Miss Caroline,—in the style of my brother's accompting-house—and will answer the answerable parts with all imitable brevity. First, for your code; it is an excellent idea, and has in it a fine adaption of time; for when I have learned to govern myself, it will do me the favour to teach me. I confess, with a sigh, that time is not yet.

Yes, we talk of returning soon to our respective homes. My brother is almost well—that is to say—of the wound in his breast, given him by the baronet—that other wound you wot of, is not curable by Mr Holman.

The baronet would be well, were he not liver-gnawed with two vultures more than poor Prometheus. One of these is the sense of his past folly; another his love; and last—not least—the beauty-spoiling scar, that has taken possession of the summit of his right temple.

Lady Moreton is the most engaging old woman—pardon me, my dear aunt,—I have the honour to know; sensible, just, and wise. Paulina is recovering, and Mrs Edwards well—all but her infirmities; which is the case of,

Madam,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

Having finished my letter, I have now nothing more to do than to write a postscript.

Lady Moreton chose to be alone, when she received my first visit. I expected to find a lady of very polite and dignified manners, with this inscription legible upon her brow—"I am a lady"—or, that she would shew the greatness of her condescension by the greatness of her affability. I was disappointed. There was no apparent consciousness of superiority whatever.

After the first salutations, she kindly said, that whatever might be the causes of quarrel between my brother and her son, she could entertain no possible dislike to a young lady whom everybody delighted to praise; and she did not doubt to find my mind as free of prejudice as her own.

I answered, that I was conscious of no sentiments with regard to her ladyship, but those of respect and reverence; nor could I possibly consider this unhappy difference as entitling me to hold any other.

She thanked me, and changed the subject. Our conversation ran in a variety of channels. I thought she displayed great good sense, and no tokens of a mean or contracted mind; In short, we seemed to please each other, and she was kind enough, or polite enough, to tell me, she hoped that hour was the commencement of a friendship destined to end only with life. I answered according to the sense I really had of such obliging behaviour.

She then took my hand with an air truly maternal, and asked me if I was fully acquainted with the cause of the quarrel betwixt Sir Everard and Mr Lamoude.—I have made no inquiries, continued she, of the people of the inn. They cannot know, nor have I been anxious to hear it from the mouth of my son, because I am not certain that it would not be too hard a trial for his candour or veracity.

I wish your ladyship would excuse me entering upon the subject.

If you tell me frankly that the reason of your silence is because you would not open the errors of a brother, I will excuse you; but if it arises from a point of delicacy to me, I cannot. Do not, my dear Miss Lamoude, do not look upon me as an unreasonable, fond, doting, old woman, blind to the failings of her son, or desirous to justify them. Too much indulgence has already been pernicious. I own and lament my share of that indulgence, and, as far as my power now goes, would wish to counteract it.

Your ladyship urges strongly. Yet why should you be anxious to know the nature of a quarrel, which has, perhaps, nothing in it worthy your ladyship's ear?

To be ignorant, might probably be advantageous to my own peace; but ignorance leads to error, and is but a pitiful plea for neglect of parental duty. Let me conjure you, Miss Lamoude, to comply with my earnest wishes. Let it be the kind and confidential trust of friendship.

Thus entreated, what could I do, my dear Miss Thurl?

Come, continues she, I will invite this confidence; it was to prevent our son's improper attachment to Miss Edwards, the late Sir Everard desired to send him out of the kingdom. For my part, I send him not accumulated any large quantity of family ambition. I am myself the daughter of a clergyman, rich, indeed, but not of family. Since Sir Everard's death, no mention of Miss Edwards has been made between my son and me. I have only requested of him not to marry, without consulting or acquainting me, at least, and he has promised me this favour. I have also endeavoured to direct his attention to a family in Nottinghamshire, of great merit; it has great wealth also. I do not pretend to despise wealth, Miss Lamoude, though I am of opinion that riches cannot compensate for want of merit, nor ought to be put in competition with it. Thinking thus, Miss Lamoude, you see how requisite it is I should be well informed. On the one hand, I would not have my son, in the ardour of a school-boy attachment, unite himself to repentance; on the other, I would not throw obstacles in the way of his true happiness. I want to investigate truth.

You have convinced me, madam, that you ought to know it.

Pray, tell me, then—you know the young woman—

Yes—she is my intimate friend.

She should be amiable, then. She seems so, perhaps, to Mr Lamoude?

No, madam; my brother never saw Miss Edwards till that fatal night which has given your ladyship so much concern and trouble.

You surprise me, Miss Lamoude. To what cause, then, am I to ascribe this violence of animosity? Pray, be frank.

It was only the animosity of a moment, madam. It was not because Sir Everard Moreton was going to marry Miss Edwards, but because he was not.

Indeed! You instruct me, Miss Lamoude; pray, go on.

Educated with every precept of virtue, and possessing fine endowments of mind, (though I own Miss Edwards was not a fit wife for Sir Everard,) she was much too respectable for a union of wantonness.

And was it to prevent this sort of union, Mr Lamoude gave himself the trouble to seek my son?

It was, madam.

Indeed! He must be a young gentleman of most severe virtue, almost too good for this world;—and perfectly disinterested, you say?

I assure your ladyship I think so, except the interest he took in his friend.

The example is rather uncommon.

I see your ladyship is something incredulous on this head.

Yes—since miracles have ceased—I have little

faith in miracles. Besides, if two young people choose to form such an union, though it may not be perfectly moral, I did not know they were responsible for it to—friendship.

If Miss Edwards had *chosen* it, madam, I believe my brother would not have been so much the knight-errant of chastity to have interfered. It was because he knew she did not choose it.

Are you not a little enigmatical, my dear Miss Lamoude? If your brother was unacquainted with the lady, how came he by the knowledge of her sentiments?

From the confidence of Sir Everard, with whom my brother contracted an intimacy abroad.

I know it, my dear. My son had great obligations to Mr Lamoude.

Sir Everard had promised my brother a visit at Liverpool; and, as an excuse for non-performance, confided to him *designs* upon Miss Edwards—*designs*, my brother thought not compatible with his friend's honour.

You alarm me, Miss Lamoude! Did my son practise upon Miss Edwards' credulity by false pretences?

I fear so, madam.

I hope it is only conjecture. I can allow for the impetuous passions of an ungoverned young man, but I cannot pardon deceit.

This deceit, I fear, is common. I can shew your ladyship letters from Miss Edwards, wherein you will see the native simplicity of a sensible mind, untutored by the world. She, at least, thought only of wedded love.

I will trouble you to shew me those letters some other time. Pray, proceed.

My brother first wrote to Sir Everard, who answered with a vivacity that shewed how amiable he would be, were he to join rectitude with wit. By this letter, my brother perceived matters were far advanced. Sir Everard had persuaded Mrs Edwards (a very respectable woman, but at this time more influenced by gratitude than guided by prudence,) to accompany him to his seat in Westmoreland. A refusal could not be expected from Miss Edwards. My brother took the resolution to follow Sir Everard, to expostulate, to entreat—anything to make him lay aside his intention, or declare it to Miss Edwards. At this house my brother overtook Sir Everard, and when the ladies had retired, began to use the powers he had of argument and persuasion. Sir Everard was sometimes angry. My brother was determined to bear everything. He did bear everything. It was not, as I suppose your ladyship knows, from my brother's hand Sir Everard received his wound, but from his own.

You surprise me, indeed, Miss Lamoude—I knew not this.

It is true, madam; and it seemed in Sir Everard a hasty and rash atonement, for having killed his friend; but it was a movement of virtue, and has more my admiration than blame.

My dear Miss Lamoude, you have enlight-

ened and astonished me ! I begin now to forgive your brother, I believe, to admire him. But what, after all, is to be done with regard to Miss Edwards ? It is evident my son does not think of her as a wife.

I hope he will cease to think of her at all. She has in this world nothing she can call her own but innocence and simplicity, no great recommendations to high life. An unhappy orphan, she might have had a claim to Sir Edward's compassion, though not to his hand.

An orphan ! Mrs Edwards, then, is not her own mother ?

Alas ! no, madam. Do you not know her unfortunate story ? To Mrs Edwards she was only the child of Providence, born in Germany of an English lady, who followed her husband in the last German war. He fell by the enemy—she died of grief. With her dying hand she wrote to an only sister in England, and trusted the letter, her child, and all her remaining money, to the maid who had accompanied her, who had been the companion of her travels, and her faithful attendant till death. This woman was taken out of the stage-coach going to London, at the village of Box, in a paralytic fit. Mr Edwards received her and the child, not then a year old. She never spoke, scarce shewed any signs of sensibility, and died in two days. Amongst other things was found this letter, unfinished, unsigned, undirected. Not a circumstance in it pointed to a proper discovery. Mr Edwards advertised repeatedly, but in vain ; and poor Paulina became the child of their adoption.

Paulina ! says Lady Moreton.

Yes, madam ; so the letter said the child had been christened, after the name of a beloved sister in England, to whom the letter was wrote.

I am sure, my dear Miss Thurl, Lady Moreton must have a tender heart. You cannot think how she was moved by poor Paulina's story, nay, agitated, even to sobs and tears. Her ladyship wanted to know every particular ; the few I could inform her of, only made her more strongly inquisitive after the rest. I imagined Mrs Edwards would have no objection to giving her ladyship all the information in her power, and proposed to her ladyship the drinking tea with me the next evening at Mr Holman's, with Mrs Edwards and Miss only, where I could easily introduce the subject.

That scene, my dear, has passed within these few hours. Paulina, who does not, to this hour, know the particulars of the quarrel, and scarce suspects herself to be the cause, appeared in the presence of Lady Moreton, with timidity, indeed, but without the consciousness of error. Lady Moreton treated her with great kindness, and Mrs Edwards with respect. I introduced Paulina's history, but all the additional information Mrs Edwards could give, served only to add to Lady Moreton's desire to see the letter and the toys.

Mrs Edwards, with many expressions of thanks to her ladyship for interesting herself about her dear child, informed her that the letter, *et cetera*, were all at Box, wrapt up by the late Mr Edwards, sealed with his seal, and an attestation wrote by his own hand. It was then agreed Mrs Edwards should be sent home in Lady Moreton's post-coach, accompanied by the Reverend Mr Hilliard, to whom the packet should be intrusted ; Mrs Edwards not to return, because we all expect to separate in a few days, and I have obtained leave for Paulina to go with me a while to Liverpool. It is twelve at night. My uncle came about ten, and went to bed, either not very well, or not very good-humoured.

Adieu, my Caroline.

Your own

JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

MISS LAMOUNDE TO MISS THURL.

Allington.

THE task I impose upon myself to-day, my dear Miss Thurl, though painful, may, perhaps, divert a greater pain, which, although I must feel, to you only can I acknowledge it. Read, without farther preface, the cause of my uncle's last night's gloom.

COPY.

Valencia.

DEAR PAUL,

YOU extorted from me a promise at parting, that I would write you as often as I had anything to tell you about my adopted boy, my Wallace ; whose misfortunes began with his birth, and will end with his death, perhaps, for the cannibals have him.

Soon after my last from Algiers, I set sail for Valencia, and being tossed in a storm which damaged my rigging, was forced into Alicante to refit. As I must stay a week at least, and it is but sixty miles from Alicante to Valencia, I wrote to Wallace, desiring to see him, because, if he had not cargo enough at Valencia, it might be completed at Alicante. He came sooner than I expected, by a post-coach that runs after the English mode, only not so swift, from Barcelona, through Valencia, Alicante, Carthage, and other places, to Malaga. We spent the evening at the inn, whence I returned to lie on board ; for I did not care to take lodgings for two or three days, nor to leave ship long in a strange place. Wallace would have gone with me, but I would not let him. Well, damn it, I shall tell you a hundred foolish things that are nothing to the purpose. I expected him to breakfast—he did not come. I went to seek him—he was gone. Officers of justice, or more likely injus-

tice, had taken him out of his bed in the middle of the night, and carried him back to Valencia. The damned scoundrels of the Inquisition, I suppose, thought I; the lad, perhaps, has bolted a bit of heresy. Damn them, Paul! I would as freely have set fire to the nest, and burnt all the holy birds in it, as eat when I am hungry.

I ordered my boatswain to bring the ship to Valencia, and set off myself upon mules, who paid my bottom well, and brought me hither in a good strong fever. I drank wine to cure it, and when that would not do, brandy. I alighted at Wallace's lodgings, and found the gentlemen of law had sealed up all his papers. I moved off to old Udivido's. He was ill, and saw nobody. I went upon 'Change, hired an interpreter, for I don't understand much Spanish; by his means, I learned that there was nothing so secret as the law proceedings in Spain; nothing so impenetrable. Not a soul had heard of Wallace's imprisonment. Many were wondering not to see him upon 'Change. A Signior Joseph Praio had been found dead in the streets a few mornings since; and it was reported Signora Estella Udivido, with her governess, had gone from her father's house, but where, or with whom, there had been no plausible conjecture rumoured. How far it was possible my factor might be involved in these facts, no one knew.

An old merchant introduced me to the principal Corregidor, and told him my distress. The man of law said I might make myself perfectly easy, injustice was never committed in Spain. If my factor was innocent, in due time he would be free; if not, no Christian ought to grieve at the punishment of a criminal.

But of what is he accused? says I.

Signior Inglis, says he, that is necessary to be known only to his judges. Every officer of justice is sworn to secrecy.

At least, I hope, I may be permitted to see him?

No, Signior Inglis, that is not permitted. A criminal in Spain is secluded from society. No person has access to him but his keepers, and the officers deputed to interrogate him.

Tell me, at least, is he in the prison of the Inquisition, or of civil justice?

I tell nothing.

This, dear Paul, is all I know at present. I run about the city with my interpreter, without being able to obtain the least information. The merchants shake their heads, and pity, but avoid me, as much as possible. If I don't get hanged for abusing these—things that look like men—you shall hear from me again.

Farewell.

PATRICK ISLAY.

One comfort, my dear Miss Thurl, I draw from reflecting, that the merit which drew me to regard Mr Wallace, is not of the frivolous kind, which too often captivates our silly sex;

it takes the attention of men also, and of men who cannot be caught with glitter.

Adieu.

JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

MISS LAMOUNDE, IN CONTINUATION.

I MUST write, my dear Miss Thurl, with or without a subject. Yesterday, after I had committed my last to the post, I went down into the garden, where I found Mr Holman, slow in step, pensive, and rather pale. It was evening, and, I doubt, he had neglected his patients. I could scarce salute him without tears. He returned my salutation with an, Ah, Miss Lamounde! What have you and I to answer for!

Of what, sir, do you accuse yourself and me? Myself of indolence, and you of pride. I had an establishment in view for my friend. He lulled me to sleep by pleading the present happiness of his situation. You ought to have said—I love you, Wallace—Go—Be something better in the world's esteem than my footman—Here is my purse—enlarge your sphere of action—Be the gentleman nature designed you, and give me a merit in having distinguished you.—What the devil but a paltry vanity, Miss Lamounde, could have made you continue him your footman, when you had felt his merit?

I own I was not in haste to discharge him; but how vanity was the motive, I do not see. I own also, that I often blushed that he should be my servant, and formed intentions in his favour, which were deferred till the coming home of my brother.

Kind intentions, Miss Lamounde?

No, Mr Holman, not as you understand the word; nor would yourself have praised the prudence of forming resolutions then, the prejudices of the world full against me, and the prospect very uncertain. Sure, it was wiser to leave the future to contingency?

How many foolish things do we do in complaisance to this wise world—of women! Men, could men have been found in the reign of George the Third, would have applauded a woman who durst do right in the world's teeth. Well—so things are—Your love and my friendship falling fast asleep, a young fellow, formed to do honour to any station of life, is doomed to fill a Spanish prison.

Not for ever, I hope!

No—only for life, perhaps; or, they may be merciful, and send him back to us, with only half the bones of his body broke and dislocated by their damned rack.

Mr Holman almost ran out of the garden, my dear, with his handkerchief at his eyes. It was a cruel idea, and left me miserable for hours. My dear Miss Thurl, I must fly to you as soon as possible; it is necessary to my happiness, almost to my existence.

* * * * *

From the apathy, the carelessness about the good or evil things of this world, into which I thought myself sinking, I have been pretty well roused.

Lady Moreton sent this morning to desire my company; she was alone. On a table before her lay some papers, two gold watches, a miniature picture, a lady's locket, and a small diamond cross. All these had been carefully wrapt in cotton.

I presume, Lady Moreton, these are the contents of the packet brought by Mr Hilliard?

Yes, Miss Lamoude. Are you acquainted with these contents?

No, madam; Miss Edwards gave me a general, but not particular account.

Pray read this.

"I, William Edwards, rector of Box, in the county of Chester, do attest the following facts: About six in the evening of the 26th day of December, in the year of our Lord, 1762, I was sent for in all haste to the sign of the Harrow, where I found a crowd assembled round a poor woman, who had been taken out of a coach going through the village, in a paralytic fit, having with her a female infant, not a year old.

"The parish-officers had been sent for, and were loud in clamour about expenses and consequences. The landlady was vowing revenge against the coachman for not having told her before-hand, the nature of the deposit he was going to make. The child cried most pitifully, but its cries were almost unheard in the universal cackle, and the woman lay insensible.

"In such a tumult it was impossible to think: I ventured, therefore, to order the woman and child to my own house, very much to the good-liking of the overseers, who made no doubt but, by so rash a step, the expenses would fall upon me, and the parish be free.

"I studied medicine, because none of the faculty were nearer our village than ten miles, and whatever my knowledge would supply, I did for the poor woman—but all in vain. She never spoke, and died on the following day.

"In her travelling trunk we found two gold watches, and the other toys enclosed herewith. In her pocket a purse containing a few German coins, twenty-one guineas, and twelve shillings in silver; but not a scrap of writing, or anything that could lead to a discovery.

"The dress of the woman was that of an upper servant; that of the child was of a superior kind; from which circumstance, and the nature of the toys, we judged this woman not to be the child's mother.

"But when the women, appointed to lay her out, had undressed her, they found around her waist a silk girdle, curiously wrought; it was double, and evidently contained papers. We doubted not but these would satisfy all our

doubts. The contents of the girdle were bank notes to the amount of two hundred pounds, and an open letter, undirected, unsubscribed, and whereof the contents, though they wrung our hearts, gave us not the least information concerning what we wanted to know.

"One method still remained—to advertise.—This we did for two years, at intervals, in many London, and many country papers. They never produced an inquiry. Then it was that my wife, being childless, gave way to her affection for the child, which was lovely, and which we considered as the gift of God.

"WILLIAM EDWARDS."

The letter was wrote in a pretty, but wandering hand, with different shades of ink. I have obtained leave to copy it for your perusal *only*; for Lady Moreton remembers you at Lady Grainger's five years since, and that you then promised to be a pattern of female perfection. A pretty promise, Caroline; will you perform it?

COPY.

"If penitence, long-suffering, and death, can atone for past offences, I may hope for a father's and sister's forgiveness. In a few days, perhaps hours, I shall have completed, as far as regards myself, all the sad consequences of an imprudent marriage, entered into without a father's sanction, or a sister's approbation. All I have now to do on earth, is to implore your compassion for two innocent infants, one of them born amidst the horrors and carnage of war; the other at Allington, a village in Lancashire. After our marriage, my husband left me on the borders of Scotland, to go into the Highlands, to reconcile his family to this imprudent transaction; and hoping to obtain an asylum for me whilst he went into Germany, whither he was ordered to go immediately. This family, the proudest in the Highlands, was inexorable. One brother only acknowledged him for a brother, and stole back with him to the Borders to see me. He treated me most affectionately, and made me little presents, such as his poverty would permit. At Carlisle, my husband received peremptory orders to join his regiment, so soon, that he was obliged to leave me there. I was pregnant, and near my time. Reasons of pride, perhaps of resentment—induced me to lie-in under a feigned name. My husband's Christian name occurred to me. I called myself by it, and sought out a village apothecary, where I might be safe and secret. I found one at Allington, in Lancashire; his name was Holman. There I was brought to-bed of a boy, whom I ordered to be christened James, after my most revered and respected father. I left my child there, and eight hundred pounds in the hands of Mr Holman. Molly will tell you these, and a thousand other particulars—for I write with

so much difficulty, that this has cost me many days.

"I am now in Germany—a widow—destitute of friends—of comfort—except from the tenderness of my faithful Molly, who, for the satisfaction of her dying mistress, has sworn upon the holy Bible, to deliver unto your hands the child born here—to whom I have given your dear name, Paulina, and all my remaining wealth, which consists of two hundred pound bank notes, sewed up in the girdle given me by my respected godmother. This, and the eight hundred pounds left with Mr Holman, (I have lost the bond,) is all that remains of that fatal two thousand pounds, the kind but unfortunate gift of my aunt, to which I owe all my wretchedness.

"My strength wastes apace—I want to tell you many things—but they vanish from my memory. I have changed the town of my residence six times the last summer. At the end of it my husband came wounded to die in my arms. I was then almost at down-lying. You will not wonder a being so wretched, with no comfort of the past, no hope of the future—should die broken-hearted.—

"Oh! forgive me—Molly will tell you everything—Be kind to her, dear sister—and, oh! my injured, most respected father—pardon—I recommend my little James—my dear Paulina—I ask not affluence—but a virtuous education, under your superintending.—"

So ended the poor lady's letter, my dear Miss Thurl: I could not read it without many tears, and Lady Moreton accompanied me profusely.

Poor creature, says she, when I had ended—how many bitter pangs has ignorance saved me! I loved this sister, Miss Lamoude, but own I was too obstinate in my resentment—and my father also.—Poor man! but he relented, and left her ten thousand pounds, and his forgiveness. He died at Spa, whither I accompanied him, about the time my sister must have left the kingdom. We were absent three years—to which circumstance it was probably owing that I never had the least knowledge of Mr Edwards's advertisement. I caused inquiry to be made amongst the officers of the army; whence I obtained general intelligence that Captain Islay, my sister's husband—

Captain Islay! madam?

Yes, my dear—She married Lieutenant Wallace Islay, of the Eastern Highlands.

Good heaven!

Why this transport, Miss Lamoude?

I beg your ladyship will proceed.

I have nothing more to say, my dear, but that I learned the captain was dead, and my sister also—without any mention of her having left a child. Shortly after, I married Sir Everard Moreton.—But we seem led hither by the hand of Providence, Miss Lamoude. It is very sin-

gular that this discovery should be made *here*—and I was very desirous to have your advice concerning my mode of inquiry to Mr Holman. It is not probable that you should know anything, any more than myself, of that unfortunate child.

Why did my cheeks glow at this observation, my dear Miss Thurl? Why did I feel a sort of mental confusion?

But pray, my dear, when I mentioned Captain Islay, why did you exclaim?

I believe I am able to give your ladyship many particulars of your unfortunate nephew. I have had the honour to be his mistress, a circumstance at which I blushed, though he did not; for it soon appeared that he had the manners of a gentleman, and the attainments of a scholar; but for a connected history of his life, I must beg leave to refer your ladyship to Mr Holman, his peculiar friend, whom you will find a man of great merit.

And pray, Miss Lamoude, where, and in what situation of life, is the young man now?

A prisoner, madam, in Valencia, in Spain.—Here, my dear Miss Thurl, I gave her ladyship a general account of what had happened to Mr Wallace since I knew him; only I did not think it necessary this account should include the cause of his leaving Liverpool. This I ascribed to his having done a service to Captain Islay, and concluded with my supposition, that this Captain Islay was his uncle, that brother of his father, who alone took notice of him upon his unfortunate marriage. I look upon this as certain, from the captain's own relation to Wallace.

Lady Moreton was very attentive to this recital, and thoughtfully at the close of it.—Those abominable Spaniards, says she, with their secret forms of justice, have such power to do evil, that I cannot but be apprehensive, though I see nothing of which he can be guilty: but pray, Miss Lamoude, did nothing arise in the mutual communication of history between the captain and Mr Wallace, as you call him, to give either the least suspicion in what degree of relationship he stood with the other?

I believe, not in the least; nor does the instinctive principle, by which these secret ties have been so often felt (in books) before they were known, seem to have operated in the least; nor, continued I, with a smile, does your ladyship seem to have felt its influence with regard to Paulina.

It is true, my dear, I do not experience any troublesome impetuosity of affection on her account. I am not without some degree of tenderness for her neither; but it is a tenderness of reflection; it springs from the head, and not from the heart. At present, I own you have given me a much livelier emotion in favour of my unknown nephew. He seems to possess the active qualities of virtue; she only the passive. In short, Miss Lamoude, (but let it be a secret

between you and me,) she seems a little water-gruelish.

I was going to prove to her ladyship that this difference arose from difference of sex, and retired mode of living, when Sir Everard sent in to desire leave to pay his respects. His request was granted. Lady Moreton announced me as Miss Lamounde; the baronet shrunk back a little, as if conscience-struck; but presently recovered, and paid his compliments with tolerable ease, and some elegance. The man seems to want no grace, but the grace of God: handsome too, but for the scar on his right temple.

Don't you think, says Lady Moreton, when the baronet sat down, that Miss Lamounde is entitled to some apology, for the attempt upon her brother's life?

I have none to make, madam, but of love, wine, and madness.

Love! replies Lady Moreton; is that the name you give to a design upon a lady's honour?

I do assure your ladyship, I never designed anything against the lady's honour—for I never thought of it: I thought only of her beauty.

And that you would have sacrificed to your own gratification?

I really think I ought to have some merit for it with your ladyship. I was endeavouring to dispose of my private affections in such a way, that they might not interfere with my duty to your ladyship in the great article of marriage.

Oh, sir! I release you from all future duty, since the great, perhaps the only, use of it is to be a cover for vice.

I cannot be released, madam; it is inherent in my nature.

Spare me, Sir Everard, spare me the mortification of having the fond mistakes of a mother pointed out, by her son's ingenious insolence.

This is severe, madam, and, I hope, undeserved.

Let us come to a right understanding. When the tender charities of life subsist only in name, they obstruct happiness, rather than promote it. You are now Sir Everard Moreton: I was your mother.

You are my mother, madam, my honoured mother. I beg pardon for indulging a playful humour when you are serious: but I have this morning received a letter from my generous Lamounde. The purport of it, to reconcile me to myself. I have had a long, long conference with my pillow, madam: I have compared myself with my friend, and I find that he is as happy in the straight course of rectitude, as I am in deviation. I find also that I lose esteem, and he gains it. Have the goodness, madam, to forgive the past, and give me credit for the future. If I can depend upon myself, you will have no cause hereafter to disown your son.

Let actions correspond with your words, Sir Everard, and I shall be again a happy mother.

This reconciliation was sealed with tears by Lady Moreton, and by the baronet with promises.

A first proof of your moral conversion, Everard, says Lady Moreton, soon after, with recovered cheerfulness, will be to think no more of Miss Edwards.

If you command it, madam, I will endeavour to obey; but, I fear, my will will not have so absolute a power over my imagination, as may be requisite to complete your injunctions. Thinking, madam, should at least be free.

I admit your pleasantry now. However, I hope you will be able to prevail upon your imagination to treat her with more respect than it has been accustomed to do. She is descended, I assure you, from as good a family as your mother, and will have ten thousand pounds to her fortune.

Sir Everard regarded Lady Moreton with astonishment.

I must suspect you of pleasantry now, madam.

No—it is not my talent. Upon the table before me is a complete discovery of Miss Edwards's birth. She is the daughter of my sister—that unhappy young lady, who married a Scotch officer—but whom we almost ceased to talk of before you arrived at years of understanding.

That gold watch, continued Lady Moreton, seeing Sir Everard struck dumb with astonishment, was my father's present; that locket, mine. The seal of that other watch has a cipher, W. I., the initials of her husband's name, Wallace Islay. The whole has an undoubted confirmation from this letter wrote me with her own hand; but which, by a very unfortunate accident, never reached me till last night.

I left the wondering baronet to read the letter, and receive the necessary explanations; and, by Lady Moreton's permission, returned to Mr Holman's, to communicate the discovery to Paulina, my uncle, Mr Holman, and my brother.

I will not trouble you, my dear Miss Thurl, with the effect my relation had upon each individual. Paulina's emotions you may conceive; but, unless you have been at sea in a storm, you will not so easily imagine Mr Holman's. The man was mad with joy. I think he kissed me about twenty times, hugged my brother, and shook my uncle's arm almost out of joint. He danced, capered, prayed a little, and swore much; till at length a Spanish jail coming into his head, he almost burst into tears, and hurried out of the room.

At Lady Moreton's desire, we spent the evening at the inn all together, where Paulina was installed niece to Lady Moreton, and cousin to Sir Everard, with all due solemnity. Mr Holman was the principal orator of the evening, and entertained us very much. The command-

ing topic, as might be expected, was the actions of his friend ; such, either in themselves, or in his relation, that they always commanded our esteem, and sometimes our admiration.

Mr Holman spoke with caution concerning his father, yet so that one might perceive, he considered him as not having treated his friend either so kindly or so generously as he ought. Of the deposit of eight hundred pounds, mentioned in Mrs Islay's letter, he had no doubt ; for he had found a memorandum upon loose paper, since his father's death, of that sum being put into the hands of Scott and Co. of Lancaster, before the end of the year in which the lady lay in ; and also of the regular redrawing it, which, in less than five years, was completely performed.

To-morrow we separate with all possible professions of mutual esteem and respect betwixt they, the Moretons, and we, the Lamoundes. Paulina goes with Lady Moreton, who goes by Box, in order to take Mrs Edwards. Lady Moreton has requested an express may be sent her, when the next news arrives from Spain. In a few days expect at Kirkham your

JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

CAPTAIN ISLAY TO PAUL LAMOUNDE, ESQ.

Valencia.

DEAR PAUL,

SINCE my last, which I sent to the post about eight days ago, I have been running up and down this city with my interpreter, collecting idle rumours which have taught me nothing. I am still excluded the house of Signior Udivido, who, I find, is the prosecutor of Wallace, for running away with his daughter, as Signior George Praio is, for killing his brother. The last mentioned Don has given a large scope to the wits here, on account of the extreme rage and fury with which he is transported whenever he hears the name of the murderer of his dear, dear brother, whom no power on earth shall screen from his vengeance ; whom he will kill with his own hand, if he escapes—but that is impossible—human tribunals. Now these dear brothers had often furnished Valencia with discourse, on account of the peculiar malignity with which they hated each other : But the rich succession of half a million of pistoles, for Signior Joseph had made no will, restored the warmest brotherly affection to the heart of Signior George.

I supped with old Juan Ponze last night, who was in London twenty years ago, and remembers seeing you there. He is a hearty, sly, old fellow, and, for a Spaniard, a pretty free talker. I told him we English had conceived a

very erroneous opinion of the integrity of the officers of the criminal police in Spain ; we have considered them as bribable to a man. In Valencia I had found them, on the contrary, all men of integrity. I had tried to bribe from the first regidor to the jailor, and could neither extract a secret, nor gain permission to see the prisoner, who, I believe, as innocent as myself.

Signior Islay, says he, you are a foreigner, and an heretic. Spaniards are nice in points of honour ; and secrecy, even in roguery, is a nice point of honour. How can they trust a man, who can't get a single saint in Heaven to be bound for him ? After all, perhaps, you went awkwardly to work : Perhaps George Praio bribes higher than you. George would have given ten thousand pistoles to any tight hand who would have done this business for his brother, but for the danger of discovery ; at least this is a prevailing opinion here, and George will spare no expense to convince people how erroneously they have judged. A vivacious Frenchman has accused our men of justice of requiring a larger bribe to make them do the thing that is right, than its contrary—Because, says he, men don't like to be put out of their way ; but this is wit. I daresay, if your factor is not guilty, it will cost George Praio a round sum to make him so.

Zounds ! says I—I had often occasion to swear, Paul—but I did it in English, and our conversation was in French—how the devil an innocent man can be proved guilty, is incomprehensible !

To an Englishman, answered Ponze ; in your country they oblige the prosecutor to prove the guilt ; here, they oblige the criminal to prove his innocence. But, occasionally, we go farther still : Sometimes we do not choose the innocence should be proved, and that the crime should ; and when there is no other way, we engage the criminal to do it for himself.

Impossible !

Nothing so easy. We rack him. If he confesses, it is well ; all goes right, and he is hanged, or burned, or impaled, in due course of law.

But suppose he will not confess ?

Rack him to death. This is in due course of law also, and answers the end of justice nearly as well, only some fees are lost to the subalterns, and a holiday to the mob.—But come, continues he, seeing me too angry to enjoy his satirical pleasantry, this is rather a picture of past times. We are not now so wicked, except upon great occasions.

It's foolish to write this, dear Paul, unless I could write more to the purpose ; but it eases me, so let it go. I shan't write again, however, till I have better news.—Farewell.

Yours,

PATRICK ISLAY.

SIR EVERARD MORETON TO JAMES LAMOUNDE, ESQ.

Dalthorpe.

I AM not well, dear Lamounde, not well ; something is wrong in my head, not in the physical, but moral structure thereof. The new associations are at kick and cuff with the old. Goodness, thou knowest, my goodness, is an infant, unable yet to stand of itself ; Heaven strengthen it !

Two roads have I before me ; one leading to the right, by the way of matrimony and Paulina, the other is the high road to London and Paris. Oh ! that my wicked imagination would repose itself upon a loving wife, and squalling children ; upon morning hounds, and evening cards ; upon godliness and roast beef. Thou seest how I pant after godliness.

Once I had a few immaculate conceptions of the dear Paulina, my sweet cousin that now is, of which the great philosophic surgeon, James Lamounde, delivered me. Now I conceive soberly of her—as a wife. With the former class of conceptions, I found myself all man. They animated me ; they kept me awake. The latter do not in the least interrupt my repose.

Lady Moreton, as all the world knows, is an exceeding good woman. Why not ? She is my mother. As in duty bound, I demanded Paulina of her in marriage ; but whether I asked her with too little ardour, (all women love ardour in such cases,) or whether she does not wholly confide in my conversion—I know not. Her answer was—We will talk of this a year or two hence.

The old lady is retired to her jointure house, and I am left alone and forlorn in the mansion of my forefathers. My maids are Blowzelindas, and my housekeeper an old woman ; a good old soul too, who would be petrified with pious horror, if I should ask her to adopt a pretty niece for me, and bring her home to be a comfort to her in her old age. My lady mother too, who lives but one mile distant, would soon be acquainted with it, if I dared to do such a pawpaw thing.

I tried one day to renew one of those tenderly-familiar scenes, to which, in better days, I had been accustomed with the gentle Paulina. Not gentle now ; she has caught the spirit of goodness ; not the mild, meek, forgiving, christian spirit ; but the spirit of wounded pride, and of resentment. Once I appeared in her eyes the most generous, most benignant of men. She fears she shall never again see me in a light so amiable ; and till she does—she leaves it to me to complete the sentence.

Even my adoptive mamma, that ought to have been—the pious Mrs Edwards, looks at me obliquely. It was wicked, very wicked—to be

sure it was. All she can do is, to pray to God to grant me his grace.

Pour le comble, as the Parisians have it, thy sister—I swear, the most elegant and sensible girl in all England and Berwick-upon-Tweed—comes into my head the first of all things in a morning, and stays there longer than is meet ; but, alack ! I enter not into hers. That felicity is reserved for my other cousin, who started into creation full grown, on purpose, if the Spaniards are not so civil as to prevent it, to rob me of ten thousand pounds, the sum my mother assigns him out of her privy purse.

Write to me, dear Lamounde ; comfort me ; strengthen me in the way I should go, and remember me to thy sententious uncle, to thy adorable sister, and to thy incomparable self.

EVERARD MORETON.

PAUL LAMOUNDE, ESQ. TO LADY MORETON.

MADAM,

AT the request of my niece, who is gone to visit Miss Thurl at Kirkham, I send you express the enclosed from Spain, and heartily wish it had contained better intelligence. Your nephew is certainly a most extraordinary young man, and, whilst he was with us, was my eternal plague.

Of his elegance of manners, which the women cry up so highly, I think little ; it is mere imitation. Any man may stoop down and pick it up : I despised it always. But for me, who was always the oracle of my family, to be forever confounded in argument, or eclipsed in it—by my niece's footman, was often too much to bear ; but the dog had so many agreeable modes of respect, that, for the soul of me, I could never dislike him. On the contrary, he made himself an increasing interest with me to the hour of his departure. You may be assured it is not lessened by his being so near a relation to the respectable Lady Moreton. That he may return in safety, and be an honour and comfort to your ladyship, is the wish of

Your most humble servant,

PAUL LAMOUNDE.

JAMES LAMOUNDE, ESQ. TO SIR EVERARD MORETON.

ALAS ! poor knight ! Hard, indeed, is the condition of man, who pants after goodness, yet cannot be good ; who is charmed with the pleasures of iniquity, yet dares not be bad.

Notwithstanding the wickedness of it, I ventured to shew your whimsical epistle to a pair of lovely critics, Miss Lamounde, who visits

you so kindly in a morning, and Miss Thurl, who condescends to inspire my slumbers.—It is a pity, said one of the lovelies; there is something in the man which a woman might like—if she durst.—Yes, says the other, he seems like Babouc's image.—Not quite so, was the reply. All, indeed, is not well; but, I doubt, all is not passable.

You are not quite an angel in the charity of your judgment, answered her fair friend. He is wild and eccentric, I allow; but a woman should pardon this for the sake of variety. Would you always have a man one and the same dull creature, whose ideas you can always anticipate, whose actions you can always foretell?

No. There are a thousand inconsequential actions and ideas, which a man may vary at pleasure; but let him have fixed principles, and let his ideas of honour and rectitude be immutable.

I assured your fair judges, that Sir Everard Moreton would, as much as any man, scorn a mean action, and detest a fraudulent one—save in love—and there are thousands like him.

I wish, says Miss Lamoude, they were all marked.

That, replies Miss Thurl, would employ the whole host of heaven a tedious length of time; whereas a few of the angelic choir might mark all that were not like him. Oh, my dear, you can't conceive how soon!

By George! says the squire, and the women would all run away from 'em. It's my belief, if all the girls, as like such saintish chaps, were marked too, one should not see one a-day; and where's the harm, after all, of liking a pretty girl under the rose, as the song says? By George! I think there's neither sin nor shame in't; for what were women made for? Now, what I likes worst in Sir Everard is his being so hasty and passionate, when you nettled him that night there. What a plague! Why could not he ha' gin you a douse i' the chops, as I should ha' done, and so ha' boxed it out? But I reckon he's polite, like cousin Sir Antony; and so, if a man frets him, nothing will serve turn but killing him downright; and that, in my mind, 's silly as silly. Now it's natural enough what he says about his cousin in foreign parts—the ladies had animadverted on that passage where you speak of your new cousin with too little respect—for who'd like to be elbowed out of their fortune by people they never see'd in their lives? And if anything chances to the young man, I see he's a bit of an inkling after Miss Lamoude here; but I hope she'll think o' me before a stranger. You see, miss, I says nothing while things be as they be; for love's love, let it be to who't will: And for matter o' that, he's a genteelish, properish sort of a young man enough, now one knows he's born a young gentleman. I bear him no ill will, not I, though we had a bit of a

quarrel; for it's my maxim, forget and forgive. But if anything should chance, I'm my own master now, and you shall eat and drink gold, as the saying is.

Lord have mercy, brother, how you do run on!

Why, I talks as a man should talk, sister; I likes to have everything fair and honest, and above-board. Let a man say what he thinks, and a woman say what she thinks, without so many turns and twistings. By George, women are like hares, they'll double twenty times before a body can catch them!

But pray then, brother, why do you visit Miss Chark?

Why, it's good to have two strings to one's bow; is not it? I han't said nothing to Miss Chark yet, but what I can be off at an hour's warning. Plain truth is, I likes Miss Lamoude best by a deal; but if she won't, you know, she won't: And now we're talking in this friendly way, sister, may I crave to know how you be going on wi' Mr Lamoude here, for I can't get nothing out of him; and I'd fain have you hold off a bit till one hears again out o' Spain; for who knows?

Miss Thurl rose, and half laughing, half blushing, almost ran out of the room. My sister followed.

Now I'll be judged by you, says the squire, if I've said anything that could give offence; but sister takes snuff for nothing.

It would oblige me very much, Mr Thurl, if you would never mention this to your sister.

Why, mun? They like to hear talk on't, for all their shyness; and it's hard if brothers mayn't talk to sisters about their sweethearts, especially as I'm in place of father, like as it were.

If ever I am so happy as to gain her consent to my wishes, I will do myself the pleasure of making you acquainted with it immediately; for, I assure you, I value your friendship very highly.

Do you? Gi' me your hand. By George, I'd rather you'd my sister than any man I know, without he was a lord or a duke, for that's natural. Now sister pretends to say she does not matter titles and families; but hang me if I believe a word on't; for when did you hear of a woman that did not like to be first and foremost at a ball or assembly? And for that matter so she will at your town, cause there be no titles in it, and our family be the oldest in this country.—And so you can't make her come to yet, ha?

She is far from being so kind as I wish.

Now that's like 'em. They loves to shew their power; but it's all nothing and nonsense. She was mortal sad and melancholy when you was shot there.

I can't flatter myself it was on my account.

Whose then?

My sister's.

No—you're out. You be sensible enough in some things, but you don't know women. Now I do. Why, mun, when your sister wrote word that you was out of danger, her stomach came to her all on a sudden, and she was as merry as merry. Lord help your soul, mun, they don't take on so for women!

Now grace be with you, Sir Everard, and peace and good will to women, but not love. If two women share it, Moreton, it will never be worth a halfpenny to thyself or them.

Adieu.

JAMES LAMOUNDE.

MISS ISLAY TO MISS LAMOUNDE.

Blannington.

You reproach me very justly, my dear Miss Lamounde; though my heart does not confess the reality, I cannot defend myself from the appearance of ingratitude. It is now a month since I parted with you at Allington, and I have not yet thanked my friend for all her goodness; that friend, who cared for me, when I had not care for myself; that friend, to whom I owe the being raised from penury to affluence, from nothing to distinction. But most cordially do I thank her now, and beg and pray the continuance of that friendship for Miss Islay she had for the poor Paulina.

The first fortnight of our arrival here was a busy one to Lady Moreton; for she had many arrangements to make in this house, which was getting ready for her reception whilst she was at Allington. I was busy also; for of the humble attire worn by Miss Edwards, very little was proper for Miss Islay. Shall I confess, my dear Miss Lamounde, it was a most agreeable time? A thousand pleasing ideas, congenial, a wicked poet would say, to the mind of woman, presented themselves, all predictive of pleasures that were to come. My future days were to be spent in the company of those distinguished beings, who, having time to learn, and wealth to procure instruction, must, in the natural course of things, have more wit, more knowledge, more intellectual acquisition, than can be the common share of mankind.

I protest, my dear, I should have thought no mathematical proposition had been clearer than this. Why it is not so—for, alas! it is not so—puzzles my poor philosophy to account for.

To see Lady Moreton in her new house, and a niece so oddly come by, have brought hither, within the last fortnight, in great plenty, all the first people in this and some of the adjoining counties! My poor self the principal show. My dear Miss Lamounde—such uniform insipidity of conversation! with so few exceptions! how can it be?

The most amusing morsel of conversation

this concourse produced, came from a Miss Irwin, a maiden lady, not very handsome, and not very young, whose propensity to talk is said to be greater than her propensity to think. She happened to be seated next Mrs Edwards, at some distance from Lady Moreton and me.

So that, mam, is the young person who has been brought to light so unaccountably; but really I don't see the beauty that people talk of so much. Don't you think, mam, she's a little crooked?

I don't perceive it, ma'am; she seems very well, says Mrs Edwards.

Yes—very well—that is exactly the thing.—Yes—yes, she is very well—but nothing to make a fuss about. I dare say the poor thing has not much improvement to boast of; for who could give it her? A country parson and his wife. What could such creatures know of polite life? I appeal to you, mam. I dare say they would stuff the poor child with pudding and plum-cake, and perhaps hear her the catechism once a-week: but don't you think, mam, she's vastly awkward? How she blushes when gentlemen accost her! Oh! I dare say she's a delightful blunderer. One would think the poor thing was dumb, though, probably, her tongue would run in the kitchen with sufficient velocity.

Mrs Edwards, who did not enjoy these remarks as she ought, was a little stung with the last.—Madam, says she, Miss Islay's tongue never runs; she never talks nonsense for want of something to say; never calumniates any one, and never chooses to talk upon any subject of which she is entirely ignorant.

Miss Irwin fanned herself with great violence, and was absolutely silent ten minutes, when forming the card parties relieved her from this embarrassment.

You desire to know my present sentiments concerning Sir Everard: my dear Miss Lamounde, I scarce know them myself. I cannot forget how dear he was to me: I cannot forget for what detestable end he put on the garb of all the virtues. I would persuade myself I love him no longer; but I have some unhappy hours which shew me my weakness; I will die, however, before I will yield to it. Never will I be anything more to him than now I am, till reason and my aunt approve him.

I have the satisfaction to acquaint you, that I advance in the affections of this dear respectable aunt. She has had the goodness to tell me, that it was her sister whom she first loved in me; now she loves me for myself.

She orders me to present you her kindest thanks for the very obliging letter you wrote her; entreats you to continue to favour her sometimes, and to accept the return from me; though, rather than not enjoy your correspondence, she will do a violence to that habitual indolence she has suffered to steal upon her, and again resume the pen. She begs her com-

pliments to your uncle, of whom she speaks most highly, and to your brother, whom she equally regards. Amongst women, none, I am convinced, possesses so much of her esteem as Miss Lamounde.

My unhappy brother ! For how many reasons is he, and ought to be, most dear to me ! Oh ! if he arrives safe from Spain, and can bestow upon me that kind of affection, I am so predisposed to return—how will it add to the happiness of

Your

PAULINA ISLAY.

Say everything for me to Miss Thurl, and favour me still with your secret confidence. I will not abuse it, though in favour of a brother. I know you cannot forget him. Is love a good boy at Kirkham, or froward and perverse ?

MISS LAMOUNDE TO MISS ISLAY.

Kirkham.

It gives me extreme pleasure, my dear Paulina, to hear you advance in the affection of Lady Moreton. So it ought to be, so it must be, unless my Paulina deviates from herself, or Lady Moreton has a degree of insensibility not conformable to her general character.

And so you are unable to conceive why gentlemen should not be the first people in society for knowledge ? It is not certainly because they do not read ; for all people read. All people talk too ; but all do not think, and no science, child, without thought. Neither do all people converse ; for conversation—I don't mean talk, my dear—is not the fashion.

My uncle remembers well when it was so ; when no young people of a decent appearance were regarded, unless they could speak upon the publications in vogue—novels then were not—and even make moral sentiments in a tolerable manner.

But then it must be owned, there was sometimes a horrible clash of opinion in very good company, especially when religion or politics were the subject ; the two grand sources of disputation. By degrees it became the fashion never to introduce those spoilers of peace ; and hence we are said to have now a most gentleman-like religion, never offensive by exuberance of zeal, and a most accommodating public spirit, perfectly acquiescent in every measure of every minister. In short, the good English people, with some exceptions, choose rather to be ignorant and polite, than learned and contentious. So far, my uncle.

I cannot at present, my dear Paulina, play and sport with this subject, or any other. You deserve my confidence. I love your brother, your unhappy brother, more than is conducive

to my tranquillity. It was a love founded upon his good sense, his delicacy, and his virtue. Our late discoveries certainly have not tended to diminish it, still less have his misfortunes : I sicken with suspense. Six weeks since our last from Spain. What am I to think ? Captain Islay said he would write no more, unless he could write better news. The conclusion presses upon me with a force that weighs down my spirits, and affects my health ; yet I strive to be cheerful for Miss Thurl's sake. She does not deserve I should make her uneasy.

I write to Lady Moreton by this post, so need not trouble you with compliments—and am, dear Paulina, affectionately

Yours,

JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

SIR EVERARD MORETON TO JAMES LAMOUNDE, ESQ.

Dalthorpe.

For thy prayers, I thank thee. I hope I shall have those of all good Christians ; for sinful man hath an arduous task, when he undertaketh to mend himself.

But how shall I know, dear Lamounde, when I have reached the ultimatum of goodness ? Or how shall I know whether it is my own or my mother's ?

Such unheard of wickedness as mine, Paulina says, can only be expiated by repentance and amendment. I assure her I am very far advanced in both : she believes it not. The little infidel does not know the signs of grace. Do I not go to church, and hear sermons ? Do I worship any other goddess but she ? Do I not read the Song of Solomon, to the great increase of love and piety ? Do I not hunt hares, and kill woodcocks ? Can the life of any gentleman be more useful and innocent ?

But how long will it last ? It is a malicious question, Mr Lamounde. I tell you I am bomb-proof against all the batteries of rural advice. If I can stand the red-hot balls from Brooks's, the Opera, and the Pantheon, I shall be the Gibraltar of virtue.

This must be tried. Yes, I renounce this world—of Sherwood-forest—its flesh, and all its devils. Direct thy next pastoral letter, or, if thou lovest me, dear Lamounde, direct thyself—to London.

If it were not for the necessity of trying this my gold in the fire, I should be tempted to make an excursion to Kirkham, to thank the dear girl that found me like Babouc's image, and to see that extraordinary animal, thy country squire ; but it may not be. London—London—London.

Thine,

EVERARD MORETON.

MISS ISLAY TO MISS LAMOUNDE.

Blannington.

I AM too much interested in the cause of your sorrow, my dear Miss Lamounde, not to sympathize with you sincerely. Love, however, is said to suggest many unnecessary fears; let us hope this may be one. Mr Paul Lamounde has wrote to Lady Moreton on this subject. You cannot conceive how much my aunt interests herself in my brother's welfare, owing, I presume, to the many advantageous things said of him by your uncle and Mr Holman.

Perhaps this interest is heightened by the conduct of Sir Everard, which is not what she wishes. It is, indeed, true, his mode of life, since his return from Allington, has been tolerably regular; but then it is apparent, at least to Lady Moreton, that this regularity is forced, and not at all to his taste. This manner of thinking is confirmed by Sir Everard's departure for London, upon very slender pretences: But there is a Miss C——, of Newark, a tradesman's daughter, has disappeared also; and there are rumours, rendered probable by circumstances, that Sir Everard, though not the companion of her elopement, is the final cause of it.

My dear Miss Lamounde, you would pity me if you knew how many secret tears I have shed upon this occasion; but my heart shall break before I will indulge its weakness, and wed a libertine; a libertine who errs at the instant when he repents, and deceives at the instant he promises. Some infelicity I must experience. Without him, perhaps, my heart may sigh; with him, it may break.

The calm pleasures of duty and society shall fill up my days, and the animating sensation of friendship my hours; those hours which common tranquillity is incompetent to satisfy. At all hours I am my dear Miss Lamounde's

Sincere and affectionate

PAULINA ISLAY.

MISS LAMOUNDE TO MISS ISLAY.

Kirkham.

I RECEIVED yours, Paulina, and am highly obliged and gratified by the assurance you give me of the continuance of your valuable friendship. Upon the subject of your brother you said nothing.

Amongst the many pleasant walks of this beautiful park, one is more shady, more retired than the rest. A few garden chairs are at one end, placed amongst shrubs. The spot is rather gloomy, and, seeming to be made for me-

itation only, is little frequented. Lovers meditate, Paulina, as well as philosophers; and this was my usual retreat when I felt myself more than commonly disposed to indulge in the pleasure of my own company.

Two hours before dinner to-day, having given my person all the embellishment, vanity, or any other cause, induces me to give it here, my brother being gone to Liverpool a few days before, and Miss Thurl engaged, I retired to my solitude. The squire had taken the trouble to give me a lecture at breakfast, (for we always take this meal without servants,) upon the folly of pining for love, and that an ounce of mirth is better than a pound of sorrow; and this had vexed me a little, notwithstanding I am now so well accustomed to the honest squire's mode of expression, that I seldom regard it. Indeed, the more he is known, the more he is valued; for he has a most friendly heart, and does a great many good, and even generous things. It is true, he says rude things very often, but they are never designed, arise merely from want of consideration, and have no consequence. When perfectly sober, he is not talkative; is even desirous of improvement, and shews natural good sense, by some true and not trite observations. In short, Miss Thurl and I live with him in a very friendly and even confidential way; and he has done me the honour of approving my constancy in love, since my sweetheart turns out to be a gentleman born.

One hour and more I had spent in contemplation—alas! not like a philosopher—I had taken Mr Wallace's letter from my pocket-book, had read it twice, and had indulged in the luxury of tears, when I heard some footsteps. I looked, and perceived Miss Thurl coming towards me, accompanied by my brother and a stranger. I looked at the stranger, and found myself oddly affected. He paid his compliments respectfully. I knew not what he said. My brother spoke: I did not understand him. I was taken with a vertigo, (I think the doctors call it,) and sunk down upon the chair with a very slender possession of my senses. I thought, indeed, I had a glimpse of Elysium, where your brother formed the principal object. It was a momentary trance; but when it ceased, this object seemed still to occupy my senses. It kneeled at my feet. It took my hand. It spoke—and its words would have persuaded me it was still mortal, still more than ever my obsequious servant. When I was persuaded, I became angry, or strove to be so; I chid him: He seemed to feel my anger, and deprecated it most humbly. My brother and my fair friend laughed, and whispered, and asked me why I did not welcome Mr Wallace home with more apparent cordiality?—How perverse can a woman be, says my brother, if she takes pains! What a delightful affectation is here, of dignity or delicacy, when everybody knows——

What, brother ?

That you were sick of love, dear sister. 'Sdeath, man, don't put on this sad and solemn air.—Take her—eat her—

Good God, brother ! how strangely you talk !

So he does, my dear ; high-treason against the commonwealth of women. How could he possibly think a woman's heart could jump up to her lips at a single leap ? Discoveries of this delicate nature ought not to be made at once : It is against the rules. A month at least should have been passed away and gone, before Mr Islay ought to have known you had been sick for him.

So, so, says I—here is a pretty plot amongst you. Are you in the scheme, Mr Wallace ?

No, upon honour ; but is it possible ? Am I really so happy as to have engaged your attention during my absence ?

I have certainly thought of you sometimes, Mr Wallace ; but—

But, says my brother—a-propos, sister—pray what paper is this ? It looks like a letter. (I had dropt it, my dear.) Perhaps you have a rival, Mr Islay ; do you know the hand ?

The colour, Paulina, mounted rapidly into my face. I felt it glow. Mr Wallace's rose too, I thought.

If I might be permitted to indulge the dear idea, says he, I believe this world has not in it anything capable to give me equal rapture.

Good ! says my brother—this is poetic ; but it is improvident also. What compliment will you have for the substance when it falls into your arms, if you are thus profuse to the shadow ? Ideas, man, are not made of flesh and blood.

I never, says I, knew anything so provoking. Pray, Mr Wallace, are you acquainted with all the discoveries that have been made about you during your absence ?

With all—Miss Lamoude—all but this—far the dearest—the most precious of all.

Oh !—but it merits confirmation.

Confirm it then, my dear, my adorable mistress. Permit me to devote myself to your service—

For ever and ever, amen, says my brother. Do, Judith.

Do, do—Miss Lamoude, adds Miss Thurl. Humanity calls you on one side.

And ingenuousness—your characteristic, sister—on the other.

Truth demands it.

Honour bids it.

Good people, says I, what do you want ?

Only, says Miss Thurl, to tell the gentleman you love him.

Well then, I do love him : But God forgive you, Caroline.

The little blind god, you mean ? I daresay he will, my dear.

Mr Wal—Islay kissed my hand with a becoming rapture, and said several things which I did not understand, nor he neither.

When this tumultuous scene had subsided, and we all began to taste a due degree of composure ; Here is a gentleman, says I, Caroline, who has paid his devoirs to you, with all humility, an immeasurable length of time. With what a delightful affectation of delicacy and dignity have you treated him, when all the world knows—

What does it know, Miss Judith ?

How sick you were till he recovered of his wound, and how great a tyrant after. And have not I permitted you to tease and fret him two goodly months, and you have not permitted me the despotism of an hour ? But your reign is over, Caroline. Truth, and honour, and ingenuousness, and candour, and humanity, all demand—

What, Judith ?

That you should tell the man you love him.

Why, I do love him. Lord, my dear, I told him so three days since ; and, if it will do you any good, I will tell him so ten times a-day.

And you will be my sister ? says I, embracing her.

Yes, indeed, answers she, returning my embrace—for ever and ever.

The gentlemen enjoyed this scene extremely, and congratulated each other on the pleasing prospect of love and friendship that lay before them. After which, resigning a hand to each of our monkeys, we walked back to the house.

When we had seated ourselves there, my brother informed me that the stratagem which had amused me so much was due to my uncle. The Caithness came in yesterday morning, and from thence to midnight was dedicated to a multitude of things, which will be related to you in order when we have leisure. This morning my uncle said to me, James, it would not be amiss for you to regale your new friend with a sight of his mistress to-day. He is a most worthy lad, and deserves to be happy ; but you see what a crowd of business he has upon his hands. Particulars, sister, by and by.

Now, Judith, continues our uncle, will put on her cloak of affection, which she will call the robe of decorum, and fret and torment Wallace, who will be thinking of her, when he ought to be thinking of better things.—Thank you, dear uncle.—So, pr'ythee, try to prevent this.

I promised, and upon the road spun out this small manœuvre, which I communicated apart to Miss Thurl ; and, faith, I am glad it has succeeded so well.

Whilst my brother was saying this, Mr Thurl came in with his gun, and, shaking him heartily by the hand, said, I am as glad to see you as glad.—Mr Islay made his bow.

Mr Islay, brother.

Servant, sir, says the squire, you bekindly welcome. Then looking at him a while, I think, says he, I have seen you before, though I can't say where.

I had once the honour of serving this lady, sir.

What! Miss Lamounde here? Yes, I remember you as well as if it was but yesterday. You and I had a bit of a quarrel once, but what signifies it? If people fall out to-day, they may fall in to-morrow; what hinders them? Let's forget and forgive—offering his hand.

I have done both long since, replies Mr Islay. Have you? Well, that's hearty, now; and I'm glad you be come safe and sound from among the Papishes, for I hate 'em ever since cousin Sir Antony wanted me to go and be killed among them.—Sister, how long is it to dinner? I'm as hungry as a hound; I've had nothing since breakfast but two glasses of cherry-brandy along with Jack Cornbury. Pray, now, is there plenty of game in foreign parts where you have been?

Though the squire desired very much to hear about foreign parts, he could not prevail upon himself to be silent till about an hour after dinner, when the additional fatigue of eating and drinking lulled him to sleep. We took this opportunity to walk in the Park, and there heard your brother's story; but I will not anticipate. I write this to prepare you, for Mr Islay sets off the day after to-morrow, to pay his duty to Lady Moreton, and embrace his sister. Dear, and still dearer Paulina,

Adieu. Your sincere

JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

MR LAMOUNDE TO MR HOLMAN.

Liverpool.

I AM now able to give you the inexpressible satisfaction of knowing that your friend is returned from Spain, uninjured in health or honour. You will be impatient for particulars, and, at Mr Islay's request, I have undertaken to acquaint you with them; for at present a strong necessity obliges him to attend to new relations in preference to old friends. This morning he set off for Nottinghamshire, and, at parting, conjured me to assure you of his undiminished attachment. This was needless; he has no talents for ingratitude.

The Caithness came into the river about ten on Tuesday morning, and the captain came off to town in his boat. He posted instantly to my house, which he believed was still my uncle's residence; it happened my uncle was then in my accommodating-house. It was, dear Paul, and dear Patrick, for the two first minutes; the third was Islay's. When my uncle understood all was well, he began to abuse the captain.—What the devil,

says he, was the reason you did not write?—When you had anything to plague me with, your pen was ready enough.

Paul, answered the captain, did you ever live ten days in the middle of a fair? Why, man, all Valencia was up. The rich paid us visits; the poor crowded to see us as we passed. However, I did find time to write you a few lines, and sent them, I thought, to the post, but, regulating my papers when we got under sail, I found this letter under a heap.

We staid conversing till word was brought us that the Caithness was got into dock, so we all went together to hail its safe arrival. Poor Wallace was taken with a severe ague fit when he saw us, and, indeed, performed the honours of the vessel with very little grace. His tongue faltered when common politeness obliged him to ask after my aunt; but the divine name of Miss Lamounde was quite too big to pass the epiglottis.

My uncle insisted on the captain's being his guest while on shore. I requested the same of Mr Islay, who absolutely turned pale at the proposition: But, says I, I insist upon it the more, as I am at present a poor solitary, my sister being gone upon a visit to Miss Thurl.—I pitied him extremely, for he was much affected.

Dom the lad, says the captain; e'er sin he kenn'd the coast o' Wales, he has been gude for naught but to blow a furnace with his sighs.

Even my uncle lost his mischievous inclinations, and, instead of increasing his distress by a joke, as I was afraid he would have done, took him kindly by the hand, and desired him to be assured he had no firmer friends than in his family; not an individual of which could remember anything to his disadvantage. At length, he made shift to tell us, that he never could forget his obligations to us all; that he glowed for an opportunity to prove his gratitude, and, finally, he accepted my invitation.

We supped at my uncle's, whom I never saw in a better humour for wit, satire, and red port. After the servants had withdrawn, it was no longer expedient to indulge a rambling conversation, for we had to hear the conclusion of Islay's imprisonment, and to communicate the discoveries made in his absence.

Before my uncle could well determine which of these subjects should have the preference, the captain, in answer to some one of my uncle's sallies, cried, Dom you, Paul, ken ye whom ye're jibing at? Has na the deegnyty of my presence informed you that I am mair than common, mon?

Why, I think, says my uncle, there is an increase of dignity, Patrick, about your belly.

Hoot awa, mon; din ye na spere at yive Sir Patrick Islay, Laird of Lothgaim, in the Eastern Highlands, in your house?

And, in fact, so it was. The captain had found letters in the post-office from Mr Lochiel, of Cromartie, informing him of the death of his

elder brother, without legitimate issue ; that he had done what could be done relative to the estate, but that his presence was extremely desirable as soon as possible.

Baronet, says my uncle, I give you joy.

Thank you, merchant ; and, faith, so you wull—mare than aw I'll get either fra' my estate or title.

Why so, Patrick ?

Because the estate wull gi' me muckle labour, at a time when I thought I had na mare to do than tak heed to my soul, drink old wine, and help Paul Lamounde to growl at folly, and laugh at care. Mareover, what shall I dee with my brither's bastards ?

Ay, now, Patrick, you see the folly of celi-bacy. If you had taken a wife in due time, you might have been a cuckold and a father like your betters, and not have been plagued with the provision of an heir—when—

Haud thy prate, old Paul, cries Sir Patrick. The mon kens na what he's gabbling aboot.

Providence, continues my uncle, is sometimes so kind as to provide for helpless man by extraordinary means. Heirs, in time of need, may fall from heaven like manna. Don't despair, Patrick.

Wha the deel puts it into thy hede, Paul, to cank this stuff ? Is not any mon my heir, or any woman, that I leek weel enough to make so ?

Oh ! but the law is so kind as to ease us of the perplexity that would attend the choice. Besides, though the Laird o' Lothgaim be great upon the mountains, barren as they are, he cannot bequeath his naked rocks, nor choose upon whom shall descend the honours of his warlike house. His sisters are stricken in years, and virgins—that is, in law. His elder brother has left no children, but what are the sons and daughters of nobody. Himself has made no canonical attempts to obtain any, so that there will be a manifest solution of continuity in the descending line ; and God help the poor land that is to seek its owner amongst a heap of collaterals. But pray, Patrick, what became of your brother Wallace's wife ?

Poor Wallace ! says the captain ; I never think o' that bra' lad withcot sorrow, and thou takest a precious time, Paul, to bring him to my remembrance. Of the skirmish he got his mortal wound in, I have been told by several officers wha knew him, and they report his wife died big with child soon after him.

Her maiden name was Corbett ?

Yes. She was a parson's daughter of Lincolnshire—rich, but proud. He had only two daughters, and half his fortune would ha' been a bonny spell for poor Wallace. The other girl married Sir Everard Moreton ; but I ken nought aboot her.

She is at present a very rich and respectable widow. I have the honour of her acquaintance, and she desires to have the honour of yours.

Upon your recommendation, Paul ?

No—she has a curiosity to shew you such an one as you have not seen in all your travels.

Ah ! we shall never meet *con amore* upon that hede. I am not a mon of vertu.

It is no monster, Patrick, but a very pretty and deserving girl ; a curiosity, I told her ladyship, you were full as fond of as a coin of King John.

Yea, Paul, when the things were fond of me ; but, as auld Bacon's hede said, " Time is past."

Time changes the follies of youth into the reverentia of age. A man, who can no longer be a good lover, may be a good father, or a good uncle ; and it is in this latter character Lady Moreton is desirous to see you shine.

In aither words, Paul, Lady Moreton thinks the nuptials of her sister with my brither, gives her daughter a right to expect a few of my thousands, after my decease.

Lady Moreton has no daughter. This is her niece, and yours too, Sir Patrick.

Dom your humbugs, Paul ; what's the humour of a' this ?

Islay, says my uncle, I can joke, but I can be serious also. I am so now, when I assure you, that a fortunate accident has discovered to Lady Moreton the daughter of her sister, and of your brother. The proofs are complete. Lady Moreton could not resist their evidence, nor can you.

Your uncle, says the captain, addressing himself to me, puts me in mind of the loon that cried thief, tull nobody would believe him. Paul has joked till it has become difficult to think him serious.

I have always thought the difference very striking, Sir Patrick, betwixt my uncle in a serious mood and in a joking one. If you do me the honour to prefer my evidence to his, I know this lady, and think the proof of her being your brother's daughter incontestable.

Weel, says Sir Patrick, gin this be gospel, I ha' na mare to say. It's like I wull dee something for the girl ; but, I doubt, being female, she can neither inherit land nor title.

She cannot, says my uncle, she has an elder brother. I have the fortune to know the young man, and so by chance have you.

Haud, Paul ; I dinna recollect the knowledge of any young mon of my ain name.

He also is ignorant of his parents, consequently could not take their name.

What, then, has been his name ?

James Wallace.

I had my eyes upon Wallace, whose dumb wonder delighted me. With a beseeching look, he seemed to ask, Is it true ?—It is indeed true, says I, rising to embrace him. I congratulate you sincerely.—My uncle swore it to Sir Patrick, who threw his pipe into the fire, and a good wig, in right seaman's buckle, after it.

Then getting up with too much precipitation, he whisked a bottle of wine and half a dozen glasses from the table, he hugged his new-found nephew with an ardour that shewed it came directly from his heart; after which, he danced about the parlour till a memento from his great toe reminded him of the solid comfort of an elbow chair.

It fell to my lot to give a sober and regular detail of this business, and I was amply rewarded. Mrs Islay's dying letter, which I had been permitted to copy for the occasion, called forth the most tender filial sensations in the mind of her son; nor could the captain, with all his efforts, refuse us an unequivocal testimony of his feelings.

It now approached midnight. Wiser beings, after so much mental agitation, would have sought the soft repose of the pillow, but we were too high set to be wise. Our sensations were too delicious to be exchanged for sleep; and, in order to bring them down to sober mediocrity, we voted that Wallace should give us the history of his Spanish durance, which, after a few apologies, he related thus:—

Two hours after I had retired to rest at Alicante, I was awaked from a sound sleep by a thunder at the door of my apartment, and by some voices of authority, demanding entrance in the name of the king. I dressed myself hastily, and believing it some error of these officers, which my appearance would dissipate, opened the door. The lower gentlemen of justice in Spain do not pique themselves upon politeness. I was seized rather rudely, and searched. I believe this is common in most countries, either to prevent mischief, or produce discovery; for which of these purposes they took my money, I know not, for I had in my pocket twenty pistoles, which I never saw again. It was not to me they condescended to address themselves; but, having identified my person as well as they were able by circumstances, and by questioning the people of the inn, they put me into a close chaise drawn by mules, and, having conveyed me in safety back to Valencia, they completed their commission by lodging me in prison.

The apartment assigned me was twelve feet square, not remarkable for dampness, dirt, or vermin, fleas excepted, which I had learned in Spain not to regard. My furniture was a bed, or what was called so, a chair, and table. My diet was principally bread and onions; my drink water, and two pints of light wine per diem, of no very intoxicating quality.

So far I had no violent cause of complaint; my sufferings were light, for they were not aggravated by consciousness of guilt, and I still imputed the whole to error, which a short time must rectify in course. I wanted amusement, indeed, for I was refused pen and ink, and could not procure books. I had nothing to do then

but to reflect, and my principal subject was the variety of human conditions. I repined sometimes at my own, and grew enamoured of liberty, and an hundred sterling pounds per annum. Sometimes I thought of positive miseries; of cold, hunger, nakedness; of minds tortured by guilt; of the wooden cage at Vincennes, and its twenty years wretched inhabitant, and became ashamed of my own repining.

What I had most to complain of, was the terrible importance of all who approached me. The head keeper of the prison did me the honour of a daily visit, looked round about him with great appearance of penetration, and retired without a word. I ventured, when I first saw him, to entreat him to tell me why I was imprisoned. He shook his head with great solemnity, and walked away.

I had asked the same question of the archers, who conducted me from Alicante, and one of them had at length condescended to answer me by another—Whether my crimes were so numerous, that I found it impossible to guess for which I was now attached?—I ventured to answer I did not know I had committed any crime. His reply was, he had seen abundant want of knowledge of that sort; but tribunals of justice were excellent instructors.

About the fourth evening of my imprisonment, my solemn janitor came with two of his body guards to carry me to my first examination. In a room of the prison, not far distant from my own, sat, at a square table, a considerable personage, with a secretary on each hand, one to write down the question, the other the answer.

You are an Englishman? Stop one minute before you reply.

After this minute—I am.

Your name is—

James Wallace.

Factor, or agent, or servant, to Signior Islay, master of a ship?

Yes.

You know Signior Udivido, of this city?

Yes.

And his daughter Estella?

Yes.

You were particularly intimate with this young lady?

She had the goodness to treat me with great courtesy; I don't know the precise meaning of your intimado.

Where is this young lady now?

I was startled at this question. My looks shewed it, and my interrogator observed me attentively.

I suppose, answered I, at her father's.—He shook his head.

You went from Valencia to Alicante on Wednesday the 17th instant, at two in the morning?

I did.

In the Barcelona coach ?

Yes.

Accompanied by one man and two women ?

Yes.

Who were those women ?

I don't know.—Another shake of the head.

How did you dispose of them when they arrived at Alicante ?

They disposed of themselves ; I know nothing of them.

Were they young or old ?

I know not ; they were veiled.

You stopped to refresh, and exchange horses ?

Yes. The ladies always went into an apartment by themselves.

You persist then in asserting you did not know them ?

I do.

Nor whence they came, nor whither they were going ?

Neither.

Young man—you will find justice better informed. Take him away.

I had now new matter for reflection. They had not mistaken my person ; but of what could I be accused ? Was it possible Estella should have eloped, and I suspected to be her conductor ?

The next night I underwent an examination in the same place, but by a different interrogator, who began as the other had done, by establishing my identity, and with nearly the same questions. The first difference was—Do you know Signior Joseph Praio ?

Yes.

Where did your acquaintance commence ?

I think at Signior Udivido's.

He was contracted to Signora Estella ?

I heard of a contract betwixt the gentlemen.

But not agreed to by the lady ?

That is not in my province to know.

But did you know ?

What accusation am I brought here to answer ?

None. You are to answer my questions. Did you know the contract was disagreeable to Signora Estella ?

I have heard so.

From the Signora herself ?

From common fame.

Do you mean to say you never did hear it from the Signora ?

It was not likely she should communicate such a secret to a stranger.

Answer directly, said he, frowning. Did you hear it from Estella ?

If I did—it must have been a confidential secret, which I have no right to betray ; and which, I think, can be of no consequence to you to ask.

It is I, not you, who are to judge of consequences. Will you answer the question ?

As I have already answered it.

Take him away.

This examination had rendered me little the wiser. I thought I perceived the questions concerning Estella were ensnaring : I was afraid her honour might be prejudiced, according to Spanish ideas, by open and direct answers ; yet I by no means relished the necessity of prevarication.

I was left three entire days to consider of it. On the fourth, I was conducted into a spacious room, where several superior magistrates had assembled, with their attendant clerks, amongst whom were my two former interrogators. I expected to be held strongly to the question, concerning which my last inquisitor and I had disagreed ; but why, I know not, it was not repeated. Others were introduced, which seemed to me foreign to the subject ; and if calculated for any purpose, I thought it must be that of taking advantage of some unguarded parts of my answers.

Amongst others, I was asked if I saw Signior Joseph Praio the morning I set off for Alicante ?—I answered, No.—Whether I heard or saw no bustle or tumult in the Levant street ?—No.—Whether I fought with any man in that street ?—No.—Whether I dropt a sword in that street ?—No.—Whether I lost a sword anywhere that night ?—No.

The magistrates consulted together a few minutes in whispers, and the senior addressed me thus :—

Of the answers you have returned, young man, to the questions which have been asked you, many have been remarkable for prevarication, and many for want of truth. We have the oaths of responsible people to facts, of which you pretend to be ignorant. You are a foreigner, however, and shall have every reasonable, every possible indulgence. We give you twenty-four hours for consideration, whether it is better to speak the truth willingly, or to have it extorted.

Here, at a signal given, a curtain was instantly drawn up at my right hand, and the rack, with many inferior instruments of torture, together with the ill-visaged performers upon them, stood clear to view.

I confess, very frankly, this sight, so new, so unexpected, and so terrible, did not raise my spirits. I viewed it with a mute horror, that, probably, assured the judges of the excellence of their judicial process. At another signal, I was re-conveyed to my prison.

Christian divines, and heathen philosophers, may say all the fine things they please ; I shall still doubt whether the state of that mind is happy, which looks to death as its only consolation. Certain it was, however, I drew some from this source ; and when I ran over all the occurrences of my past life, and could not re-

member any sufficiently atrocious as to subject me justly to a series of misfortunes, completed by imprisonment, torture, and death, I began to despise a world so constituted.

I went to rest upon this idea, and even slept soundly upon it several hours. I dreamt, however, of England and—Miss Lamoude, said my uncle, by way of filling up a small pause which Mr Islay made here.

I confess it, sir, answered Islay ; but it was an unpresumptuous vision, and, I hope, will not be imputed to me as an offence.

No, no—said my uncle—a man in your situation must get comfort how he can ; and to prohibit him the dream of imagination, would be as great a tyranny, and perfectly similar, to that exerted by the good Queen Mary, or the great fourteenth Lewis ; and a world of other dealers in pride, power, and piety. I am glad, however, Judith did not know your situation precisely.

So am I, most sincerely, answered Islay ; her innate tenderness of disposition—

Yes, interrupted my uncle, as you say, her innate, or connate, or postnate tenderness, would infallibly have—. Indeed, she did know enough of it, to cause the loss of her roses ; but come—proceed, proceed.

Whatsoever my sister had lost, Islay now gained the rose in great profusion, and made rather an uneloquent attempt to inform us of what modes of reflection he had used to inspire himself with courage and contempt—even of the rack itself.

In whatsoever manner he came by it, it appears, however, that he did enter the court of justice on the next day, under the influence of this sentiment. He beheld with little reverence the assembly of magistrates increased in number, and, with disdain, the infernal apparatus of torture, which stood on his right hand, in hideous display ; but there were in court many respectable merchants whom he had known upon the Exchange, and in whose faces he perceived pity and compassion.

The magistrate, who spoke the preceding day, began by asking the accused whether he repented his pertinacity, and was willing to spare the court the trouble, always disagreeable, of inflicting the necessary punishment, in order to force the truth. He answered thus :—

I am an Englishman, equally ignorant of the laws of Spain, and astonished at their operation with regard to me. I know, in any country, uncommon contingencies may arise to lead conjecture far from the path of truth ; but I never imagined there could be a country, in which a suspected person might not be allowed to prove his innocence if he could.

I went to Alicant, as I came to Valencia, on affairs of commerce. There I was taken out of my bed in the dead of night, brought back hither, and thrown into jail. All access of friends

has been denied me ; I have been refused the use of pen and ink ; and even the poor consolation of books, to relieve the gloom of a prison.

I required of the jailor why I was there ? I requested to know my accusation of my interrogators. I requested it of my judges. Of all in vain. I form at this instant the most extraordinary spectacle of a man pleading in his own defence without a competent knowledge of his crime.

That I am innocent, perfectly innocent of any offence whatever, which ought to subject me to a criminal process, I know, though you, my judges, do not—and pardon me if I say—you cannot. Is it, that the moment a wretch enters the walls of a Spanish prison, suspicion becomes certainty, and innocence impossible ? Why else is the whole process adapted to prove guilt, whilst no power is left in existence to prove innocence ?

I am threatened with the rack, in order to force me into a confession of the truth ; but that, so far as I know it, I have already confessed. Whatsoever is extorted contrary to what I have already said, I protest solemnly before ye all, must be falsehood. But why put me to the torture ? be my crimes what they may, my life sure is the utmost I can pay for them. Take that life ; I resign it willingly. After the infamy you are preparing for me, I neither wish a continuance of my existence, nor will bear it. If, however, the torture must precede my death, in pity, in pure humanity, tell me, what I must confess, in order to shorten my torments, and procure my everlasting repose.

Although, continues Islay, I spoke the Spanish language incorrectly, and not fluently ; although my oration was in itself neither very forcible nor very consistent, when I had ended, a murmur of pity and applause ran amongst the spectators, many of whom advanced to the bar, and seemed to enter into some discourse with the judges. These conferred together again with great solemnity ; and, having finished the conference, the presiding judge spoke in this manner :—

It is the custom of the Spanish tribunals to confine the depositions, both of the persons accused, and of the evidence, to the inspection of the judges only. Since, however, it seems to be the desire of a very respectable audience, and in deference to the English nation, which we highly honour, we will briefly state the accusations, and give a summary of the depositions which confirm them.

The accusation is double. The prisoner is charged on the part of Signior Udivido, with having stolen away and secreted his daughter ; and on the part of Signior George Praio, with the killing his brother.

Signior Udivido deposes, that he received the prisoner into his house as the friend of his friend

Captain Islay, of the kingdom of Scotland ; and, being taken with his specious manners, contrary to the ordinary custom of Spain, he permitted him the acquaintance of his daughter Estella ; betwixt whom and the prisoner arose an intimacy scarce less than between a sister and a brother : That this gave him no alarm, as he considered the prisoner as a person of honour, and his daughter of infinite modesty, and true Spanish reserve.

A little preceding this, Signior Joseph Praio had proposed to him for his daughter ; that he had accepted the proposals, and had often talked with the prisoner concerning the contract ; that the prisoner was always shy in speaking upon the subject ; it was rather against the match than in approbation, grounded upon the difference of age, and the little happiness that wealth can produce, when the affections of the heart are violated, or disposed as nature never disposes them ; that on his first disclosure of the contract to his daughter, she made no objection, but in proportion as the intimacy increased betwixt her and the prisoner, she conceived a greater and greater aversion, as he verily believes, by the persuasion and insinuation of the accused ; that he was absent at Cordova the 15th of last month, intending to return on the 18th ; that in the night of the 17th, his said daughter Estella eloped with her governess, on the which night the prisoner left Valencia ; and since no other person had at that time free access to Estella, Signior Praio excepted, he considers it almost as certain, that it was done by the prisoner's aid, contrivance, and persuasion.

The next is the deposition of Signior Joseph Praio's clerk, who saith, that his fellow-clerk was that night, by order of his master, to set out by the Barcelona coach to Malaga, and thence to Tangier ; and that his master and himself sat up with the young man over a glass of wine, till towards the hour of departure, whence he himself attended his friend to the inn ; that soon after his arrival the prisoner came thither also, and with him, as he thinks, two ladies veiled, whom the deponent verily believes to be Estella, and Beatriz Lavara, her governante.

The said clerk also deposes, that when he returned home he was informed by a servant, that Signior Joseph Praio, instead of going to bed, had gone out ; that the said clerk, judging he was gone to recreate a lover's fancy by a walk before his mistress's house, and knowing him to be a little elevated with wine, it occurred to him, the said clerk, that his master might fall into some danger, especially the night being dark ; that about the middle of the Levant street he stumbled over something, which, on feeling, he perceived to be a human body ; thereupon he called out murder, and after some time, neighbours came with lights, by which he perceived it to be the body of his master dead, but still warm, with a sword sticking in it, which

sword, a surgeon, who was immediately sent for, said, had gone through the heart.

This sword had the name of Jasper Canvillar stamped or cut upon the top of the blade. This man being sent for, deposed, that he had sold the sword about three months since to an English gentleman, whom he had often seen since upon the Exchange. The said Jasper Canvillar, being afterwards placed in the passage where the prisoner went to his second interrogation, knew him to be the same person.

Now, continues the judge, the prisoner having been interrogated concerning these particulars, hath, in his answers, denied them all ; as, that he knew not the women who went with him into the coach ; that he never was in the Levant street in the night of the 17th ultimo ; that he did not fight with Signior Joseph Praio ; that he did not lose his sword ; which, being contrary to the allegations, we, his judges, think it necessary to apply to the torture, in order to force a confession of the truth.

A murmur was heard amongst the spectators, I believe of disapprobation. One voice was heard distinctly—Does he acknowledge the sword ?

When the murmur subsided, I requested leave to speak. It being granted—I acknowledge, says I, that I purchased of Jasper Canvillar a sword, with his name inscribed upon it, together with the number 325.

The sword was upon the table round which the clerks sat. It was inspected, and the number I mentioned was found upon it.

Then, says I, I have no reason to deny that having been once my sword. It was the sword I used in defence of Signior Praio's life, on our passage from Majorca. It was steeped in the blood of Moors, but never by me drawn against a Spaniard. Of the death of Signior Praio, for which I am truly sorry, I never heard till within this hour.

How then came the sword out of your possession ?

I exchanged it as a token of friendship with a noble friend, who left Valencia a fortnight before this fatal catastrophe.

What was his name ?

I hope I may be permitted to conceal it.

No—justice requires it should be known.

Honour forbids it should be known by my means.

If you will not speak without, the rack must extort it.

It must be so, then ; for never will I voluntarily make a confession that will involve, in its consequences, the friend I esteem and love.

I believe it was thought, even by my friends amongst the spectators, that this was a stretch of honour beyond Spanish delicacy. It was, perhaps, unnecessary, and, I imagine, could not be defended upon solid grounds ; but I had not time to think. The incident of the sword had

given me a quick, though confused idea, of the real circumstances of this unhappy affair. I did not doubt that Don Sylvio was the possessor of Estella, nor that it was he who killed Praio; and, though I could not for a moment rest upon the suspicion of his having acted contrary to the rules of honour, yet, from the specimen I had had of Spanish process, I conceived that small circumstances might endanger his life.

All this passed rapidly through my mind, and, assisted by the spirit of resentment, and the carelessness of life, dictated my last answer; which, indeed, was received by the judges with much anger, and a signal was instantly given to prepare the rack.

At this signal, a person came forward from amongst the spectators who were nearest the door, led by old Juan Ponce. He was in a travelling dress, but dirty and disordered. He made his obeisance at the bar, and delivered a sealed packet, then sprang up to the elevated space where I stood, and strained me in his arms.—My noble friend, says he, is free!—I returned his embrace most cordially; for, notwithstanding all the powers of my high-raised imagination, I really had no taste for the rack. It was Don Sylvio; but so altered by fatigue and emaciation, that my heart acknowledged him before I perfectly recognized his features.

Though contrary to the required silence and solemnity of a court of justice, there was almost a shout below; and my two guards were so surprised with the suddenness of the scene, and its uncommon nature, that they forgot their duty, which certainly was not to have permitted so near an approach to my sacred person.

In a few minutes, however, all was silence and attention to the presiding judge, who was attentively perusing his packet. When he had finished, he directed his discourse to the other judges, but loud enough to be heard by all the assembly.—This is an order from the King concerning the business of this day, and these are the contents:—

“To Don Pedro Saverda, first regidor of my city of Valencia, and my other regidores of the same city—all whom it may concern.

“Whereas it hath been made known to us, at our privy council board, by the voluntary confession of Don Sylvio de Comorra, that he, the said Don Sylvio, without the art magic, incantation, or philtres, but by love alone, did persuade and prevail upon Estella, daughter of Antonio Udivido, of our said city Valencia, to escape with him from the house of her father, in order to join themselves together in the holy state of matrimony, which hath been accordingly done and performed by the rites of our most holy and sole Catholic Church; and whereas, in the peaceable execution of this intention, he was interrupted, molested, and impeded, by a certain unknown person, who came upon him

with his drawn sword; which person, he since understands, was Signior Joseph Praio, of our aforesaid city Valencia—who received his death by the hand of the said Don Sylvio in the act of self-defence: And whereas you have imprisoned James Wallace, of the kingdom of England, on suspicion of having committed the said crimes and offences—These are to will and require you to release the said James Wallace, of the kingdom of England—restoring unto him all, and all manner of property, if any such should be in your possession, according to the ordinary course of law, for the furtherance of justice:—We farther make known to you, that we have granted our royal and gracious pardon to the said Don Sylvio de Comorra, provided nothing appears to impeach the truth of his confession, which we have sent you more at large in a separate paper.—Of this we require you to take cognizance by process of inquiry only, without attachment of the body of the said Don Sylvio—surety being given for his presence in our high commission court at Madrid; which said process of inquiry we command you to transmit, under your hands and seals, to Don Sebastian Aguilar, our judge and privy counsellor.

“THE KING.

“*Done at Madrid, &c.*”

I am weary, dear Holman, and shall dispatch the remaining particulars in as few words as possible. Your friend was released, and recovered all things—but his money. The whole city of Valencia caressed him, and forced presents upon him against his will. When his reluctance to receive was known, bales of raw silk, and other goods, were sent on board the *Caithness* in his name, without its ever being distinctly known to whom he was obliged for particulars. In general, this point of delicacy was adopted by Don Pedro Saverda, Signiors George Praio, and Udivido, who were all ashamed at having pursued the prosecution of an innocent young man (and whom they now found a man of uncommon honour) with so much blind rancour.

By the intercession of Wallace, Udivido was reconciled to Don Sylvio; and he had the satisfaction, before he left Valencia, of welcoming Estella's return to it, and to the affection of her father.

Of the death of Joseph Praio, Don Sylvio gave this account, which, as it cannot be contradicted, must be the only one returned to Madrid, and consequently Don Sylvio is free.

It was a point of honour, it seems, which induced Don Sylvio to take a solemn leave of Wallace a fortnight before he left Valencia; and was purposely done, that no suspicion of his having been privy to the elopement might fall upon our friend.

Everything, in the meantime, was concerted between the lovers by the aid of Signora Beatrix, and the opportunity of Udivido's absence at

Cordova was by no means to be neglected. At the appointed hour, Don Sylvio gives the signal agreed upon at his mistress's window, when a man in a cloak came to him, and, after inquiring his business, began to give him the most abusive language. Don Sylvio, in order that no noise should be made to alarm Estella, retreated gently before his terrible foe, who, gathering courage from this pretended cowardice, and from wine, pursued him with his sword drawn into the next street, where Don Sylvio, making a stand, passed a sword through his body. At the same instant, thinking he heard the steps of horses, he left the sword in the wound, and returned to Udivido's, where, at the door, he met his fair one coming out with her governante, whom he conducted with all speed to his servants, who waited at a small distance with a chaise, and mules, and two good horses.

In two days, they arrived safely at Madrid, where Don Sylvio's brother had prepared them lodgings, and where, the next day, they were married.

About the tenth day, when Don Sylvio was beginning to think of his return, in order to solicit pardon of Signior Udivido, he saw, in the streets of Madrid, a son of Juan Ponce, whom he accosted, and of whom, as he was just come from Valencia, he inquired news. From this young man Don Sylvio learned first the danger of Wallace, and the fate of Praio.

He communicated this to his brother, who, as I before mentioned, was secretary to Count Aguleia, and much a favourite. This young man implored his master's aid in his brother's favour, who undertook his cause, and introduced it in the council with the success we have just seen. Don Sylvio delayed not an hour after he had received his dispatches, nor stopped till he alighted at the house of Don Juan, along with Juan's son, who accompanied him.

The intention of giving Wallace his final hearing on that day was spread through the city, and engaged most of the capital merchants to attend; for, though the courts during trials are not open as in England, entrance is seldom denied to a person of respectability. Signior Juan, therefore, no sooner got a hint of Don Sylvio's purpose, than he hastened with him to the hall of audience.

I have nothing farther to write, dear Holman, but to request your company here on the return of Islay—and that you will think in earnest of leaving Allington, and settling here. Ten merchant families agree to give you five hundred pounds per annum to take care of their household. I will answer for your success.

Adieu.

JAMES LAMOUNDE.

SIR EVERARD MORETON TO MR JAMES LAMOUNDE.

Paris.

IN due time I did receive your moral epistle, dear James, which having compared with two of my mother's wrote on the same subject,—my last act of delinquency,—I must do you the justice to own, that the palm of sanctification and grace is yours. Lady Moreton's notions of virtue are rather genteel; she knows the latitude and longitude of it in this climate, and makes allowance for the aberration of English stars of the second, third, and fourth magnitude. You, on the contrary, learnt the astronomy of virtue from those, I suppose, who learned it of John Calvin at Geneva, that crab-faced fellow who burnt Servetus, because Servetus was not quite so sour as himself. Instruct me, dear James, what are the signs of justification and grace. Can a man know, with any tolerable certainty, if he be, or be not, one of the elect?

It is with great gladness and exaltation of heart I inform thee, I have gained a great victory over Satan of late; yea, that act for which my mother scolds, and you preach,—that act, I say, is victory. Hear.—Whilst I strayed in the grots and groves of my father's house, and eke of my mother's, oft musing on the apostacy of James Lamounde, who once eat sweetmeats like other people, Satan would often eject, forcibly eject, this and all other subjects, and plant in their stead my sweet cousin, arrayed, not in the whiteness of innocence and virgin glorification, but in white cotton stockings, and white lawn. I bore these buffetings of Satan with great grief and vexation, and kicked the old dog with all my might; but, alas! beat him ten times a day out of the field, he enters again at night, and the tender piety of frail young people falls ever and anon before him. I found myself again engaged in plots and contrivances, murderous plots, to kill virginity. Mauge all my prayers and meditations, I had like to have yielded unto Satan, and lost the race of glory; but you, my friend, you stepped in to save me, as you had once done before, and by something a pleasanter medicine. It occurred to me, that, in our pious contention on the subject of virgin purity at Allington, you rested the main defence of your argument on the act of volition; the which, being found wanting in my pretty cousin, threw such a heap of vile enormity on poor I, who had it. Well, then, did I say, if I can find a concurrent volition in a suitable object, the acts and deeds which shall be done and performed betwixt us will be virtuous; otherwise James Lamounde, and my Bible-book also, if I can read, are both mistaken.

In this virtuous disposition of mind, I happened to go to an assembly at Newark; and in

Miss C—— I found what I wanted,—a suitable object, and concurrent volition.

We met in London as per agreement, and lived in the calm delights of love and virtue nineteen days and a half. I fancy angels may be tired, even of beatitude; else why did Lucifer, and the rest of them, want to change their abode? for that they must change was undoubtedly a clear point, if they had any tolerable logic, since they had to do with Omnipotence.— Whether my angel began to be weary first, or whether there was a concurrent volition, I cannot exactly say; but the first token of discontent appeared by a question, which, to say truth, a little surprised me.

I wonder, says she, when we are to be married?

I answered, laughingly, out of a song I had formerly heard,—“It’s time enough yet.”

She replied, without laughing,—The sooner the better. Then looking at me with a new face, she hoped, she said, I did not mean to deceive her.

No, certainly, my dear Miss C——; but, really, I cannot charge my memory with making any promise of that kind.

No matter, replied she, quick, if matrimony was not mentioned, it was always implied.

Have the goodness to wait, my dear Miss C——, till Mr Madan’s book has been turned into act of Parliament, and you are my second wife by law.

No, says she, I will be your first; I insist upon it. Am I to lose my reputation, &c. &c.

We kept it up till midnight, and, having slept a few hours, went to it in the morning with recruited strength. But I was beat, fairly beat; and, *entre nous*, I ran away. It was to my own house I retired, to a place of calm repose. There I enfolded five bank bills, amount five hundred pounds, in a sheet of gilded paper, and wrote my charmer thus:—

“MY CHARMER,

“When I did myself the honour to address you at Newark, I asked only the *sugar* of love, and I should have been well content with the kindness of this grant without the addition of the *vinegar*; a pretty ingredient, I allow, in the state of matrimony, but not so well in the state of consuetudinity. It is probable, your sudden inclination to the nuptial band may have arisen from the late discovery of your great chemical abilities in changing sweet to sour!

“Unhappily, my boyish taste continues, so that I am under the necessity of declining your obliging offer of being mine for life. At the same time I give you my honour, that when I become fond of acids, I shall make my first application to Miss C——. Till then, I beg her acceptance of the enclosed, which hope she will consider as in full for value received.

“I am, madam, &c.

“P. S.—That you may not fatigue yourself with fruitless inquiries, I am gone for Paris.”

When I had finished this performance, my next was to Lady Moreton; and in it I proved, that the sin I had lately committed (for I always confess my sins to my mother) was committed purely for love of my cousin. I informed her also of its sour conclusion; requesting her to further Miss C——’s reconciliation with her friends, if it lay in her power. Finally, not being able, nor willing, to stand in her presence, I had gone to Paris, to wait her pardon and her blessing.

Now I swear, Lamounde, till I had passed Chantilly, it never did occur to me that I was contraband here. But is it so? Did my order to leave France imply that I should come no more into it? Till I have satisfied myself in this point I shall be incog.—for I like not Mount St Michael’s.

If thou abhorrest not a poor soul, almost drowned in the great pool of sin, bestow some words of comfort. So peace be thine, and the sugar of love. Saint or sinner,

I am always yours,

EVERARD MORETON.

Plague and pestilence! what man that hath a soul to save would have anything to do with this dear, d—d sex! In one hour after writing the above, and six after my arrival in Paris, my charmer presents herself before me. Her lovely locks hung dangling down, because she would not listen to her Abigail’s entreaties, to stop whilst they could be tied up. Down she plumped upon her knees, her bosom heaving at a pitiful rate, and the big round drops coursing each other along her pale cheeks.

Ki-ki-ki-kill me, says the beautiful maniac, or forgive me!

I could not stand it, Lamounde. I took her to my bosom, gave her kisses, wine, and soup, for the dear creature was almost famished, and then—

Good-night.

MISS ISLAY TO MISS LAMOUNDE.

Your charming preparatory letter, my dear Miss Lamounde, was, indeed, the best preparation I could have had, to the tender, and to me awful, scene that was so soon to ensue. Nor have I much to say in favour of my brother’s philosophy.

As my aunt had not yet left her room, (for it was morning when he arrived,) I received this dear brother alone. He was little able to speak, and I just enough mistress of my emotions not to faint. Lady Moreton, apprized of his arrival, hastened down; and, by her presence, gave

us a degree of composure, we should ourselves have found difficult to attain.

My brother's address to Lady Moreton was respectful, without any of that fawning, crouching adulation, which little minds so commonly pay from interested motives. She herself, as she has since told me, secretly made this the first criterion, by which she should judge of his merit. It fully answered her hopes, and exceeded her expectations.

How happy should I be, my dear Miss Lamounde, with such an aunt, a brother, and a friend, were it not for one remembrance! But it is a degrading remembrance; for Sir Everard Moreton is totally unworthy the regard of a woman of honour; and I am vexed to find my mind so weak, as to entertain an affection for a person who no longer possesses my esteem. I hope, however, this weakness is wearing away very fast.

It is true, my dear, what has been surmised. Miss C—— of Newark did meet Sir Everard in London. The connexion, indeed, does not promise to be lasting; for, in a month—a little month, as Hamlet says—they quarrelled. Sir Everard flew to Paris, and Miss C—— was expected home. It is probable, however, she will not choose to do her friends the favour of considering them as such, till distress compels her. We have since heard she has followed Sir Everard to Paris.

My brother calls me, for an excursion in the forest.

Adieu, dear friend, adieu.

PAULINA ISLAY.

LADY MORETON TO MISS LAMOUNDE.

I AM satisfied with my nephew, my good Miss Lamounde, perfectly satisfied. It is true, I did suspect all his friends at Allington, and particularly you, my dear, of exaggerating his merits. I am happy to say, they have stood the test of my scrutiny, as they had done that of yours. You did not, indeed, tell me *all*, in the favourable relation you made me; but you told me enough to enable me to guess the rest; and it is at present no small source of happiness to me, that you—you, who so entirely gained my friendship and esteem—should have been able to distinguish merit in such obscurity, and should now be willing to reward it. Of this, more when I have the pleasure to embrace you.

Time, I find, presses upon my nephew. It is plainly inconvenient to him to be longer away from Liverpool. Neither I, however, nor his sister, are yet willing to part with him. I must request you, therefore, to engage your friends in looking out for me a small house, either to rent or purchase; for my intention is now to

change London for Liverpool; to be happy there every winter with those I most love, and to engage as many as I can, to accompany me in summer, to the shades of Sherwood Forest.

I know your friendship and complaisance will press me to be your guest. No, my dear; I am an old woman—wedded to certain old ways. There are, in modern life, many customs I cannot relish. In short, I shall be happier in a house of my own, which, I am sure, will be to you a sufficient reason for your entering into my request. Your guest I certainly will be, till I can be suited to my mind.

I am much pleased to find that you have a design of engaging Mr Holman amongst you. Besides his skill, his conversation is extremely entertaining; and when your uncle and he are together, I think I hear again the strong masculine sense so common when I was young; but which appears to me to be almost lost in the insipidity of modern politeness.

Captain Islay too—my nephew speaks of his understanding with great respect. He possibly may be one of my antiques; for that he is not addicted to politeness, his not paying me the compliment of a visit along with his nephew, is proof tolerably clear.—Adieu, my dear, it will be only a few days before you will see

Your most sincere and affectionate,

PAULINA MORETON.

SIR PATRICK ISLAY TO LADY MORETON.

MADAM,

It is true, I yield the point of politeness to any land-lubber that will challenge it. It is out of a seaman's way. But the point of respect to ladies, who claim it by goodness, I will not yield; and your ladyship will find a stubborn competitor in me, in the business you are now engaged in; the business of loving and cherishing one's nephews and nieces.

It is certain, I did desire to accompany Wallace in his visit to your ladyship, and my Paulina; but the Caithness, a stubborn mistress, and who has been kind to me these ten years, opposed it. She is quiet now; therefore I beg leave to apprise your ladyship, that an ugly, old, weather-beaten Scotch sailor, will steer over the forest the first wind. Out of pity, your ladyship will afford him a little brewis, and a can of flip.

Till when, I am your ladyship's

Most obedient humble servant,

PATRICK ISLAY.

From Sherwood I shall steer due north, to the latitude of 60; which is an act of banishment from all I love best in the world. So interest decrees.

PARACELSUS HOLMAN TO MR ISLAY.

Allington.

"It is better to be born fortunate than rich." My writing-master wrote this so often, that proverbs can be of no value, if this had not its proper proverbial effect upon me. If I admit this as a sentiment, you, James Wallace, ought to feel it as a sensation. You have had just enough of poverty to prepare you for affluence; just enough of calamity to prepare you for ease; and yet there have been fools who have forgot everything they ought to have remembered; who have learned with facility everything that disgraces the unwealthy and the proud. It is not in the nature of things absolutely impossible you should become a puppy; but to see you become arrogant, mean, sordid, uncandid, and unfeeling for affliction, would be to me so great a proof of miracles, that transubstantiation would be easy, and Mahomet a prophet.

Of the blessings poured all at once upon thy head, James Wallace, I envy thee not thy wealth, thy relations, excellent as they are, nor even thy friends: But Miss Lamoude—Islay—it is a problem yet unsolved, whether I could not have borne thy translation from Spain to heaven with some philosophy, provided thou hadst left me Miss Lamoude—and the legacy had been duly paid.

A title, too! Why, even philosophers allow it to be an agreeable plaything, if one may give the name of a noun-substantive to a thing that can neither be seen nor felt. No man ever despised it, say they who have it, except the man who has it not. Faith, I believe they are right. Not to have some predilection for distinction and pre-eminence, is above the virtue of man, when man is polished and refined.

Well, then, it shall have its plaything, please God, its uncle—and myself! For you must know, James Wallace, that, though the proofs of your parentage are sufficient for the conviction of Lady Moreton and Sir Patrick Islay, it may not be quite so for all whom it may hereafter concern. Personal identity is the usual way by which heirs of all kinds are recognized: But you, James Wallace Islay, have no personal identity; and this defect it seems necessary to supply by demonstration, as nearly mathematical as possible.

Now this demonstration I have.

The first quarrel you and I had since we arrived at common discretion was concerning my father. A series of *little* things had alienated my heart from him; but your piety could never bear the utterance of such a sentiment: It could not, however, lessen my feeling.

There are many bad men in the world, James Wallace; many of them are fathers. Now, according to you, they are entitled to reverence and respect from their children: But imitation

follows reverence; so your pietyship is only propagating immorality by your patriarchal maxims.

Since my father's death, I have found some proofs of his turpitude that have made me tremble, and some that, rugged as I am, have made me weep. Some things have been capable of retribution, and I have made it: It is on this principle I am your debtor for eight hundred pounds; but there are matters I reserve for the ear of friendship only and indulgence. To none but yourself would I communicate them; nor to you, but that justice demands it. Give me notice when you shall be at Liverpool: I fly to you instantly. I accept Mr Lamoude's kind offer, and will live and die among you.

Adieu.

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

JAMES WALLACE TO PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

Liverpool.

FLY, then—I am now at Liverpool. But do not believe there is, or will be, a necessity you should speak to me of any one of those deeds of your father you do not approve. I despise a title, or any acquisition which must be made by exposing secrets it would pain you to divulge. You say I have been injured. Money is a paltry retribution. I'll none of it, dear Holman. I demand something more solid, more congenial. I demand your heart and affections: at least, as much of them as I have right to demand in quality of your—every epithet here weakens the force of the original—

Of your friend,

JAMES WALLACE ISLAY.

My aunt, accompanied by my sister, had the goodness to bring me back hither. She admires you—everybody admires you.—Miss Lamoude smiles—all things smile.—Yes, "it is better to be born fortunate than rich." Come.

JAMES LAMOUNDE TO SIR EVERARD MORETON.

If advice, dear Moreton, given in the sincerity of my heart, and with the truest conviction of its being designed only to promote your happiness, merits no better appellations than cant and preaching, I must, in future, forbear so disagreeable a display of friendship, and content myself with a secret wish, that Sir Everard Moreton had chosen more honourable means of happiness, and such as were more likely to obtain the end.

Yesterday my sister gave her hand to Mr James Wallace Islay, with whom, I hope, you

will one day be united more by the bonds of friendship than of consanguinity. The same hour united me for life with Miss Thurl. Nothing impeded, nothing could impede, the rational and heart-felt pleasure of so sweet a union, founded in order, and the good of society, but the sorrowful reflection that Sir Everard Moreton should form one that violates these, and become a voluntary exile from the friends who love him, and who would have endeavoured to procure him a felicity as permanent, as it would be tranquil.

Lady Moreton, who honours us with her presence here, indulges often in the luxury of maternal grief. Your apostacy, if I may call it so, sits heavy on her. How it is possible you should taste pleasure—if you do taste pleasure—under the circumstance of giving pain to such a mother, is past my comprehension. The sweet, the gentle Paulina, too! her, you have lost for ever. She weeps, indeed, your errors, not now from love, but the purest benevolence. Hers would extend to all human beings—even to enemies—were it possible she should have them. Moreton! unhappy, deluded friend! you have missed happiness here, and if you find it hereafter, surely you must change your road.

Captain Fanbrook is here—lately from Paris; he reports, that he had several times the honour of being admitted to your parties of pleasure. The captain does ample justice to your wit, taste, spirit, and elegance; but not, I hope, when he adds, that, neglecting the literati, with which Paris abounds, you bestow your society upon debauchees, and your friendship upon sharpers.

Contraband in Paris, Moreton? No—not if Fanbrook is right. The police there is too polite to take an ungentle notice of a gentleman who does not force himself upon it; and whose sole business is to transfer, in as short a time as possible, his copious property upon their *filles de joie*, or upon their *fils de dextérité*.

Paris is not a place where an Englishman can attend to the piteous calls of interest; or, I might ask you why you hazard the loss of Lady Moreton's property, which you know is large, both in her own right, and by the bounty of your worthy father? Twenty thousand pounds she has divided between her nephew and her niece. This, I know, your generous spirit will rather approve than regret; but she has much more to give; and sure it is not the nature of mothers to overlook well deserving children of their own, be the merit of others what it may.

Dear Moreton, adieu. I can scarcely wish you happiness, because I can scarce think you at present deserve it. I would rather wish you remorse—if remorse would restore you to us—and to yourself.

JAMES LAMOUNDE.

PAUL LAMOUNDE, ESQ. TO SIR PATRICK ISLAY.

YES—I promised you to write. You were a fool to ask it, and I to consent; for what do I know of weddings and their frippery? Do you think I shall waste my time in the description of tinsel, in the conjunction of lace and gauze?

They are married, Patrick, and that's enough. I gave my niece away to your nephew. The fellow was grateful. He wanted to return thanks for the good the Lord had given him. I should have thought the way to do this was plain and open. Thank God, he has given us, by his sacred servants, plenty of flowery periods for all proper occasions of this sort: But, instead of retiring with his bride to their private apartment, to pray in a family way, he leaves her in the midst of a concert, puts on an old great coat, and, with an hundred pounds in his pocket, goes to all the spunging-houses in town, and frees the birds newly taken, to the number of nineteen! Did you ever know so damn'd a fool? I abused him for it with all the authority of an uncle. What think you was the whelp's answer? Marry—that he prayed to God like other people, till I taught him this other mode of religion; and then retorted upon me with a late foolish charitable indiscretion of my own, which I thought a profound secret; and which he could have known only in consequence of the same foolish intention.

Patrick—you have given him the Caithness, and five thousand pounds. I intended to be generous also, for, thank God, I have plenty: But, zoons! give money for gaol deliveries!

Make haste back, baronet. In spite of this, and an hundred other vexations, I am so damned happy, that it is with difficulty I keep my spleen in tolerable health and strength. It is not enough to have two undutiful dogs of nephews, that will please me in spite of my teeth, I have nieces more provoking still. One smiles, and the other kisses, all my bad humours into good. Pr'ythee return, Patrick, and let us have a league against them.

Yours,

PAUL LAMOUNDE.

HAVELLEY THURL, ESQ. TO MR JAMES LAMOUNDE.

Kirkham.

DEAR BROTHER, THAT NOW IS,
I GOT home safe and sound last Sunday night, in three hours and seventeen minutes. Gipseys not a pin the worse for spanking it away so, only squeamish about her meat. You can't think how lonesome I found the hall; so I went

for Jack Cornbury, and we drank a bottle or two together. Next morning I fell to thinking how I should do to pass time away, especially nights, for one might manage well enough o'days. Now there's no life without a woman; for if one keeps with men one drinks too much; and as to books, you see, they be well enough for a bit, some of them; but too much makes one's head ache; and then one wants somebody to tell about what one has been reading to.

Well, then—I took a ride over to see what Miss Chark said to it; and as I had not been there for some time, I believe she took it amiss, for she was as dogged as the devil. Mayhap she has got a new sweetheart—let her: However, I told her my mind, as seeing sister was married, I'd a mind of a wife myself, and I did not care how soon; and I offered to kiss her a bit, as she used to let me quietly enough; but, by George! she was as high as a May-pole; so, seeing her so frumpish, I desired her to tell me her mind, off or on, as I was not minded to lose my time shilly-shally, dilly-dally. Well—after a bit, she came to, and said she had no objection to make me happy—that's the lingo of novel books, you know—and Miss Chark reads a power of 'em—but then what settlement would I make her?—Now her fortune's three thousand pounds—and what's that? So I said three hundred a-year; for I thought a hundred for a thousand ought to satisfy her: But she tossed up her nose, and told me she despised both me and my settlement; so I was about coming away in a huff. However, I thought I'd be civil, 'cause she's a woman, you know, and what signifies being angry at a woman? Then I asked her civilly how much she wanted? So she made me a speech, I can't remember a quarter on't; but in the main it was, that I should settle according to my own estate, not according to her fortune; and she thought the least I could do was eight hundred pounds a-year, and four hundred pounds a-year for pin-money. By George! if it had been her brother, I'd ha' gi'en him a dounce; but women be privileged.—Then, says I, Miss Chark, says I, you know which side your bread's buttered on. There's nothing like a good bargain, either for a horse or a husband. I likes to have a pennyworth myself; so I'll go home and think on't, and if I find it's like to answer, I'll come again to-morrow. But, by George! to-morrow'll never come: I'm not such a fool as that neither. I ben't one of those love-sick fools, as go hand over head, and souse into a pond without thinking how they can get out again.

To tell you my mind, brother Lamounde, I ben't a bit sorry to be free, for Miss Chark's but so so; and she's got cousins and cousins as poor as the devil; and I shouldn't like to be cousin-ed with scum.

But I'll tell you a secret. There's Miss Islay now, a pretty, handy young woman, and as

gentle as gentle. She'd fit me to a T. But mayhap she's otherwise disposed on; or mayn't fancy me, 'cause I'm not so accomplished, as they call it. What then? I'm honest and free-hearted; and I'm sure I should make her a pure good husband, for I'm as loving as loving. Besides, you're all so kind and good-humoured, one among another, all but th' old fellow, and he's a hearty cock, too, though he be a bit crusty: So, as I was saying, I wants to be one of your set; and for us all to go and come between Liverpool and Kirkham, hail fellow well met, without a bit of ceremony. But if I was to have Miss Chark, this might not come about, for sister and she could never set their horses together.

Now, mayhap, Miss Islay may pine after that there Sir Everard Moreton yet; and if she does, let her alone a bit, for I shouldn't like a woman that pines for another man. After a while she may see the folly on't, and then I may come in. So, brother Lamounde, pray let me know your mind frankly and freely, if you think it would be suitable; if not, I'll think no more of marrying yet a while, for it's foolish to marry and repent; and, I believe, I know a tidy young woman as would think it no disparagement to have the second-best place in Kirkham-Hall; but don't tell the women about this, because they make such a fuss about virtue, and reputation, and stuff, more by half than the parsons do, without it be here and there one: But, as I said before, tell me your mind, for I'll be guided by you in most things; for you be clever and sensible—only in shooting and hunting I'm above your match; and you don't know much about horse-flesh; and as to bulls and rams, i'cod, you know nothing at all.

Pray give my kind love and hearty service to everybody, gentle and simple, for what signifies staying to reckon names.

So I remain

Your affectionate brother,

HAVELLEY THURL.

SIR EVERARD MORETON TO JAMES LAMOUNDE, ESQ.

Paris.

MR PRECEPTOR,

I HAVE a very great opinion of your *savoir faire*, especially in the articles of sugar and rum; but for your *savoir vivre*—none. You give advice, I allow, with great dignity; the only difficulty is to get anybody to take it. Before I do, it must be mixed up in a different way.

Whatever you expatiate upon, comes mended from your delightful pen. How the pleasures of matrimony are rendered captivating by it! How smooth they be and tranquil! No storm

through the whole of this charming voyage over seas of milk and honey ; nor does the water thereof even curdle or turn sour upon the stomach, nor creates it ever crudities and indigestions. Permanent too ! Rather a new epithet this ; but genius is always creative.

As for my honoured mother, whose maternal grief hangs so heavy upon you, I thank God it does not hang very heavy upon myself. The proofs of this were pretty visible before I winged my flight. All the living existences I could perceive in Lady Moreton's *nous*, were that sweet babe of grace, Paulina, and that child of wonder, that was to come. Surely the old lady must be unreasonable indeed, if two such deodands were not ample consolation for one poor lost sheep, especially with the aid of a swinging jointure, and a hoard of sixty thousand pounds.

As to the sweet, the gentle Paulina—who weeps my errors—I have wept hers in blood, you know—so, as to the lachrymals, she is still my debtor. Her account, perhaps, may not be drawn from the same rule of arithmetic. However, to evince my justice, I am willing a balance shall be struck between us ; and I do henceforward, and forever more, by these presents, give up all rights, claims, and demands, upon

her sweet person, or upon any part or particle thereof, internal or external. So help me, goddess Cytherea !

Debauchees and sharpers !—Good Captain Fanbrook ! Tolerably illustrious, too, some of them, for birth and family. In the grace of God, I believe they are not equal to the upright commerciants of Liverpool ; nor do they get up matrimony so sweetly : But for the manufactures of wit, mirth, and good humour, I doubt the abilities of your artists must fall short ; and curse me, if I don't prefer these looms to those for the weaving of saints.

I find by your letters and Lady Moreton's, that if I revisit my dear country, I am to consider myself as the returning prodigal, and you will kill the fatted calf. Faith, I am at present much too proud to eat it—thank you for your love. The police of Paris will have no occasion to animadvert upon me for many years. When they do, depend upon it, I shall prefer their Tyburn, the Greve, to the charity and contempt of friends and relations.

Kind Preceptor,

Yours,

EVERARD MORETON.

END OF JAMES WALLACE.

H E N R Y.

BY

R I C H A R D C U M B E R L A N D.

*Ficta voluptatis causâ sint proxima veris,
Nec quodcunque volet poscat sibi fabula credi.*



ADVERTISEMENT

TO
THE READER.

IT is a custom with some authors to introduce their works by a prefatory appeal to the candour of the Reader, and circumstances may undoubtedly combine to justify the measure ; but when a man acts from his own free motives in resorting to the press, how can he be warranted for intruding on the Public without a proper confidence in his powers for entertaining them? True respect to the Reader refers itself to his judgment, and makes no attempts upon his pity. The purchaser of these volumes would have just reason to complain of his bargain, if he were to find nothing in them but a sample of my modesty in the Preface, and a long dull story at the end of it ; and I should only prove that I thought more meanly of his taste than of my own talents, were I to presume that he could be well pleased with a production, of which my own opinion was so very humble, as to stand in need of an apology for presenting it to him. I therefore hold it as fair dealing to premise, that if these volumes do not merit his approbation, they have small claim upon his candour, forasmuch as they have been carefully and deliberately written, some years having passed since the first hand was put to them ; during which, no diligence has been spared to make them worthy, both in style and matter, of that generous Public, who are so justly entitled to every grateful exertion on my part, and to whose future favours it is my best ambition to aspire.

THE AUTHOR.



HENRY.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAP. I.

The high Dignity, Powers, and Prerogatives of the Novel-Writer.

ALL the world will acknowledge the superiority of works of invention over those of compilation. The writer of novels, therefore, will take rank before the writer of matter-of-fact, and rest his title to precedence upon his proofs of originality. Possibly this may be ill relished by the historian, who holds himself as an author of a high class ; and, indeed, it seems to bear a little hard upon his prerogatives, who, generally speaking, can boast as good a share of invention as those who more immediately profess it.

The accounts which historians favour us with, of the early ages and origin of nations, would be novels, if fiction alone could make them such ; but having only the improbabilities, without the amusing properties, of Fairy Tales and Arabian Nights, they cannot rank even with the lowest works of fancy.

The histories of the heroic ages are better entitled to be considered as romances ; the adventures of a Hercules, a Theseus, and a Jason, afford some little entertainment to the reader, but it is a compliment to call them the *Quixotes* of antiquity.

The writers of the lives of illustrious persons, like the novelists, generally make their own hero ; but not often with the same attention to nature ; the lying legends of Pythagoras, Abarris, and Apollonius, would not pass upon the world in any fiction, that did not avowedly bid defiance to credibility.

The liberty some writers take, of embellishing their histories with florid speeches and declama-

tions, put into the mouths of people, who, probably, never uttered a single sentence as it is set down in their parts, is a palpable intrusion on the province of the dramatist or novelist, who, building fables upon old foundations, with the help of a few historic characters and facts, give an air of truth to fiction. Here I might instance those amusing fabrications in our own times, entitled Parliamentary Debates, where truth and short-hand have no share with invention, and the senator's best historian is he that is least faithful to his words.

In short, there have been, and still are, many more novelists in the world of letters, than have taken credit to themselves for it, or perhaps ever suspected they were entitled so to do.

After all, it is only in the professed department of the novel that true and absolute liberty is enjoyed. If I was now writing the history of Alexander the Great, who, as everybody believes, died of a drunken fit, let me do what I will with him in the career of his victories, drunk he must be at last, and drunk he must die. With the hero of my novel it is otherwise ; over him I have despotic power ; his fate and fortune, life or death, depend on my will ; and whether I shall crown him with length of days and prosperity, or cut short his thread by an untimely stroke, is a question within my own choice to determine ; and though I must account to nature and probability for the regularity of my proceedings, no appeal lies to truth and matter-of-fact against my positive decision in the case. I have those powers in my hand which the historian, properly so called, hath not ; I am not tied down to any incidents and events which I cannot over-rule ; I may deal punishment to the evil, and reward to the good, which he whose pen must record the dispensations of Providence rarely hath in his power to do. For the moral of my story, therefore, I am

fairly responsible, and no less for the purity of the narrative ; for, though the real scenes of life can hardly fail to contaminate the page that records them, the writer who invents impurities is without excuse.

I know that the privileges of the novelist are more than can well be defined, and his range wider than that portion of created nature which is known to us ; yet I do not meditate to stretch my rights so far, nor shall put my privileges to their full exertion : it is not my ambition to run truth out of sight, or put credulity out of breath by following me ; I do not propose to make any demands upon my hero that he cannot reasonably fulfil, or press him into straits from which virtue, by its native energy, cannot extricate herself with ease ; I shall require of him no sacrifices for the sake of public fame, no pedantic, ostentatious apathy, for his lot is humble, and his feelings natural ; I shall let him swim with the current, and not strive to tow him against the stream of probability.

I know that I could play my puppets after my own fancy, for the wires are in my hand ; that I could make them declaim like heroes in a tragedy, or gabble like a gang of gipsies under a hedge ; that I could weave my fable, as the Turks do carpets, without counterfeiting the likeness of any one thing in earth, sea, or air ; produce beings out of nature, that no sober author ever dreamt of, and force beings into nature, that no well-bred reader ever met with ; but I have lived long enough to see wonderful revolutions effected by an intemperate abuse of power, and shall be cautious how I risk privileges so precious upon experiments so trivial.

I am not sure that I shall make my leading characters happy enough to satisfy the sanguine, serious enough to suit the sentimental, or beautiful enough to warm the imagination of the animated reader. Some may think I have not been sufficiently liberal to them in point of fortune, others may wish I had favoured them with a few more casualties and misadventures. I am aware that, in a novel, travelling the road is very hazardous, that even taking the air does not secure the company from a sudden overturn in their carriage, and that few adventurers ever set foot in a boat without a soaking in the water ; but I have not yet found out the wit of being mischievous. I perceive that broken bones are considered as becoming appendages to young gentlemen when in love ; that faintings and hysterics are expected of young ladies upon all tender occasions ; and that a burning hot fever, with a high delirium, is one of the warmest topics we can strike upon, and heightens the charms of a heroine beyond any other expedient that can be started for the purpose. All these weapons I know are within my reach, and the use of them I know ; but it is a cut-finger business at best, and I think them safest in the sheath.

One thing, however, there is for me to do, that cannot be dispensed with, though I shall, probably, hold it off as long as I can—I must make love, and I am far from sure I shall make it in a style to please my readers. I wish to my heart I knew what sort of love they best like ; for there are so many patterns, I am puzzled how to choose what shall please them. I have been sometimes told, that the author of *Arun-del* was not far from the butt ; if so, I hope I am as good a marksman as he is. His, if I rightly remember, was rather point-blank firing ; now I am inclined to think I shall give my piece a certain elevation that will send the shot upon a range ; but it is no matter how I manage it, so it does but reach the heart at last.

Precedents in plenty are before me ; heroes and heroines of all tempers, characters, and descriptions ; love-suits as long as Chancery-suits ; hearts conquered at a glance, surprised by treachery, or stormed by impudence—yet where to fix I know not.

I will ask advice of Nature, and rule myself by her report.

CHAP. II.

The History commences.

It was in a summer evening, whilst the sun was yet above the horizon, when Doctor Zachary Cawdle, practitioner in physick, surgery, and man-midwifery, gently ambled across the market-place of a certain town, upon the eastern coast of this happy island called England. He was on his road homewards from a patient, whom he had left in that situation which every good wife will naturally covet, and every prudent spinster would do well to avoid : he was in high good-humour with his day's work, for his task had been easy, and his reward liberal. He had touched a handsome fee in ready cash from the husband of his patient, for which he had only given him a draft upon time, in the person of an infant heir ; and how many chances and crosses a venture, dependent on the contingency of twenty-one years' credit, must be liable to, let those who have staked their happiness upon such expectations declare.

Zachary, who was indebted to the courtesy of his neighbours for putting Doctor before his name, which by their favour was a title not without profit, as well as honour, no sooner made his entry into this place of public resort, than he was recognized by so many of his friends and customers, that, having no present call upon his time, and being withal a man of a social quality, he was induced to make a halt, and to enter into parley on the saddle. The annual custom of hiring servants upon this day had brought the farmers together in considerable

numbers, and, business being over, the marketplace was clear of the human cattle, with which it had lately been stocked; so that, had Zachary been in search of a stout hind to do the drudgery of his house, there was none such in his eye.

One solitary youth, the refuse, as it should seem, and outcast of the market, was standing in a corner of the square, where the conservators of the public peace had erected a whipping-post, embellished with figures in bas-relief, more to be admired for the moral of the design than for the gracefulness of its execution. Upon this instrument of correction the aforesaid youth was leaning in a most disconsolate posture, in the listless act of twirling the point of a hazel switch between the crevices of the pavement; and so intent was he upon the melancholy task, that Doctor Zachary Cawdle, the treading of whose palfrey was none of the nimblest or least noisy, had brought the head of old Betty nearly in contact with his breast, before he either raised his eyes from the ground, or stopt the circumrotatory operation of his hands.

Zachary, who might well be credited for his skill in judging of the human form, having handed so many of his fellow-creatures into the world, and doubtless dispatched not a few out of it, had now, with the eye of a connoisseur, taken measure of the object who seemed so insensible to his scrutiny; and if the honest farmers had this day staid at home, and sent their dames on the errand, it is more than probable this unlucky candidate, now rejected on all hands, would not have been the last on the list; but different services require different qualifications, and he stands but a poor chance for his election into the offices of carter or ploughman, who has nothing to recommend him but the graces of his person and the harmony of his features.

His apparel, though neither sumptuous nor superfluous, being nothing more than a short close waistcoat, or doublet, of blue cloth, and breeches of white ticking, was such, however, as gave a fair display to the perfect symmetry of his form: an artist would have taken him in his present habit, in preference to the robes of the garter.

Zachary, now raising himself on his stirrups, and leaning forward upon the neck of his palfrey, roared out with the voice of authority, Hark ye, fellow, can you choose no better place to rest your back against than the whipping-post? Gramercy, lad, you'll find him but a treacherous companion, if you trust your carcase to his keeping; he has made many a lazy back smart before parting, for hugging him so closely as you do.

The youth, thus accosted, raised his eyes from the ground, and fixing them on the countenance of the speaker, seemed as if he would have said, What is your pleasure, sir? I do not under-

stand your raillery;—at the same time he lifted from his head the scanty remnant of a hat, and presented to the eyes of Zachary a countenance, upon which Nature had engrossed in her fairest and most legible characters,—*Your jest is misapplied; let the bearer pass unsuspected.*

It can hardly be supposed, that a person of Zachary's sagacity, and one withal who professed himself a physiognomist, could overlook or mistake what was so plain to be seen and understood. The many specimens he had met with of Nature's handwriting, before hypocrisy had marred the characters, could not but qualify him to read, without error, a text so fair as was now laid open to his view; and certain it is, he proceeded to question the youth in a milder tone, Why he stood there idle, when the market-place was empty, and all business over?

Because no man had hired him, and he had nowhere to go;—was the answer to this question.

Had he no parents?

The poor lad shook his head, and was silent.

The question was repeated; it produced nothing but the same silence, and the same melancholy action. He had again rivetted his eyes upon the ground, and was beginning to renew the operation of the hazel twig, working it into the joints of the pavement, when Zachary, whose curiosity was now roused, muttered to himself, There is a mystery in all this; and then, addressing himself to the lad, added, Well, well, if you do not choose to answer my question about your parents, I suppose you will not scruple to tell me whether you have been in service before; who was your last master; and what employment you are fit for?

To this the youth replied, That he had been for a very short time in the family of a grazier, in a distant county; but as it was his first place, and his service in it so short, he could not say that he was expert in any menial employment, but he hoped, upon a trial, he should be found willing to learn.

That is sincere at least, cried the Doctor; but as you say your late master dwells at a distance, and do not tell me his name, I shall hope you can produce a good testimony under his hand to your character.

I am sorry to say I cannot, he replied.

How so, how so? quoth Zachary; hast left it behind thee, child? or would not he give thee any character?

Not so, answered the youth; he is free enough to give me a character; but it is such a one as will never recommend me to another master.

And do you confess it? rejoined the other, somewhat petulantly; if such be your character, no wonder you are out of place; nay, I should rather say you are in the only place proper for you; you are in the right to make friends

with the whipping-post, for I perceive you are in fair train to find employment there, and nowhere else.

I am in a likely train to be starved, cried the poor lad, with a sigh, if my master's word is to be taken for truth; but I hope I shall not be corrected for what I never committed; 'tis punishment enough to be deprived of the means of earning my bread; 'twill be hard if I am to be flayed into the bargain; but God's will be done! I am a helpless creature, and must submit to my hard fortune. I was born in misery, and in misery I must die.

There is a voice, a look, a tone, in truth and innocence, which holds a sympathy with the hearts of those on whom their evidences light, irresistibly impressive; what honest Zachary wore in his bosom, under his left ribs, was fairly made by Nature of real flesh and blood, and not of flint or adamant, or any such impenetrable substance as she sometimes puts in the place of better workmanship and softer materials, whereby the owners become as it were casemated and bomb-proof against all besiegers, of which number pity and compassion, though in appearance the most gentle, are in fact amongst the most importunate and persevering; insomuch, that the said Zachary had no sooner heard these words, and reacquainted the signs and symbols of truth and innocence, which accompanied them, than he felt something like a string or chord vibrating and tingling in the aforesaid region; under his ribs, which, running along the ducts and channels that communicated with his tongue, put that little member into motion, and produced the following words:—

Though it has never been my practice to take any one into my service, without a testimony as to character, yet I am strongly tempted for once to waive my rule in thy favour. If thou art a knave, I am no physiognomist; it behoves thee therefore to be honest, for my credit as well as thine own; and now tell me, in the first place, what is thy name?

Henry, replied the youth.

Henry! cried Zachary, so much for thy christian name; but thou hast another?

I pray you, rejoined Henry, to know me by none other, and I will obey you and serve you as faithfully by that one name, as if I had a hundred.

Heyday! exclaimed Zachary, what is all this? not tell your name, sirrah! What good reason can you have for concealing that?

What bad one can I have, replied Henry, since I might so easily have imposed a false one upon you in its place, but that I scorned to answer your question untruly?

That's well, that's well! cried the Doctor; it cannot be denied; so let it pass for the present:

and now tell me with the same sincerity, what business you are fit for, what is it you can do?

I can write and read, said he, and tolerably well keep accounts, if I were intrusted with them.

So far so good, quoth the Doctor; what besides?

I can play a little upon the flute, if I were owner of one; and upon occasion make shift to sing psalms after a fashion; at least, I can chime in with those that are better at a stave than myself.

Humph! cried Zachary, this is no great matter, for I have no ear for a pipe, and seldom, if ever, any leisure to attend the church; but go on.

I have been made to tend the poultry, help to pen the sheep-fold, and do a little with my hoe at the turnips.

But I grow no turnips, quoth Zachary, feed no sheep, and harbour neither cock, hen, nor capon.

The worse luck mine, replied Henry; I am well used to horses, and can follow the hounds.

So cannot I, muttered Zachary.

I can upon a pinch worm the puppies, cut their dew-claws, and round their ears.

The devil you can! cried the accoucheur, somewhat out of humour; and what are all these things to me? I never suffered puppy to be about my house; I have plagues enough without such companions. Is there nothing you can do in my way? Let us have the whole.

The whole then, said Henry, must be comprized in a willing mind; I can pretend to nothing else, unless it be any recommendation to me that I can turn my hand to the distilling of elder-flowers and mint-water, and in a common way to the picking of simples; but of this I make little boast, for indeed I am no great proficient in this or in anything else.

Enough! quoth Zachary, you have at last hit the nail on the head; and nothing now remains but to clinch the bargain.

Feed me and clothe me, said the poor lad, and I shall be well content to serve you to the best of my capacity.

Say you so? replied the Doctor; then come on, my good fellow! we have not above two miles to my home, and you shall hoof it, whilst I jog gently on: I'll engage you can keep pace with old Betty on a pinch; and as for your baggage, I suppose it is all upon your back.

This said, the Doctor applied his left heel, which was the only one that carried arms, to the ribs of his mare, and provoked her into a gentle shuffle, whilst Henry gave a flourish with his shapling, in token of triumph, and sprung forwards, with a light heart and empty stomach, as nimble as a roebuck.

CHAP. III.

A Duck disturbs the Tranquillity of a Doctor.

IF Nature, when she moulded the person of Doctor Zachary Cawdle, had been aware of the profession to which Fortune was in future to devote her bantling, it may be presumed she would not have forgotten that expedition is one main requisite in the business of an accoucheur: but unless rotundity be a mark of speed, even the person of Jeffery Gambado of immortal memory had not less resemblance to a light horseman, than what honest Zachary now exhibited on the back of old Betty, upon which he sat astride with two legs, in shape not unlike the balustrades of a bridge, strutting out from the ribs of his mare, wide as the fork of a pair of compasses, when stretched upon a globe.

He wore a full suit of cinnamon-coloured cloth, with boot cuffs and buckram skirts; a vast bushy periwig, close clipt and frizzled, like a yew-tree hedge; with an enormous three-cornered hat, mounted peak upwards from the back of his head, which, like the gnomon of the dial, might have served to mark the hour of noon upon his forehead, had the sun been in his meridian. The animal that carried him was of a piece with his rider, a thick unwieldy clod, of cart-horse pedigree, slow-paced, short-winded, and a huge feeder. No wonder, therefore, if Henry on his feet was more than a match for his master in the saddle.

A little brook, that bounded the parish in which Zachary lived, pretty equally divided their whole line of march, which we have before observed did not exceed two miles. Over this stream there was a foot-plank, that afforded a passage for Henry, whilst the Doctor proceeded through the ford, where, according to custom, he halted to indulge the old mare with a draught of the limpid element, which her unsophisticated palate preferred to all the fabricated compounds in her owner's shop, or even in his cellar itself.

At a short distance down the stream, was a mill, which this water turned. Now it so chanced, as old Betty was moving up the brook instinctively, in search of a clearer run, her flouncing in the ford disturbed a duck, who was hovering her young under the bank, and now flew up from her nest, quacking and flapping her wings in a most clamorous manner. The din she made, and the suddenness of the alarm, were too much for the philosophy even of old Betty to put up with, though few beasts could boast of nerves less irritable than hers; but truth must be confessed, the surprise so totally overpowered her natural phlegm, that, having given a vehement plunge in the water, by way of warn-

ing to her rider, and following this up rather too precipitately with a sudden toss of her head, whilst he was stooping forwards to give her the rein, the respective skulls met each other with so much good will, and such a hearty welcome, that Zachary's hat and wig, not being fixtures, rebounded from the concussion, and proceeded to float down the stream very lovingly together, as friends should, towards the mill wheel, till they were arrested in their progress by Henry, from the foot-bridge, who fished them up with his hazel switch, as they were fairly on their way towards their last home, calling out at the same time to his master—Have a care, sir! hold fast, or you'll get a sousing—a caution which was by no means unseasonable, as the attitude Zachary was then in, upon the crupper of his startled beast, was exactly such as exhibited *symptoms of falling* in their most prominent character.

The duck, who had a friend at home, took her flight towards the mill, vociferating most incontinently by the way, till she had called out the miller's dog, who sallied forth in her defence with all possible alacrity, bristling every hair with ardour for revenge, and rushing to the ford, where the flouncing and dashing of the water directed him to the scene of action. Without a moment's hesitation, this amphibious animal plunged into the stream, at the very moment when Zachary's fate hung upon the balance, and the nymph of the brook was preparing to receive him in her arms. His head, according to the principles of action and re-action of elastic bodies, had taken a tour through the segment of a parabola, and was now in its declination towards the crupper of old Betty, when the avenger of the duck seized the skirt of his coat, and, spite of all impediments which stay-tape and buckram could oppose to his gripe, took so fast a hold, and gave the luckless accoucheur so hearty a tug in the crisis of vacillation, that he came backwards into the pool—and terrible was the fall thereof.

The dog kept his hold, and Zachary, who was bodily immersed in the pool, swallowed more of that beverage at a draught than had served him for a twelvemonth before; so that, had he kept his present quarters but a few moments longer, he might have set the Humane Society and all its experiments at defiance; and the child that is unborn might have rued the woful event of this day: when Fortune, or more probably the tutelary goddess *Lucina*, sent a messenger to his rescue in the person of Henry, who had no sooner redeemed hat and wig, those ornaments of his person, from the cogs of the mill-wheel, than he flew to snatch their principal from the teeth of the mastiff. Having set his master on his legs, the valorous youth instantly seized the furious animal by the throat, and griped him with so strong a hand, that at length he threw him, with lolling tongue and

eyes rolling in death, breathless on the bank ; he then returned to tender his farther services to poor Zachary, who presented a most piteous spectacle, in his cinnamon-coloured suit, alas ! how changed, with every pocket full of water, his bald pate covered with duck-weed, dripping down his shoulders, being in caricature the very model of a Dutch river-god : upon the shore lay his flaxen periwig, a melancholy wreck, and beside it old Betty, the origin of all the evil, browsing insensibly on the bank, as if nothing had happened, and regardless of all other concerns than what affected herself.

CHAP. IV.

Strength is overthrown by Skill.

It was happy for the Doctor, in his present plight, that he had a house of refuge so near at hand : the miller, Thomas Weevil by name, no sooner heard of his misfortune, than both he and his dame sallied forth to tender him all the assistance needful in his distress. Dry clothes and fresh linen were instantly provided, and all the rites of hospitality duly performed by the master and mistress of the family, who neglected nothing that could shew their good will and gratitude for past services, Zachary having been the happy instrument of ushering eight sturdy bantlings into the world, in succession, without a single slip or miscarriage by the way.

The eldest of this group, a sturdy youth, about the age of Henry, had left his father to do the honours of the house to the Doctor, whilst he was applying himself to the recovering of his favourite dog. When all the efforts which his art could suggest proved fruitless, with rage and disappointment equally inflamed, he turned furiously upon the author of his calamity, and seizing him by the collar, swore vehemently to be revenged : a struggle ensued, the young miller striving to drag Henry towards the water, with an intent, no doubt, to make atonement to the manes of his canine friend, in the very spot where he met his death.

Henry, who had command over his temper, and only sought to pacify the anger of his assailant, opposed himself with calmness to the attack, expostulating meanwhile on the injustice of assaulting him for what it was his duty to do in defence of a fellow-creature ; and very properly demanding, if the life of a Christian was not of more value than the life of a dog ? Young Weevil, who was not at leisure to lend a patient ear to arguments of this sort, and who probably ascribed the coolness of the dog-slayer to the wrong motive, seemed only to gather fresh resentment by what ought to have appeased it, and now redoubled his attack with such fury, that our hero found it high time to resort to

other defences than words ; and having, by a sudden jerk, extricated himself from the grasp of the enraged aggressor, seized him in return, and having the advantage in skill as well as agility, kicked up his heels, and, pitching him flat upon his back, committed him with so good a will to his mother earth, that, if the emblem of man's life is but dust and ashes, it was never more strikingly exemplified than in the cloud which now ascended from the mealy frock of the prostrate miller. Stunned by his fall, and extended at his length, the champion and his dog lay side by side, till Henry, who did not wish to have more lives than one to answer for, began to fear they meant to keep company together to the shades of death : A few moments, however, relieved him from that anxiety, when the fallen combatant, getting upon his legs and giving himself a shake, by way of inquiry if all was right and in its place, surveying the person of his conqueror from heel to head, as if he had been taking measure of a meal-sack, and spying there no bones or sinews which he was not conscious of possessing in greater outward proportion himself, vociferated in a furious tone, that he was a cowardly rascal, and no fair fighter ; adding, with a hearty oath, Bar tripping, and I'll box you for a crown.

Henry calmly replied, That what he had done was in self-defence, and not with an intent to hurt him, which he was glad to see was not the case ; therefore, added he, be satisfied with what you have got, and don't provoke a worse mischance, by compelling me to handle you after another fashion.

You are a sneaking puppy, cried the miller, and no man ; all your play lies in your heels : but I'll make you take to them in another-guess manner, before I quit you. If I had you in a ring, sirrah, I'd make a frog of you in half a dozen rounds, so I would ; I'd maul you like a ragamuffin as you are.

You had better let me alone, answered Henry ; I have other business than to fight battles, and as for your abuse, I don't regard it. Go to your work, friend, and leave me to mine ; I am the Doctor's servant, and have no otherwise affronted you, than by defending my master ; so let us shake hands, and there's an end of it.

You lie ! retorted the clown, who had again misconstrued the calmness of his antagonist, there is no end of it, and I'll shake hands with no such shirker as you are. I tell you once again, bar tripping, and I'll box it fairly out with you to-morrow noon, upon the Town Green, foot to foot ; and because I know you for a shy cock, and a trickster at the game, I'll have no tumbler's play ; neither party shall drop without a knock-down blow ; so here's my crown upon the battle, if you are worth so much ; if not, I'll fight you for love, and give you a belly-full for nothing : there's an end of the matter, I am your man—strike hands with me if you dare.

If I dare ! replied Henry ; don't mistake me for a coward, because I am not a bully. I am not afraid of my own risk, but I have no quarrel with you, and besides that, have no money to stake against yours. As for the Town Green, I know not where it is, for I never was in the place I am going to : I am a perfect stranger in these parts, and had rather live in peace with you as a neighbour, than turn out against you for a trifling object, that is not worth wrangling about. However, take your own course ; if your stomach is not down by to-morrow's noon, and your fall has not disabled you, you know where to find me at the Doctor's ; and though I do not wish to seek a quarrel, be assured I have too much spirit to keep out of your way, or put up with an insult.

This said, they parted, Henry to attend upon his master, and Tom Weevil to perform the funeral ceremonies of his mastiff.

CHAP. V.

There are more Cordials in the World than Philosophy has found out.

WHEN Doctor Cawdle had, with old Weevil's assistance, dried his rigging and repaired his damages, he began to put himself in sailing trim, not forgetting first to swallow a precautionary cup of Nantz, by way of fortifying the vitals, and keeping the foe out of the citadel. A gracious nod, which he bestowed on Henry, gave him to understand that his services were well received ; but when old Betty presented herself at the door, led thither by one of the younger fry of the mill, darting a reproachful glance upon her, he exclaimed—Oh ! thou bitch of Babylon ! is it thus thou servest me after all my kindness ? Could'st thou not be content to swill that paunch of thine in peace, but thou must frisk and frolic in thy cups, till thou hadst tumbled me into the stream, at the peril of my life ? Never shalt thou sip more at the ford, or wet thy lips whilst I am on thy back, though thou hadst journeyed as long without drinking as a camel, when she traverses the deserts of Arabia !

This denunciation ended, and no other answer returned but a grunt from old Betty, as her ponderous jockey seated himself in the saddle, Zachary shook hands with the hospitable miller, and putting himself under an easy sail, steered for the harbour of his own mansion, in the neighbouring village.

As soon as he got out of ear-shot of the miller, he began to vent his bile against the whole race of dogs and ducks, heartily consigning them to the devil and his dam. He next proceeded to vindicate his own talent for horsemanship, in which he roundly asserted no man ever exceed-

ed him ; and then turning to Henry, who was close at his stirrup, he resumed his natural good humour, and, with many commendations of his courage and address, drew forth a guinea, and, forcing it into his hand, bade him take it as a small gratuity for a great service, and as an earnest of future favours ; Which, added he, if you go on as you have begun, you will richly merit. Some difficulties, however, you will have to encounter in my family, and it behoves me to caution you against them. There is a lady at home, whom I have not found it very easy to live with, neither will you. Mrs Cawdle has a few constitutional failings, that are rather troublesome to deal with ; a great ambition to be thought a saint, and a strong propensity to make herself a beast ; in other words, she will cant and tittle from noon till night. Now there is another passion, concomitant of enthusiasm and inebriety, which I forbear to mention, though it is exactly that, Henry, which I think you are most likely to be hampered with. I shall only hint to you, that the saints are very loving in their cups ; and reason enough why they should, as in that case they are quickened by a double dose of the spirit. You are a comely lad ; have a care, therefore, that your flesh don't catch fire when her spirit begins to flame. Amongst the many accomplishments you enumerated to me, psalm-singing, if I well remember, was one. You may safely confide that talent to my secrecy, for I never wish to hear a single stave of Sternhold or Hopkins whilst I live ; but if you breathe a word of it to my Jemima, farewell to your lungs ; depend on it she will make you tune your pipe to some purpose.

More would have ensued, for Zachary was now in the communicative vein, when old Betty came to a full stop ; and Henry, looking up, perceived a neat brick house within a court, the gate of which was flanked by two stone piers, emblematically crowned with gallipots, or, as a virtuoso would have styled them, cineral urns, supporting a scroll, carried in an arch from one to the other, on which was displayed, in letters of gold, upon a bright blue ground, "*Zachary Cawdle, Surgeon, Apothecary, and Man-Midwife.*"

An old woman presented herself at the gate, and led the mare to the stable, followed by Henry, who modestly contested with her the prerogative of the bridle, but to no purpose. Zachary entered the house ; and having peeped into the parlour, where he descried his beloved in her easy-chair fast asleep, drew his conclusions, and quietly retired to his chamber.

Mrs Jemima Cawdle, the spouse of Zachary, was a comely, corpulent lady, of about forty years of age, and had passed the best part of her youth in the capacity of housekeeper to a wealthy baronet, who died a bachelor, and from whose bounty she enjoyed an annuity of two hundred pounds, bequeathed to her in recompence for

her long and faithful services. Zachary, whose frequent visits to the deceased left him uninformed of no one particular relative to Mrs Jemima's character and circumstances, might possibly have withstood her personal charms, seeing they were somewhat in the wane, and not a little obscured by sundry flaws in temper and reputation ; but he was irresistibly attracted by the charms of the legacy aforesaid, jointly with the intelligence he had obtained of sundry other pickings and gleanings, which that prudent damsel had amassed by her economy and good conduct : upon these solid grounds of affection, not referring himself to the blind guidance of a certain hood-winked deity, called Love, Doctor Zachary lost no time in posting himself on the ground which the baronet had left, and soon opened his honourable trenches before the mournful legatee. Sorrow is a great softener of the human heart, and within two little months, *nay, not so much, not two*, the fair Jemima yielded up her virgin hand, and was admitted into the sacred mysteries of Hymen.

It cannot be disguised that public fame, who is too apt to busy herself about other people's affairs, circulated an idle insinuation that Doctor Zachary had been serviceable to this lady on a former occasion, in relieving her from an indisposition, with which she had been annoyed for the space of eight or nine months, and for which his art found a cure in the very crisis of her distemper ; but not to dwell any longer on these silly rumours, which are below the dignity of this history, suffice it to observe, that Mrs Jemima did not come empty-handed to the Doctor, and that, fully conscious of this, she had too much sense of her own dignity to give up her right and title for indulging herself in those innocent habits and recreations which she had been accustomed to in her state of celibacy, particularly that of applying to a certain specific against qualms and tremors, which she kept at hand, within the precincts of her own closet ; and though the said specific was not a medicine to be found upon Zachary's file, nor what perhaps he would have taken on himself to recommend, yet long practice had so reconciled her to the use of it, that her constitution seemed now to call for it, and I cannot doubt but she had strong reasons for preferring it to everything the *Materia Medica* could offer in its stead.

Now it so chanced, that Mrs Cawdle, in her spouse's absence, had cheered her heart with a comforting portion of this specific, and in the moment of her good man's arrival was, by the operation of the aforesaid dose, fast locked in the arms of Somnus. All this was perfectly intelligible to Zachary at the first glance, who thereupon contentedly betook himself to the cabin, like a Dutchman when he smells a storm, and quietly turned into his solitary crib, a resource which he kept in petto for these and other occasions incidental to his profession.

CHAP. VI.

A Saint not sober.

THE domestics of the family, into which Henry had now entered, consisted of an ancient matron, Bridget by name, who officiated in the kitchen, and Susan May, daughter of a widow-woman, an inhabitant of the village, who waited upon the person of Mrs Cawdle. Dr Zachary had recommended Henry so strongly to the care and good graces of these kind creatures, that they received him very courteously, and did the honours of the kitchen with much hospitality. Bridget had recollected a cold gammon of bacon, that was standing idle in the cupboard, and Susan had put a fresh faggot on the fire, where she was boiling the water for her mistress's tea. By the light of a cheerful blaze, she had now an opportunity of reconnoitring the young stranger with more accuracy than hitherto she had been able to do ; when, having scanned him over with an eye that betokened something more than pity, gently stroking her hand over his head, she gave a sigh, and said—Alas ! poor fellow, thou art cold and hungry, I'll engage for thee ; and then proceeded to other questions, which Henry either answered or evaded, as he thought fit. She now filled out a basin of tea, and repaired with it to her mistress in the parlour.

Susan, who was not bred in the school of Harpocrates, waked her mistress from her slumbers, by the noise she made upon entering the room ; whereupon Jemima accosted her as follows : Why, what the devil, wench, will you never be taught to open a door softly ? Do you consider, mawkin, the wretched state of my poor tortured nerves, trembling, quivering, tingling, all over me, at every shock you give them ? Do you see the quandary you have thrown me into ? Then you tread as heavy as a cart-horse, and bawl so loud, that my brain splits with every word you speak.

But I have not spoken a word yet, cried Susan ; and here's your tea, so pray drink it, and compose yourself.

Compose myself, child ! replied the mistress, in a softer tone ; I don't expect I shall compose myself sufficiently this night to be able to reach my bed-room without help ; I perceive I am relapsing into my old tremors. Mercy upon me, how my hand shakes ! Indeed and indeed, my good girl, you must be cautious not to flutter me when I am in this way.

She now took the tea, and while she was sipping it, her waiting-woman began to tell her about the Doctor's accident, and how he was rescued from the teeth of the miller's dog, which in Susan's narrative made as tremendous a fi-

gure as an Abyssinian hyæna; that good-natured girl having coloured her description of her master's danger to the height, that she might set off the heroism of Henry to the greater advantage.

The sedative beverage having in some degree allayed the trembling of Jemima's nerves, she made many pious apostrophes upon the Doctor's escape, which she hoped would be a warning call upon him to repentance, and a better life; she bewailed the reprobate state he was in; and candidly observed, that as he led the life of a heathen, she should not have been surprised, had he perished by the teeth of a dog. In the meantime, she hinted her astonishment in pretty strong terms, that he could have the assurance to bring a strange fellow into her family, picked up at random, without consulting her opinion and approbation in the first place.—To this Susan replied, A strange fellow do you call him, madam! You would not say so, if you saw him; notwithstanding his poor apparel, I'll be further if he is not a gentleman born; ay, and the handsomest, in my opinion, that ever I set eyes on.

What tell you me of handsome! exclaimed the mistress; is he holy, humble, devout?

He was wet and hungry, replied Susan, so we warmed him and fed him, that's all I know of the matter; as for the rest, it's no concern of mine; I only did by him as I would be done by in the like case.—This said, Susan left the room without waiting for an answer.

This good lady, who properly put so high a value upon the piety of a servant, and so slight a one upon his person, had in times past led a course of life not perfectly reconcilable to the rules and doctrines of that religion, which is preached by the ministers of the established church; and being naturally indisposed to hear of failings, which it was inconvenient to her to dismiss and repent of, she determined no longer to be annoyed with their sermons and exhortations, and, striking out of the regular road, took a shorter course for quieting her conscience, without disturbing her enjoyments. By this new method of compounding for defaults in practice, through the help of a strong imagination and a glowing enthusiasm, Jemima had fairly brought all past reckonings to a balance, and at the same time kept a mental salvo in reserve against future ones. She was correct in all small matters of form, regular at her love-feasts, dealt the kiss of peace with a fervency most edifying, washed the dirty feet of the brethren, had a pious reverence for salt, and as zealous a detestation for blood-puddings, as any saint in the sect, of which she stood forth a bright and shining example, professing to believe every mystery of the Christian faith, and fulfilling no one moral duty which the Scriptures teach.

She was now exactly in that state of fermentation, when the spirit was most apt to boil over; and having understood just so much from

Susan's report, of Henry's youth and simplicity, as suggested to her an occasion for making a display of her zeal, she began to arrange her thoughts in the best order she could for the undertaking. Having thrown herself back in her chair, and shut her eyes to assist meditation, she had nearly fallen into another doze from the soporific effects of intense thinking, when, having raised herself upright in her seat, and being seized at the moment with a swimming in her head, by the suddenness of the motion, a huge pyramid of gauze, which by her late recumbent posture was thrust forward out of its place, came in contact with the candle, and immediately caught fire. Her screams in one instant brought Henry to her assistance, who so nimbly rescued her from her danger, that her cap was off and extinguished before one hair of her head had been singed by the flame.

When her terror had subsided, Mrs Cawdle cast her eyes upon the person of her deliverer. The alarm had perfectly dissipated her somnolency, and in great part even the cause of it. The ideas that had floated in her brain, and on which she had been pondering, lost hold of her imagination, and enthusiasm began to give way to impressions of a different sort; she had no longer any wish to make a saint of one, who seemed to her already to be an angel. As the traveller, whose eye has been jaded with long dwelling on the loathsome fens of Essex, feels unspeakable recreation, when, having crossed the Thames, he mounts the beautiful hills of Kent, and thence contemplates nature in her fairest shape—such was the delightful sensation Jemima now experienced, whilst she gazed upon Henry, and compared his animated and graceful form with the listless and mis-shapen lump, that the fat partner of her heart presented daily and hourly to her weary sight. He had his hand upon the door, so that no time was to be lost, when, with an eager accent, she called out to him to stop; then bidding him shut the door, she began as follows:—

You are the young person, I presume, whom the Doctor has taken into his family, and your name is Henry? You give a good sample of your services, Henry, not only in the care you had of your wretched master in his fall, but no less so in the attention you have now shewn to me in my alarm; in short, between fire and water, you have been fully employed this day in the rescue of us both in our turns, and you well deserve to be rewarded for your performances.

I am amply rewarded, replied Henry, by your kind acceptance of my duty in the first place, and next by my master's liberality, who gave me as much as I have occasion for, and more than I had any right to expect.

Your master, indeed! cried Jemima; your master knows neither how to rate your services, nor to reward you for them; I'll engage he has hired you for no other purpose but to beat the

filthy mortar, and do the dirty work in his dirty shop : but you shall do no such thing ; you shall wait upon me ; I will take you to myself. With me your work will be easy and your life happy ; with him you will be a drudge and the lackey of a drudge ; for his very shopman, the old Highlander, will make you fetch and carry on his scrubby errands : from me you will hear none but pious and edifying conversation ; from them, nothing but balderdash and blasphemy in an outlandish dialect : of me you will gain good instruction ; they will lead you to your ruin, and render you, in the end, what they are themselves, lost souls in a state of reprobation, and totally cast out from the lot of the righteous.

Heaven forbid ! quoth Henry.

Don't say so, don't say so, resumed the saint ; don't shock my ears with a single word in their favour : true zeal feels no pity for the wicked.

Not pity them ! exclaimed the youth with eagerness ; I could almost find in my heart to pity the devil himself.

The devil you could ! cried the saint, with horror in her countenance ; from what part of the world are you come ? who are your unhappy parents ? and in what anti-christian principles have you been educated ? Pity them, indeed ! No, no, that were a sin as heinous as what they commit ; but the elect cannot sin, and consequently have no pity for sinners.

I beg pardon for my boldness, madam, replied Henry ; but if this be so, I must take leave to dissent from the elect.—This said, he quitted the room, and left the inebriated zealot to digest his doctrine as she could.

CHAP. VII.

A timely Rescue.

THE next morning Henry arose with the lark, and finding nobody stirring within doors, went into the garden, and there began to employ himself in reforming the borders, that were in a very neglected condition. Whilst he was thus occupied, he observed a tall stout man, whose swaggering gait and important air bespoke him a person of some authority, coming across the adjoining field, and making directly for a little wicket in the garden hedge, that communicated with the said field. Here he was no sooner arrived than, discovering Henry, he stopt short, and in an angry tone demanded, Who are you, sir, and why are you at work in this garden ?

Because I am servant to the owner of it, Henry replied, and have nothing else just now to employ myself about.

If you are servant to the owner, said he, betake yourself to his shop, and tell Kinloch to

send the medicines to my house, that are ordered to be made up.

And to whose direction must they be addressed ?

My name is Blachford ; you must be new in these parts, not to know me.

I am a stranger, it is true, in this place, rejoined Henry, and have not the honour of knowing you ; but I shall obey your commands.

After a few minutes Henry, finding nobody up in the house, and the shop-door locked, returned to make report to his sender, who was now standing close under the eaves, in earnest conversation, as it seemed, with somebody at a window : the casement was quickly shut upon his appearance, but not so nimbly as to prevent his discovering to a certainty that Susan was the party to whom Blachford's conversation was addressed.

The look that gentleman now bestowed upon Henry, gave him sufficiently to understand how unwelcome his company was ; and before he could well explain the reason of his sudden return, Blachford's rage had burst forth both in words and actions, so far at least as his courage suffered him to proceed, by brandishing his cane in a threatening manner, and telling him to be gone from his sight, for he perceived he was a very impertinent prying fellow, and would have nothing to say to him ; And depend upon it, added he, I will have my eye upon you ; if I catch you tripping, and once lay my hands upon you, you shan't easily get out of them.

With these words, which Henry answered only with a look of firm undaunted innocence, Blachford strode away, and was soon out of sight : the casement was then opened, and Susan in a low voice desired him to come into the house, for she wanted to speak to him. As soon as they met, she began with some degree of embarrassment to apologize for appearances. She told him Mr Blachford was a very rich gentleman, lived in a handsome house near at hand, and was very kind to her mother, an aged widow, who inhabited a small cottage close to his gate ; that the occasion of her speaking to him from the window, was simply to thank him for some favours he had bestowed upon her mother ; she hoped that Henry had said nothing to give him offence, for that he was a proud man, and would not put up with an affront from anybody, much less from his inferiors : moreover he was a justice of peace, and dealt so rigidly with those that came under his hands, that all the parish and neighbourhood round about stood in fear and terror of him.

He may be a justice, replied Henry, but I'll take upon me to say he is not a gentleman. As to his business with you, Susan, or yours with him, trust me I am not curious to be informed of it : it was mere chance and accident threw me in the way to interrupt it, which if I have done to your detriment or regret, I am heartily

sorry for it. As for his blustering and threatening, I fear him not, neither did I provoke him by any language improper for me to make use of to a person of his sort : I was as humble towards him, as becomes any one human creature to be to another in the like circumstances. I respect him, however, for being kind to your mother ; I only hope it is pure kindness, and that he does not look for it to be repaid by any sacrifices from you ; whilst you make no other acknowledgments than you can convey to him from a window, all will be well.

This was pointed with a certain expression of look and accent, that brought the blushes into Susan's cheeks. She hoped she could not be suspected of favouring such a great, black, ugly thing as his worship, and an old fellow into the bargain ; she trusted she understood herself better, than to give her company where she could not bestow her liking ; in saying which, she conveyed a glance to Henry's eyes, which simplicity itself could not fail to decipher, and nothing less than predetermined virtue could be able to encounter ; for, without attempting descriptions, which we do not wish to engage in, we desire the reader to take it on our word, that the aforesaid Susan May, in form and feature, was positively one of the most dangerous objects, that strong passion and weak resolution could possibly come in contact with ; she had health, youth, and beauty, to allure desire, and tell-tale eyes, that threw out signals of encouragement to hope.

Upon my word, Henry, said she, you are very considerate of my reputation, which is more than I should have expected from a handsome young fellow like you, who, I dare say, have sly sins enough of your own to answer for ; but, to tell you the truth in one word, there is not a being upon earth I so abominate as that surly brute Justice Blachford : I believe he is as base in heart as he is black in person ; therefore, with your leave, we will put him aside, and talk of something that is more to the purpose. What have you done to my drunken dame, I would fain know, that has set her in such a tantarum ? There was she, foaming and fretting after you had been with her, like a mad thing : surely you did not put on that preaching face to her, as you did just now to me ? You'll never have a moment's quiet in this house, if you don't keep well with the tipsy shrew that rules it : she'll ferret you out in a twinkling, take my word for it, if you thwart her, and it is not the Doctor that can save you ; but if you'll coax and humour her, you may pass your time to your heart's content ; and for my share, short as our acquaintance has been, so much am I prejudiced in your favour, that, as far as I can contribute to your happiness, be assured nothing in my power shall be wanting to make your life pleasant whilst we are together.

It was a look, a smile, a gentle pressure of

his hand in hers, whilst she uttered these words, that gave them a grace and energy, which but for these accompaniments had not belonged to them. Susan, though not eloquent, possessed the orator's best attribute in an eminent degree ; in her action she was irresistible. I know not whether I am to call it Henry's good or evil genius, that now appeared in the person of old Bridget, to draw him off to his master in his bed-chamber. He had begun a stammering kind of acknowledgment to Susan, that meant to convey something between courtesy and caution, but expressed neither one nor the other distinctly, when the plea of duty helped him out of the dilemma for this turn, but left a memento behind it, plainly intimating that flight was his best defence against such weapons as nature had bestowed on Susan : she, in the meantime, was not slow to discover, both where his weakness lay, and in what her own strength consisted ; what he could not term victory on his part, she had no right to consider as a defeat on hers : chance had broken up the conference ; opportunity could not be wanting to renew it.

CHAP. VIII.

A sudden Attack upon an unguarded Conscience.

WHEN Henry entered the Doctor's chamber, he found him still between the blankets, where he had provoked so copious a perspiration, that there is little doubt but he had paid interest through his pores for every drop of water he had borrowed by his throat in the encounter with the duck. Instead of giving a straight answer to Henry's inquiries, he began to hold forth a learned lecture, upon the use and efficacy of sudorifics, reprobating in the strongest terms the vulgar error of pouring in hot liquors upon cold stomachs, which he pronounced to be a diabolical practice, and little better than slow poison, just then forgetting the glass of brandy at the miller's. In the course of this harangue, he instanced the bad habit of Mrs Cawdle as a case in point, who, he roundly asserted, was dramming herself out of the world ; adding, with an oath, that if Jemima was a saint, he would be bold to say she was the most drunken saint in the calendar.

Observing that Henry made no reply to this, except by a significant shake of his head, he added, Well, well, you are a discreet lad, I perceive, and know how to hold your tongue upon occasion, but I'll bet a good wager she has been preaching to you over her cups : it is always the case when the spirit flies up into her head ; but don't let her make a fool of you ; one saint in a family is one too many : mind your business, ply the mortar, and leave religion to those who get their living by it : you and I, my lad, have something else to think of.

I hope, replied Henry, I can mind my business without neglecting my religion.

Hark ye, child, cried Zachary, you talk like an ignoramus, if you suppose that we of the faculty can have any other religion than to take care of the health and constitution of our patients. Every man in his own way ; the parson for the soul, the physician for the body. What have we to do in a church, whilst there is one man under our care in a sick-bed ? why, it were a shame for any of us to be seen there ; it is all one as to confess that we are totally cut out of our practice ; and to do my brethren justice, I must confess they seldom, if ever, come into a church but with a view of being called out of it : but that is a stale trick, and begins to be blown upon, so that every gentleman of character in the profession, who does not wish to be thought a mountebank and a quack, never lets himself be seen within the walls of a church, unless, indeed, he should chance to follow the corpse of a customer thither.

And when his own corpse is carried thither to its last home, said Henry, what will become of him then ?

Heh ! how ! what is that you say ? demanded Zachary, starting up in his bed.

I say, sir, under favour, that I am little able to argue with a person of your science ; but I must think this a very serious question, and what every one of us ought to put to ourselves in good time. Can any man expect to find pardon after death, who has done God no service when alive ?

What are you talking about ? cried the Doctor : I tell you, child, that I, Zachary Cawdle, with these very hands, have ushered two thousand living souls into the world ; and do you call that doing God no service ? How many others I may have stopt from going out of it, in the course of a long and successful practice, the Lord above only knows, I have kept no account of them. I hope you don't mean to make any comparison between such a man as I am, and an idle fellow in creation, who does nothing but preach and pray ?

Far be it from me, replied Henry, to offer at any comparison between professions, which I cannot pretend to judge of ; but, as I presume a good Christian is the greatest character a man can have, I humbly conceive a good and faithful minister of God's word to be no man's inferior.

Be that as it may, rejoined Zachary, I have had the handling of their carcases in my time, and have found some rotten wethers amongst the flock, that would hardly bear the touch : but I perceive, young man, you have got a twang of the conventicle about you, and will forfeit my ears if you have not been canting with that boozy babe of grace my wife. But I tell you at a word I will have no saints in my service : I did not hire you to sing psalms ; if you do it as

well as King David, it is no recommendation to me ; I told you so at first ; and as to your talking to me about the other world, I forbid you ever to name it to me again ; 'tis a subject that always hips me when I hear of it.

I believe I have already hinted that Zachary was somewhat inclined to the irascible, and as he had now started a topic that was apt to give certain twitches to his conscience, which were not over pleasant in their operation, he had flounced and floundered about at such a rate in his bed, whilst this busy intermeddler was at work, that he had by this time effectually repelled the perspiration, and began to be sensible of certain symptomatic innuendoes, that argued an intention in Nature to make a sudden turn from hot to cold, and in one of her freaks and fits of variety treat him with a taste of the other extreme. His teeth now began to make music, his spirits sunk, and he huddled up his head in the bed-clothes, sighing from the bottom of his heart, as well knowing, by the tuning of the instruments beforehand, what the full concert would be when it struck up in earnest.

The Lord have mercy upon me ! exclaimed poor Zachary ; what is going forward now ? I was as well but now as heart could wish ; I thought no more of being taken so suddenly than the man in the moon ; never trust me, but I shake from head to foot ; I can't stand it, positively I can't stand it, if I am to be seized in this manner. I know my own constitution to a tittle ; I'm a plethoric man, the worst subject in nature for an ague and fever : Doctor Doublechin went out of the world in the same way ; he took a short leave and was off ; 'tis a lost case, Henry ; 'tis all up with your poor master, if I can't drive the foe out of one door or the other before he gets footing in the house. For the love of Heaven, put your hand in my waistcoat-pocket, and give me a small paper in a blue wrapper, which you'll find there ; it contains a medicine which I never administer to my patients, because I scorn to go out of the regular practice with my friends ; but when a man's own life is at stake, there is no joke in dallying : Doctor James must do the job, or I must beat a hasty march out of this world, and be gone.

Henry gave him the paper and some warm liquid, in which he mixed the life-restoring dose, and swallowed it, giving order for some barley-water to be made, and other fit preparations for its operation.

No sooner had his attendant left the chamber, than Zachary, now alone and at leisure for meditation, began to entertain serious apprehensions for the consequences of this sudden attack. The rapid progress of a fever in better constitutions than his own he had frequently been a witness to ; it was an enemy whose strength he had fully experienced, having baffled him over and over ; death was a consummation, which in his own case was devoutly to be dreaded, though

he could contemplate it with all due serenity in the case of others ; the flippant and contemptuous style, in which he had just then been talking of the duties of religion, recoiled upon his thoughts so strongly, that his present sudden and unexpected attack struck his conscience as a judgment, and most heartily did he wish he could recall what he had been saying to Henry ; in the meantime, the cold fit shook him worse and worse, whilst the active medicine ran through his veins with awful omens of a crisis coming on ; he knew too well that the battle between death and him must be a close one and a short one, for, alas ! he was too fat for flight, and too fair a butt for such a marksman not to hit. Vanity might have held him up in the presence of a second person, but he could not impose upon himself ; and, after a deep sigh, he broke forth into the following melancholy soliloquy :—What poor miserable mortals are we, who cannot foresee what may befall us for a moment to come ! Here am I shivering and shaking, and perhaps upon the bed of death, whereas but a few minutes ago I thought no more of death than I did of the Pope of Rome. But, to be sure, when a man is in perfect health, it is natural for him to keep such dull thoughts out of his head ; it cannot be expected that one should be musing and pondering upon the other world, when one sees no present chance of going thither ; whilst things are at a distance, it is not necessary to think about them. Ah ! poor Zachary, thou hast enjoyed a brave state of health, and kept a merry heart, till this sad moment ; but art thou not an ass and a blockhead, not to recollect that all flesh is mortal ? Hast thou not had dealings enough with Death to be aware of his slippery tricks ? How many hundred times has he made a fool and a false prophet of thee, by snapping up thy patients in a twinkling, when thou, silly Doctor, wast hugging thyself in the credit of a cure, and hadst pronounced them out of danger ? And why, above all things, should I be vapouring with this poor lad, and shewing off my courage at the expense of religion, which is about as wise a thing to do, as it would be to pluck a sleeping bear by the beard ? I know my wife to be a slut and a sot, and no more of a saint than Judas Iscariot ; but what then ? Because she professes more faith than she has, why should I make a boast of believing less than I do ? Lord have mercy upon us ! nobody knows how soon he may be called away ; and what a misfortune would it be to be taken off just in the flush and flower of my business ! If it would please God to take my wife first, it would be some comfort : I might then lead a quiet life, leave off practice, and begin to think seriously of my latter end ; but, alas-a-day ! I have now so many customers dying upon my hands, that I cannot in conscience neglect their affairs to look after my own. Of a certain, death is a serious thing at the best, and I have always looked grave at

the funeral of a patient ; but when it comes to be one's own case, it is interesting indeed !—Zooks ! what a twinge in the bowels was there ! Ay, ay, I feel it at work ; the powder begins to stir ; 'tis all for the best ; the enemy is shifting his quarters. How many people might I have cured with this drug, if I had not had too much honour to dabble in quack medicines ! If I can but shake off this fit at once and get well, I shall have plenty of time to turn over these thoughts at my leisure.

He now applied himself lustily to the bell at his bed's head, for reasons that argued the necessity of dispatch. Old Bridget heard the summons, but was not in the same necessity to obey it ; when, at last, she presented herself at the door, the Doctor, whose anger had been up long before she was, greeted her with a salutation not very courtly, demanding why she would hobble up stairs so slowly, when she might well conceive what a hurry he was in.—Well, said she, and now your hurry is over, what is it you want ?

Barley-water and a bucket, cried Zachary, as quickly as you can, for a greater turmoil than is now in my stomach the duck herself could not make, if I had swallowed her alive when she flew out of the bank and soused me in the brook.

CHAP. IX.

Doctors differ.

THERE was an old Scotchman, Alexander Kinloch by name, who officiated in the like capacity under Doctor Cawdle, as *Whackum* did under *Sidrophel*. The care of the poorer patients, in general, devolved upon this deputy-doctor, who, being an old limb of the faculty, was become so stubborn withal, that it seemed a point with him in practice constantly to take any road but that which he conceived his principal would pursue. No sooner had he been informed by Henry of his master's situation, and the medicine he had administered to himself, than, having taken two or three hasty strides about the shop, as if to give vent to his choler, he snatched down an old plaid night-gown, which hung upon a peg, and having girt it round his loins with a green worsted sash, over a black cloth waistcoat, to which he had stript himself for his work, he bade Henry look to the shop, and immediately ascended the stairs to the chamber of the invalid.

If Death had been disposed to have complimented Zachary with a visit, I question if he could have taken a better figure for his purpose than what Alexander now presented to the sick man's view, standing at the feet of his truckle-bed, arrayed in his rusty plaid, tall, squalid, begrimed with the dust of the mortar, a perfect

skeleton with the skin on, and staring upon him with two lack-lustre eyes, that seemed buried in their bony sockets. A stronger contrast could hardly be found in human nature than might here be seen between master and man; Zachary presenting to the eye of the spectator a rotundity of figure, which, though in the horizontal posture, as now displayed, lost little, if anything at all, of its perpendicular elevation from a given plane; Alexander, when erect upon his feet, being in the proportion of a foot to an inch in point of altitude, when compared with the aforesaid Alexander extended on his back; in few words, the one stood in like relation to the other, as the spigot does to the tun.

Zachary had no sooner caught a glimpse of Alexander's visage over the hillock of human flesh, which intercepted nearly all the rest of his figure, and being now under the impression of a terrified imagination, than he shook in every joint, and though he recognized his old acquaintance sufficiently to be satisfied that Death was not actually present in person, yet he was far from certain that he had not visited him by proxy; and in justice to Zachary, it must be confessed, that a better proxy than Alexander, Death could nowhere have found, nor one to whom, upon long experience of past services, he could more safely have confided a commission, either general or special.

The deliberation with which Alexander had proceeded in his survey, (for it was a custom with him to let the sick man make his own complaints, by which he spared himself the trouble of finding them out,) gave the Doctor time to rally his spirits, so far as to assume an air of some composure, whilst he addressed his visitor as follows:—Ah! Sawney, you find me here in a sorry pickle.

Ay, ay, quoth the Scotchman, I can well enough scent the pickle you are in; you have been scrubbing your intestines with that damned powder of poison, which I will maintain to be the vilest dust that ever devil blew into the brains of a mountebank.

Verbum sapienti, friend Sawney, replied the Doctor; I believe I know something, and I believe you are convinced I do; but surely you forget to whom you are talking? What you say is very right, only you say it to the wrong person; every professional man, like you and me, will hold for the regular practice, and cry down quackery; 'tis his duty so to do; and as for these powders, I believe neither you nor any man living can say I ever administered them to patient of mine, since I was master of a mortar; living or dying, my customers have been always handled by me *secundum artem*; but the cook is not bound to eat his own porridge; neither am I, Zachary Cawdle, compelled to take my own physic; 'tis a foolish landlord that thinks to drive a trade by drinking out his own barrel.

Well, Doctor, replied Death's image, since you

are not to be advised, I shall only remind you of the old saying, "Physician, cure thyself."

And I've good hope I shall cure myself, returned the Doctor, and speedily too, for I find I am wonderfully lighter since the powders operated.

"Would be wonderful if you were not, quoth Alexander, considering how much of your cargo you have thrown overboard.

Better do that than let the ship sink, rejoined Zachary; that's a resource, friend Sawney, which we, who are full laden, have, and you, who are in ballast, have not.

Yes, truly, quoth Sawney, you have broke bulk with a vengeance, but by the ill savour of the hold, I should doubt if you have clean bills of health on board yet. Marry, joy go with you, master of mine; if a swollen paunch, short neck, and wheezing lungs, are symptoms of long life, you are blest with them to your heart's content: but I am of Aristotle's mind for that; I agree with the old sages, Hippocrates, and Galen, and Doctor Nicholas Culpepper, who, in his *Last Legacy, bequeathed to his dear Consort, Mrs Alice Culpepper, for the Public Good*, recommendeth to such as be fat to eat three or four cloves of garlic every morning with bread and butter, and fast two hours after it; and he farther saith, "Let their drink be water, wherein fennel hath been boiled, and in a very small time it will ease them."

What tell you me of Nicholas Culpepper? cried Zachary; he was nothing better than a star-gazer and a quack. Will he give me a receipt to know whether a sick man like me shall live or die of the malady he is afflicted with?

That he will do, cried Alexander, by three several modes of process, and you may take your choice of which you like best.

Let us hear 'em, let us hear 'em all, said the Doctor.

Primo, replied Kinloch, Shave the crown of your head, and lay upon the shaved place rue stamped with oil of roses, binding it on; and, if you sneeze within six hours after, you shall live; else, not.

Let him carry his own fool's noddle to the shaver for me, answered Zachary; I'll have nothing to do with his rue and roses.—What next?

Secundo, Let green nettles be steeped in the urine of him that is sick, twenty-four hours. If they remain green and fresh, the sick will live; else, it is all up with him.

Let him go to the devil with his nostrums, quoth the Doctor, exalting his voice; I hope I shall live to steep the nettles upon his grave; and now, Sawney, for the third and last, and then let us have done with Nicholas and his nonsense.

Well, well, said Sawney, with much gravity, there are more secrets in nature than you and I have hitherto found out, but you may take them or leave them. I shall tender you but one ex-

periment more ; and let me tell you, master of mine, I should be very unwilling to put it to the proof in your case, for reasons that I do not think it necessary to explain.

Say you so, say you so ? cried Zachary, somewhat startled with this preamble ; then I perceive you think worse of my case than I do ; but what is your experiment ?

This it is, answered the journeyman doctor : I give it you in Nicholas Culpepper's own words — *Tertio*, Take the grease of a hog, and rub the body of any that is sick, against the heart, and the soles of the feet, then throw the grease to a dog ; if he eat it, the sick will live ; if not, he will surely die.

Are you sure, quoth Zachary, that you have been correct in the particulars of this notable nostrum ?

Perfectly correct, replied Kinloch ; I can shew it to you in his book.

Then I must own to you, said the Doctor, it is an experiment I should not like to pledge my life upon : but some dogs have stronger stomachs than others ; does he give no directions in that particular ?

None, replied the North Briton ; he speaks of dogs generically, not specifically.

Then he is a booby and a blockhead for his pains, rejoined Zachary. Would he have me throw such a pellet to a lady's lap-dog, that is fed upon boiled chicken and sugared milk ? The very thought of it has set my stomach a-working. Get thee out of my room, good Sawney, make haste and be gone, and pr'ythee give me some chance for recovery, by forbearing to prescribe to me.

The deputy-doctor now departed in a huff, and left Zachary to solicit, with the help of Doctor James, a kind turn from the only better friend in sickness—sleep. But, alas ! though these two friendly *restorers of tired Nature* have been seldom found at distance from each other, yet, in the present case, Zachary's temples could take no rest ; he was tormented with a racking head-ache, and a throbbing heart : all his terrors now returned, and he again applied himself to the bell at his bed's-head, ringing it with might and main.

Law ! sir, cried Susan, as she entered his room, what a ringing you keep ! As sure as can be, you'll wake my mistress, and what will become of us then ?

Your mistress, quotha ! exclaimed the Doctor ; your mistress is a sow and a sot ; because she went boozy to bed overnight, am I to lie and perish next morning, for fear of waking her ? I care not if she never waked again, so I were out of this torment : pr'ythee, my good girl, canst thou not think of something to ease me of this racking head-ache ?

I never had the head-ache in my life, replied Susan.

I wish from my soul you had it now for the first time, and I was quit of it, quoth Zachary.

If it plagues you so, cried Susan, why don't you lay your head down on the pillow, and go to sleep ? that's the way I get rid of all my troubles.

Get you gone for a goose, cried the Doctor, in a rage, and send old Bridget to set the room to rights.

Foh ! quoth Susan, as she went down stairs, your head may well ache, o' my conscience.

If one of my patients, said Zachary to himself, consulted me upon a head-ache like this, I should make nothing of it : my business would be to give nature a fair field, and let her fight her own battles : cooling drinks, with endive, succory, purslain, lettuce, or barley-water, with a little cinnamon, is the most I should administer ; but for my own part, I wish to be well at once ; for I have no time to spare, and I hate pain.

During this meditation, Bridget had been employed in removing nuisances ; when the Doctor, recollecting nothing in his own practice that would serve the present purpose, and that old women frequently had nostrums that make quick work of what they undertake, repeated the same question to Bridget, that he had put with so little success to Susan. Proud to be consulted by so great a man as her master, the old wench immediately demanded on which side of his head the pain lay.

On every side, quoth Zachary, and all over it.

Then I can do you no good, replied Bridget : had the pain laid on the right side, I could have cured it with a comb made of the right horn of a ram ; if on the left, with one made of the left horn of a ram.

Begone for an old fool ! cried the Doctor ; if rams' horns could have cured me, I should have been well long enough ago.

Alexander Kinloch now re-entered the chamber, and, with a solemn countenance, informed the Doctor, that he had been sent for to Mrs Cawdle, whom he found in her bed, grievously afflicted with the head-ache, accompanied by a high pulse, dry tongue, and other febrile symptoms.

I am glad of it with all my heart, exclaimed Zachary ; and what have you administered to her ?

Nothing, replied Alexander, till I consulted you ; but upon inspection of the patient, I should humbly conceive there is nothing so effectual to remove her complaint as evacuation and refrigeration.

Then set about it thyself, friend Sawney, quoth the Doctor, for I am in no condition to do either one or the other.

I have noted with some concern, resumed Alexander, that the cephalæa, or head-ache, of which Madam complaineth, lieth not in the pe-

ricanium, or outward skin of the skull, but in the pia mater, or, in other words, in that membrane which knitteth the senses together, and lieth round the brain within the dura mater: now it is a point agreed both by ancients and moderns, that there are various sorts and descriptions of head-aches; some possessing the whole head, others only half of it; some coming of heat, others of cold; some of dryness, others of moisture; some arising from plethora, or plenitude of blood, others from choler,——

Which will certainly be my case, cried the Doctor, interrupting him, unless you bring your discussion to a point.

I am hastening thereunto, replied Sawney: there are also head-aches, which proceed from windiness; there are others caused of the stomach; there are head-aches, symptomatic of fevers; and lastly, there are head-aches originating from drunkenness, to which denomination I pronounce this of Madam Cawdle's indisputably to belong.

Who doubts it? cried Zachary: then why the devil didn't you come to it at once?

Alexander gave no attention to the Doctor's impatience, but proceeded after his own manner—Now the causes of this kind of head-ache are evident enough; for hot wines, strong waters, and inflaming potations, fill the brain with vapours, and the brain of Madam Jemima so much the more, inasmuch as I conceive it to be hot and adust by nature, having noted upon examination, that her os triquetrum is close shut, and her sutoriums not remarkably open; the beating or pulsation, therefore, is the greater in a skull so constructed, and of course the pain: the cure, therefore, consisteth, as I before said, in these two things, evacuation and refrigeration.

Humph! echoed Zachary, with a grunt.

Alexander proceeded: Now of the former, there are various modes whereby to administer relief, the choice of which I refer to you, as presuming you best know which process of evacuation is most consentaneous to the habits and constitution of Madam, your spouse.

I beg to be excused from giving any opinion at all in the case, said the Doctor.

As for the latter, continued the nostrum-monger, namely, refrigeration, the use of which is to drive back the vapours as they ascend to the head, I would recommend oil, wherein ivy-leaves have been boiled; with which to anoint the head, the temples, and the forehead.

With all my soul, repeated Zachary; I approve much of your ivy-leaves; they will be in their proper place upon her temples; for, by my faith, Sawney, Jemima is as true a Bacchante as ever brandished a thyrsus.

Alexander had not yet run out his whole tap, and resumed his discourse once more:—Now to prevent drunkenness in those who are addicted to drink, is a grand desideratum in physic; yet

there are many medicines bequeathed to posterity by the ancient sages for this purpose.

But I hope you are not going to enumerate them, quoth the Doctor, for I am out of all patience already.

Be it so, answered he; then I will confine myself to one alone, which is simply this: Let the person so addicted eat six or seven bitter almonds every morning, fasting, drink a draught of wormwood-beer before any other potation; and let there be infused therein a small portion of the ashes of swallows, burnt in a crucible, feathers and all.

Wormwood and burnt swallows! cried Zachary, elevating his voice; what devil of a doctor put that dose into your head? But make her take it, my good Sawney, and I'll honour you for ever.

I fear, replied Sawney, without paying any regard to the Doctor's raillery, that swallows being now out of season, and a bird of passage, we shall be defeated in the main point of our experiment.

Then catch an owl, rejoined Zachary, and put him into your crucible: my life upon't he'll do the job as well; and hark ye, Sawney, if you take a little modicum of the powdered owl yourself, it may help your wits, and promote wisdom.

I'll see what can be done, quoth Alexander, gravely, and departed.

CHAP. X.

One more Dose than is to be found in the Dispensary.

THE medical understrapper, who was indebted to Doctor Nicholas Culpepper's *Last Legacy* for every one of these nostrums, upon which he plumed himself so highly, in spite of his master's irony, immediately set to work upon his embrocation of ivy-leaves and oil, a business of no great difficulty, as there was a certain mansion in the garden, overgrown with that simple, and no scarcity of good Lucca oil in the cupboard, near at hand: but when he came to meditate upon a succedaneum for the burnt swallows, even Zachary's proposal of the owl as a locum-tenens was a staggering consideration, as being a bird of night, whereas it was now unfortunately broad day. In this dilemma, seeing Henry in the shop, he abruptly demanded of him if he was a good hand at catching an owl: the youth, supposing he was bantering him, stared him in the face, and, without giving any answer, went about his business. The compounder of medicines, in the meantime, cast his eyes round the shop, as in despair of finding any substitute for his purpose, when, in a lucky

moment, fortune threw within his ken a dried lizard hanging from the beam, which for time immemorial had been the humble companion of a stuffed alligator, and the egg of an ostrich.

Aha! my little crony, cried Alexander, as he eyed the lizard with transport, you and I must have a word together: come down, for I have spied thee in the very nick of time.—This said, he unhooked the little animal, and examined him from head to tail; he was as dry as the mummy of a patriarch; no crucible could have done the job more effectually; he was a perfect deodand in the hands of an experimentalist.—Thou wilt pulverize most featly, quoth Sawney, when I have thee under the pestle; but before I consign thee to the mortar and reduce thee to dust, let me ponder upon thy properties, and do nothing without forecast and circumspection. Poisonous thou canst not be, for though I have never eaten of thy species myself, I know that others have. I have read that thou art a delicacy, a tid-bit, as I may say, at the tables of the Chinese, and if thy flesh be delicate, thy dust cannot fail to be wholesome; nay, I doubt not but it is a medicinal, a drug to my very purpose, an absorbent, a repeller, an antidote to drunkenness, for the Chinese are the soberest nation upon earth. I'll begin upon thee incontinently. But hold, hold! whither am I running? Thou hast other virtues, if I could but recollect them; there is something more about thee; something I have read in learned authors, of the back-bone of a lizard; and thine, Heaven be praised, I perceive, is perfect and entire; but whether it is recorded as a provocate to incontinency, or as a preventive, I cannot, for the blood of me, to a certainty recollect: upon second thoughts, I suspect thou art a stimulative; as I'm a sinner, I suspect thou art of a stirring quality, for thy tail betokeneth it. Be it as it may, I will venture upon thee, for thou art a loving little creature, and famed, above all the reptile race, for being the friend of man: therein thou wilt assimilate in property with thy patient, for truly Madam Jemima is of an amorous and most incontinent propensity.

This said, he took the animal by the tail, and with an air of triumph hurled it into the mortar, covering it up, as well to conceal his treasure from discovery, as to preserve it against injury. He now turned his hand to the refrigerating embrocation of oil and ivy-leaves, which having put into a phial, and properly labelled, he consigned to Susan, directing her how to apply it to the temples and forehead of her mistress: his next business was to take six bitter almonds out of the drawer, and enclose them in a writing-paper, labelled according to form, and these he deposited upon the counter, reserving them as an introductory kind of preamble to his grand arcanum now in actual projection; for old Bridget had in charge to prepare the wormwood-

beer, so that all hands were now busy, and the work was in forwardness.

Whilst Alexander was belabouring the lizard, for it was a tough morsel, Susan had performed her part; and so plentifully had she bestowed the unction on the temples of the rubicund Bacchante, that Jemima's face, thus varnished, presented to the beholder an entire mask of crimson foil, with the contrast of a pair of ferocious dark eyes, sparkling under the shaggy canopy of two enormous brows, of the same subfuscus hue with the eyes they over-arched.

Her malady, it is true, was considerably abated, but whether it was owing to the refrigerating mixture, or to a cordial dose of aniseed, which she had just taken, is not for my purpose to inquire. Alexander now called lustily for Susan to administer the bitter almonds, but Susan was not to be found; she had walked into the village: Bridget was busy with the wormwood-beer; and as for himself, he was still in warm action with the lizard, who shewed great antipathy to being pulverized, and made a notable defence against the incessant battery of mortar and pestle.

What was to be done? Henry was the only person unemployed, but Henry had strong objections to any errand that was to carry him into Jemima's bed-chamber.—If such be your scruples at starting, said Kinloch, I pronounce at once you will never do for us in our way of business: we must go to all patients, and the sex of a sick person is the last thing in our thoughts: are you afraid of risking that smooth face of yours in your mistress's room, and have you the conceit to think she will play the part of Potiphar's wife?

Stop your railleury, cried Henry, and spare yourself the pains of a very clumsy attempt at being witty, till I know what my duty is, and then I shall obey it.

He stepped softly up to Zachary's chamber, but finding him asleep, shut the door with great caution, and returned. Unwilling to renew an altercation with Kinloch, and finding that Bridget made altogether as light of his scruples, he took the packet of almonds, and having gently given notice at Jemima's door, was no less gently invited to enter it.

I am ordered to bring you this medicine, said he, which Mr Kinloch has prepared, and recommends you to take.

Give it me into my hand, said the dame; and at the same time taking it with one hand, and clasping his wrist with the other, she cast a look of kindness upon him, and said she did not doubt it would do her good when tendered to her by him, though she had no faith in anything of Sawney's prescribing.

So saying, she unfolded the paper, and to her utter surprise found that it enveloped only half a dozen almonds.—What does the fool mean by

this? cried she; what good are these paltry things to do me? Let the old ape eat them himself; and with that she flung them away. But you, Henry, you do me all the good in life; your presence is a cordial that revives my drooping spirits, and whether your master lives or dies, depend upon me, and you will have nobody to blame but yourself, if I do not prove the best of friends to you.—In the same moment she raised herself on the bolster, reaching forth her arms, as if she intended him the favour of an embrace.

Henry, who saw her eyes flashing, and her face red and shining like a ball of fire, supposed that she was in a high fever-fit, and delirious: he gently entreated her to be more composed, whilst he ran down and called up those who were better able to assist her.—Stop, I conjure you, she exclaimed; if you fancy me in such a state of danger, can you have the heart to leave me?

I will only leave you for a moment, he replied, till I fetch Mr Kinloch.

Are you in your senses, said she, to suppose that I can be comforted by the sight of such a scarecrow as old Kinloch? I want neither him nor his master, nor any of their potions, which I loathe and detest, and hold to be the vilest trash upon earth. Had I anybody about me with half a grain of sense or feeling, I should want none of their assistance. You, Henry, have a heart, or I am mistaken; you can understand what I must endure in a family like this, and can pity me: Could I bind you to me by confidence, by favours, by affection, there is nothing I would not do to recompense and reward your attachment.

Madam, replied Henry, so long as I receive the wages of Doctor Cawdle, you are entitled to every service I can render you, consistent with honour, and my duty to him.

What honour, and what duty, do you owe to him, which you are not in an equal degree bound to fulfil towards me? Nay, if you are not lost to every manly feeling, you will own, that, as a woman, I have a superior claim to your attentions. If you are swayed by interest, can you hesitate between me and him? If you are capable of being touched by a more generous passion, where can you more worthily bestow it, than on one who has no scruple to confess the impression you have made upon her heart?

On your heart! cried Henry; is it possible you can be serious in this declaration? or am I only to regard it as the wandering of a feverish delirium?

Regard it in no other sense, she replied, than as the frank confession of a woman, who is above the mean practice of disguising what she feels, and whose mind is made up to the conviction, that what nature dictates must be right.

If that be your rule, madam, quoth Henry, you cannot be offended with me for adopting

it; therefore, as my nature dictates to me the impropriety of holding any farther conversation with you upon this subject, you will pardon me if I cut it short and take my leave.

Perverse, provoking, obstinate, hard fate! exclaimed the disappointed fair, as soon as he had departed; thus is the patience of the saints for ever exercised by trials and temptations. But, thanks to the Spirit, through the assistance of grace, I have withstood the importunities of the flesh; I have wrestled with the wicked one, and obtained the victory. Now, *Jemima*, thou may'st rejoice and triumph.—Here she burst into an agony of passion, sobbing and weeping after a piteous sort, the tears trickling off her greasy cheeks, like water from the feathers of a duck.

Before this paroxysm was well over, Kinloch presented himself at her bed-side, gorgeously arrayed in his robe of plaid, with the dose of wormwood-beer and lizard-powder, ostentatiously held forth in his right hand, whilst with the left he drew back the curtain, as if to give a richer pomp and greater flow of drapery to the introduction of his person, and of the precious contents with which his goblet was charged.

I have brought it, quoth the vaunting empiric, with my own hands; a medicine of the rarest virtues; the paragon of wonder-working art; a panacea to restore exhausted nature, though she were at the last gasp.

Is the fellow mad? cried *Jemima*; what is it you are talking about?

No matter, no matter, replied Alexander; taste and try!—With that he put the dose into her hand.

What nastiness have you given me? cried she; and what is it to do?

It is, said he, an anti-inebriating julap, a sheather of the spicula, with which inflammatory liquors transfix the vitals; I don't quite say it will make you immortal, but it will keep off death, though he were at the door.

Then take it yourself, you skeleton, cried the dame; and forthwith vollied the whole contents of the potion in Alexander's face, who instantly fled out of the room, covered with the filthy mixture, sputtering and swearing he would sooner prescribe to the Whore of Babylon, than such a drunken vixen as she was.

CHAP. XI.

Meditations in a Kitchen.

WHEN *Jemima* was left to reflect seriously upon the rebuff she had met from Henry, and found it no longer possible to turn it to her credit, by any sophistry or self-delusion that her vanity could suggest, nothing remained but to

soothe herself with schemes and projects of revenge ; and, in the course of these meditations, it naturally occurred to her, that whilst she kept so fine a girl in her service as Susan May, she would never be without a rival in her own family ; and as this was not the first mortification of the sort she had encountered since that girl had been about her person, she began to think, that, in good policy, she could not be too quick in getting rid of her. The question, however, had its *con* as well as *pro*, for Susan was a decoy-duck, that brought game to the net, as in the instance of the afore-mentioned Justice Blachford, who found it worth his while to bestow many courteous attentions upon the mistress, by way of mask to his approaches in another quarter.

Although few gentlewomen in Mrs Cawdle's circumstances would have had the condescension to be so explicit with a servant just hired into their family, yet that gracious personage, mindful, no doubt, of the time when she herself took post in that low order of society, had neither that pride of virtue, nor that delicacy of sentiment about her, to be wounded by reflections of this sort : faithful to her ancient habits, she was in the practice of plain-dealing on those occasions where other ladies use finesse, and by making her wishes well understood, was sure of bringing them to a speedy issue at all events, and avoiding that most painful of all situations, a state of expectation and suspense. At the same time, when those wishes were crossed and thwarted, the good lady had a due sense of her own dignity, and resented a disappointment with as much spirit as her warmest admirers could wish her to have, and never was this spirit more thoroughly called forth than at the present moment, by Henry's unaccountable neglect of her most gracious advances ; a circumstance that seemed to run counter to all calculation ; for, who so unlikely to withstand temptation, as a creature destitute of everything, and without a friend upon earth ? The greater, therefore, must be her mortification, to find her wishes thwarted, and her favours rejected, by one so circumstanced, and that in a style so peremptory and determined, as left her no hope of succeeding in any future attempt. She could not, of course, fail to see how much it was for her repose, as well as for her dignity, to put him out of sight by an immediate dismissal, in which she had little fear of being over-ruled by her husband, who could hardly be said to have even a secondary authority in the affairs of the family.

Whilst these resolutions were forming in the bosom of the indignant dame, Henry's thoughts were employed upon measures for anticipating their execution by a voluntary secession, for it seemed to him inconsistent with propriety to remain any longer in his present service. His

mind, trained in the principles of honour, and uncontaminated by impure connexions, revolted from the idea of taking wages from the husband, and bribes from the wife. His experience of adversity, though short, had been severe ; it had pleased Heaven to plunge him at once into distress and poverty, against the force of which his former habits and education had not furnished him with any of those resources, which men taught to labour from their birth are provided with ; and of the world at large he had as little knowledge as any being could well have, who had lived in civilized society for his term of years. Still he was resolute to preserve his integrity, and combat his hard fortune as he could ; and whereas the very same difficulties had now fallen upon him in this his second service, as he had encountered in his first, he saw no encouragement to seek a place in any family where he was liable to be entangled in the snares of the fair sex ; to put himself, therefore, effectually out of their reach, there seemed no way so honourable as by enlisting himself in the first recruiting party he could meet. Here he foresaw that those gifts which Nature had bestowed upon him would no longer lead him into embarrassments, but, on the contrary, might operate to his advantage ; to the service of his king he determined to devote that person, which, in his present course of life, seemed likely to involve him in a continual series of struggles and perplexities ; when crowned with the cap of a grenadier, he flattered himself he should be no longer courted by any mistress but glory, and to her solicitations he might safely commit his honour and his conscience.

In the pursuit of these meditations he had already passed some solitary minutes, whilst old Bridget was occupied elsewhere, when Susan May came in from her walk to the village, and took her seat beside him. In the course of the conversation that ensued, Henry did not disguise from her his intention of quitting his present service, though of his motives he did not speak ; these, however, Susan was at no loss to conceive ; the experience she had of her mistress's character, and the manner in which Henry evaded her questions, assisting her conjectures so as to give her a sufficient insight into the real cause of his disgust. She felt too strongly in her own heart the emotions which a person like Henry's was capable of inspiring, not to credit her mistress for the like sensations ; she spoke of her without reserve, and pronounced upon his motives with such confidence, as soon as she understood he had attended upon her with her medicines, that, though she could not bring him to confession, she took his silence for assent, and proceeded, without interruption, till she had exhausted her eloquence on the subject.

When he told her of his intention to enlist,

she sighed, and said she knew too well what hardships a soldier suffered, for she had had a brother in the army, as fine a young man as ever was seen, but he was now no more; he was killed at the siege of Gibraltar, in a sally upon the Spanish lines. She hoped that Henry would not run such a desperate course; for her part, she did not see the necessity there was for his leaving the Doctor's service, merely because her mistress had whims in her head, which, when she was more calm, would probably subside; she must own it was extremely natural that so handsome a young man should be admired by the women; it was what he must expect, go where he would; but then it was always in his power to return it or not, as his inclination prompted him; and though it was against nature to suppose he could ever throw away his regards upon such an object as her mistress, yet had it been a case where ages were suitable, and love was on both sides, she took for granted the same scruples would not have operated; for an attachment of that sort, she observed, was quite another thing from selling himself to such an old cat as her mistress.

Foh! cried Henry, all the money in the world would not pay me for such a sacrifice.

No, to be sure, replied Susan, love makes all the difference in life; every kindness that does not come from the heart costs one a pang; but to the man we love, oh! Henry, that woman's heart must be as hard as marble who can refuse him anything.

As she said this, she leant her hand carelessly on his shoulder. It was one of those movements that intend a great deal, and profess to mean nothing; but whilst she was sitting in this attitude, enveloped in the contemplation of one of the finest countenances in nature, behold! on a sudden, one very little resembling it, the property of Alexander Kinloch, presented itself to her view, that learned person having silently crept into the kitchen, and surprised them in their conference.

Aha! my young spark, quoth the interloper, is it thus you pass your time, whilst I am toiling like a galley-slave at an oar, till my fingers cling to the pestle? I have been wanting you in the shop; here are medicines to take out, and plenty of business to be done, when you are at leisure to put your hand to it; but at present I perceive you are engaged, and in a way, let me tell you, that is more likely to make work for the Doctor, than to do any.

Susan turned her eyes upon the speaker, and with a smile that would have softened the heart of Herod, apologized for Henry by taking all the blame to herself: I was telling him, said she, what a kind soul you are, and what a world of knowledge he may gain from your instructions, if he will but stay amongst us; but indeed and indeed, my good Mr Kinloch, I am afraid there will be no living in this house for

any of us long, if my mistress is to go on at this rate.

This was touching the very master-string of Kinloch's mental machinery, who hated *Jemima* as cordially as he loved to hear his own praises. Susan had ingeniously contrived in a short compass to give him a small remembrance of both; the consequence was an instant truce between him and Henry, who was nevertheless constrained to be a patient hearer of a long and furious philippic from the journeyman-doctor, in which he belaboured poor *Jemima* without mercy, and not the less virulently for the affront she had so lately put upon him, when she returned the position upon his hands, which he had compounded with such care and skill. Not that his oration consisted, like some that might be named, of one continued strain of invective, for, on the contrary, it was relieved every now and then with a strong dash of the panegyric, of which he was himself the sole hero, on all which occasions he took especial care to contrast the brilliancy of his own character by throwing that of his master Zachary into shade; and, in truth, there was no other way of bringing the weight of their respective abilities to anything like a balance, but this which Alexander adopted for making his own scale equiponderate, by borrowing from that which else would have caused him to kick the beam.

When he had pretty well exhausted the catalogue of *Jemima's* failings, and added a few more items to the account of his own perfections than a less partial calculator would have discovered, the tempest of his wrath subsided into so perfect a calm, that he began to rally the young people in a strain which he mistook for humour; and when he understood from Susan that Henry meditated a hasty retreat, he heartily joined her in persuading him not to quit the post he had taken, where such mighty advantages might be reaped by a diligent attention to the instructions he should give him, and by the opportunities he would have of seeing the art practised in its greatest perfection.—I own to you, said he, that there is something to get over before you can submit to serve a woman like your mistress; for whether it is your lot to fall into her good graces or her ill ones, she is equally intolerable. As for the Doctor, poor man, he is a mere cipher in the house, and pretty nearly so in his profession; the weight of that rests upon me; so that with him you will have little to do and less to learn; with me you will have enough of both; but you well know there is no learning without labour, as Aristotle wisely observes; therefore courage, my good lad, think no more of the troublesome woman above stairs, who has thrown away the only chance she had for a longer stay in this world by rejecting a medicine that might have wrought wonders in her constitution; but she was unworthy of it, and 'tis happy for the world that I had reserved enough of the ines-

timable drug of which it was compounded, to make experiment on another patient, whose case exactly tallies, being as great a sot as herself, and as far gone in the disorders incidental to that fatal propensity.

Alexander now produced a phial containing the ashes of the lizard steeped in wormwood-beer, and delivered it with many charges to Henry, directing him the straight road to the George and Dragon ale-house, where he was to

give it into the hands of Dame Dunkley, the hostess, whose stomach, after all the hard services it had gone through in the course of her profession, was now destined to encounter a dose that might have discomposed the nerves of a stone-eater.

With that important commission Henry set forward towards the ale-house, and Susan, at the summons of the bell, to attend upon our mistress.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAP. I.

Reasons for writing as fast as we can.

THOSE rules which a well-bred man lays down for himself, when he engages in the difficult task of telling a long story about persons unknown to the circle he is in, may with equal propriety be adopted by an author in the conduct of a novel; both pursue the same object, and both incur the same risk of failing in the pursuit, which certainly requires a considerable share of management and address to succeed in.

A story will infallibly disgust, if it is told in vulgar and ill-chosen language; if interlarded with affected phrases, or florid descriptions, that advance no interest; if it is delivered in a pedantic, laboured style, unsuitable to characters in familiar life; if it substitutes dull jokes and ribaldry in the place of wit and pleasantry; if the teller either digresses too often from the main subject, or dwells too long and circumstantially upon matters not sufficiently important or amusing; in short, if it fails in any of those requisites that should keep the attention wakeful and alert, it is a bad story, and the teller has wilfully brought himself into disgrace with his hearers, by cheating them of their expectations and abusing their indulgence.

So is it with the novel-writer; the same faults will be punished with the same contempt.

Be the matter ever so interesting, which falls to the task of any one man to relate in public company, he will naturally be ashamed of keeping their attention too long upon the stretch; and if he cannot prevail upon other tongues to move, yet, in good manners and common delicacy, he will contrive to make some breaks and

pauses in his narrative, which may give relief to the ear, and some degree of relaxation to the mind. This seems generally understood by the novel-writer, who, by the distribution of his matter into books and chapters, tenders to the reader, in his several stages, so many inns or baiting-places by the way, where he hangs out a sign that there is rest at least to be had for the weary traveller.

An eminent author, whose talent for novel-writing was unequalled, and whose authority ought greatly to weigh with all who succeed him in the same line, furnished his baiting-places with such ingenious hospitality, as not only to supply his guests with the necessary remissions from fatigue, but also to recruit them with viands of a very nutritive, as well as palatable quality. According to this figure of speech, (which cannot be mistaken, as alluding to his prefatory chapters,) he was not only a pleasant, facetious companion by the way, but acted the part of an admirable host at every one of the inns. Alas! it was famous travelling in his days. I remember him full well, and despair of ever meeting his like again, upon that road, at least.

Others there have been, and one there was, of the same day, who was a well-meaning, civil soul, and had a soft simpering kind of address, that took mightily with the ladies, whom he contrived to usher through a long, long journey, with their handkerchiefs at their eyes, weeping and wailing by the way, till he conducted them, at the close of it, either to a ravishment, or a funeral, or perhaps to a mad-house, where he left them to get off as they could. He was a charming man, and had a deal of custom; but the other's was the house that I frequented.

There was a third, somewhat posterior in time, not in talents, who was indeed a rough driver, and rather too severe to his cattle; but,

in faith, he carried us on at a merry pace over land or sea ; nothing came amiss to him, for he was up to both elements, and a match for nature in every shape, character, and degree : he was not very courteous, it must be owned, for he had a capacity for higher things, and was above his business ; he only wanted a little more suavity and discretion to have figured with the best.

With these I shall stop ; for another step would bring me into company with the living, and of my partiality for my contemporaries I am too conscious to put my judgment to the risk of criticism, which may not be over-indulgent to mistakes of the heart. Them and myself I implicitly resign to the favour and protection of those public-spirited inspectors of literature, who undertake the laborious task of reviewing everything we write, and who understand so well the policy of the wise Lacedæmonians, that no sooner do they light upon a deformed or rickety bantling, but they charitably strangle it outright, and don't let it survive to disgrace us with posterity. This is mercy to the age at large, though any one of us, upon whom it falls, is apt to call it cruelty, when we are sent to the trunk-maker and the pastry-cook to drive the best bargain we can for our property, before it is turned over to the worms, who then only take us into reading when nobody else will ; but such is our obstinacy notwithstanding, that it seems as if we spitefully wrote the more, in contradiction to our real friends, who fairly tell us we cannot write at all.

However, at the very worst, we can always draw this consolation from our faults, that our kind correctors have had infinite pleasure in finding them out ; for surely if the discovery gave pain, no man would voluntarily engage in the search.

There is also another cheering reflection we have to feed upon, which is, that those authors who shall follow us in point of time, will fall short of us in point of merit. Homer himself tells us this, who, as an epic poet, was surely interested to hold up his heroes as high as he could, and yet is compelled to confess, that the pelting they bestowed upon each other was but children's play, compared to what their fathers could do at that sport. Now it is clear, that, from Homer's day to the present hour, there has been a gradual falling-off in the human powers, mental and bodily, from which I infer, that the novel last written may always be presumed the worst that ever was written ; and therefore that it behoves every writer, and myself amongst the rest, to write as fast as ever we can, for the longer we are about it the worse it will be. And this reminds me that I ought to bring this chapter to a conclusion, and attend to the history, which, in the meantime, has been standing still, and cannot profit by a pause.

CHAP. II.

The History goes to the Alehouse.—Bella, horrida Bella !

At some distance from the house of Doctor Cawdle, and in the centre of the village, there was a spacious green, round which the cottages were scattered in irregular groups, and amongst these the habitation of Alexander Kinloch's patient, conspicuously distinguished by the effigies of the heroic Saint of England bestriding an enormous dragon. Hither Henry bent his course, charged with the inestimable potion, and, casting a look upon the sign for security's sake, thought himself sufficiently warranted to enter the house without farther inquiry, all possible scruples being satisfied by the information of the following ingenious distich :—

Nathaniel Dunckley liveth here ;
Turn in, good friend, and taste my beer.

He found the host and hostess in the kitchen, with three or four guests, assembled over their liquor. The lady, who was destined to entomb the ashes of the lizard, was seated in a wicker chair by the chimney-side, contemplating a few weeping sticks, that were bewailing their sad fate on the hearth. When Henry was certified as to the person of the patient, and had discharged himself of his commission by delivering the dose into her hands, he was called upon to give answer to a string of inquiries, which the curiosity of the good dame prompted her to make upon the sight of a stranger, for whose appearance, as servant to Zachary, she could not account, the news of that event not having reached her ears.—How long had he been with Dr Cawdle ? Where did he come from ? What was his name ?—The very little intelligence she gathered from these questions did not discourage her from still going on to ask—If he knew what the stuff in the phial was ? Did he make it up, or did Kinloch ?—Kinloch made it up, and he knew nothing about it.

By this time she had drawn the cork, and was smelling to it.—Phoh ! cried the dame, a dog would not swallow this. What does he mean by sending such poisonous stuff ? Carry it back to the old Scotchman, and bid him take it himself, for I'll have none of his nastiness.

Pardon me there, replied Henry ; I carry out physick from the Doctor, but I bring none back.

No, no, cried Nathaniel the landlord, that would be carrying coals to Newcastle, as the saying is. You are in the right there, my lad : I see you are a knowing hand, and have got your lesson already. Pr'ythee, where did you live before our Doctor hired you ? I warrant you are a Londoner.

I suppose it can little concern you to know from whence I come, replied Henry, but I am no Londoner. I have done my errand, and I believe that is all that need pass between you and me for the present.

By the living, repeated Nathaniel, you are a deep one; I warrant me you have been at question and answer before now, and will be again ere long; but have a care our Justice don't lay his fingers upon you; 'fore George, you'll find it no easy job to get out of his gripe.

Amongst the people who were drinking, there was one in a sailor's jacket, who went by the nickname of Bowsey, a bold and resolute fellow, who occasionally used the sea, and at intervals returned to his parish to make waste of his earnings, and raise what contributions he could upon the neighbourhood, by snaring game, or any other pilfering and illegal depredations, which he could turn his hand to. This Bowsey was the terror of all his industrious neighbours, and the favourite of all the idle ones. No man handled a fighting cock like Bowsey; and at the country races he hawked about lists of the sporting ladies with universal applause; at fairs and markets he cried gingerbread and sung ballads with equal eclat; at boxing matches he was in his element, and bottle-holder general to all bruisers; in nine-pin alleys, football, hustle-cap, and every drunken gambling sport or fray, Bowsey was without an equal.

This ingenious person, whose attachment to Justice Blachford was pretty much of the sort with what the devil is vulgarly said to have to holy water, had no sooner heard the landlord out, than, turning to him with an angry look and surly voice, he reprimanded him for his contemptuous treatment of a stranger, who had given him no offence, demanding of the company round, if any man had a right to be called a rogue till he was found out to be one.—A nod of assent from the tipplers present encouraged him to proceed.

And who but a scandalous fellow would go about to blast a poor lad's character for nothing, but because he would not plead to your damned impertinent questions? And why threaten him with Justice Blachford? We all know what he is: many an honest man than himself has he committed to prison.

Have a care, Master Bowsey, quoth the landlord, what you say of Justice Blachford; keep a good tongue in your head, if you are wise, for his worship, let me tell you, has long ears.

Yes, cried Bowsey, and sharp eyes after every young wench in the neighbourhood; we all know well enough that he has his lurchers and spies about day and night, so that a man can't stir a hand, but he has his fetters upon him; if you say a word, friend Dunckley, he would stop your licence, and rob you of your livelihood, therefore you are in the right to be wary; but I value not his favour at a rush; what I say,

I'll say to his face.—Then turning to Henry, who stood beside him, he exclaimed, Come, my hearty fellow, don't be cast down by anything they say; keep a good heart, and set them at nought; for I am your friend, and let me see the man who dares to affront you.

These words were scarce out of his mouth, when a company of young men entered the ale-house kitchen in a riotous manner, amongst whom was Tom Weevil, the miller's son, whom Henry had the scuffle with at the ford. The death of his dog, and the disgrace he fell into on that occasion, still rankled in his mind; and he had now set out with a full resolution to wreak his vengeance upon his antagonist, for which purpose he had brought a parcel of his cronies to back him. With these fellows he had been taking a cup, to give a spur to his courage, and put spirits in him for the encounter. No sooner, therefore, had he set eyes upon the object of his resentment, than he began to assail him in the most opprobrious terms, bestowing many hard names upon him, and challenging him to fight it out fairly on the green before the door.

The meekness of Henry's expostulation had no other effect, than to provoke a torrent of oaths and defiance, repeated in language the most insulting, and echoed by his colleagues, who played the part of chorus to the leading strain. Nathaniel Dunckley, the host, who had been an approving hearer of all the foul words, which the miller had so liberally bestowed upon the unoffending stranger, and who was well disposed to put the worst interpretation upon his patience, now began to triumph in his turn, and to plume himself on his sagacity in having spied out the traces of a rogue in the most innocent countenance in nature. In the meantime, Bowsey, who had not the smallest objection to a battle, especially where he was not to be principal, began to exalt his voice amidst the uproar, and to bluster in behalf of the weaker party, whom he now declared to be his friend, and one that he would second, if he would turn out against Weevil, whom he retorted upon with the more acrimony, as owing him an old grudge on past accounts.

The young miller, who found himself in a strong majority, and well backed by everybody about him, answered Bowsey in his own strain, telling him, that he knew well enough why he was so spiteful against him, because he had caught him at his pilfering tricks, and destroyed the trimmers and thief-nets he had set in the river; But I give you fair warning, my master, added he, with an oath, that the very next time I trap you at that sport, you shall swing for it, like a rogue as you are.

Bowsey, not the less galled by this charge for knowing it was true, grew furious with rage, and shaking his fist at him in a threatening attitude, bade him take heed what he said, for

though he was now in the midst of his myrmidons, the time would come when he should find an opportunity to make him repent of his vapouring, which, he might depend upon it, should not go unrevengeed.

Shame upon you ! cried Dame Dunckley, from the chimney corner, would you go to murder the young man for speaking the truth ? Take notice, neighbours, and remember what he says : 'tis a pity but the Justice heard it.—The Justice did not hear it, but there were some who did ; and as his house was no farther off than across the green, the hint, if well understood, had not far to travel, and there is reason to think it found the road thither very speedily, and without any loss by the way.

Henry, who found himself unintentionally a witness to conversation, for which he had no relish, was in the very act of retiring out of company, when his challenger caught him by the arm, and in a bullying tone peremptorily demanded if he would turn out like a man, and set to upon the green, or skulk like a coward from a fair proposal, and be kicked about the house.—This was seconded by a loud shout from the party, and even Bowsey seemed abashed, being awed into silence by the prospect of half a score stout cudgels, brandished in the air, and ready to execute any kind of vengeance, that might be required of them by the champion of the gang.

You may quit your hold of me, said Henry to the miller, for I shall not run away from any man who threatens me with a kicking. If you really mean to put it into execution, I hope these gentlemen at your back will leave you to yourself, and not assist in the doing it : they may shout on your side, and brandish their sticks as much as they please ; but even that is not very manly, considering I am here a stranger, and without a friend, except this single man, who seems to have drawn himself into danger and ill will, by taking part with the weaker side, and standing forth in my defence. Whether I deserve this treatment for what passed between us at the mill, you may ask your own conscience ; I shall make no appeal to a company like this, who seem determined to bear me down, right or wrong, by noise and numbers. Take notice, Mr Weevil, that if I was one of those, who make boxing a science, I should be warranted in declining your challenge, for you are in all respects above my match, heavier, and stronger, and taller, than me ; but, nevertheless, if you are determined to have me out, don't be at the trouble of kicking me, for that may be fatal to one of us in a room like this, and probably not very pleasant to the mistress of the house : go forth into the green, choose your ground, and I'll take my chance for a beating, rather than be kicked into courage, which is a discipline I am not used to, and have no stomach for.

A murmur ran through the crowd, that would have been applause, if there had not been some-

thing nearer to their hearts, than justice or generosity. The young miller stepped forward, and drawing a canvass purse out of his pocket, emptied its contents upon the table, in gold and silver, to no trifling amount, and vauntingly called upon Henry to stake all, or any part, of the amount upon the battle. When this was altogether declined on the part of Henry, he gathered up his cash again, while Dame Dunckley from her wicker chair, like the Pythia from her tripod, prophetically exclaimed, What should you fight for, ye foolish boys ? mind, if you don't draw the Justice out of his den upon you both.—The voice of divination was not heard ; the die was cast for battle, and forth rushed the whole company upon the green.

Now Bowsey was in his element : provided with a bottle of water in one hand, a coloured handkerchief and a lemon in the other, he sallied forth upon the field of battle, taking his champion under the arm, and as they walked apart from the crowd, whispering many sage instructions in his ear, where to place his blows with best effect, and pointing out certain vital parts, where a well-directed stroke might effectually disable his antagonist, and ensure the victory. In this, however, the professor and the pupil did by no means agree : vengeance rankled in Bowsey's breast ; courage and humanity held divided empire in the heart of Henry.—Be content, he replied, I'll foil him without maiming him ; he is more than half tipsy, and will be out of breath in a few minutes ; 'twould be a sin to hurt him : boxing has been a kind of boyish exercise with me, and I never yet practised it in wrath, much less with mischief and rancour in my mind : my aim will be to avoid his blows, and let him beat himself.

Don't make too sure of that, replied Bowsey ; I know his way of fighting, for I have taken a round or two with him myself ; he strikes as hard as the kick of a horse.

Henry now took off his jacket, and recollecting a large clasp-knife, which he wore in the side-pocket of his breeches, delivered it to Bowsey, observing that it might hurt him in his falls : and being now divested of all weapons but what nature had given him, he advanced cheerfully to the ring, where his brawny opponent, like another Goliath, stood encircled by his Philistines, and whom he now approached with a complacent smile, tendering him his hand, and saying, Come, miller, let us be friends before we set to ; I hope you bear no malice, and will shew yourself a brave fellow by giving me fair play.—Insensible to the humanity and mildness of this address, the other, with a savage ferocity, bade him take his ground, for he would give his hand to no such vagabond as he was.

The temper of our hero, milky as it was, could ill brook this aggravating insult : the colour mounted to his cheeks, his spirit sparkled in his eyes, and darting a contemptuous look at his an-

tagonist, he silently stepped back to his ground, and posting himself in the centre of the ring, with clenched fists, braced muscles, and frowning brow, the juvenile athletic, terrible in his beauty, presented to the sight of the surrounding rustics a figure and attitude, which the statuary of Greece, in the brightest era of the art, might have been emulous to study.

The onset now began, which was to bring the contest between brutal strength and skilful agility to an issue. The sturdy blows of the miller, which seemed to menace his opponent with extinction, were so artfully warded, that they served no other purpose but to waste his strength and exhaust his breath. Furious and implacable in his rage, he still continued to advance, and press upon his more wary antagonist; till Henry, who kept a steady eye upon every movement of his foe, no sooner spied an opening, than he sprang within his guard, and with a blow, which seemed to have the force, as well as swiftness, of lightning, laid him prostrate on the turf. Bowsey leapt upright, and smote his hands for joy: the hostile phalanx gave a groan, whilst their fallen champion was slowly raised from the ground by his seconds. Had not Henry's patience been urged by the insult above related, it may well be doubted if he would have plied his advantage either so forcibly, or in a part so sensible to injury as the throat; but repeated provocations had roused a spirit, which could hardly be said to have a tincture of gall, and he now contemplated his fallen foe with pity and regret.

The miller, however, did not keep him long in painful suspense; the blood, which flowed freely from his nostrils, by the violence of the shock upon the ground, relieved him from the stupor that at first possessed his senses, and by the assistance of his seconds he was again upon his legs, and in a posture to renew the battle; but so miserably crest-fallen was this vaunting braggart, and so confused and off his guard, that the generous victor, though repeatedly urged by Bowsey to follow up his advantage, would not avail himself of it to the utmost; so thoroughly was his resentment allayed, that he warned him more than once to keep a better guard, or give over fighting: and now not only Weevil's seconds, but his whole party, grew outrageous, and kept no order in the ring, thronging round the combatants, and shouldering Henry in a most unfair and riotous manner. It therefore became necessary for him, in self-preservation, to make a short battle of it, and a second blow, placed centrally between the eyes, laid his adversary a second time at his length upon the ground, totally disqualified for another onset.

An uproar of voices now ensued, some running to the beaten party, whilst others were laying about them with their sticks, and would probably have demolished both the conqueror and his second, had not peace been proclaimed by the authority of the worshipful Justice Blach-

ford, attended by his second, the constable, who instantly proceeded to fulfil his orders, by arresting the only innocent person in the affray, dragging Henry to the stocks, who, being sprinkled with a pretty large portion of the miller's blood, and surprised in the very act of knocking him down, might have biased the judgment of a more equitable magistrate than he had now to deal with.

Bowsey, being an old offender, and a bold talker against Blachford, was sentenced also to the same place of durance with his principal, though he made many efforts to assert his innocence, which his worship lent no ear to, delivering him over to his sentence with the voice of authority, whilst he went growling, like a bear to a stake, amidst the hisses and hootings of the whole village mob, who were there assembled.

CHAP. III.

A Story gains by telling.

THERE is not a minister of state, general, or potentate, upon earth, who keeps so many couriers, or employs them so much, as a certain busy-body called Fame: to all quarters of the compass her emissaries fly at one and the same instant; there is no stop with them for the penning of dispatches; they want no written evidence of the news they carry, but away they post with word-of-mouth intelligence, which gathers as it goes, every tongue that repeats it adding something to the tale, till such a cluster of falsehoods are wound and woven round one small atom of original truth, that you may as soon find a grain of wheat in a bushel of chaff, as search for fact amongst the fictions that envelope it. It was, however, so short a stage from the village-green to the house of Zachary, that the courier, who came post with the tidings of Henry's fight, had so little time for his invention to work in, that he had done little or nothing to the improvement of the truth, except killing the miller, and sending Henry to prison in fetters for the murder.

With these slight advantages in point of effect, the story found its way to the ears of Alexander Kinloch, just as he was in the act of punishing the sins and offences of a rotten grinder in the jaw-bone of a patient, by lugging out its guiltless neighbour, which being sound and strong, and an useful servant withal, came so unwillingly out of his socket, that he brought part of it away with him as a proof of his attachment to his duty.

Alexander had a gift of foreseeing things after they had come to pass, which I take to be a true definition of the *second sight*; he therefore heard the tidings of Henry's fate with no other re-

mark, than that he thought how it would be ; but as the operation he was engaged in was a work of charity, and the patient, of course, not entitled to complain of a grievance, he left him to reconcile himself to the mistake as he could, and retired into the kitchen, where old Bridget was occupied in her culinary concerns.

Here's a pretty kettle of fish, o' my conscience, cried Alexander, as he entered the kitchen.

What's the matter with the fish ? replied Bridget, as she was flaying an eel ; I'm sure they are all leaping alive, and will hardly let me strip their skins off, foolish things, writhing and wriggling about at such a rate.

I told you how it would be, continued the prophet.

I have no need to be told of that, quoth the dame ; they are always the plague of my life, teasing creatures !

When the Doctor brought this no-name fellow amongst us, I predicted what would follow, and now he has murdered a man, and must swing for it : Justice Blachford has sent him loaded with irons to the county jail.

What are you talking of ? cried Bridget, (laying down her knife, and leaving the poor eel under operation in much the same mangled state as Alexander had left his patient,) is our young Henry a-going to be hanged ? This drew forth the whole narrative, revised and corrected, with notes, and an ample commentary, by the editor, Alexander Kinloch.

Well, for a certain, said Bridget, at the conclusion, there was something in his look that boded ill luck, and now it is come out. As sure as can be, he'll be hang'd in chains at the door, and then who can live in the house, (not I for one,) when he is dangling on a gibbet in full view of the windows ? Then, feigning to listen, she exclaimed, Hark ! sure I hear my mistress's bell, and immediately posted up stairs.

As soon as she set foot in her mistress's chamber, she began—What a terrible thing it is to take fellows into a house that nobody knows ! Would you believe it, madam ! this lad that master picked up at the statutes, and that killed miller Weevil's dog in such a barbarous fashion, has now killed young Tom, the owner of the dog.

What do you tell me ? exclaimed Jemima.

Susan was in the room, but, struck with horror, stood in speechless amaze.

I tell you what is true, answered Bridget ; the murdered man is at this very moment lying stone-dead at his full length upon the town-green ; they say there was never beheld so shocking a spectacle : Kinloch saw him with his own eyes ; and there are the poor unhappy father and mother weeping and wailing over the corpse, and tearing their hair off their heads for very madness. Everybody says that the murderer will be hanged at our door in chains, and that, you know, is a dismal sight, and will drive

every soul, gentle and simple, from the house ; but what can be done ? the law will take its course, and Justice Blachford has pronounced sentence of death upon him already, and sent him, loaded with iron fetters, hand and foot, in a hangman's cart, to the county gaol.

Here Susan gave a deep sigh, sunk down upon a chair, pale as ashes, and threw her apron over her face.

What ails the fool ? cried Jemima ; was he, too, one of your sweethearts, that you take on so about him ? Can no young fellow shew his face within the house, but you must be instantly laying out to make prize of him ? I warrant you fancy yourself a beauty ! A pretty fancy, truly ! a precious conceit, o' my conscience ! But hark ye, Bridget, you have not told me how this murder came to pass.

Why, that's the worst part of the story, replied the news-carrier, for everybody allows that they quarrelled about the dog, and that poor Tom Weevil spoke kindly and civilly to Henry, and would fain have made it up with him, but all to no purpose ; fight he would, and swore vehemently that he would have his blood ; nothing less than his life would content him.

'Tis a lie as false as hell ! cried Susan, bursting into a vehemence of speech ; Henry never swore ; Henry never thirsted for blood ; Henry never strove to take the life away even of a fly, much less of a fellow-creature ; if ever Heaven created a human being without fault or failing, Henry is that being : the kindest, gentlest, meekest, mercifullest !—Oh, Bridget, you must have a heart of stone to talk in such a style !

How now, minx ! cried Jemima : who talks in a style to be ashamed of but yourself ? And how dare you, I would fain know, insult my ears with your blasphemous oaths and imprecations, telling the poor woman, before my face, that 'tis a lie as false as hell ? Have a care what you say about that place of torment ; those who are so free to send others thither are generally the first to go to it themselves. I know you, hussy ! I know you to be carnal-minded and void of grace ; therefore begone, for I will harbour no such reprobates in my house !

I do not intend you shall, madam, replied Susan, so you may save yourself the trouble of warning me out of your service ; you may give me what bad names you please ; I hope my character will not depend upon your report ; and, though I may be void of grace in your way of thinking, I am not void of pity and compassion, which you seem to treat as folly and offence. When you say that you know me, madam, you certainly mean to insinuate that you know more of me than is good and praiseworthy ; permit me to say that I know you also ; and though I am not bound to praise you, I shall never violate the duty of a servant by betraying you. As for all that Bridget has been telling you about Henry, I don't suppose she believes it herself ;

for nobody that had been half the time in his company that she has, short as that has been, could give credit to the tale that she has been relating; and I would only ask you, madam, whether you considered him as a villain and a murderer when he attended upon you this morning with your medicine? I am pretty well convinced you did not treat him as such, nor shrink from his touch, as you would have done, had you thought there was an assassin at your bedside.

This was one more secret in Susan's bag than Jemima was aware of: for a short space her confusion robbed her of words; she even debated within herself whether she would not do well to make a quick turn, and compromise all differences; but before this resolution could be formed, the object of it was lost; Susan had vanished out of her sight like a spirit. Passions stronger than interest had possession of her heart; indignation, terror, pity, love, added wings to her speed, and she ran, or rather flew, to the fatal spot, where Bridget had laid the scene of her fable, resolute to sacrifice every worldly enjoyment, present or in prospect, rather than abandon Henry in his distress.

As she approached the town-green, where the tale-bearer had painted the horrid spectacle of the murdered man stretched on the earth, and surrounded by his weeping friends, her knees trembled under her, her heart palpitated, and her breath was lost; with difficulty she reached the dreaded spot, and eagerly cast her eyes around; but all was solitude and silence; the crowd had dispersed, the stocks were not within view, and nobody was stirring on the green: the prospect was auspicious to her hopes; the improbability of Bridget's report became more glaring, and her spirits gathered strength to support her on her way to the house of the Justice, where she assured herself, that either Henry would be found, or such intelligence obtained as she could depend upon.

Here, then, we shall leave her to her inquiries, and attend upon our hero in his misfortunes.

CHAP. IV.

A Key to unlock the Stocks.

WE now return to Henry, whom we left in a situation of security against escape, being fast locked by the leg, and side by side with his partner in affliction, Bowsey; companions as ill matched as ever fortune brought together in the same predicament. Henry, all patience, unmoved by the mockeries and gibings of the mob, calm and collected; Bowsey, full of rancour and revenge, in sullen silence brooding on the horrid thoughts of robbery and murder, inspired into his mind not only by the menaces

of Weevil, but by the sight of the money, which he ostentatiously displayed upon the challenge. At length, after a long meditation, turning a look, in which every evil passion was expressed, upon his partner in disgrace, he began to vent himself in the following manner:—A pretty son of a b—ch of a justice, to lay us by the heels in this fashion for nothing at all! What have I done to be set in the stocks, whilst that rascally miller goes at large? But it is a true saying, that one man may better steal a horse than another look over a hedge. You would not be advised by me, or you would have done that cowardly sneaker's business in another-guess way. A villain! to vapour over me; to threaten me with the gallows! but I'll be revenged of him before this night's at an end; if once I get my foot out of this hole, I'll be up with him, I warrant me; and if you'll stick by me, my hearty fellow, we'll give him something to remember us by, and be off to sea in a twinkling.

I believe, replied Henry, he has got enough to remember us by already; and I should guess he will have no stomach for a second trial of the same sort. If he had not put me out of all patience by his insolence, I would not have plied him with such hard blows, at least not in such dangerous places, be assured.

Bowsey here fixed his eyes upon Henry, and with a stare of astonishment, exclaimed, Pr'ythee, friend, are you a quaker, or a methodist preacher? or, in the devil's name, what are you? for I cannot for the blood of me understand what you would be at. You don't seem to want mettle when you are put to it, but you talk as if you had no heart to revenge yourself upon an insulting rascal, who bullies you into fighting with him, and then claps you into the stocks for doing yourself justice. If you will put up with such things, I will not; I know him for a pitiful peaching rascal—that fellow has the spite of the devil in him; if he could, he would hang a man for only taking a gudgeon out of the water; a knave that goes prowling and lurching about all night to pick up informations for the Justice, and that makes him such a favourite, forsooth, with his worship! But I'll favourite him if I catch him; I should think no more sin and shame of knocking him on the head, than I should in shooting a mad dog; for why? everybody will allow that an informer is the vilest of wretches, and that it is as good a deed as to drink, to put such a villain out of the world.

Hold there, cried Henry, interrupting him, for if you know what you say, and mean to execute your threats, I shall not scruple to take upon myself that very character you hold in such abhorrence, and inform against you, as I would against any man whom I suspected of harbouring a design upon the life of a fellow-creature: horrible idea! monstrous iniquity! to bear such devilish malice in your heart as to talk of reven-

ging yourself upon this poor fellow by killing him, and that with as little remorse as you would destroy a mad dog, of all animals the most mischievous. Where can be your conscience to meditate upon such wickedness, though I am persuaded you have too much dread of the gallows to carry it into execution? What if he has done you an ill turn with the Justice, cannot you forgive it like a Christian? cannot you pass it off like a man? But are you sure you did not deserve to be informed against? If he caught you in any illegal practices, ought he not to put the laws in force against you? and which party is in the fault, you that break the laws, or he that enforces them? If the fish of the stream are private property, which is more than I know, you perhaps knew better, and had no right to take them; in that case it was a robbery, and you subjected yourself to being punished as a pilferer and a thief. Perhaps it is his duty to protect the fishery from plunder; perhaps he is paid for guarding the water upon which he lives; and would you have a servant betray his trust, and turn accomplice with the thief that comes to rob his master? Shame upon such principles! if these be your motives for your revenge, depend upon it, this punishment, which you are now suffering, will be the least, but not the last, that you are destined to.

Damn you, for a puritanical, preaching son of a b—ch! cried Bowsey, in a rage; is this your way of treating the only friend that stood by you, when no soul was on your side? Is it thus you serve me, like a flincher as you are? For whose sake but yours, I would ask, am I in this hobble, with the devil to it? Who drew me into this premunire but yourself, and your cursed, sneaking, half-begotten quarrel, when I stood forth on your side, and made you fight it out like a gentleman? Who provoked that thief of a miller to vent his spite upon me, and to threaten me with informations, but yourself? Didn't the blustering rascal draw out his purse in my very face, and throw it, full of gold and silver, on the table, purposely to vapour over me with his riches, and to shew me and everybody else what he got by his pitiful trade of informing? And do you think any man living can bear such treatment from a purse-proud scrub like him? What do you take me to be? But it's no matter; I have done with you; I wash my hands of such a scurvy companion. I have stood up in your cause when nobody else would; I have fought your battles, because I thought it the part of a man of honour to take the weaker side; and thus am I treated by you for it! but I am rightly served. Honour and honesty are but names, and as for gratitude, damn me if there is such a thing left amongst mankind.

This dialogue would probably have been kept up some time longer, had it not been cut short by the intervention of a rescue in the person of the constable, accompanied by Susan, who came

running out of breath to Henry, with the joyful tidings of his instant liberation. That generous youth had no sooner heard sentence of emancipation pronounced in his favour, and understood that it was not to extend to his fellow prisoner, than he absolutely protested against availing himself of it upon such partial terms. The constable stared with astonishment, and declared it to be a new case; that his powers extended no farther than to the person of Henry; and that there must be a fresh application made to the Justice, if he persisted in so unnatural a resolution.

It may seem unnatural to you, said Henry, who, perhaps, are of the same opinion with my companion in disgrace, who asserts that there is no such thing as honour or gratitude left in the world; but as my ill fortune involved him in a punishment, that, in the present instance, he does not merit, I scorn to avail myself of any good fortune, wherein he does not share; it is therefore to no purpose to unlock your stocks, for I shall sit with my foot in this hole, so long as his remains imprisoned in the other, be it for what time it may.—Observing Susan to look disconsolate at these words, he added, Don't suppose, Susan, I am the less sensible of your kindness, because I cannot profit by it on these conditions; be assured I receive it as a mark of your friendship and good opinion, which I shall ever gratefully bear in mind, whatever may befall me.

Susan turned aside to wipe away a tear, and at the same time Justice Blachford appeared in view on the other side of the green; for the stocks were so situated as to have the green in view, though not discoverable by Susan in her way to the Justice's house. That friendly girl had too much experience of Henry's inflexibility in points of honour not to despair of overruling it, so that she instantly set forth in pursuit of Blachford, to make a second effort on his heart, and finish the good work she had as yet but half accomplished. Whether she was indebted to his worship's humanity, or to her own address, for the ease with which she now obtained her suit for the release of both parties, we shall not at present divulge; but certain it is, that Henry's point of honour, in sticking for his companion's release, was, by circumstances which thereafter happened, employed as one amongst many reasons for involving him in the severest trial innocence could be exposed to.

As soon as Bowsey was set free, he reached his hand to Henry, gave him a hearty shake, and protested aloud, with an oath, that he was a brave fellow, and staunch to his friend; adding, that he would stand by him to the last drop of his blood, and if he had said anything to the contrary in his passion, he was now convinced of his error, and was sorry for it; then tucking his cudgel under his arm, without a word to any other person present, silently marched away;

the constable, with a significant shake of his head, muttering something to himself about evil company and the gallows, which seemed pointed equally at the party absent and the party present.

There was a disorder in Susan's person and deportment that could not escape the notice of Henry; her dress dishevelled, her cheek flushed, her eyes red and swollen, everything bespoke the trepidation of her mind. Impatient to be informed of Henry's real situation, she found occasion to put some questions to him in a whisper, (for the crowd was now collecting about them,) relative to his treatment of young Weevil; but what was her astonishment when she heard the truth expounded to her in a few words, and understood how grossly the affair had been exaggerated, not only by Kinloch and Bridget, but no less so by Blachford himself, who had set it forth to her in the most dark and dismal colours.—Oh! the villain! the base treacherous villain! she exclaimed with uplifted hands and eyes.—But now the villagers had got round them in considerable numbers, and kept a watchful eye upon every motion of Susan, whose anxiety for Henry's liberation had roused both their curiosity and suspicion; for as this girl was a poor woman's daughter of the same parish, and had been raised from a very lowly station to such an one, as enabled her to set off a very pretty form in smart and elegant apparel, she had many enviers amongst her own sex, who were ready prepared to let loose the venom of their tongues upon her. This was well understood by Henry, who resolved, if possible, to disappoint their malice, and therefore kept such a guard over his behaviour towards his benefactress, as should afford no grounds for their censure. He therefore declined her invitation to her mother's cottage, and would not enter into any private conversation, notwithstanding all her hints and contrivances for drawing him aside, contenting himself with general expressions of thankfulness, which he took care should be heard by all about him; and though the prudence of this reserve did not meet the warmth of Susan's heart, yet it was well calculated to save her from the taunts of her neighbours: awed as she was by the distance of his behaviour, knowing withal the firmness of his resolutions, she suffered him to leave her without any other effort to detain him than what was expressed in the silent sorrows of the eyes.

He was now once more cast upon the world, a helpless solitary wanderer, not knowing whither to direct his steps, nor where to resort for a livelihood by the labour of his hands. A stranger to the country, he knew no road, but that he had passed over to and from the town where Doctor Cawdle had hired him. Resolute to remain no longer in the house with Jemima, he was no less determined not to expose the reasons he had for quitting it. To the neighbour-

ing market-town he therefore proposed to bend his course; from thence he could write a few lines to his master, by way of farewell, and in thankfulness for his favours; there also he had hopes of falling in with some recruiting party in which he might enlist. The pittance he had in his pocket did not promise him any long support, yet it sufficed to keep immediate distress out of sight.

As Zachary's house was by the road-side, he took a circuit through the fields. At the back of it, and as he was on his way, chance (whether good or ill, time may reveal) threw him upon the very spot, where Susan was sitting at the root of a tree, in a most solitary place and disconsolate attitude, giving vent to her tears, and meditating upon the very object who now stood before her.

Henry well knew the interest he had in her thoughts; and those reasons that would have led a man of less delicate principles to throw himself in her way, operated upon him for avoiding her. In the present case this was impossible; surprised into an interview, and in a place where their conference seemed secure from observation, he neither attempted, nor probably had at that moment a wish, to escape from her.

CHAP. V.

An Opportunity not improved.

AN! Henry, cried Susan, rising from her seat, and casting a tender melancholy look upon him, how could you be so cruel as to quit me without a word? Am I so indifferent to you, or has my anxiety for your safety made me troublesome? I perceive you are even now uneasy in my company; and it is clear that I am indebted to mere accident for meeting you at all.—She then proceeded to tell him that she had left her service, and repeated the substance of her last altercation with her mistress, which led to that event; she dwelt much upon the shock she had received by Bridget's aggravated account; nor did she spare for reproaches against Blachford on the like account, who had tortured her feelings for the mean purpose of enhancing the merit of setting him at liberty. But all these sorrows, added she, put together, are little to what I suffered, when you coldly turned your back upon me in the face of the whole village.

For that very reason, replied Henry, and for that only, because it was in the face of the whole village, I did a violence to myself, rather than expose you to their malice. Think not I can be so ungrateful as to slight your kindness; but when you consider the disgraceful situation in which you found me, and from which you relieved me, you cannot wonder if I was cautious of letting you appear any otherwise interest-

ed than in common charity for so mean an object. Recollect, Susan, your advantages over these people in point of person and appearance, and then judge what their envy and ill-nature would have prompted them to say, had I not had the resolution to withstand your flattering advances, and put a force upon myself, by treating you with a cold and distant regard.

That is very easy to do, replied Susan, when the regard is really cold and distant ;—but suppose that I were not indifferent to you ; grant for a moment that you was as kind-hearted towards me, as I am disposed to be to you, could you have done as you did ?—Nay, put the case that you liked me only half as well as I like you, Henry, then let me ask you, if you would, if you could, have slighted my advances, though every soul in the village had been present at our meeting ?

Susan, now covered with blushes, hung her head, whilst Henry was little less embarrassed than herself. After a short silence, recollecting himself, and stepping back a few paces, with a serious tone and countenance, he spoke as follows :—I perceive, Susan, that you and I had better shorten this conversation and part, without explaining more of our sentiments for each other than is consistent with discretion, and a prudent regard to our respective situations. You, thank Heaven ! are not the destitute unfriended creature that I am ; the child of mystery and misfortune ; the very outcast, as it should seem, of creation. Though you have quitted a profitable establishment upon principle, you are known in the neighbourhood, and your character will recommend you to no worse a service than you have left : I am a stranger, and must wander over the earth, wherever these feet, which you have delivered from the stocks, can carry me, in search of a precarious maintenance, unless some friendly serjeant will equip me with a musket.—Susan started at the word.—Henry proceeded—Nay, my dear girl, don't be surprised that I prefer the humblest station in his majesty's service to that of being the despicable favourite of our abandoned mistress. Where can I now resort for another service ? Can I step out of the stocks into a gentleman's family ? Who will receive a nameless vagrant with a suspected character ? I conjure you, therefore, not to waste a thought upon me : for such misfortunes as affect myself alone, I am prepared ; but were I to involve a friend in the same troubles with myself, it would be such a state of misery as I could not stand under.

This was too much for the soft heart of Susan to support : hurried away by the impulse of her affections, and melted by the looks and language of Henry, she fell upon his neck, and burst into an agony of tears : agitated at once by the passions of love and pity, and never practised to disguise her feelings, she gave a loose to her fond affliction, generously declaring that she

was ready to meet any difficulties or distresses for his sake ; and that, having now quitted her service, she had the world before her, and was as much to seek for a settlement as himself. She next produced her stock of money, which amounted to little less than twenty pounds, and tendering it to him, said, Look, Henry, here is our joint stock ; take it, and dispose of it as our occasions may require ; here is enough, you see, to keep off want for a while, till we can settle ourselves to our content in some decent family, where we may both find places, and by our joint earnings support ourselves comfortably, and be happy in each other. Oh ! my dear Henry, let us never part.

As she spoke these words, she pressed him in her arms. Henry, no less sensibly affected by the generosity of the speech, than by the tender action which accompanied it, had no small struggle within himself, before he found power and resolution to answer as follows :—Let us recollect ourselves, my dear Susan, and before we yield to passion, hear what reason and discretion say. Your purse, in the first place, I will not touch : the earnings of your industry shall not be applied to my necessities, whilst I have limbs to labour ; no distress, that I can singly suffer, would be half so insupportable to me, as the remorse of making you a sacrifice to my misfortunes : let not, therefore, your tender heart be wounded ; think me not insensible either to your kindness or your charms, when I declare to you, that, in my present circumstances, no power on earth, not even these endearments, so delightful to me and so flattering as they are, can prevail over my self-denial, or betray me into a dishonest gratification of my own interest at the expense of yours ; neither will I yield to desires, however urgent, or opportunities, however tempting, to abuse your confidence and ensnare your virtue. No, my dear girl, this proof of love you have given me, this fair confession, and these affectionate caresses, are pledges for the security of my honour and your innocence, which I will never violate ; but though I am certain nothing can debase me to such villainy as I should be guilty of, were I to act contrary to this resolution, yet, as it is a principle that requires no small share of self-command to adhere to, tempt me not any farther, I implore you, but generously assist me to conquer my sensibility, by restraining your own.

Then I am indeed a wretched and forsaken creature, cried Susan, and life is no longer worth preserving : Oh, Henry, you have destroyed me !

Heaven forbid ! exclaimed the affrighted youth ; what would you have me do or say to put your heart at rest ?

Love me as I love you, she replied ; and let us never part ; for, if you forsake me, I think I cannot survive your cruelty.

Call me not cruel, he rejoined, because I am not base enough to avail myself of your genero-

sity, by involving you in circumstances that you cannot fail to regret, when you shall be more capable of reflection than you are at present. Can I give a stronger proof of my esteem, than by taking more care of you than you are disposed to take of yourself? What but misery can ensue from your attachment to a wretched thing like me? Believe me, Susan, there are insuperable objections to our lawful alliance; I cannot marry, and I will not betray you.—Here Susan fetched a deep sigh, and looked earnestly in his face.—Do not urge me for my reasons, he added, I must not reveal them; and let it satisfy you, that they are not to be surmounted: it should seem to me that I am doomed to be a solitary wanderer in darkness and obscurity that I cannot penetrate. You started at my saying I would take a musket; what else can I do? Hitherto I have been in two services only, and in both unfortunate. Whither am I next to go? My education has not trained me to any art or handicraft: I have strength, indeed, for daily labour, but I am a stranger to the practice of it: I can neither wield a flail, nor hold the plough. I have passed my days in such tranquillity and retirement from the world, that every scene of active life, much more every trial of adversity, is new to me, and strange. I was never taught to be a servant, and those things which coarser natures are inured to bear, my spirit indignantly revolts from. A man should be made flexible by education before he can submit to be the slave of such a mistress as our doctor's wife. I would starve rather than stoop to her unwarrantable humours; neither could I endure to truckle to such a wretch as Blachford, though my life was in his hands. One friend only I have chanced upon in my misfortunes, and that friend, by nature the most generous and affectionate, is, by her sex, her youth, her beauty, and condition, more exposed to danger, and more in need of protection, than even I myself am. How, then, ought I to conduct myself towards that tender and too generous friend? Ought I to strip her of the little means she has put together as a security against distress? Ought I, like a traitor, to steal into her honest unsuspecting heart, and rob it of its innocence and peace? Should I take that hand, which I cannot honourably join to mine, and lead her by it into misery and ruin?—May Heaven renounce me if I do!

The look, the action, and energy of voice, with which these concluding words were accompanied, awed the fond afflicted damsel into silence and submission; she drooped her head and wept: the piteous manner of it was more than eloquence; even the firm heart of virtue yielded to a momentary weakness, which nature seized the instant to indulge; he cast a look of tenderness upon her, sighed, and threw his arms about her neck. In the same moment, a shout, or rather yell, of drunken villagers assailed his

ears; he sprung with horror and alarm from her embrace, looked eagerly around him, and soon, with infinite regret, perceived that he had been discovered by a party of fellows from an adjoining field, who had set up a cry, or kind of view-holla, in token of what they had seen. This unmanly triumph stung him to the quick, and the more so as he perceived it was the party of his antagonist the miller, whose person he distinguished amongst them. His apprehension for Susan's reputation, thus exposed to their malignant raillery, was his chief concern; but on this score she endeavoured to relieve his anxiety, by repeatedly assuring him, that she held their malice in perfect contempt, being determined also upon quitting the village immediately, and seeking a service elsewhere: she told him it was her purpose to walk to the market-town, where he had first met Zachary, and where she had an uncle, who followed the trade of a barber, and was well known, and in good esteem, in the place: she pressed him so earnestly to meet her there, that he could not get released from her solicitations, till he had made her that promise; which having done, and given his hand in pledge and assurance of his faithful performance of it, he was unwillingly let to depart, and immediately set forward towards the party, who had annoyed him by their shouts, and by whom, in delicacy to Susan, he wished to be once more seen, as having quitted her company.

CHAP. VI.

He that won't take Caution, must take Consequences.

WHILST Henry was following a footpath across the enclosures that led him the way which the miller and his comrades had taken, he saw a man at some distance, whom he perceived to be his friend Bowsey, loitering about the side of a coppice. The sight of him in such a place, and certain symptoms that betrayed no good design, brought to Henry's recollection the menaces he had reproved him for venting against Weevil, when they were fellow-prisoners in the stocks. He kept his eye upon him till he saw him creep into the wood, and he then bethought himself that it might not be an unnecessary precaution to furnish himself with some weapon of defence, in case he should fall in either with Bowsey or the hostile party; for his suspicions of his former friend were now become not less unfavourable than what he entertained of his avowed enemies. With this intent he had singled a stout stem of a crab-tree in the hedge; but upon applying to his pocket for his knife to cut it off, he recollected, with much regret, that he had entrusted it to Bowsey's keeping, and had forgotten to demand it of him after the fight was

over. This knife had been the gift of a friend ; a plate of silver was inlaid upon the hilt, and the word *Henry* at full length engraved upon it. It was furnished with a long and pointed blade, and was as formidable a weapon in the hand of a villain, as a villain could desire. He had every reason to wish it back again in his own possession ; and, therefore, took the straightest course towards the gap in the coppice, where he had observed Bowsey to enter.

In the way thither, and when he had approached near the place, where a narrow path led to a stile at the entrance of the coppice, he chanced upon young Weevil, the miller, who had parted from his comrades and was on his way to the mill, which laid not many furlongs on the other side of the coppice in question. Henry, observing that his head was bound about with a handkerchief, very civilly inquired after his hurt, expressing his regret for the severe blow he had dealt him, protesting that he had not struck in malice, or with an intent to maim him. A short and surly answer was all that Henry gained by this friendly address ; yet he proceeded to caution Weevil against Bowsey, and to give him some intimations of what had escaped from that revengeful fellow, whilst he was sitting by him in the stocks : he told him that he verily believed he harboured mischief in his heart against him, that he had seen him prowling about the skirts of the wood, that he had entered it a few minutes before, over the stile which Weevil had to pass ; and as he knew him to be armed with a dangerous weapon, he recommended to him either to go home by another way, or to accept of him as a companion through the coppice.

Accept of you ! cried the miller ; no, truly, I want no such scurvy companion to go with me. Keep your distance, and let me have none of your cant ; for I don't believe there is the value of a rope's-end to choose between your friend and you ; therefore march off, if you please ; take your own course, and leave me to follow mine : one at a time, and I fear neither of you ; but, before I pass this stile, let me see you out of reach, and I'll stand to consequences for what may follow.

Go your way, then, replied Henry, for I see you are incorrigible ; only remember I have given you warning, and am clear in conscience.—This said, he turned aside, and was out of sight in a minute.

Weevil paused a while, then, grasping his cudgel, nimbly vaulted over the stile and entered the coppice. A narrow winding path led through the underwood, which was thick and over-grown, so as to make his passage somewhat difficult ; when, as he was putting aside the hazel-boughs with his hand, a violent stroke on the head brought him instantly to the ground : it was from the hand of the villain Bowsey, who, in the same moment, springing upon him,

and making a thrust at him with his knife, began to rifle him of the canvass bag, which he had so idly displayed in the ale-house, and which was probably the chief incentive to the murderous assault, though it must be owned the rancour of the wretch's heart was black enough, without a provocative, to undertake any infamous act of malice and revenge.

Henry, in the meantime, whom the sullenness of Weevil's manners could not divest of anxiety for his life, heard the stroke as he was still hovering near the spot, for his mind augured mischief. Without a moment's hesitation he rushed into the coppice, and forcing his way through it with a rapidity no obstacles could impede, unarmed as he was, leapt suddenly upon the assassin, seizing him by the throat with one hand, whilst with the other he wrenched the bloody knife out of his grasp, which, together with the canvass bag, and the money it contained, fell upon the ground. Apprehensive that the robber might recover the knife, he took occasion in the struggle to possess himself of it again ; but whilst he was stooping for this purpose, one hand only being employed in holding Bowsey, the sturdy villain seized the moment for escape, and with a sudden jerk extricated himself from his hold, and fled for life. The exertion Bowsey had made in getting loose was so violent as to cause Henry to step back some paces, who, in his struggle to keep his legs, received so severe a sprain in his ankle, that he became incapable of pursuing him. Sick and pale as ashes with the acuteness of the pain, he stood still to recover himself ; a faint cold sweat burst out all over him ; at his feet lay the body of Weevil, apparently without life, and bleeding from the side, where the stab had been given him ; in the hand of Henry was the bloody knife, and upon the ground the canvass bag ; the pockets of the plundered man were rifled, and turned inside out.

In this suspicious posture, and at this very moment, almost fainting with what he suffered, and horror-struck with what he looked upon, our ill-starred hero found himself on the sudden violently seized by the whole party whom he had first descried in Weevil's company, and who now, with one voice, pronounced him guilty of the horrid act. The vehemence with which they sprung upon him brought him to the ground, and in his fall gave him such intolerable anguish, that had they been disposed to listen to his defence, which they were not, he was in no capacity of making it. At length, however, he summoned strength and resolution enough to tell them in few words that his hurt was got in the defence, and not in the assault, of the wounded man ; that Bowsey was the assassin, and, pointing to the way by which he had run off, earnestly recommended them to set out in pursuit of him.—You are in the right of that, quoth one of them, for then you will be off,

and so we will lose you both ; as for your sprained ankle, I take it to be a mere sham, so get up, and come along with us to the Justice's.—This said, they raised him on his feet ; and now it must be confessed the figure he exhibited, sprinkled with the blood of the wounded man, the fatal knife in his hand, and his looks ghastly and full of horror, was such as might fairly have staggered minds more equitably disposed than theirs. They had seen him fighting with Weevil, and it was on all hands concluded that malice and revenge had spurred him on, jointly with Bowsey, to perpetrate the bloody deed. Nobody, however, thought of stirring a step in pursuit of Bowsey ; contented with their capture, they held him fast, whilst one ran to the mill with the dismal tidings, and all seemed to forget that any attention was to be given to poor Weevil, who, to all appearance, seemed to be in a state that needed little other service than that of burial.

The main object with the whole posse appeared to be that only of guarding one disabled man, incapable of escape, which they now manfully set about with no small noise and clamour, hauling him along, though in racking pain, without stop or stay, to the house of the worshipful Justice Blachford, of whom in this place we shall take occasion, with the reader's leave, to premise a few particulars, introductory of a character who has no slight part to sustain in this important history.

CHAP. VII.

A Man may be led to act mercifully upon evil Motives.

ROBERT BLACHFORD, Esquire, who has already been slightly introduced to our readers, was proprietor of a small estate in the village where he resided, which he had lately purchased of the distressed survivor of a family, very ancient in the county, and once very respectable. He was rich in money, close in his economy, and unencumbered with wife or relations : in his genealogy he was not to be traced any otherwise than by conjecture, it being natural to suppose that he had a father, grandfather, and so upwards, through as many generations as his neighbours, who had kept a better account of them. All that the world knew in general of him was, that he had made a fortune in the island of Jamaica from a very abject station in society, and that his familiars in that quarter of the globe pretty generally complimented him with the style and title of *Bloody Bob Blachford*.

He was now perhaps fifty years of age or more, of a stout athletic make, with a swarthy atrabilious complexion, strongly leaning towards the cast of the mulatto, with all his passions hot and fiery as indulgence could make them, cunning

and self-interested, fawning to his superiors, arbitrary over those he could oppress, unfeeling and unfeeling. As neither his manners nor morals spoke much in his favour, he had been little noticed by any of the neighbouring gentry, till in a recent contest for the county he became so active an agent for the candidate he espoused, and thereby recommended himself so effectually to the leading friends of the party, that he obtained the honour of having the name of Robert Blachford, Esquire, inserted in the commission of the peace, and with very little legal qualification for the office, but great zeal to make himself a man of consequence in the country, he had taken out his *dedimus*.

Before we present our hero at the tribunal of this worshipful distributor of justice, amongst whose failings certainly weak pity had no place, it may be necessary to account for a seeming contradiction to this remark, exemplified in his late treatment of our aforesaid hero, who had escaped out of his hands with a much slighter chastisement than could be expected from so rigorous a magistrate ; but though mercy was not predominant in the heart of Blachford, there was a certain passion in that region, which we cannot dignify by the name of love, and will not stain our page by affixing to it the real title which it merits. Now this passion had a great deal to say in the cabinet-councils of Blachford's bosom ; it could very easily make him resort to every species of treachery to compass its indulgence ; it could even untie his purse-strings in some cases, where nothing else would serve the turn, and now and then (as in the instance alluded to) has been known to put a violence on his nature, by forcing him into measures that had an outward resemblance to charity and forgiveness.

Susan May, as we have before hinted, was eminently endowed with those powers and capacities that are requisite to put the aforesaid nameless passion of Blachford's into a state of high activity and effervescence ; she had also, as our readers must have discovered, a large portion of benevolence, and though this was a pleader, singly considered, that he would have turned a deaf ear to from the bench, yet, when seconded by beauty like hers, it could convert a desperate cause into a good one. Blachford had seen Henry, as our history has related, and neither from the survey of his person, nor from the circumstances of the interview, had he received any such impressions as were likely to favour a suit undertaken in his behalf ; when Susan, therefore, betrayed such anxiety and solicitude for his sake, and earnestly demanded a release from the ignominious confinement he was in, the Justice held the balance between two opposing passions with so even a hand, that it was for a long while doubtful whether her charms or his jealousy would turn the scale. Nothing could so gall his pride, as her zealous importu-

nity for a rival whom he dreaded and abhorred ; but the terror she was in for his safety added such expression to her features, that though they hurt her argument, they advanced her suit. Blachford painted the case in such aggravated colours, as alarmed her to the height ; and as he took care to insinuate that no hand but his could snatch her favourite object from his danger, the insidious villain secured to himself an interest from her fears, that his whole fortune perhaps could not have purchased from her favours. The bribe of rescuing her beloved Henry, was the only bribe she could not resolutely withstand. Blachford stated that the life of Weevil was in danger, that it was his duty as a magistrate to keep the assailant in safe hold, and he must absolutely commit him to prison, there to abide the issue ; that to gratify her partiality for a worthless fellow, by letting him loose upon society, would be a stretch of power on his part, that would put his reputation to risk, and perhaps be attended with very serious consequences ; nevertheless, he was ready to run all hazards for her sake, could he but find her disposed to make any return on her part for such services. To this she replied, that all the return in her power to make was gratitude ; and of this he might be assured she would never fail to bear his favour in remembrance.

Gratitude, he observed to her, was so mere a burden to a generous mind, that she would do well to avail herself of the power she had to balance the account at once by favours, which he had long solicited in vain, though he had strove to merit them by constant attention to her and frequent gratuities to her indigent mother.—To this she replied, with proper spirit, that she was persuaded, if her mother, poor as she was, could suspect his kindness to her was only a cover for designs upon her daughter, she would spurn such favours, and despise him for his baseness ; adding, that he was no less sure, that such would be the sentiments of the unhappy youth now in his power, did he suspect that his safety was to be purchased by the sacrifice of her person.

Then keep your person, cried Blachford, suddenly, and let him keep his prison : let him rot, starve, and perish, in his straw !

Oh, horrible ! she exclaimed ; what terrors do you give me ! must he suffer this, when I can redeem him ? What is it I must do ? what are the torments I must suffer to save him ?

Don't talk of torments, replied the filthy satyr, forcing his savage visage into a smile, when everything that money can purchase shall be yours ; all the fine things that my purse can procure to set you off ; you shall be no longer a servant, but live at your ease and be the envy of everybody, so kind will I be to you, and so handsome the style in which I will maintain you.

Here he began to make certain familiar over-

tures, which she put aside, saying in a peremptory tone, Set your prisoner free in the first place ; give immediate orders for his release, and let me see him safe and at liberty ; 'tis the only favour you can grant me.—With this she turned from him as if to leave the room, when Blachford nimbly interposed, and bolting the door, caught her with a ferocious kind of ecstasy in his arms ; the manner of it more resembled the assault of a ruffian than the caresses of a lover ; his age, his person, his black and merciless visage, were calculated to inspire terror and disgust : such was the effect they had upon the present object of his desires, who instantly set up a scream so loud and shrill, that it echoed through the house. Had the scene of this rencontre been a solitude, Blachford's courage would most probably have been proof against the outcry ; but situated as he now was, in the midst of habitations, with the cottage of Susan's mother near adjoining, the alarm became serious, and to persist was to expose himself to public disgrace. Frighted for his reputation, though in principle unreformed, he instantly let loose his victim, and fell to entreaties and apologies, begging her to be silent, and promising to comply with her request on the spot, if she would only assure him of keeping secret what had passed. There was enough in Susan's keeping, of which the reader shall hereafter be informed, besides this affair, to have put his reputation, if not his life, at her mercy ; we need not wonder, therefore, if he was glad to seal a peace, and send the constable to release his prisoner in the manner already related.

CHAP. VIII.

Innocence may, by Circumstances, assume the Appearance of Guilt.

To the worshipful personage whom we have been describing, our hero was now carried, and arraigned by the joint evidence of all who had been present at his seizure. The knife was produced, which, upon interrogation, he acknowledged to be his property, stamped with his name. The canvass purse was exhibited, which the witnesses testified to have been taken by Weevil out of his pocket in the ale-house kitchen in presence of the prisoner, and its contents displayed upon the table. The quarrel he had had with the wounded man was notorious to the whole village, and the language Bowsey had addressed to him upon their being freed from the stocks, was perfectly well remembered : the very attitude, in which he was discovered, standing over the body, sprinkled with blood, pale and ghastly, and confused, with every other circumstance that could corroborate suspicion, were stated and described. It

was not denied but that Bowsey's disappearance made it highly probable he was an accomplice in the act, which was the rather credited from the conversation above alluded to ; and orders were in consequence given for a pursuit, which, however, were better heard than obeyed, several persons undertaking it, but none setting out upon the errand.

Hitherto the prisoner had not opposed a word to the ceaseless torrent of accusation that had been poured upon him. The clerk had been busied in minuting down the depositions, and the Justice was preparing to make out his commitment ; when, taking up the knife, and shewing it to the prisoner, he said, You acknowledge this knife to be your property ?

I do, replied Henry.—And with this knife the stab was given to the unhappy man, whose life has probably been sacrificed thereby.—With that very knife the deed was done, but not by my hand.

I understand you, said the Justice, but for that we shall not take your word ; he that does not scruple to commit a murder, will not hesitate to advance a falsehood in his defence.

True, replied Henry ; but if the wounded man is alive, and in his senses, I refer myself to him ; let him be my witness—I have none other, except my conscience and my God.

Mighty well ! cried the Justice ; that we shall inquire into hereafter.

Here several voices cried out that the man was dead, others said he was insensible, but nobody was dispatched to make inquiry.

Your christian name, I perceive, quoth the Justice, is engraved upon the knife-handle ; and what other name do you answer to ?

I beg leave to decline answering that question, replied the prisoner.

How ! exclaimed Blachford, with a voice of authority, not tell your name, fellow ! I would have you to know the law will force you to declare it ; the thumb-screw will wring it from you. Hark ye, clerk, turn to the book, and tell this contumacious fellow what the statute enacts in the case of not declaring his name.

The clerk now whispered his worship, and probably informed him that there was no provision to enforce an absolute declaration of his name.—The Justice next demanded the condition of his parents, where he was born, and to what place he belonged ?

Those questions, answered he, I must in like manner decline ; for no torture can force me to disclose what I do not know.

Heyday ! cried the Justice, you do not know who were your parents, nor where you was born, nor what place you belong to ?

I told your worship, said one who was the chief spokesman of the party who apprehended him, that he was a vagabond, and a no-nation rascal, when I informed against him for his assault upon poor Tom Weevil on the Town-

Green ; he would then have murdered him, had not your worship stept in as you did : I wish to Heaven, when you had him in the stocks, you had kept him there, and not have let that wench Sukey May, who is no better than she should be, have prevailed upon you to release him.

The magistrate reddened at this retort, and was evidently disconcerted. Henry took the opportunity to say, that he desired that young woman, whom the witness was pleased to describe as no better than she should be, might be summoned, as he believed she would have something to depose in his exculpation, which might tend to solve the appearances that were against him, and corroborate the defence he was prepared to make.

Ay, ay ! rejoined the aforesaid spokesman, there is no doubt but that hussy will speak to your character, if she is called upon ; for, please your worship, I myself, and these men with me, saw that very wench and this fellow in close quarters together under a hedge, hugging and kissing after a fine fashion ; so that there is no question but what one says t'other will swear to : Besides, added he, Sukey May has run away from her service, and fled the parish, which, I believe, you will find to be the case, if your worship thinks fit to inquire of her late mistress, Madam Cawdle.

The Justice did not wish to make any inquiries of or about Susan May, who probably was the very last person living he at this moment wished to see, or even to be named in his hearing ; he therefore briefly observed to the spokesman, that what he had been saying was irrelevant ; and, turning to the prisoner, demanded if he could call any other witness in his defence.—If Thomas Weevil be yet living, said Henry, I appeal to him—his testimony alone can clear the fact ; if he is no more, or incapable of giving evidence, and if Bowsey, the sole perpetrator of the deed, has escaped, I must rest my defence upon my own single account of the transaction, corroborated, however, by the evidence that Susan May can give of certain circumstances antecedent to it.

We have heard enough of those certain circumstances, quoth the Justice ; whereupon, rising from his chair with much solemnity, and fixing a stern look upon the prisoner, he demanded of him what else he had to offer, before he proceeded to fulfil the duties of his office, by committing him to prison.

I again desire, replied Henry, that resort may be immediately had to the wounded man ; provisionally it may so happen, that neither the blow he received on the head by the bludgeon of the robber, nor the stab in his side, are mortal, or, if mortal, not so immediate as to disqualify him from performing one act of justice before he leaves the world—that of saving the reputation, and perhaps the life, of an innocent man, who has fallen into this peril by standing

forth in his rescue and defence. If I am to be deprived of this appeal, which I hold to be my right, I am still prepared to account for every circumstance that appears to make against me; and, if that fails me, ultimately I am provided against the worst that can befall me, for God and my own conscience will acquit me; they are my witnesses, and will testify that I am guiltless.

How dare you, impious wretch as you are! cried the Justice, to use the name of God in my hearing, before whom you stand accused of murder, and apprehended in the very act, as I may say, by these men, who are credible witnesses, and depose against you? And you, truly, to talk of conscience! who, if you had such a thing belonging to you, or any remorse at heart for the heinous crime you have committed, would, ere now, have made confession of your guilt, and invoked the punishment it merits, seeing you have no one word to offer in your defence, nor any creature to appeal to but a wretch, who is your accomplice, and an unhappy girl, whom there is too much reason to fear you have ruined and seduced, which, though it falls not within the present charge against you, is a crime that cannot be spoken of without horror. And now, having examined you touching the felony in question, and taken in writing the information of those who apprehended you, I shall proceed to commit you to prison for safe custody, the offence of which you are charged being of a capital nature, and in which bail is ousted by statute: your sureties, therefore, must be the four walls of the prison, and none else: there you must lie till the next county assizes, when you shall be arraigned before the court upon the inquisition of the coroner. It now remains that I say something to you upon the strong evidence of the circumstances in which you was apprehended, and of the heinous nature of the act of which you stand charged; and this I shall do the rather, because there seems a hardened insensibility and impenitence about you, which are shocking to all here present. The crime of deliberate and wilful murder, whereof you are accused, is a crime from which the heart of man starts with horror, and revolts, and which, throughout the world, is punished with death. The unhappy object, whom you have sent unprepared to his account, was found by these people present, mortally stabbed to the heart; the fatal weapon, bathed in his blood, was in your hand; a knife of a dangerous and unlawful construction, which you admit to be your property, and bearing your christian name upon the handle, though of any other name that belongs to you, you contumaciously refuse to make discovery, a circumstance, let me observe to you, of a very suspicious aspect. The pockets of the deceased had been rifled, and his purse, containing money to no small amount, was found, not indeed in your hands, but within

your reach, and under your eye; certain it is, it had been ravished from him by violence, and the presumption is, that it was your purpose to rob as well as murder, but that being surprised unawares, you had not yet actually possessed yourself of the spoils which had tempted you to that horrid act. It has been objected to me by one now present, that I was too lenient in releasing you so easily from the temporary confinement I inflicted upon you, when you broke the peace by an unprovoked and violent assault upon the unhappy party now no more: to this I reply, that I rather wish I had abstained from punishing at all in the first instance, apprehending as I do, that your vindictive and cruel rage against the aforesaid party was probably inflamed and aggravated to the height of murder by that very punishment you had on his account incurred, slight as it was. You have, or affect to have, received an injury by a sprain; if so, I must observe, that it is but one amongst a cloud of circumstances that bear against you; for what so natural as that a strong and vigorous youth, like Thomas Weevil, should make a struggle for his life, and that you in the assault should not escape unhurt, though fatally too successful in the perpetration of your inhuman purposes? The youth, who fell under your deadly stroke, lived amongst us, his neighbours, in good repute, an honest, unoffending, peaceable lad, the son of an industrious father, whose tears are now watering his breathless corpse, and whose cries are sent up to the throne of Justice against you his murderer.

Whilst the Justice was uttering these words, the countenance of Henry turned deadly pale, and giving a sigh, he cast up his eyes, and fell backwards in a swoon. Though he was surrounded by the men who had apprehended him, there was not one who moved a hand to save him, so that he came with his whole weight upon the floor, where he laid, stretched at his length, insensible, and to appearance dead. The Justice started from his seat, and exclaimed, Behold, conviction upon the face of it! My words have reached his heart! Conscience has smitten him at last, obdurate as he was!

The triumph of eloquence was painted in his countenance, and he looked around him, as if to demand the tribute of applause from all who had heard him.

CHAP. IX.

Audi alteram Partem.

THE guiltless prisoner, who had fainted with the agony of his sprain, increased by standing so long in presence of the Justice, soon recovered, and, with the assistance of the bystanders, was raised from the floor; he was now indulged

with a seat, being unable to keep his legs, and in that posture requested leave to say a few words for himself before he was dismissed to prison.

He began by accounting for his swoon from the natural cause, asserting that it was in his struggle with the assassin, whom he knew only by the name of Bowsey, that he got his hurt; that it was then he wrenched from him the bloody knife found in his hand, which he acknowledged to be his own, explaining how it came to be in Bowsey's possession, when he emptied his pockets before he set to with Weevil on the green: to this fact he feared he had no witness, as no one else would assist or come near him on that occasion.—Hard indeed is my case, said he, in this particular, who have none to bear evidence to so material a circumstance, but a guilty wretch, who is fled from justice, and whom this hurt which I received disabled me from pursuing.

Here Blachford appealed to the bystanders, if there was any one present who could bear witness to the prisoner's delivery of the knife to Bowsey. The answer was loud and general in the negative.—Then let us have no more arguing on that point, added he; we shall not take the fact on your single assertion.

I have done, replied the prisoner; God knows I speak the truth.

There was a person amongst the crowd, who had been a silent observer of all that passed, and now stepped forward with much gravity, crying out, in an authoritative tone, I conjure you, worshipful sir, for the love of God, and by your duty as a magistrate, sitting here to administer impartial justice to the accused no less than to the accusers, that you suffer the prisoner to proceed in his defence, nay, verily, that you encourage and provoke him thereunto.

This person, by name Ezekiel Daw, was one of those itinerant apostles called methodists, who preach *sub dio* to the country folks out of trees, and being a man strong in zeal, and loud of lungs, was followed with great avidity: his appeal was not unattended to, and the prisoner was ordered to proceed in his defence.

I must ever lament, resumed Henry, my neglect in forgetting to demand of Bowsey the fatal instrument I had entrusted to his keeping; but when these facts shall be investigated at a superior tribunal, and I am brought to the bar to plead for my life, I shall call upon these men who now depose against me, to declare upon their oaths, whether they discovered any other weapon in my hand, save only the knife I had recovered from the assassin.

The Justice here put the question to the parties, who jointly answered, that they did not observe any other weapon which the prisoner had.

And what need is there of any other, replied

the Justice, seeing that the mortal stab was given with this very knife?

Let the body be inspected, said the prisoner, and you shall find a violent contusion on the head by the blow of a bludgeon; this was the first stroke which the unhappy man received, and this, it is to be presumed, brought him to the ground.

How do you know that, cried the Justice, unless you was present, and of consequence accessory to the fact? Beware how you criminate yourself. Besides, did not you fight with Thomas Weevil? did you not knock him down repeatedly? and was not his head bound up with a handkerchief in consequence of the bruises he received from your blows? What will any court of inquiry infer from contusions on his head, but that he was indebted for them to you? Once more I tell you to beware how you criminate yourself: *Nemo tenebatur prodere seipsum*.

If when I speak the truth, resumed Henry, the truth is either so distorted by quibble, or so coloured by circumstance to the complexion of guilt, as to be turned against me, I am indeed unfortunate, but not afraid to meet the consequences, whilst my heart acquits me. Recollect, sir, that you have called upon me to plead; ought you not then to hear my plea with the patience of a judge, and not to traverse it with the sophistry of an advocate, who is fed'd for puzzling and brow-beating the party he is opposed to? A bloody and felonious act is committed; I am brought before you as the perpetrator of it; a villain, whom I seized in the commission of it, but who escaped me and is fled, was known to bear enmity against the suffering party, as some here present, if they please, can testify; I saw that villain lurking about the spot where the mischief happened, and had my apprehensions of his evil designs against the person in question; I met that unfortunate person before he entered the fatal place; I made known to him my apprehensions, warned him of his danger, and advised him either to take some other road homewards, or to accept of me as a companion and a guard; he treated my friendly warning with contempt, and absolutely forbade me to accompany him; I retired, but not to a distance, for my fears augured mischief: I heard the blow which felled him to the ground, and, without a moment's delay, ran to his relief; I found him prostrate, stabbed, and weltering in his blood; I seized the murderous villain by the throat; he had that very knife and the canvass purse in his hands; they dropt to the ground; I stooped to secure the knife, in my own defence; in that moment, by a sudden jerk, he extricated himself from my hold, and in the struggle I received this sprain, which disabled me from pursuing him. This is the simple detail of facts, which, unfortunately for me, are so combined

as to leave me without a witness to the truth of what I assert, unless the wounded man survives to recollect what has passed. I hear it asserted by some present that he is dead ; I hope that is not the case, and that you will think it right to be certified of the fact before you commit me to prison ; I have also heard very unjust insinuations against the young woman, whom I am accused of treating with indecent familiarities, Susannah May : I take Heaven to witness that no familiarities, which ought to affect her reputation, have ever passed between her and me ; they did indeed see me salute her affectionately at parting, for I hold myself much indebted to her humanity ; and if upon that innocent liberty they are malicious enough to found an aspersion on her good fame, I do not envy them their triumph.

He now made an obeisance to the Justice, and ceased from speaking.

CHAP. X.

Solvuntur Tabulæ.

As soon as the prisoner had concluded his defence, the Justice and his clerk retired into another room, to consult together upon his commitment. The impression which the foregoing defence made upon the hearers was not in all cases unfavourable to the pleader ; some were inclined to believe him innocent, many were staggered by his relation, and not a few of the softer sex were melted into tears by his language and address, though they knew not how to decide upon his argument.

Ezekiel Daw betrayed great agitation, deeply greaning in the spirit, yet refrained from words. In the interim, a poor widow, the mother of Susan May, who picked up a scanty livelihood by compounding a few simple medicines for the poor villagers, had stopt home, and now returned with some stuff in a bottle, which she gave to Henry for his sprain, saying, as she presented it to him, God knows the truth ! thou may'st, or thou may'st not, be guilty, yet I give thee in charity, for truly thy hurt is great, and thou art in grievous torture.

This unexpected instance, that there was one humane breast to be found, which harboured pity for his hapless condition, struck him with such tender, yet joyful, surprise, that, with a heart too full for utterance, and eyes overflowing with tears, he took the gift in silence, fixing a look upon the donor, which spake all that tongue-tied gratitude could convey.

The poor widow, whom awe and respect had kept silent before the Justice, now addressed herself to the person who had spoke so slighting of her daughter, and demanded if it was

not a base and cruel thing to blast the character of a poor girl as he had done, in the hearing of all her neighbours.—As for this stranger lad, added she, I know him not ; God only knows what he may be in heart ; but though he were all or more than you describe him to be, he has done justice to my child, and I thank him for it. If he has murdered a man, to be sure it is a heinous and a horrid crime ; but it is no less a base and cowardly action in you to slander an innocent poor girl, who has neither father nor brother to stand up for her.

Before the defamer could collect his thoughts for a reply to this appeal, Ezekiel Daw, the preacher, had once more put himself forward in an attitude to speak, and all eyes being upon him, expectation held the assembly mute, when he delivered himself as follows :—

Verily, brethren, the charity of this poor widow to an afflicted stranger, and the word which she hath uttered in reproof of slander, have been a comfort unto my heart, and a refreshment, as it were, of my bowels in the Lord ; and thou, John Jenkins, who art hereby rebuked for an evil tongue, humble thyself, I exhort thee, John Jenkins, before this the mother of the damsel whom thou hast made evil report of, and be humbled in thy pride of speech, keeping a better watch in time to come upon the door of thy lips. Slander, my good neighbours, is a wicked thing ; beware of slander, for it is filthy, it is abominable ; it biteth sharper than the tooth of the cockatrice ; it is more deadly than the tongue of the asp : away with it, therefore, away with it from amongst you ! O John, John, knowest thou not the calling whereunto thou art called in this place of trial, where thou art summoned in the sight of God to render up the truth in fair and honest testimony, be it unto the life, or be it unto the death of this thy fellow-creature arraigned before the magistrate ? What hadst thou to do, John Jenkins, to impeach the testimony of that poor damsel, to whom the prisoner was disposed to appeal, because thou didst surprise her in the tender moment of parting from this her fellow-servant, conceding unto him the kiss of peace ? or what if I should grant it were the kiss of love ? Behold, the youth is of a comely visage, and, saving this suspicion under which he sorroweth, verily, I pronounce him to be of an ingenuous aspect ; so art not thou, John Jenkins ; for the countenance of the slanderer is not open and erect ; he casteth his eyes down to the ground ; he lurketh about in secret places, seeking whom he may devour ; and of a truth he doth devour them, when he getteth them privily into his net. Brethren, I would fain speak more copiously to you on the heinousness of slander, but neither the time nor place will admit of it ; but, on the Lord's day next, God willing, I purpose more at large to descant upon the topic. In the meantime, let the example of

this poor widow be unto you a lesson of charity and good works ; for she scrupled not to pour oil upon the wounds of the way-faring man and stranger, not examining whether he had fallen amongst thieves, or was himself the thief, but doing it in the very bowels of mercy and christian commiseration, kindly compassionating his anguish, as one fellow-creature to another, not pronouncing upon his guilt, as you seem forward to do, but leaving it to God and his country to acquit him, or condemn.—And now I warn thee, John Jenkins, against a certain thing to which thou art no less addicted than to backbiting ; I mean mockery, and an idle faculty of turning serious things, and even sacred, into ridicule ; gibing and jeering at thy more pious brethren, who are patient of thy taunts ; and why ? verily, because they despise thee, and hold thee as a very silly fellow : make not thine idle companions merry at my cost ; scoff not at me, John Jenkins, nor put thy sensual fancies to my account, as if I had given warrant to familiarities between young people of different sexes ; though the kiss of peace, of friendship, nay, of love itself, may be innocent and void of offence, yet mark me, neighbours, I recommend it not, especially to the adult ; I say unto you, as the wise man sayeth, Give not your lips unto women, for in the lips there is as it were a burning fire ; for ye know that a whore is a deep ditch, and a strange woman is a narrow pit.

Ezekiel Daw had scarce concluded this harangue, when the Justice and his clerk, having broken up their council, entered the room. The warrant under the hand and seal of Blachford was now completed, and the constable directed to take his prisoner into safe custody, and deliver him into the hands of the keeper of the county gaol. And now his worship was about to break up the assembly, when Ezekiel once more stood forward, and begged leave to say a few words on the score of humanity, touching the condition of the prisoner.—Say on, Ezekiel, quoth the Justice, but be not long-winded, for we have already devoted much time and pains to the examination of this business.

May it please your worship, said Ezekiel, to be reminded that the day is now far spent, and the county gaol lieth at a considerable distance, wherefore I do humbly conceive, seeing the unhappy youth, whom you have thought fit to commit thereunto, is sorely maimed and aggrieved, that you will not find it needful to send him forth upon his way this evening ; furthermore, I do with all submission take leave to suggest unto your worship, that this his wounded and painful condition may move your humanity to recommend unto the keeper of the gaol, not to load his limbs with fetters, one of which is already, by the visitation of Providence, sufficiently disabled to answer all the purposes of confinement, and secure him from escape, which I understand to be the only salvo that the law of the land acknow-

ledges as any justification for that barbarous and else unwarrantable practice. Now, if it please your worship to empower your poor servant in Christ to signify this your desire unto the gaoler, (who, permit me to observe to you, is but of a merciless fraternity,) I do purpose, God permitting me, to accompany this poor creature unto the prison, yea, even unto the dungeon thereof, unless I am otherwise let and withstood in such my purposed visitation ; which being permitted, I will then and there impart unto him, such your worship's charitable admonition, and also do my utmost to move his bowels of mercy, till he shall thereunto accord.

Ezekiel, cried the Justice, I have heard you with great patience ; but I shall not think fit to make more waste of my time in listening to a methodist's sermon, which has nothing to do with the business in question, now dismissed and done with : the fellow must go to gaol, and it must be left to the discretion of the gaoler how to deal with him when he is there.

I am unlearned, worshipful sir, replied Ezekiel, and easily persuaded of my own deficiencies, yet I had hope you would have been disposed to pardon my poor manner of speaking, seeing that I spoke humbly, as I ought, and in christian charity for a fellow-creature, whom, if guilty, we have no right to torture ; if innocent, every call to protect and spare ; but if these words are offensive to your worship's ears, and the motives such as your worship does not approve, I will be no longer tedious unto you : I stand corrected, and am silent.

At this moment, Henry cast a look upon his humble advocate, which guilt never counterfeited, and sensibility could not exceed ; it was as much as heart could say to heart ; the words which accompanied it were few and simple.—God reward you for your goodness !—was all that he could utter ; and let my reader ask his heart if there was need of more.

The Justice now retired, the constable and his assessors laid their hands upon the prisoner, and a cord being provided for securing his arms, they were proceeding in a very rough manner to apply it, when Ezekiel, who kept a watchful eye upon their proceedings, cried out in a loud tone of voice—I take God to witness against you, if you treat him with any wanton cruelty : he is your prisoner, it is true, but the law holds no man guilty till conviction. The truth will come to light ! the truth will come to light !

In the very instant, whilst these prophetic words were on his lips, behold Alexander Kinloch hastily entered the room, and calling out to the people, who were handcuffing the prisoner, bade them to desist from meddling with that guiltless person.

Astonishment seized the whole company. Ezekiel Daw could not contain his joy.—Beautiful are the feet of those who bring glad tidings of peace ! he exclaimed, in a transport.

What talk you of the feet ! cried Alexander ; beautiful indeed is the hand of the surgeon, beautiful is his art ; ay, and you may think yourselves happy that I am here living amongst you to dress your wounds, and heal your hurts, and snatch you as it were out of the very jaws of death, as I have done by Thomas Weevil. A beautiful figure any one of you would make with a deep gash in the skull, and another in the ribs, if there was nobody but mother May to dress your sores ; 'fore gad, she would cook a dinner for the worms before the parson could say grace to it ; but *ars medendi artium ars est* : now there is none of you knows what that means, and yet they are Hippocrates's own words, and he that finds them out, finds out more than any here will have the wit to discover. A pretty set of heads truly are yours, my wise neighbours, to let the villain go loose, and tie up the innocent man. Why, Bowsey is the rogue that did the job for Tom Weevil ; this poor lad was his rescuer and defender ; ay, and would have saved him from all manner of hurt or harm, if he would have listened to his warning ; but then, indeed, I should not have had the credit of bringing him to life again, nor he the pleasure of being cured by my hands. And now, master constable, you will do well to betake yourself to his worship, and move him to revoke his mittimus, for here comes old Thomas Weevil himself, and he will verify every word that I have been telling you.

The miller now made his appearance, and entering the Justice's private chamber with Kinloch, there gave such an account of the affair, from the authority of his son, whose head, though roughly treated, had not been deprived of recollection, as made it necessary for Blachford to give orders for setting Henry at large.

Great was the joy and exultation of Ezekiel Daw upon this occasion, and not the less for the credit he took to himself in having given proof of his superior sagacity in discovering the innocence of the suspected person, in spite of all the circumstances urged against him. It is, however, to be lamented, that the stir and bustle of the crowd was now too great to admit of Ezekiel's being heard, who had so fair an occasion of displaying his eloquence ; but though he frequently called for attention, crying out—Hear me, neighbours, hear me, I beseech you ; I am a man of few words,—yet all was in vain, they neither gave ear to his words, nor is it quite so certain that they would have been only a few, had they given ear to them ; so the matter dropt, and his eloquence was strangled in the birth.

CHAP. XI.

When the Heart is right, the Man will be respectable, though his Humours are ridiculous.

WHEN old Weevil returned from Blachford's chamber with the order of release, he came up to Henry, and taking him cordially by the hand, declared before all present, that it was to his courage and humanity he owed the preservation of his son's life ; he lamented the hurt he had got in his defence, offered him his house, purse, and every assistance in his power ; confessed that the whole blame of the fray on the green rested with his son, and added, with an oath, that he had been cruelly dealt by, both then, and in the present case, and that he had told Justice Blachford as much to his face.—For why ? cried he ; 'tis a sin and a shame to give evil for good to this poor lad, who, in the short time he has been a stranger amongst us, has saved his master from drowning, and my boy from being murdered ; and what has he got for it ?—why, truly, he has been stocked, maimed, and imprisoned. Shame upon such treatment ! say I ; nay, I'm not afraid to say, and I care not who hears me, shame upon such justices ! and now they tell me, added he, addressing himself to Henry, your master has turned you away : if so, my lad, come to the mill, and so long as there's a wheel that turns, you shall never want a day's work, and a day's pay.

Henry thanked him for all his offers, but desired to set him right about his master, from whom he had received the kindest treatment ; and as for leaving his service, that, he assured the miller, was entirely his own act and deed, for which he had certain reasons, that by no means applied to the person of Doctor Cawdle.

No, no, said Kinloch, we know well enough which way those reasons look ; and that person, I can tell you, is in a terrible taking at your leaving us : as for the Doctor, he will give you a hearty welcome ; and for my part, my good lad, I have such a soft side towards you, that if you will buckle to the business, and observe what I shall teach you, I will make a man of you, and perhaps enable you in time to perform as great a cure as I hope to perfect on the body of neighbour Weevil's son, who, by the Doctor's indisposition, is happily fallen under my hands.

The crowd now dispersed, and evening being advanced, Henry's ankle withal in no condition for journeying, he was constrained to forego his engagement to Susan, and accepted the friendly invitation of Ezekiel Daw, to pass the night at the cottage of Mother May, where that good creature took up his abode.

When Ezekiel had refreshed his guest with

such humble viands as his store contained, and Goody May had again fomented his ankle, Henry, having now appeased two importunate solicitors, pain and hunger, began to make those grateful acknowledgments which his heart suggested, till he was stopped short by both parties at once, who silenced him by protesting they would not be thanked for doing nothing more than common humanity required of them to do.

As for me, said Ezekiel, I declare unto you in verity, that this hath been unto me an occasion of triumph and ovation, and if thou, Henry, hadst turned out other than a true man and an honest, I would hardly have been persuaded to put faith in the index of the human heart any more; but thou hast verified the hand-writing of nature in thy features, and my bowels did not yearn towards thee without reason. Truly, young man, my heart rejoiceth in thy deliverance, and great is my joy that thou art found innocent in the sight of thine enemies; therefore will I sing and give praise with the best member that I have; and thou, Goody May, although thy pipe is but feeble, shalt bear thy part in the melody.

This said, the good man uttered a dolorous hum, by way of pitch-note, which was echoed by Dame May, in a shrill octave, and then, delivering out the first line of John Hopkins's 108th psalm, he set up his note with so loud and nasal a twang, as made Henry almost jump from his seat, and with more fervency than melody, chanted forth the aforesaid psalm, accompanied after a fashion by the dame, till, having travelled together through *Sichem* and the *vale of Succoth*, they found themselves deeply engaged in the following stanza, viz.

“ Moab my wash-pot is, my shoe
O'er Edom I will throw,
Upon the land of Palestine
In triumph I will go;”—

When behold, Alexander Kinloch, without any ceremony, bolted into the room, just in time to hear Ezekiel roar forth his intended triumphs over the land of Palestine, upon which, in a harsh North British key, so totally at discord with the psalmody as to bring it to a sudden stop, he instantly cried out,—What the plague possesses you now, brother doctor, to triumphing over Palestine at such a rate? if you set up your howl there, let me tell you, the Turks will soon stop your pipes with a tight cord round your gullet, and a short dance at the end of your song. Why, man, I know the ground every inch of it; when I was surgeon's mate of the old Dreadnought, I was in the thick of the infidels at Scanderoon, and Saint John D'Acre, and Alexandria, and where not? Zooks and blood! if you was as bold as Prester John, being a Frank as you are, they would set you on the back of a scurvy ass, and buffet you through the

streets for their sport. No, no, friend Daw, be advised by a brother surgeon, and stick to Old England while you can; here you may sing psalms, and preach sermons, and scare old women into fits by prophesying the end of the world out of trees and turnip carts, but meddle not with Mahomet, till you are prepared for a short trip into Paradise, with a bowstring round your throat.

Ezekiel Daw, in his early years, had been trained to the art of handling the pestle, and pounding drugs in the rural laboratory of a petty retailer of medical wares; he had there acquired as much knowledge in pharmacy and surgery, as served him to set up Goody May in the humble art of curing broken shins and bloody noses, by which she picked up a pittance amongst her poor neighbours, and sometimes entrenched so far upon Doctor Cawdle's practice, as to administer a dose of buckthorn or jalap, for scouring the bowels of the peasantry, after a drunken bout or surfeit at a Christmas feast. This was not altogether overlooked by Kinloch, though he held her art in too much contempt to make public his complaint of it; still he took all occasions that fell in his way of giving her a dab of his ridicule, as we have already instanced, and this was not confined to her only, but extended to her friend and teacher, Ezekiel, whom in his gayer moments (and this now present was pre-eminently of that sort) he dignified, in the way of irony, with the title of Brother Doctor; and, indeed, that worthy person was very generally styled by his poorer neighbours, particularly those of his own flock, not ludicrously, but reverentially, Doctor Daw.

He was a thin spare man, of a pale and sallow complexion, about the age of fifty, upright in his person, and stiff as a hedge-stake, with yellow perpendicular hair; he was by nature irascible, and of a bilious habit, but, by long temperance and religious self-correction, had humbled and subdued his spirit, so as to be patient under insults; in short, he was a creature compounded of most benevolent and excellent qualities, with a strong tincture of enthusiasm over all; in the meanwhile, it must be owned, that Ezekiel had no objection to a little amicable controversy; and there is reason to believe, that if he had any leaning to one side more than the other in the handling of a question, it was to that side where his own opinion took post.

It was therefore no small proof of his control over himself, that though he was thus cut short in his pious melody by the North Briton, yet he was content to pass it off with a simple remark to his visitor, that he was under a mistake in supposing he had any design of undertaking a voyage to the Holy Land, (properly so called,) his humble endeavours aspiring no higher than to keep himself holy in the land where he lived; with this intent he had been giving God thanks in an hymn for the deliverance of the guiltless

youth there present ; And I trust, added he, thou didst not jeer at the matter of the hymn itself, but simply at the unworthiness of the performer.—Then, turning to Kinloch, with a complacent smile, he said, And thou, too, brother Alexander, art entitled to a blessing, not only as being the bearer of glad tidings, but the instrument, as I hope, under Providence, of saving the life of our wounded neighbour.

Yes, truly, cried Kinloch, with a significant nod, the man may thank Providence for falling into my hands, and not those of some others, who shall be nameless ; but I believe, friend Ezekiel, after all, he must be indebted to my skill for his cure, and to nothing else, for if I were to leave my patients to the care of Providence——

Scoff not at Providence, quoth Ezekiel, interrupting him, nor give thyself the glory, let thy skill be what it may. I speak not in disparagement of thy skill, friend Kinloch, but there is One, without whose helping grace we can do nothing praise-worthy : I myself (far be it from me to vaunt of my own performances) have done something in the medical way, yet did I never hand a dose to the lips of a patient without a previous ejaculation to Providence that it might operate for his benefit.

And you had reason, rejoined the man of medicine ; for when irregulars prescribe, it is the mercy of Providence if their patients escape ; but in the regular practice, should a man follow these vagaries, he would be the ridicule of the faculty ; we know the effect of our medicines, and apply them confidently and timeously ; and when the life of the patient is quivering on his lips, must fall to without waiting to say grace. Had you, like me, been in the heat of an action at sea, when all is smoke and thunder, and blood and brains, around you, you would find something else to do besides preaching and praying and setting up your pipes to the tune of Sternhold and Hopkins.

Vent not thy jests at psalmody and prayer, replied Ezekiel, exalting his voice, and rising from his seat, as was his manner when in earnest discourse ; hast not thou read how Saul was delivered from the evil spirit by the harping of David ? Nay, is it not affirmed, in the history of our own country, that holy monarchs have had the power of healing the king's evil with a touch ?

Yes, answered Kinloch, but I no more believe it, than I do that you can set a broken bone by a stave of Sternhold.

Well, well, rejoined Ezekiel, if thou art resolved to be faithless against sacred proof, thou wilt not deny the efficacy of music against the sting of the tarantula.

Indeed but I will, cried the other ; and I hold the notion in like contempt with stories of the black art and old women's fables. Why, man, I have sojourned in the countries where those reptiles are found, and I give it you upon my word for so mere a flam, that I had rather suffer the bite of the creature itself, than the noise and

nonsense of the pretended cure. In short, my good Ezekiel, let us talk a little reason, and wave all canting for a while, every man in his own way ; you are for King David, I am for Hippocrates ; you are for gladdening the heart of man with psalms and canticles, I am for curing his ailments with plasters and potions ; there's work enough for each, and neither of us can do both at once.

Pardon me, interposed Henry ; I think a man may do the duty of a christian and that of any other art or profession under heaven ; the church does not call upon you above one day in seven.

And if the bell was chiming in one ear, said Kinloch, and a woman in labour crying out in the other, which would you have me turn to ?

Certainly to the woman, replied Henry ; and I doubt not but our good Ezekiel would break off, and run to save a fellow-creature from drowning, though he were in the middle of a prayer.

Assuredly I would, cried the preacher ; but that will not decide the case ; if no man absented himself from God's worship but upon such good and substantial reasons as these which have been mentioned, your churches would be a pretty deal fuller than they are ; there would then be no call for such supernumerary teachers as myself. But whilst there is such a parcel of idlers amongst our common people, who make everything a pretence for hanging back from their regular duty, it may be well for the community that there are some like myself, who will be at the pains of gathering up the stragglers, and compelling them to come in, though it be from the high-ways and hedges.

Thou hast said it in a word, cried Henry, reaching out his hand to the preacher, and art a candid soul ; he that, hearing this, shall attempt to turn thy humble piety into ridicule, must have a heart of stone.

These words put an end to the controversy ; and honest Ezekiel, lifting a stone pitcher by the ear, which he had placed upon the table, filled out a can of ale to each of his guests, and after for himself ; then shaking Alexander by the hand, with a smile of perfect reconciliation and benignity, cried, Come, brother Doctor, here's a cup of thanks to you, and a speedy recovery to your patient.

This gave a turn to the conversation ; the occurrences of the day were now discussed ; Weevil's wounds were scientifically descanted upon by the journeyman-surgeon, who, knowing Ezekiel's ignorance of the learned languages, and not suspecting Henry of any acquaintance with them, took occasion to interlard his discourse with scraps of barbarous Latin, not forgetting, in the meantime, to give a proper sprinkling of his own praises, with a sly stroke, every now and then, at his master Zachary still doing penance for his ducking at the ford. He was earnest with Henry to return to the shop, encouraging him to it by many reasons, and pro-

mising him a speedy deliverance from Jemima, whose case he pronounced upon as desperate. Henry shook his head at this, and said no more than that he should pay his duty to the Doctor as soon as his sprain would permit him. This again drew some learned demurs from Alexander as to Goody May's embrocation of camphorated spirits of wine and bullock's gall, which Ezekiel, on his part, as learnedly defended. The pitcher in the meantime was emptied; and then Alexander, recollecting a multiplicity of business, took his leave.

Child, cried Ezekiel, as soon as Kinloch had departed, the good dame and I have provided for thy repose under this roof; thou wilt find a bed comfortable and cleanly, although it be but an humble one; the hour, indeed, is yet early, but thou hast had a toilsome day, and art maimed withal; a little rest, with the good woman's fomentation, will set all to rights; yet, before we part, I must not forget to commend

thee for the prudent and pious rebuke thou didst give to our neighbour Kinloch, when he spoke scoffingly and irreverently in thy hearing; I must no less applaud thee for the brevity of thy reply, for thou art yet too young and unlearned in these matters to handle them argumentatively and at large; it well becometh thee to distrust thine own abilities for that task; but when I have put my thoughts together, and digested them at leisure, I will more fully instruct thee how to silence all such cavils as the scorners can oppose to thee, and will give thee such rules and lessons as shall fortify thy faith against all that he, or any other unbeliever, can invent to shake it.

Henry made a suitable reply; Ezekiel stalked away with dignity to his cockloft; the hospitable dame conducted our hero to a little cabin, where she had prepared a bed for him, and the peaceful cottage was soon hushed to silence and repose.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAP. I.

A Dissertation, which our Readers will either sleep over, or pass over, as best suits them.

AN author will naturally cast his composition in that kind of style and character where he thinks himself most likely to succeed; and in this he will be directed by considering, in the first place, what is the natural turn of his own mind, where his strength lies, and to what his talents point; and secondly, by the public taste, which, however much it is his interest to consult, should not be suffered to betray him into undertakings he is not fitted for.

Novels, like dramas, may certainly be composed either in the tragic or comic cast, according to the writer's choice and fancy. Tales of fiction, with mournful catastrophes, have been wrought up with very considerable effect. I could name some of the pathetic sort, which are uncommonly beautiful, and deeply interesting; their success might well encourage any author who has powers and propensities suitable, to copy the attempt; on the other hand, examples muster strongest for the story with a happy ending: middle measures have also been struck upon by some, and novels of the tragi-comic character aptly and ingeniously devised, which,

after agitating the passions of terror and pity, allay them with the unexpected relief of happiness and good fortune in the concluding scenes.

By all or any of these channels, the author may shape his course to fame, if he has skill to shun the shoals of insipidity on the one hand, and the rocks of improbability on the other; in one word, if he will keep the happy mean of nature. Exquisitely fine are those sensations which the well-wrought tale of pity excites; but double care is required to guide them to the right point, because they are so penetrating; whoever stirs those passions in a guilty cause, may do infinite mischief, for they sink into young and tender hearts, and where they sink, they leave a deep and permanent impression; they are curious instruments in the hand of the artist, but murderous weapons in the possession of the assassin.

Cheerful fictions, with happy endings, are written with more ease, and have less risk as to the moral; they play about the fancy in a more harmless manner; the author is seldom so careless of his characters as not to deal out what is termed poetical justice, amongst them, rewarding the good, and punishing the unworthy; pride and oppression are rarely made to triumph ultimately; engaging libertinism seldom fails to reform; and true love, after all its trials, is finally crowned with possession.

The mixt, or composite sort, which steer be-

tween grave and gay, yet are tinged with each, deal out terror and suspense in their progress, artfully interwoven into the substance of the fable, for the purpose of introducing some new and unforeseen reverse of fortune at the story's close, which is to put the tortured mind at rest. This demands a conduct of some skill; for if the writer's zeal for the introduction of new and striking incidents, wherein consists the merit of this species of composition, be not tempered by a due attention to nature, character, and probability, the whole web is broken, and the work falls to the ground: in good hands it becomes a very pleasing production, for the curiosity is kept alive through the whole progress of the narrative, and the mind that has been suspended between hope and fear, at last subsides in perfect satisfaction with the just and equitable event of things.

A novel may be carried on in a series of letters, or in regular detail; both methods have their partisans, and in numbers they seem pretty equally divided; which of the two is the more popular, I cannot take upon myself to say; but I should guess that letters give the writer most amusement and relief, not only from their greater diversity of style, but from the respite which their intermissions afford him. These advantages, however, have a counterpoise, for his course becomes more circuitous and subject to embarrassment, than when he takes the narrative wholly into his own hands. Without great management and address in keeping his dates progressive, and distinctly methodized, his reader is exposed to be called back and puzzled; and, as the characters who conduct the correspondence must be kept asunder, the scene is oftentimes distracted where we wish it to be entire, or else the intercourse of letters is made glaringly unnatural and pedantic, by compressing the distances from which they are dated, and putting two people to the ridiculous necessity of writing long narratives to each other when conversation was within their reach.

For myself, having now made experiment of both methods, I can only say, that, were I to consult my own amusement solely, I should prefer the vehicle of letters. This, however, must be acknowledged, that all conversations, where the speakers are brought upon the scene, are far more natural when delivered at first hand, than when retailed by a correspondent; for we know that such sort of narratives do not commonly pass by the post, and the letter, both in style and substance, appears extremely stiff, tedious, and pedantic. Upon the whole, I should conjecture that the writer is best accommodated by the one, and the reader most gratified by the other. I hope I am right in my conjecture as to the reader's preference of the method I am now pursuing, else I have chosen ill for myself, and gained no credit by the sacrifice.

CHAP. II.

A Morning Visit, which produces a suspicious Situation.

WITH the first dawn of the morning, the disconsolate Susan May set out in search of her beloved Henry, whom she had eagerly expected the evening before, and whose breach of promise she was at a loss to account for. A thousand anxious thoughts occupied her mind, and the suspicion that he had now totally renounced her, was not the least of her alarms. She went directly to her mother's cottage, and having met no one by the way, was ignorant of the events which had caused her disappointment.

Ezekiel Daw was an early riser, and had already sallied out; but Henry, to whom Goody May had hospitably resigned her bed, was still buried in profound repose, and sleeping off the fatigues of the preceding day. The cottage door being open, and no surly porter to guard it, the damsel, without let or hindrance, made straight way to the little chamber where her mother slept, and entering it without noise, to her great surprise discovered not the good old dame within the sheets, but the youthful object of her passion, fast in the arms of Morpheus, and glowing with the rosy tints of health and beauty. It was a scene for eyes less interested than those of Susan, to contemplate with admiration; she gazed upon him with rapture and delight. A considerable time she stood fixed and motionless, balancing in her mind betwixt the propriety of retiring out of the chamber, and the pleasure of remaining in it. The longer she indulged her senses in the contemplation of his person, the less inclined she was to sacrifice the enjoyment of them. Love and desire suggested to her a variety of expedients, which timidity and discretion would not yet permit her to accord to. Curiosity was urgent with her to be resolved how it came to pass that Henry should be sleeping in her mother's bed. This same curiosity prompted her to wake him, and love was forward to instruct her in the mode; a gentle pressure of his hand effected the wished-for purpose. He started, waked, and hastily cried out, Ah! Susan, is it you? How came you hither?— This was enough to introduce an explanation, which in a few words told all that either party was interested to be informed of. Events so full of terror to the feelings of a heart sensitive as Susan's, though related simply and without exaggeration by the object of her affection, had so agitated her, that, either feigning, or really feeling, inability to keep her feet, she had suddenly sunk down upon the side of the bed, and by an action seemingly involuntary, clasped one of his hands in both hers, whilst lamenting over

his sufferings with sighs and tears of sympathy and condolence.

When the tale was at an end, and his deliverance announced, the fond girl raised her eyes to heaven in silent thankfulness, and then glancing them upon the youth with an expression that left nothing in her heart untold, dropt lifeless as it were upon his neck, and laid without motion in his arms.

In this moment truth compels me to acknowledge that the forbearance even of Henry was sore beset and staggered under the attack. Nature—shame upon her!—played a treacherous part to undermine his resolution; she hurried through his veins like a spell, raised a tumult in his heart, and made every nerve in his frame tremble with her touch. Reason, indeed, the governor of the citadel, and Conscience, the sentinel of the soul within it, were upon their post, but uncollected and surprised, and scarce half-armed for a defence, when, in the moment of danger, their guardian spirit sent a rescue in the person of the rural apostle, Ezekiel Daw himself, who no sooner darted his visitatorial eye upon the bodies of the two persons prostrate on the bed, and folded in each other's arms, than, having discovered that one of the said bodies belonged to the male, and the other to the female sex, he shrieked out, in a key of horror and surprise—Children of the serpent! Impure vessels of perdition! what, in the name of Beelzebub, are you about? Loose your embraces, I command you, and renounce the sinful temptations of the flesh! Oh, Henry, Henry! son of Belial! Have I for this stood forth in thy defence! Have I for this combatted the allegations of the witnesses who accused thee of incontinence with this damsel! And must I now revoke the good opinion I had conceived of thee! Inconsiderate youth, hast thou never read of the continence of Joseph? Hast thou never been told of that other illustrious person, (I forget his name,) in Pagan story, who fled the allurements of a beautiful captive? Wilt thou yield in virtue to a heathen? Wilt thou be outdone in chaste forbearance by a worshipper of filthy idols, by one of the Gentile nations of a reprobate generation, a child of wrath cast out from the redemption of Israel, and sealed to everlasting torments in the fires of hell? Can you tell me that this damsel, slightly although she be, shall vie in charms with Potiphar's wife? I tell thee she is no more to compare with Potiphar's wife, than a crow to a peacock. And thou, Susan May, I have noted thee, Susan May, for tiring thy hair, and bedecking thy person with lures and traps to catch the wandering eyes of men; I have reprov'd thee for it, but my admonition hath been lost upon thee; thou hast wantonly arrayed thyself, Susan May, and because nature has bestowed upon thee a comely form, thou hast studied to set it off by the artifice of dress, whereas thou oughtest, in

all decent care, to have concealed it from the sight of men, to have covered it with the veil of modesty; yea, even to have disguised and disfigured it, rather than to let it be unto thee a stumbling-block, and an occasion of falling.

Pardon me, sir, cried Susan, I am not fallen in the manner you suppose; I was sorrow-struck with the account of what Henry has suffered since I saw him, and my affliction overpowered me. I believe I fell into a kind of fit, and so he caught me in his arms. I hope it is neither sin nor shame to sympathize with the unfortunate and innocent. If to love him be a crime, I am guilty indeed.

What tellest thou me of love? resumed the preacher; thou art too young and unlearned to know what love means; thou should'st be taught that by them who are older and wiser than thyself; I have studied it, child, and revolved it in my mind, and I do pronounce, upon experience and reflection, that the true and only love is the fulfilling of the law; therefore, tell me not that thou lovest this youth, for thou hast no such thing about thee; I do aver that thou hast a war in thy members, and where war is, how can love exist?

Henry now interposed, and in an humble tone gently requested Ezekiel not to chide the damsel, who was not in the offence, having entered his chamber in the presumption of finding her mother there; and he furthermore most solemnly assured him, that their conversation had been strictly innocent.—Heaven forbid, said he, I should be such a villain as to repay the hospitality of the mother, by doing wrong to the daughter. Did you know me, I flatter myself that these asseverations would be needless; you would not doubt my honour; but if you still suspect me, as being a stranger to you, this worthy girl is not such, and I should hope you would be slow to believe her wanting in virtue and discretion, merely because her tender heart is susceptible of pity and compassion. What she has told you is perfect truth; my sad story affected her; she sunk upon the bed, and I received her in my arms. Is there a man living who would not have done the same? I am sure you would, for I have good reason to believe your arms are ever open to the feeble and afflicted.

Child, replied Ezekiel, I believe thee; I cannot help believing thee; there is something in thy countenance that extorts from me my good opinion, and I give perfect credit to thy words from the impression I receive by thy looks; but now that the damsel no longer needeth thy support, prudence warneth thee to desist from a conference which may produce another sinking on her part, and more embracing on thine; in place of which I do counsel thee to turn thyself on thy pillow, and compose thy spirits, that so thou mayest atone for the wandering of thy thoughts by meditation and prayer; meanwhile

the damsel, whose eye betokeneth a disturbed imagination, shall withdraw with me, that I may breathe into her mind the words of peace, forasmuch as I perceive the evil one yet worketh in her, whom it now behoveth me to put to flight.

Ezekiel now took his unwilling disciple by the hand, and led her into the cottage kitchen, where, having seated her on one side of the chimney, and himself in a huge wicker chair on the other, he began the following exhortatory discourse:—I will speak unto thee, damsel, of love, whereby thou wilt gain instruction how to think rightly of it in future, and avoid that false notion which hath misled thy young and inexperienced imagination. Thou didst say, that if to love thy friend Henry were a crime, thou wast guilty indeed; now, to love him as a brother, is thy duty; if thou dost that, there is no crime in thy love; search thine heart, therefore, and if thou dost there discover any other emotions or yearnings towards the youth, than thou mightest innocently indulge towards a brother, or a sister, or a friend of thine own sex, banish those sensations at a word, for they are of the evil one; verily, I pronounce them to be abominable, and not to be excused.

But what method shall I take to banish them? said Susan.

By mortifying the flesh with fasting, replied Ezekiel, and giving thyself up to holy exercises.

Indeed, sir, cried the poor girl, I never neglect my prayers; but then I always pray for Henry; and as to fasting, if I was to starve myself to death, I should never get him out of my thoughts.

Go to! exclaimed Ezekiel, thou art a non-sense girl to prate to me in this fashion. Wilt thou, who art no better than an unfledged gosling, barely out of the shell, pretend to argue with me, who have weighed, and considered, and perpended all these matters? ay, let me tell thee, and experienced them also, for I will now relate to thee what occurred unto myself. When I was a stripling, and worked as hireling to my master the apothecary, his niece, a slightly damsel like thyself, came one evening into the shop, whilst I was at the mortar, and being not a little taken with my aptitude in handling the pestle, methought she cast the eyes of affection upon me; she approached near unto me, and with the most condescending familiarity, graciously leant her arm upon my shoulder; in that instant I began to feel the stirrings of the serpent tempting to unlawful desires.—Ezekiel, quoth she, thou art an industrious lad; but dost thou not think thou could'st find more pleasing amusement than that of pounding these stinking drugs?—Miss, said I, the drugs may be unsavoury, but honest industry is sweet, and tendeth to obtain the grateful odour of a good name.—With that she seized the pestle in her

grasp, and would have wrenched it from my hand. I resolutely maintained my hold, and bade her to avoid the shop, and not interrupt me in my duty—But how now, child! where are thy thoughts a-gadding? thou dost not mark me?

Oh! yes, sir, replied Susan, I do; but what answer did the young lady make to you?

Not a word, quoth Ezekiel; not a syllable; but with the toss of her head and a sneer, that gave me to understand she was offended at my plainness, turned out of the shop, and never said a civil thing to me again. Learn henceforth, child, from this example, to repel thy unruly passions in their first approach, for the victory is easy; face the tempter, and he will fly from thee.

Dear sir, said Susan, if I was not afraid of angering you, I should make bold to say a few words with your leave.

Say on, quoth Ezekiel, in God's name.

You are very good to me, and I know you always advise me for the best, but though I'll do all in my power, I should be a hypocrite if I was to say I will do all that you bid me; consider, everybody has not the wisdom and resolution that you have; you are a man, I am a weak woman; I could no more give Henry the answer that you gave to the apothecary's niece, than I can fly in the air. Lackaday! when once love lays hold of the heart—

Lays hold of a fiddlestick! cried Ezekiel; it is your business not to let love lay hold on anything; you must drive him to a distance.

At this instant Henry entered the room; Susan's eyes glistened with joy; Ezekiel's exostulation vanished from her thoughts; even his pestle and mortar no longer sounded in her ears; she had no senses but for the object in her sight.

Dame May entered the cottage; she ran to her daughter, took her in her arms, and welcomed her home; she was the darling of her mother: Henry's honest nature could not allow him to suppress anything that had passed between himself and Susan in her mother's absence. When he had related this to the good dame with all that air of sincerity that was natural to him, she, like Ezekiel, immediately assured him of her entire belief in everything he had said, and, without qualifying it after Doctor Daw's manner, with any admonitory inferences, she candidly observed, that nothing was more natural than for young folks that liked each other, to steal a kiss when it came in their way, and no harm done: For why? added she, turning to Ezekiel, we must not forget that we have been young in our day as well as they.

This was such point-blank heresy against the doctrines of the good man, just now inculcated, that he stared with amazement upon Dame May; she, who had only nature, and not one ray of philosophy, to guide her, was not aware of the

reproof she was open to, and before Ezekiel could pump the words up out of his throat, exclaimed—Lord love your sweet heart, Mr Daw, you are surely the best soul living, but you don't consider what it is to be young; why, love in them is as it were a second nature, and for us to argue against it is all one as though we were to preach against the light of the sun.

Hold your tongue, woman, cried Ezekiel; it is not for an ignoramus like you to talk about preaching. Have I spent my breath for nought? am I become like sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal? are you a preacher, or am I? have you the gift? have you the calling? have you the election? Silence, vain woman! and be in subjection to the higher powers. I have told thy daughter that she is in nowise to think of love; it becometh not young people so much as to meditate thereupon; and wilt thou now tell her that it is as it were a second nature? Wilt thou provoke the cravings of thy child, till, like the horse-leach's daughter, she crieth out, Give, give?

Dame May perceived that she had nettled the good man without intending it, and therefore began to soften his anger, by assuring him that she never meant to cast a reflection upon his preaching, to the contrary of which, she had always affirmed that there was nobody to compare with him in the neighbourhood, nay, she might say, not in all the county, for a sermon; but she hoped there was no offence in supposing he had not turned his thoughts to love-matters.

There lies your mistake, quoth Ezekiel; for of all the human infirmities, it is that which I have studied with the most calm and deliberate attention, having never in any instant of my life given way to it myself, and of consequence am the fittest person on that account to give good counsel to others, who are betrayed into that unpardonable weakness.

Here Henry smiled; but what passed in his thoughts to provoke that smile, as he did not discuss, we shall not presume to conjecture. Goody May proceeded after her placid manner to prepare for breakfast: Susan bestowed some stolen glances upon Henry, which did not altogether promise an implicit obedience to the injunctions of her spiritual pastor, and might fairly raise a doubt whether she had made even the smallest progress in a reform, by dismissing him from her thoughts. Ezekiel was not the quickest observer of these tokens that ever lived, and had moreover at this moment fixed his attention upon a smoking basin of fresh milk porridge.

CHAP. III.

Fortune begins to smile upon our Hero.

ALEXANDER KINLOCH, having visited his patient at the mill, called at the cottage, and made
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so favourable a report of his own wonderful performances, and the good night's rest that he had procured for the wounded man, that little doubt was now entertained of his speedy recovery. In fact, good fortune, and the critical interposition of Henry, had done more for him than all the art of Alexander, for the knife had simply glanced upon his ribs, and made a flesh wound, neither deep nor dangerous, and the blood which it drew, though formidable in appearance, was eventually no more than the young miller in his state of inflammation could well spare, with profit to his habit and constitution.

Kinloch delivered a message from Doctor Cawdle, desiring Henry to come to him, as he was yet confined to his chamber; he also repeated his prognostication that Madam Jemima was in a hasty decline.—Say you so? quoth Ezekiel; why then she is in the properest place to meet with good advice; her spouse, no doubt, will exert all his skill in her behalf.

Her spouse, indeed! cried Kinloch; poor creature! what can he do? I had prepared a medicine for her, compounded of specifics sovereign in her case, which is neither more nor less than an inordinate use of spirituous liquors acting on an atrabilious habit.

Then what can save her but the muzzle? resumed Daw.

What can save her! echoed the medical understrapper; my remedy could have saved her; a compound of all antidotes against hard drinking; a butt to sheathe a spicula of intoxicating potations. Know you not that there is a secret in nature, by the application of which men can swallow solid fire? so is there a preparative in medicine against the effect of liquid fire. This by deep research I had discovered and compounded, when the desperate suicide hurled it in my face; the very odour of it would have cleared a brain, though inflamed with the fumes of the brandy-bottle; other remedies I had provided auxiliary to my grand attack, but these also she rejected, and now she is consuming away by intestine fires, for I have done with her.

I am sorry for it, quoth Henry; for I fear she is in no fit condition for dying.

Truly I believe not, answered Kinloch; yet I pronounce her a dead woman; and I never yet knew any one of my patients, when I have said that, fail to make my words good. She pretends that her election, as she calls it, is sure; but by the dread she shews of quitting this world, I should much doubt if she has very hopeful prospects of the next.

I shall make bold to talk to her on that subject, said Ezekiel.

Here the conversation was cut short by the arrival of a post-chaise at the cottage door, belonging to the Lady Viscountess Crowbery. Dame May instantly discovered the person of her noble visitor, and ran out of the house to pay her

accustomed devoirs. Kinloch in the meanwhile, with his usual plea of business, hastened away ; Susan prevented Henry from the like escape, by telling him Lady Crowbery called frequently on her mother, but that she did not expect she would come in. Ezekiel said the same, simply observing that it was some charitable errand, for that worthy lady did a world of good.

Oh ! she is the best lady breathing, repeated Susan ; she has a heart for everybody that suffers wrongfully, and I will lay my life she has been told of Henry's hard treatment, and is come for some good purpose to inquire about him ; as sure as can be I have guessed it, for she is this moment getting out of her post-chaise, and coming into the house.

Henry had his leg upon a stool, but before Lady Crowbery made her appearance, he had raised himself upon his feet, and bowed respectfully on her entering. The noble visitor immediately fixed her eyes upon him ; and then turning to Dame May, who followed her, said, This is the young man we have been speaking of ; sit down, if you please ; you have sprained your ankle, and I will not allow you to stand upon it on my account—sit down, or you will oblige me to go.

She then made a gracious acknowledgment to Susan, and seated herself opposite to Henry. After a short silence, she began, apparently with some degree of agitation, to question him about the events of the preceding day. He briefly and modestly related them as he was bidden.

I think, said she, had I been in Mr Blachford's place, and you had told this story in your defence, as you have now repeated it to me, I could not have hesitated to acquit you ; but after all, added she, we should not complain of him for wanting eyes, for Justice you know ought to be blind.

But not deaf, said Ezekiel.

Right, replied Lady Crowbery ; I am apt to think there is a tone in truth, that no impartial ear can well mistake. But you, Henry, (that, I understand, is your name,) ought not only to be acquitted as guiltless of the crime charged upon you, you should be honoured and rewarded, for an action that bespeaks your heroism and humanity. I hope you have too much gallantry to refuse a lady's favours. I desire you will accept this purse from me ; you well deserve it, brave young man, and, what is more, I suspect you want it, and I have it to spare.

If the grace of giving in any degree constitutes the value of a gift, (which, doubtless, it does,) this gift came recommended by a manner, that might well apologize for our hero's receiving it with tears of sensibility, and blushes that bespoke a modest nature overpowered by gratitude. He did not speak, but he pressed his lips upon the purse, as he took it from her hand ; perhaps his aim was at the hand itself, but respect stopped him short, and he was awed from

the attempt. He turned his eyes upon the countenance of his benefactress, and beheld beauty in its wane, benevolence in its meridian. It should seem that forty years had not yet passed over her head, but of those it was too plain that a portion had been unhappy. Her form was still elegant in the extreme ; what it had lost in substance, it had gained in delicacy, and the inroads of sickness and sorrow upon the freshness of her charms were atoned for by so interesting a character of pale and tender sensibility, that none but a man of gross taste would have thought that youth and health were wanting to render the person of Lady Crowbery more attractive.

I desire, said she, you will apply this small sum to your immediate occasions ; and as I have your future fortunes at heart, I must refer you to Mr Cawdle for advice, who has my instructions to talk with you on the subject ; take no measures, however, till you have seen him, and as soon as you are able to use your ankle, lose no time in calling upon him.

This said, Lady Crowbery took a hasty leave, stepped into her carriage, and departed.

Am I in a dream, said Henry, as she turned from the door, or is this a reality ? if so, what am I to think of it ?

He spread the contents of the purse upon the table, and then turning to Ezekiel, demanded if he could account for this extraordinary present, from a person to whom he was totally unknown ?

Very naturally, replied Ezekiel ; the Lady Crowbery hath large means, and a large heart. She was a wealthy heiress, and her fortune, independent of her lord, is very considerable ; she leads a life of retirement here in that gloomy mansion, which you may see from the parish green, receives little company, runs into no wanton expenses, and employs the superfluities of her separate income in well-chosen acts of charity. Having heard of your gallant behaviour to miller Weevil, and the cruel treatment you received from our Justice here, where is the wonder she should single you out as an object worthy of her bounty ?

But is there not, resumed Henry, something more than commonly liberal, in bestowing such a sum upon a mere stranger, only because he did what humanity required of him to a fellow-creature ? Here are twenty guineas, if I have told them right ; such benefactions are not often heard of.

I should hope, replied Daw, that is no absolute proof they are not often bestowed ; true charity vaunteth not itself ; therefore put up thy money, and be at peace. I daresay she hath had more pleasure in giving, than thou hast in receiving it.

To this Henry replied, That from what he observed in Lady Crowbery, he feared she had no great proportion of pleasure in her lot, af-

fluent though it was, for he never remarked a countenance more strongly traced with melancholy.

Ezekiel shook his head, and was silent. Goody May, with less reserve, took up the subject, and stopped not till she had exhausted a long chapter of lamentations over her dear lady, as she called her, concluding it with a pretty smart philippic against my lord, which the good apostle, after many efforts, with difficulty put a stop to.

Susan, in the meanwhile, had seized every opening to throw in her word of praise, whenever Lady Crowbery was spoken of; her eyes testified the joy she took in Henry's good fortune, and she ventured to predict he would hear of farther kind purposes in his favour, when he called upon Doctor Cawdle.—For I know, said she, that my lady passes many of her good deeds through his hands, and comes frequently to his house, where she has long private conferences, which my mistress used to be very curious about, and would fain have set me upon listening, if I would have been concerned in such shabby dealings. Very likely, added she, my lady may intend to take you into her own service, for I have been told that her footman is about to leave her, and settle in a public-house.

Poh! cried Ezekiel, her footman, indeed! Come, Henry, if your leg will carry you to the Doctor's, I'll accompany you thither, and then we shall see how matters will turn up.

Henry declared he found his ankle so much strengthened, that, with the help of Ezekiel's arm, he would undertake the walk. Dame May furnished him also with a stout crutch-stick; and thus, supported on each hand, he confidently sallied forth.

CHAP. IV.

There are Secrets in all Families.

WHILST we leave our lame hero on his slow march to Zachary's castle, we will inform our readers of a few particulars, relative to the lady we have lately introduced into our history, which may probably account for that air of melancholy, which Henry conceived he had discovered in her looks.

Cecilia, Viscountess Crowbery, was the daughter of Sir Andrew Adamant, a wealthy baronet of ancient descent. He became a widower soon after her birth, and had no other child: she was beautiful, accomplished, and, with Sir Andrew's leave, might be one of the richest heiresses in all England. Sir Andrew was a lofty man, circumspect in his economy, and of a sequestered turn, living immured in his hereditary castle, far distant from the capital, in the central parts of England.

At the county races, the fair Cecilia, then

turned of sixteen, was permitted to make her first appearance in a public assembly. A young cornet of dragoons, by name Delapoe, the cadet of a noble family, well known to Sir Andrew, had the honour of dancing with her. The graces of a fine person, engaging address, and the flattering attentions he paid her in the dance, made a conquest of her young and yielding heart. Sir Andrew could not altogether decline the honour of his visits, but that of his alliance he was in no humour to accept; nay, so little disposed was he to adopt the younger son of a needy baron, that he peremptorily commanded his daughter never to name him in his hearing, nor even to think of him any more. The first part of this command she strictly obeyed; the latter she was so far from complying with, that, when all hope vanished of conquering his objections, she resolutely overcame her own, and set off with him on a tour to Gretna Green.

The same impetuosity of youthful passion that drove them upon this desperate project, hurried them into imprudencies in the course of it; they were overtaken by Sir Andrew on the way, and Cecilia was torn from her lover's arms, in the last stage of her journey, too soon for the completion of the ceremony, too late for the rescue of her innocence. The burthen of her woe increased daily, till it swelled to a size too big for concealment. Zachary Cawdle, then practising in the neighbourhood of Sir Andrew, was secretly employed in confidential services, and a male infant, the hero of this history, was ushered into the world.

Sir Andrew's discretion did not desert him on this trying occasion; provident in his measures, he took every means of attaching Zachary to his interest, and binding him to secrecy. Cecilia travelled for her health, attended upon by him as family physician. A tour upon the continent restored her to all the freshness of her maiden bloom, and Zachary had all the credit of a cure which nature justly might have claimed some share in.

In the neighbourhood of Sir Andrew Adamant resided a very worthy clergyman, of the name of Ratcliffe, on a benefice which had been given him by the baronet; to him also the secret was confided, and the infant left at his door as a foundling; he christened it by the name of Henry, and brought it up with great care and tenderness in his own family. Had Sir Andrew been disposed to have given his daughter to the Honourable Mr Delapoe when her situation was made known to him, it was then too late, for that young officer had quitted his cornetcy of dragoons, and betaken himself to India, where the interest of his family had procured him an establishment, and all correspondence ceased between him and Cecilia. In about two years after the birth of Henry, Lord Crowbery paid his addresses to Cecilia, and was accepted by Sir Andrew, who gave him a considerable sum with

her on the marriage, and at his death bequeathed his whole landed estate in trust to Cecilia and her heirs ; in default of which, it was to be at her disposal. It was now about twelve years that Sir Andrew had been dead, and from that period Lady Crowbery had privately remitted to Mr Ratcliffe a liberal stipend, year by year, for the education of young Henry ; but in all this time, though she had meditated on a variety of schemes for gaining a sight of her son, she had not yet found courage to put one of them into execution since the very year of her father's death, when Ratcliffe made her a visit at the family mansion, on the pretence of business, and brought Henry with him, then a child of six years of age. On this occasion her maternal feelings were such as to expose her to very imminent danger, and effectually prevented her from hazarding another interview, under the jealous eye of her lord, whose temper, after the death of her father, soured by his disappointment of an heir, and discontented with the provisions of the will in her favour, was so totally changed, that from this time her life was made wretched by his treatment of her. The circumstance of her elopement, which, during Sir Andrew's life, never once escaped his lips, was now frequently cast in her teeth, and sometimes with dark and distant insinuations attached to it, which seemed to intimate that he was not without suspicion of the consequences that followed that event ; and certain it is, that, in spite of all Sir Andrew's precautions, whispers had been circulated about the neighbourhood at the time, unfavourable to Cecilia, which probably some spiteful tattler might have breathed into his ears, when it was understood amongst his hangers-on that any story they could pick up to the disparagement of his unhappy lady, would be an office flattering to his ill-humour, and a step to his favour.

Under these terrors, surrounded by spies, and continually watched by a jealous tyrant, who never suffered her to pass a day out of his sight, it cannot be wondered at if Lady Crowbery had never ventured upon any project for indulging herself with a sight of her son, nor risked the danger of disclosing to a young man, of whose discretion she could have no positive assurance, the important secret of his birth.

When she understood, from the story of what had passed in the village, that a young man had been carried before Justice Blachford upon a false charge, who pleaded to the name of Henry, and none other, an anxious curiosity tempted her to see him. Though she had no reason to suspect her son had either left his faithful guardian, Mr Ratcliffe, or been abandoned by him, yet the name he gave in with such an air of mystery to the Justice, (which had been reported to her,) dwelt strongly on her imagination, and the very first glance of her eyes upon him

in the cottage-kitchen revived in her memory the traces of those features she had once, and only once, fondly contemplated. Trembling with agitation, and fearful to provoke a discovery she had not spirits to encounter, she did not dare to ask him any questions, more especially before witnesses, but gave him her purse, scarce knowing what she did or said upon bestowing it, till, upon better recollection, she perceived there was nothing left for her but to escape as quickly as she could, and refer him for what else might follow to her confidential friend, Doctor Zachary Cawdle.

Henry, in the meanwhile, was not totally without some faint shadows of a recollection that he had somewhere, and on some occasion, at a long time distant, seen her before. Of a Lady Crowbery he was pretty certain he had heard mention, though Ratcliffe himself probably never named her in his hearing, for in matters of honourable secrecy no man living was more guarded. This idea, however, only floated in his brain, and he made no discovery either to Ezekiel or Goody May of what was passing in his thoughts, though openings enough were given him by the talkative dame for inquiries on his part, had he been disposed to make them.

Lady Crowbery hastened from the cottage-door to Zachary's, impatient to communicate to him her suspicions that in the person of his servant Henry she had discovered her son.—It cannot be, madam, replied Zachary : the name deceives you : it catches your ear, as it did mine, when I hired him.

But his looks, his age, his voice, his whole air and person, accord with it.

That must be fancy, he again observed ; what can you remember of the countenance of a child of six years old, whom you have not seen these twelve years ? I might as well find a likeness for him, who never saw him since he was a babe at the breast.

So you may think, said she, but I look upon him with the eye of a mother ; and I tell you, Zachary, he is the very picture of his father.

Well, madam, answered he, that I shall not dispute with you, for that will not decide the point in question ; but here is a letter that will : this I received not many days ago from Parson Ratcliffe, and, if you please, I will read it to you.

By all means, let me hear it, said she ; how came you not to shew it to me before ?

Zachary told her he had been from home some days, and since his return confined to his chamber ; and then added, You will find by this letter that he was living in the highest favour and esteem with his preceptor ; how can we suppose that he should appear in a week's time at this distance from his home, a needy, naked wanderer, presenting himself to be hired by the first charitable person that would give him food and lodging ?

Heaven only knows, replied the lady ; I confess it is most improbable : but what is the date of your letter ?

It has no date, said Zachary ; and I suspect has been written at several intervals ; but with your leave we'll read it through, though it is somewhat of the longest, and rambles, as you'll perceive, in his desultory manner.

I am well acquainted with his manner, replied the lady, and like everything that his heart dictates, and his pen expresses : say no more, therefore, but begin.

Zachary unfolded the letter, put on his spectacles, and read as follows :—

“ Don't tell me of the army for my dear unknown ; I cannot spare him even to his country : Henry is the darling of my heart ; a perfect deadand ; and if his undiscovered parents now should claim him of me, I would defend my property in him with life and law, unless some tender weeping mother was to prostrate herself at my feet, as a certain petitioner did at Solomon's, and humbly pray for restitution. As I am not quite so wise a king as he was, I should not be quite so cunning in my cruelty, for I would sooner sever my own heart than wound the smallest fibre in his beloved frame.

“ I'll tell you, my sage Doctor, what sometimes occurs to me, in the pride of my heart : if I was not such an ugly fellow, as you know, and such a professed woman-hater, as you have sometimes had the face to tell me, when I've called you over the coals for your wicked doings, methinks I should be tempted to throw out a tub to the tatters, and put myself upon the world for the father of this amiable foundling ; but, alas ! it is the only tub they won't swallow, for they swear I am so frightful that no woman will come near me, and if any would, they pretend to say, I am too pious to let them. Out upon them ! they know little of my person, and less of my piety ; for I will maintain I am a great deal handsomer than Socrates was, and not half so virtuous. Now, I daresay you never took me for worse than a heathen, and, to say the truth, I have often thought you very little better than one.

“ Henry has been eighteen years under my eye ; if I was to say he has no fault, I should be told I made a monster of him ; you may suppose, therefore, that he has faults ; but I promise you I have never found them out. He is not, indeed, so fat as you are, but that is his misfortune ; in form and feature he is a perfect Apollo, but then he does not, like you, rival him in physic ; neither does he come near him in wit, for his talents are rather solid than brilliant, and he does not know how to raise a laugh at any man's cost, for he has no powers of ridicule ; in music he is still farther off, he touches the pipe a little, but it is not the pipe of Hermes, neither is he fit to ac-

company the harp of Apollo. He has no memory ; offend him, and he forgets to revenge it : he has no taste for intrigue ; and though our rural Daphnes, peradventure, would not fly, he has no passion for pursuits of this sort. He can't drink, or he won't, so that he will never earn the character of an honest fellow, like you and me. He is the best hand in all these parts at sparring, but his art is of no use to him, for he won't quarrel. He knows Greek moderately well, Latin better, his religion best of all. I can recollect nothing that he does in your way, Doctor, except culling of simples, for the very weeds of creation furnish him with meditations on the wonders of the Creator : you deal with them in another way ; electuaries, distillations, and diet-drinks, are their destinies when they fall into your hands.

“ Such is my Henry. Is he fit to go forth into the world, who takes every man's word for his honesty ? No, let him abide with me and obscurity, till Providence opens a path in which he may walk with innocence and serenity.

“ I gave him his baptismal name, and called him Henry : I think he should have as many as his neighbours ; what think you ? If so, let him be henceforth Henry Fitz-Henry !

“ Farewell,

T. R.”

Zachary having concluded the letter, waited in silence for Lady Crowbery to speak. After a considerable pause, observing her still buried in thought, he said, I don't wonder if your ladyship is puzzled how to make the hero of this letter and my poor Henry one and the same person.

’Tis difficult enough to reconcile it to probability, replied Lady Crowbery, I do confess to you ; and I believe I must relinquish my discovery. Likenesses are no certain rules to go by ; yet here is a concurrence of circumstances in name and age, and, give me leave to say, in nobleness of nature : Had my Henry been in this young man's situation, could he have acquitted himself more nobly ? therefore, at all events, let me know the history of this youth, for, were it only for his name's sake, and the impression which his countenance made upon me, I am resolved to be his friend. Draw from him the story which he so mysteriously withholds, and if (which is still possible) some fatal combination of events should have reduced my child to this distressful state, I still must bless the hand of Providence for guiding him to my protection, and, at whatever risk, will meet the dispensation, and fulfil the duties of a mother. Nevertheless it will behove us to be circumspect, for I am encompassed with hostile and severe inspectors : should you therefore unexpectedly find my first impression verified, let not surprise or curiosity lead you into discoveries that would involve us all in danger ; but keep the secret of

his birth untold till we can find or form occasion fit and mature for our revealing it.

This said, and promise made on Zachary's part to be attentive to her instructions, Lady Crowbery took her leave, and departed.

CHAP. V.

Our Hero relates his Adventures. A religious Controversy concludes with a Battle.

OUR hero and his friend arrived at the Doctor's gate as Lady Crowbery's carriage drove from it. Ezekiel sat down in the shop with Alexander Kinloch, whilst Henry attended Zachary's summons up stairs. He found the fat son of Apollo sitting in his night-gown and cap, and was welcomed with many hearty congratulations for his escape out of the talons of the Justice, on whom Zachary bestowed many opprobrious terms, which we have neither leisure nor inclination to repeat. He touched briefly upon Henry's leaving his service, but so as to convince him he understood his motives, observing by the way, that Mrs Cawdle was now so ill, that he apprehended her to be in danger; but she will take nothing, added he, that Sawney Kinloch prescribes to her, so that she has that chance for life still; for my part, I'm in no condition to attend upon her.

Zachary had made Henry sit down to rest his leg: he now began his string of interrogatories. Had he got any service or situation in view? None. Would he come back to his old quarters? Henry shook his head, bowed, and was silent. Observing this token of dissent, Zachary smiled, and said, I suspect, young man, you have more honesty than good policy; I doubt you did not take proper pains to recommend yourself to your mistress: the saints pay well when they are pleased, and I guess you do not abound: Have you any money in your pocket? Henry exhibited the purse, and named the donor. So, so! cried the Doctor, that's a great sum for a poor fellow; I suppose you never saw so much money together before.

I have not always been in want, replied Henry.

Then I suppose your parents may have failed, or come into trouble, or stept aside, perhaps, and that may be the reason you don't choose to publish your name; but you need not fear me, for I am no tell-tale.

Nor I neither, replied Henry.

Humph! quoth Zachary, I believe that most readily; but methinks it should be no reason with you for refusing to confide in me, by which you might make a friend, and such an one perhaps as could render you more services than you may be aware of.

He then proceeded to ask, Had he a father

living?—He had lost the only father he ever knew.—I don't comprehend you, said Zachary: was he not your real father? Have you no other name than Henry?—Was you never called Henry Fitz-Henry?—The young man started at the question, and looked him earnestly in the face. Zachary proceeded—Did he know a clergyman, in the west of England, of the name of Ratcliffe?

Did I know him! exclaimed Henry; his memory will be ever dear to me: whilst he lived I never knew sorrow.

Good Heaven! cried Zachary, is my friend Ratcliffe dead? How sorry am I to hear it! Oh, that I had been with him in his sickness!

Alas! replied Henry, you could have been of no use to him; his case defied all art; his death was instantaneous, a fall from his horse; an unmanageable, accursed animal threw him from his back, dislocated his neck, and in a moment extinguished a life most dear, most precious, most divine, if man can merit that expression.

And you are the foundling he was so fond of? said Zachary.

I am that disconsolate being, replied Henry, the tears streaming from his eyes.

Be comforted, said the honest accoucheur, whose heart was sympathizing with Henry's, for he loved Ratcliffe, and had a tender soul; be comforted, my dear good child, and accept of me in place of your departed friend, unworthy, I confess, to be his substitute, but still a zealous, a sincere one, as you shall find me. Ratcliffe I loved; he was the best of men; I know how dear you was to him; therefore you are dear to me; though he had more experience of your worth than I have, his obligations to you could not be greater than mine are; for my life you have saved, and alas! alas! it was not in your power to save his. I'll not deceive you by professions; try me; trust me; you shall not be disappointed, or repent that Providence has brought you hither.

I think it was the hand of Providence, replied Henry; for what else could rescue me from such distresses as I have encountered since I left my patron's mansion? As soon as I had seen his corpse committed to the earth, I found myself a solitary being in the world, without a friend, without a name, without a parent that would own me, or at whose door I could apply for succour and relief. The house of my benefactor I neither could nor would abide in: I packed up a few clothes, and, with what little money I had about me, set out upon my adventures with a servant of my deceased friend, who was going to London. The army was the resource I had in meditation. Daily labour I was not used to, private service my spirit revolted from, and a soldier's musket was at least an honourable, though a slender maintenance. On the road, it was my hard fortune to be attacked by footpads: whilst my comrade ran off, I stood

my ground, and made resistance to the robbers ; being single, I was overpowered by numbers, and left for dead, stunned with the blow of a bludgeon on my head. A passenger had the humanity to take care of me, and brought me to his house ; he was a grazier, and held a farm on the skirts of Hounslow-Heath. I soon recovered from the blow, but I had lost my all ; for the villains had stripped me even of the clothes I had on : with this man I passed a few days, did what work I could in the house as well as field ; but there was certain work within doors which I would not do, and falling under the resentment of his wife, a woman of an outrageous temper, I was so represented to him, that he dismissed me with ignominy from his doors, penniless and friendless. In this extremity I called to mind a certain good old woman, who had been a servant of Mr Ratcliffe's, and nursed me in my infancy, living, as I understood, at this very town hard by, where happily I first met with you : thither I bent my course, and the rather as I had a distant hope that she could tell me something that might guide me to my parents, for I could well remember being often told by her, when I was of an age to take notice of such things, that I was a gentleman born ; that I had as good blood in my veins as the best man in the county, and such sort of vague prattle as nurses talk to children, and perhaps might mean nothing ; yet it was a twig to catch at, and I had no better help within my reach. When you accosted me in the market-place, I had just then inquired her out, and found my only hope was lost ; she had been dead some years. This with other sorrows will account for the despair you found me in ; it was a state little short of absolute insensibility ; your voice recalled me to some recollection ; you rescued me from total deprivation of my reason. What has befallen me since, I need not repeat ; you know it all ; and thus you have the faithful abstract of my short but sad history.

The discovery being now complete, and Lady Crowley's conjecture fully verified, Zachary took some time to reconnoitre the ground he was to go upon, before he ventured to advance a step. Having thrown himself back in his easy-chair, and held a short council with his wits, he at length broke silence, and, with a gracious smile, began by reassuring Henry of his favour and support.—Heaven forbid, he said, that one so beloved and protected by his friend should be reduced to labour for his livelihood ; he bade him think no more of that, he would take his fortunes on himself ; and as he was determined not to let him sink from his former situation, the first thing he recommended him to do was, to equip himself with such necessaries as he had occasion for, ready made up, from the warehouse at the neighbouring market town. Take somebody with you, says he, (either Ezekiel, or the old woman,) to shew you the proper shop, and

rig yourself out in gentleman's apparel ; then let me see you, and what you have laid out from your fund I will replace. As to my house, it is your own, if you choose to make use of it ; if not, and you prefer remaining where you are, we can easily make it up to the good people, who give you shelter ; and I must candidly confess you will be more likely to find quiet and content in your cottage, than under this roof with a certain person that shall be nameless.

Scarce were these words out of his mouth, when a violent noise from the chamber of Jemima put a stop to all farther conversation. The sound was like a crash of glass, and it was followed by a loud and shrill scream, which conveyed to Zachary's ears the well-known accent of his beloved's voice in its highest and most discordant key.—Bless us ! cried he ; and starting from his chair, made his way as nimbly as he could to his consort's apartment, followed by Henry. Upon opening the door the fragments of a glass bottle lay scattered on the floor, sprinkled with a liquor which saluted his nostrils with the veritable odour of Nantz : in another quarter of the chamber, Ezekiel Daw was discovered with a wash-hand basin in his hand, the former contents of which he had sent back to their proper owner, who, though drenched with the polluted stream, was foaming with rage, and preparing herself for another onset.

As both parties were high in wrath, and strong in vociferation, it was not easy to collect anything more of the fracas, than that the glass bottle had been volleyed by the fair hand of Jemima at the skull of the apostle, and he, with happier aim, had bestowed upon her the miscellaneous contents of the basin. There was little doubt that the controversy had been of the religious sort, though not conducted with all the temper disputants on such a subject should preserve. The lady was evidently full of the spirit, and Ezekiel's zeal, though not quickened by the same flames, was certainly not of the lukewarm sort. He had been officious in preparing her for the other world, and she had done her best to send him thither before her. Jemima contended for election and grace, which she backed with the argument of the brandy bottle launched at his head ; Ezekiel preached regeneration, repentance, and a new life, which he illustrated with the inference of the wash-hand basin. Had Jemima's syllogism not missed its consequence, it would undoubtedly have been of that class, which certain logicians denominate the knock-down argument. Ezekiel's was applied *ad verecundiam* ; rhetoric of a milder species, yet not less efficacious, having reduced his opponent to a situation, in which any reasonable person would have blushed at being seen.

The only way to make peace was to part the combatants, and this was done by Henry, who took his friend Ezekiel under the arm, and by force, rather than persuasion, conducted him off

the field of battle. The eyes of Jemima caught a glimpse of him, whilst engaged in this office, and that one glimpse tended more to allay her rage, than all the sedatives which Zachary's art could have administered ; but this it effected by a revolution rather than a reform ; for whilst it calmed one storm, it raised another : she now grew maudlin, and began to whine and whimper in a piteous sort ; the old woman was summoned to provide a change of clothes, and Zachary, glad to devolve his attentions upon Bridget, made a courteous exit, and retired to his chamber.

Jemima, in the meantime, proceeded in the task of repairing the damages which her person and apparel had incurred in her contest with the preacher, muttering revenge between whiles, and meditating projects for another interview with the youth, whose appearance had encouraged her with hopes that he might yet be won to continue in her service ; and as no means seemed so likely to decoy him as a reconciliation with Susan, she determined within herself instantly to start a negotiation for that purpose.

CHAP. VI.

Is any merry ? Let him sing Psalms.

WHILST Henry walked slowly homewards with his friend Ezekiel, he was fain to lend a patient ear to an entire recapitulation of the learned controversy, which had, like most other controversies of the sort, exasperated both parties, and convinced neither. The good man had now the whole argument to himself, and managed it after his own liking, without interruption, branching it out into so many digressions, and commenting upon it as he went on so diffusively, that it may well be doubted if his companion was one whit the wiser, especially as his thoughts were pre-engaged by the events that had passed in his conference with the Doctor. Ezekiel's new birth, though strongly insisted on by him as the one thing needful in Jemima's desperate state of health and morals, did not at that moment interest Henry quite so much as the new scene of things, which now seemed opening upon him with more auspicious hopes than he had hitherto ventured to indulge. Nothing struck Ezekiel with such surprise, (as he frequently remarked to Henry,) nothing seemed to him so unnatural in the behaviour of Jemima, as that she should be offended with him for an act of kindness. To which, added he, I protest unto you, I was moved by no other consideration than that of rendering her all the service in my power ; for, having heard that Mr Kinloch had pronounced upon her case, I came, in pure charity and good-will, to apprise her that she had not many days to live, and for this my

friendly office, the ungrateful hussy treated me as you saw ; but some natures are not sensible of any kindness you can shew them.

When they arrived at the cottage, Dame May and Susan had spread the board with clean linen, and a homely, but comfortable meal, and welcomed them with a smile that would have recommended worse fare. Ezekiel, who had the hospitality, though not the purse of a bishop, gave a nod of approbation to the women, and a hearty greeting to his companion. He then drew himself up to an erect posture, and, with much solemnity, began a grace, that would have served for the dinner of a cardinal, and which held his messmates by the ears long enough to cool the meat and tantalize their hunger ; a polite preacher might have dispatched a modern sermon in the time Ezekiel took to warn his hearers how they indulged their fleshly appetites ; which exhortation he had no sooner finished, than he cried out, Fall to, my good friends, with a hearty stomach, and much good may it do you !—an inference not exactly corresponding with the doctrine of the text, but probably better stomached by the hearers than any part of it, and more readily obeyed.

When hunger was appeased, and the fragments set by, Ezekiel, turning to his guest, said, Methinks, friend Henry, thy countenance bespeaketh a cheerful heart ; and verily it gladdens me to behold it ; for the face of an honest man is the index of his thoughts. The maiden also, who sitteth beside thee, seemeth to participate in thy good spirits, which is to me a sure token that I have not bestowed labour in vain upon her ; for whereas the eye of the lover is sullen and sad, hers on the contrary is bright and joyous : our good dame also is merry, and in sooth so am I ; for I experience something at my heart, which augurs better days ; not that I complain of time past in my own particular ; Heaven forbid ! I am thankful for my lot, and contented therewith. It is not the rich man's gold that is to be envied ; it is his opportunity of doing good therewith that I covet ; to cheer the widow's heart, to cherish the helpless orphan, to employ the labouring poor, succour them in sickness, and wipe away the tear from the cheek of the mourner,—these are the voluptuous enjoyments, these the real luxuries of life, which the great may revel in ; this is their bed of down, their feast of dainties, and their flow of pleasure. But do they not too often let these joys escape them ? Alas, I fear they do ! They give, indeed, but do they bless withal ? They scatter, to the importunate and undeserving, bounties that would give life to the industrious, and people a whole neighbourhood. Oh, Henry ! if ever thou art favoured with the gifts of fortune, forget not, I conjure thee, that thou wast once the poorest of the poor.

Behold, I am the favourite of fortune, cried the youth, putting his purse on the table, and

no longer poorest of the poor ; therefore hear me at this moment declare, that never, in any future period of my life, whilst I am possessed of memory, will I fail to bear in mind the sad degree of helpless penury in which this unsolicited bounty found me, and least of all will I forget your goodness to me, my generous friends, your charitable protection in the hour of trial ; and see ! here are the means to add some comforts to this beloved circle, and yet provide me with all I am in want of.

What ! exclaimed Ezekiel, shall we do good to our fellow-creatures and be paid for it by filthy lucre ? Shall we serve two masters at a time, praise God with our lips, and worship Mammon in our hearts ? Perish all such double-minded hypocrisy ! be far from me such pharisaical eye-service ! No, young man, the Master I serve is able to recompense me, and him only will I worship.

He now began to tune his voice to thanksgiving, and gave out Mr Addison's beautiful hymn :—

When all thy mercies, O my God !
My rising soul surveys.—

The chorus was now full, for both Henry and Susan here could bear a part, as the words were familiar to them ; and had not honest Daw and the dame, in their zeal, effectually drowned the more melodious voices of the younger choristers, the concert would have been more tunable than it was ; but Ezekiel roared with might and main, and the old woman blew the trumpet through her nose with such a twang, that the cottage echoed with the din, and to add to the crash, the cow-boy, who was then in the act of driving the parish herd from their common, hearing the chorus, put the horn to his mouth, and stopping directly before the cottage window, sent forth such a determined blast, in malicious unison with Goody May's nose, as had well nigh overthrown the gravity of Henry and Susan, in spite of all their respect for Ezekiel, and the pious task they were employed upon : very different was the effect it took with him, for no sooner had he wound off his cadence with the accompaniment of the said cow-horn, than he sallied from his castle, and angrily demanded of the lad what he meant by winding his horn in such a manner under his window, purposely to disturb and ridicule him in his devotions.

The lad, who was brother to that John Jenkins, whom Ezekiel had taken to task at the Justice's, stared at him with a contemptuous grin, and gave no answer.—Dost thou laugh in my face, cried Ezekiel, thou unsanctified cub ? I know thee, Joe Jenkins, I know thee well, and all thy kin, for a generation of scorners : fie on thee, reprobate ! fie on thee !—He was proceeding, when the saucy rogue, without any apology, slily put the horn again to his mouth, and turn-

ing it towards the orator, gave him such another dolorous blast in his ear, as drove him back into the cottage, almost deafened with the twang. What was to be done ? The preacher was too much a man of peace to chastise him with his fist, and as for his tongue, loud though it was, it made no battle against the horn and the horn-master, who, by long practice, had acquired the art of giving such a tone to it, as nothing but the patient ears of a cow could submit to be tortured with.

Here some of my readers may remark, that Henry ought to have turned out in support of his friend ; but they will be pleased to recollect, in extenuation of his omission, that he had sufficiently smarted for his fray with the miller ; that the stocks were in his sight, as well as his remembrance ; and that he was at this very time so disabled with a sprained ankle, that he could as soon have caught the birds of the air, as the nimble-heeled musician : if none of these reasons will suffice to exculpate him, I have none else to offer, except that he was just now engaged in a conversation with Susan, which, though conveyed by the eyes, in a language not altogether so sonorous as the horn, was not less intelligible, and probably more interesting to both parties, than what was passing without doors : in short, there was an interchange of looks, which Goody May either did not understand, or, understanding, did not see occasion to interrupt.

It cannot be disguised, that Susan May had thoughts in her head that did not entirely square with those self-denying maxims, which Ezekiel Daw had piously laboured to impress upon her ; she had the advantage both of years and experience over the youth, upon whose heart she seemed to level her attack ; three years of her life she had passed in the school of Mrs Cawdle, who was herself no mean proficient in the arts of intrigue ; and though she had now renounced that service, it may well be doubted if there were not other motives for her making this sacrifice, than purely the moral merit of the act itself. Of her passion for Henry she had given unequivocal proofs, not only in her interview with him, which Weevil and his party broke up, but in that also which Ezekiel interrupted. With a person uncommonly attractive, she had a heart peculiarly susceptible ; and when she repulsed the attack of Justice Blachford, it was probably more the result of an utter dislike of his person, than of any fixed and constitutional abhorrence of his proposals. Such was her superiority over every girl of the village in point of charms, that not one amongst them could retain her sweetheart, if Susan's eye once glanced encouragement upon him ; but this she seldom condescended to, and then only in the way of a little sly revenge for their spite and malice against her ; real liking she bestowed on none ; their clownishness, and her ambition, rendered her

inexorable to all such suitors ; but to the graces of Henry's person she had nothing to oppose ; there was a traitor in the fortress of honour, that, had he been disposed to have summoned it, would have been found a very busy agent for a surrender.

Hence it came to pass, that Ezekiel Daw had no sooner bolted from his castle to reprimand the obstreperous musician, whose accompaniment had so annoyed him in his psalmody, than Susan May availed herself of the lucky interval to glance a look at her beloved Henry, that plainly spoke the disposition she was in to profit by such an opportunity, and the good will she bore to the cow-boy for supplying her with the present one, however short : it fairly told him, that if Ezekiel had not so critically interposed to rescue her from his arms on a late occasion, she could have found in her heart to have forgiven him, and would have met the consequences without accusing her ill fortune. Mirth and good cheer had warmed the heart of Henry ; the chilling blasts of poverty were for the present dispersed ; Susan's eyes were too plain-spoken for him to miss their meaning, and his spirits too much exhilarated to be totally insensible to the purport of it. Ezekiel, however, soon returned, and the scene was changed.

When the affair of the cow-boy and his horn had had its proper share of discussion, the party began to talk over the business of providing Henry with the necessaries he was to purchase ; and it was determined to go the next morning to the neighbouring market town, which, being upon the coast, and a port for small vessels, was furnished with all such articles as he was in want of, ready made : the distance did not exceed two miles, and Henry was of opinion he could walk thither in the present condition of his ankle, by the help of a stout stick, which stood in the corner of the room, and was in fact the pastoral staff of the itinerant apostle Ezekiel, who also offered to accompany him, and render him his farther help by the way. Susan, it may be supposed, was not backward in her tenders, and having been in the practice of making frequent purchases for Mrs Cawdle, at a certain shop of all sorts in the aforesaid place, was a party by no means to be left out of the expedition. The order of march was therefore finally so arranged, that Susan, under guard of Ezekiel and Henry, should set out with the first of the morning, leaving Dame May in charge of the cottage, and also to provide the meal that was to cheer them on their return.

A council was next held for lodging the company, male and female ; and whereas their barracks were not quite so roomy as might be wished, it was not without some arguing *pro* and *con*, that it was at last settled, that the mother and daughter should occupy the bed in which Henry had reposed himself the night before ;

that Ezekiel should keep his own quarters in the cockloft to himself alone ; and that a certain couch, which presented itself as a succedaneum ready for service, in Dame May's chamber, should be brought into the common room, and, with the help of a mattress, converted into a crib bed, for the sole use and behoof of Henry and his guest.

These regulations made and agreed to, the parties drew themselves together in a circle round the hearth, where a few embers served to light Ezekiel's pipe, whilst the dame took her knitting, and Susan her needle, when a conversation ensued, which shall be recorded in the next chapter.

CHAP. VII.

Our Hero gratifies the Curiosity of his Host.

METHINKS, cried Ezekiel, taking the pipe from his mouth, there is a time, friend Henry, when honest men should understand each other, and throw aside concealment ; now, I do not think thou canst charge me with an importunate curiosity in thy particular, having been content to know thee by none other name, than what thy sponsors gave thee at thy baptism, ever since thou refusedst to plead to the question of the Justice. Thou wilt say, peradventure, that charity maketh no conditions ; that the good Samaritan needed not to inquire the name of him who had fallen amongst thieves ; and true it is, that I did not thereupon shut my bowels of compassion against thee, because thou didst withhold an answer to the magistrate's demand ; yet, having now consorted with thee at bed and board, and lived with thee as it were with mine own familiar friend, it seemeth meet no longer to disguise from us thy name and history, seeing that we may either do thee less or more than justice, by our vague conjectures, for whilst we are in darkness we are liable to stumble.

True, replied the youth, your conclusions are just, and your friendship gives you a right to know all of me that I know of myself ; yet can I give you little better satisfaction than I gave to the Justice, though I shall not content myself with the same short answer as I made to him. The obscurity which involves my birth, is a secret impenetrable to me ; and as I know not what name I have a right to take, I do not venture upon any. If I have a parent yet living, whose eye can trace me to my present poor condition, there may still be hope of its amendment, for I have not always been thus lost and neglected ; at all events, it will behove me so to act in this my humble and reduced condition, that the reasons, which obtain for the obscurity I am kept in, may not owe their continuance to my

misconduct and disgrace ; so shall it be to their shame only, who conceal my birth, and not to mine, if it is never revealed in any future time.

Ay, cried Ezekiel, and it will be to their everlasting condemnation in the life to come ; for how can they expect to be received into the lot of the righteous, who abandon their offspring, and, professing themselves to be rational creatures, responsible to their Creator, neglect those natural duties, which even the brutes instinctively fulfil ? We will grant what seemeth probable to be the case, that thou art what is vulgarly called base-begotten ; what then ? the baseness is not thine, but theirs who so begot thee. Is this a reason, that to the crime of bringing thee into the world unlawfully, they should add that of abandoning thee unmercifully ? Woe, treble woe, to all such sinful monsters !—But proceed, for thy narration is interesting.

That I appear to you, said Henry, at present in the light of a deserted being, I cannot wonder ; but I rather suspect it is owing to the fatal accident that deprived me of support, by the sudden death of my protector, than to any absolute dereliction of me by my unknown parents, if I have any such now living. The excellent person who educated and maintained me from my infancy, was a clergyman, moderately benefited, and I never heard that he had any other means than this church-preferment ; I must believe, therefore, that he was secretly furnished for the purpose, else, indeed, I should have been a burthen greater than he could have borne, for I was carefully and indulgently brought up in the abundance of everything that could contribute to my comfort and improvement. If he knew the secret of my birth, he kept it faithfully, for he never opened the slightest hint of it to me ; and as his death was instantaneous, by a fall from his horse, all communication through his channel was shut upon me at once ; and having neither right, means, nor inclination, to keep my station in a house, that with my benefactor's decease devolved upon a successor, I threw myself upon the world, too hastily, perhaps, in point of prudence, for certainly till that period I never knew misfortune. Upon the whole, I join with you in believing that I am illegitimate.

Yes, verily, answered the preacher, thou wert born in sin, for the world is full of fornication, and all manner of uncleanness ; the age is gross and carnal ; the sons and the daughters of Belial revel in the face of the sun ; in vain doth the preacher cry out to the strangers and pilgrims upon earth to abstain ; they stop their ears ; he crieth in vain ; they will not listen to his voice, preach he never so wisely. For my part, I am hoarse with preaching to this adulterous generation ; my tongue cleaveth to the roof of my mouth, with crying out to the daughters of the land to possess their vessels in sanctification, but in vain ; though I warn them late

and early, they heed me not ; my whole stock is gone astray, every hedge witnesseth to their dishonour ; the damsels are like the kids of the goats in coupling time, the young men like fed horses in the morning, every one neighing after his neighbour's wife ; whilst I, if a wake, or a fair, or the sound of the pipe, calls them off, though in the midst of a sermon, am left by myself, like a lodge in a garden of cucumbers.

Henry smiled ; Susan looked archly under her eyelids. Ezekiel, good man, had strayed away from the topic they were upon, in the true spirit of digression ; but having at length come back to the track, after a few whiffs, for the benefit of recollection, he demanded of Henry if he had rightly understood him, that the person who had taken charge of him, was a clergyman of the Church of England ?—Henry informed him that he was a clergyman of the established church, and one that was an ornament to his profession ; an admirable preacher, a deep scholar, and a sound divine.

Humph ! quoth Ezekiel.

A man, continued Henry, of exemplary morals, unblemished honour, and a heart as gentle as the dew of heaven.—Ezekiel applied to his pipe with double diligence, and was enveloped with a cloud of smoke.—Whilst he lived I knew no sorrow ; I had no other teacher ; he was at once my preceptor, friend, and father.

I believe it, said Ezekiel.

He was such a friend as perhaps no father now discovered could replace.

None such, I dare say, will be discovered, replied Ezekiel : Are thine eyes darkened ? Dost thou not at once discern that thou art Ishmael, the son of the bond-woman, and like him cast out into the wilderness, to seek thy fortune, without portion or inheritance ?

You speak by allusion, said Henry, and I may not rightly interpret your meaning ; but if you suppose that I am the natural son of that exemplary divine, you do me too much honour, and him great injustice ; therefore, banish all those suspicions from your mind at once, and though I cannot expect you to reverence his character as I do who knew it, I do expect that you will not wound my feelings by suggestions so unworthy of it. Don't let me appear captious by what I now say ; but the respect which my experience of his virtues has engrafted on my heart, will not suffer any stain to be cast upon his memory ; to him I owe the sense and conviction of this and every other principle of rectitude and justice ; and if I deviate from it, the transgression will lie at my own door ; but I trust I shall not so offend against his instructions, as to grieve his departed spirit ; and as I have endured adversity with tolerable resignation and composure, I hope, if it shall please Heaven to reverse my lot, I shall not be found wholly undeserving of prosperity.

Ezekiel knocked the ashes out of his pipe,

and sat silent in profound meditation—Susan sighed, and kept her eyes fixed upon her work—Goody May went on with her knitting, observing, however, by the way, that a mother who neglected her own offspring, was worse than an infidel. At length, Ezekiel, awaking from his reverie, remarked, that he had somewhere read, or else been told, of a certain son, in the like mysterious circumstances, who had either married his own mother, or had a child by her, he could not exactly say which, but he remembered it was a very shocking story.

Whichever it was, Henry replied, it would not be his case; there was one sure way to escape shipwreck, by never going to sea.

Here Susan glanced a look at him, which seemed to say, Make no rash resolutions.

Goody May, in her natural manner, said, Well, well! I can vouch for it you are not my son.

Nor anybody's relation in this company, I dare say, added Susan.

Ezekiel next, with much gravity, put in his protest against the possibility of any claim being made upon him, for reasons which he should keep to himself; and concluded by saying, He did not doubt but the sin laid at the door of some high-born hussy, for he believed from his heart there were many dark doings amongst them; few of them, he feared, were like good Lady Crowbery; she was a nonsuch, a pattern of purity.

This led him into another digression, in which he took a circuit round the neighbourhood, which set him down at the next door with Justice Blachford, who, he observed, was keen in spying out small trespasses in others, and overlooking great ones in himself.

Ay, so the people say, cried Goody May; but who believes them? Did not they scandalize my poor dear child, no longer ago than yesterday, when Henry was before his worship? I am sure, if I thought any harm of Mr Blachford in that way, I should not have listened to the offer he made me this very morning for my Susan; yet such a place as Mrs Lockitt's, the housekeeper, for a young woman out of service as she is, does not fall to everybody's lot: I am certain the late gentlewoman made a pretty penny by it, ay, and went as handsomely the whilst as the best she in the county.

Went as handsomely! repeated Ezekiel; what dost thou infer from that, good dame, but that servants dress out of character, and shew the world they either spend more than they earn, or earn more than their wages?

A conversation was now started between the doctor and the dame, which branched out into many discussions not very edifying, were I to attempt the relation of them, in all which the hero of our history had little interest, and took no part. Susan, indeed, could have told a tale of Justice Blachford, that might have ended the

debate at once, but she was, in the first place, under promise of secrecy, and, in the next, not in the humour to unfold it before the company present.

Upon the whole, it was plain that, although Ezekiel mingled much good reason with many oddities, yet the worldly advantages of a gainful place, and the soothing measures Blachford had taken to insure an interest with the mother of Susan, had their due influence with her, notwithstanding all that the hazard of the situation, or the sincerity of honest Daw, could object to deter her.

CHAP. VIII.

Love and Ambition are no Friends to Sleep.

THE day was now closing, and twilight faintly served to usher the several parties to their repose; the couch was spread in the kitchen for Henry, in which task the fair hands of Susan had the principal share; and Ezekiel ascended to his loft.

All who have experienced the effects of love or ambition will acknowledge, that neither of these passions are endued with any soporific qualities: whilst Susan's thoughts were kept awake by one, her mother's imagination was haunted by the other: the image of Henry stretched upon his pallet, in all the captivating bloom of youthful beauty, formed a glowing vision in the busy fancy of that fond damsel, which banished sleep; whilst the warm imagination of the fond mother pictured her beloved daughter in the state and dignity of housekeeper to Squire Blachford, with all the insignia of her office about her—the keys at her side, pickles and preserves, presses filled with linen, and stores of all sorts in her charge, with humble housemaids waiting to obey her nod; and rest was no less banished from her eyes. Each party being thus possessed by her ruling passion, they proceeded to vent their meditations in a kind of dialogue, or rather of alternate soliloquy, in which both exclusively indulged their own favourite ideas, yet neither perceived that she was talking to herself.

Well, to be sure, cried Susan, some people in the world must be absolutely void of feeling; they must be monsters in nature, who abandon their own child: in my opinion, be they what they may, they might be proud to acknowledge such a son as Henry.

Very true, quoth the mother; and the more I think of it, the more I am convinced, notwithstanding all that Mr Daw can say to the contrary, that it will be the wisest thing you can do to close with the Squire's proposal. Why, lack-a-day! such offers don't come every day.

Search the kingdom through, continued Susan, you shall not see a finer, shapelier, lovelier figure in ten thousand, nor one that, in spite of

his poor apparel, has more the air of a gentleman.

I dare say, resumed the dame, that, what with perquisites and presents, and such like fair comings-in, you will make it worth you a good twenty pounds a-year—ay, belike, and more than twenty; why, 'tis a fortune, girl; and he said he would not haggle with you about wages.

I'll bet a wager, when he is dressed in his new clothes to-morrow, there will not be so charming a fellow in this county, nor the next to it. O, mother! let preacher Daw talk till he is hoarse, he shall never talk me out of my senses.

No, to be sure, girl, you are of an age to carve for yourself; besides, what can he know of these matters?

Nothing, replied Susan, nothing in nature; you heard him say he had reasons of his own why Henry could not be his son: o' my conscience, I believe him, poor man! those reasons of his are soon guessed at: he knows no more about it than this bed-post—nay, not so much, for how should he come at it?

Lack-a-day! resumed the dame, he is a goodly pious creature; but he forgets that young women have their fortunes to make.

Ay, and their pleasures to pursue, added Susan; though, with his good will, they should do nothing but sing psalms and hear sermons; if he had his way, he would be for locking us all up like nuns in a cloister.

Well, well, then, follow your own fancy, and don't heed what he says to prevent it.

That's my good mother, quoth the happy girl, nimbly turning herself about; i' faith, I'll follow your advice, and not regard what he says to the contrary. A fine piece of work he made, forsooth, about nothing, only because the dear lad gave me a civil kiss, and no harm done!

I told him there was no harm, rejoined the dame; I told him he was too strait-laced in those matters; and I dare say, if the Squire offers at any such liberties, your own discretion will take care no harm shall follow it; one would not lose a friend for such little freedoms, so long as they are innocent ones.

The Squire, indeed! cried Susan; name not him, filthy creature; I abhor and detest him, and had rather a toad should touch me than he; but Henry—

What has got in your head now? replied the mother, somewhat peevishly; I am talking to you of Squire Blachford, and you are rambling about Henry; I am recommending a good place to you, and your thoughts run a-gadding after the lad in the next room. Ah, Susan, Susan! thou wilt always be a gill-flirt, hankering and hankering for everlasting after the young fellows; but don't forget the main chance, my girl; remember service is no inheritance; make hay, as the saying is, while the sun shines; and don't let a good thing go by you.

It may be a good thing in one sense, said Susan, but there is a very bad thing belonging to it. I know the Squire full well, and for what base purposes he makes this offer: he would have me be to him as Mrs Lockitt was, whom he's tired of; but I scorn it: I would sooner beg my bread round the world with Henry, than ride in my coach with such a nasty, black, old, heartless wretch as the Squire. Ah, mother, mother! all his kindness to you is but coaxing and cajoling to make a fool of you, and something else of me. If you had but seen what he did yesterday.

Why, what did he do? eagerly exclaimed the mother; you frighten me out of my wits.

'Twas well I frightened him out of his, replied Susan, by screaming and struggling, and forcing him to let me loose, or I know not what would have happened; but I got out of his clutches, and made him let Henry out of the stocks, or I would have exposed him to the whole neighbourhood. But now, mother, don't say a word of what I've told you, for I gave him my promise I would not tell of it; nor would I have opened my lips, if you had not pressed me about his offer, which I am sure you would not now wish me to accept.

Not for the wealth of the world, my child, replied the good dame, would I have you take a service on such terms. Well, of a certain, that man must have the cunning of the devil in him, for he talked to me in such a style, that I no longer believed any one of the bad stories that are told of him, but took them all to be mere spite and malice; and when Mr Daw talked against him a while ago, I took his part, and was angry with the good man for listening to such fables: Alack-a-day! what a world is this we live in!

Dame May had now got into the moralizing vein, the lulling quality of which soon began to take effect; her words died away in drowsy murmurs, the visions of ambition faded from her sight, and the gentle god of sleep no longer needed solicitation to befrend his aged votary after the accustomed sort.

Half of his task was still unfinished; the bright eyes of Susan were not so willing to be closed, nor could he still the throbbing of a young high-passioned heart, which panted for other consolation than his soft quiet could bestow. The wanderings of fancy were not so easily allayed, and projects upon projects rose in succession to puzzle and perplex her brain: but even meditation and the thoughts of love will yield at last to *Nature's kind restorer, balmy sleep*; and though perhaps there were other arms in which she would more gladly have reposed herself, the love-sick damsel fell at length into the embrace of that delusive power, which has nothing to bestow but dreams and visions and unreal shades.

CHAP. IX.

A domestic Scene in upper Life.

LET us now steal away with silent tread on tiptoe from the pallet of the sleeping damsel, to visit the more splendid, but less peaceful, chamber of the Lady Crowbery.

Upon her return from Zachary's, she crept up to her room, hoping there to pass a few undisturbed moments of private meditation, for her heart was full, and her thoughts unsettled; in spite of the letter she had lately heard read to her, she could not divest herself of the first impression which the sight of Henry had made upon her heart. In his features she persisted to believe that she had recognized the picture which memory had preserved of her child, matured but not obliterated by time; and the longer her mind pondered upon it, the stronger her persuasion grew, though against probability, that she had discovered her son in the person of this mysterious stranger. His name, age, form, nay his very voice, struck her ear as conveying the same tones, only deepened by manhood; in short, she surrendered herself to this idea, which, like a spell, possessed her senses, and dissolved her into tears.

At this moment a message from her lord summoned her to his presence: unseasonable though it was, she well knew no excuses for delay would be allowed, and she instantly obeyed. She found him with Blachford and two other persons, the one an attorney who managed his estate, and the other a captain of marines, who bore his name, and was acknowledged as a near relation. Bloating by the flattery of these his constant satellites, and secluded from the rest of the world, his pride, self-consequence, and ill-humour, were without control; and as nothing met his eye of which he was not the lord and master, he was become the despotic tyrant of the sphere in which he moved. Blachford found it convenient to court his favour, for his property extended far and wide over the neighbourhood; and such interest as is attached to property he could not fail to possess, and did not scruple to exert. Blachford's small estate was surrounded by his lands and manors: the countenance of Lord Crowbery was also the more to be coveted, because he lived upon very distant terms with every other gentleman in the neighbourhood. He had been giving the peer an account of Henry, and the several circumstances that had come out at his examination. In telling a story he had an art of shaping it to his purposes; and on these occasions any one might have supposed him to be upon the best terms with truth, so free did he make with it. He spoke of his prisoner's behaviour as highly insolent and contumacious; and though of necessity he had released him upon Weevil's

evidence, yet he still considered him as a suspicious character. He observed, that it was not impossible but the whole might have been an artful collusion between him and Bowsey; and though the law would not bear him out in committing him to prison, it was no rule to him in matters of opinion, and as far as that went, he, for one, could not bring his mind to acquit him of the guilt.

Whilst Henry and Ezekiel were upon their visit to Zachary, Blachford had been with Goody May upon the subject of the housekeeper's place, and by her he was told of Lady Crowbery's coming to her house, and of the bounty she had bestowed upon Henry. This he now good-naturedly imparted to my lord, not willing that any of her good deeds should be lost; extolling her charity, but doubting as to the worthiness of the object it was employed upon. Appearances, he confessed, were apt to mislead, and in no case more likely so to do than in that of the young man in question, who, he must say, was one of the handsomest fellows he ever set his eyes on, and it was very natural on that account to feel a prejudice in his favour: he owned that he himself had experienced it whilst he had him under examination; and if he, being a man, was sensible of it towards one of his own sex, it was not to be wondered at if the softer heart of a woman was affected by it in the same, or even a greater degree.

This was enough for all the spiteful purposes of Blachford; it was putting the match to the train of combustibles in the jealous bosom of the peer; who, muttering to himself something not quite distinct enough to be clearly overheard by his company, rung the bell, and dismissed a servant to his lady with the message already reported.

Upon her entering the room, he received her with a kind of ironical civility, expressing his hope that she had had an agreeable airing: he next inquired where she had been? To the apothecary's.—And to no other place?—She recollected having stopped at the cottage of Goody May.—And didn't she recollect anything more than simply stopping at her door? Couldn't she recollect entering the cottage? Couldn't she call to mind her own good deeds there performed, and the very generous method she took of cheering the widow's heart, by letting her see how bountiful she could be to a stranger and a vagabond at the very first sight? The fame of her charity, he said, had circulated through the whole village, and their demands upon her in future could not fail to be very high; for what was there which the resident and industrious poor might not reasonably expect from one who had so much to throw away upon the idle and undeserving?—Her answer was very short. She was always sorry when her little charities were made matter of report; but she perceived she had some friend, (and here she pointed a look

at Blachford,) who was not disposed to let her slightest actions pass unnoticed. She had, indeed, given a small matter to the young man, who had been apprehended upon a false charge; and, from the circumstances which then appeared, she thought herself warranted to consider him as an object deserving of her charity. —Nobody can doubt of your ladyship's motives, replied my lord, with a sneer; and no object, if I am rightly informed, can be better qualified to stir up the soft sensations of charity in a female heart than the fellow in question. I find he has been pretty successful already in his setting out; but now that your ladyship has lent your hand to the good work, we may expect him to perform great matters; whilst you furnish him with money and encouragement, he'll supply himself with amusements amongst the wives and daughters of our peasantry, to the great improvement of the breed, being, I am told, as perfect an Adonis as was ever carted to the gallows. One of our young parishioners, it seems, has been very charitable to him already, and left her service for his sake; I mean the daughter of that very woman whom your ladyship honours with your visits, and who at present condescends to inhabit a cottage of Mr Blachford's, in which, however, I am inclined to think her residence will not be of any very long duration, if my interest can obtain her removal; for my charity will not, like your ladyship's, be addressed to one worthless individual, but have respect to the community at large, by clearing it of this fellow and his clan, who are in a fair way, with your kind assistance, to corrupt the morals of the whole hamlet, if not speedily driven out of it.

To this answer was attempted on the part of the lady; she well knew the quarter from which the spiteful information sprung, and she doubted not but this charge against Henry was equally groundless with all the rest: She was secretly resolved, however, to ascertain the truth, as far as it could be discovered, in Susan May's particular; and now Blachford, too late, began to repent of his folly in stirring any question about that young woman's conduct, who had so much in her power to retaliate upon him: he gnawed his lips with vexation for having been so flippant on a tender subject; but cunning fellows are very capable of outwitting themselves. The captain and the lawyer kept close; and, whilst my lord was meditating a fresh attack upon the patience of his lady, a servant announced the arrival of visitors, in the persons of Sir Roger Manstock and his daughter.

As our readers will have frequent opportunities of making their own observations on the character of this gentleman, and also of his fair companion, we shall in this place disclose no more of either, than that Sir Roger was a person of considerable weight and influence in the county, living hospitably, and cultivating the good esteem of his neighbours, rich and poor.

He had married a younger sister of Lady Crowbery's mother, and by her was left a widower with an only daughter, Isabella by name, who now accompanied him on his visit.

We have said that Lady Crowbery's father left his estate in trust for her use, and this trust he devolved upon Sir Roger Manstock, than whom he probably could nowhere have found a fitter person, he being not only strictly faithful to her interest, but as tenderly regardful of her happiness as if she had been a child of his own. Nothing but this love and regard for her could probably have brought him to the house of the Lord Crowbery, whose society he disliked and whose tyranny he detested. He was now called over upon a matter of business; the news of Mr Ratcliffe's death had reached him, and the bearer of that melancholy intelligence was himself a suitor to succeed him in the living. As Sir Roger well knew the great esteem Lady Crowbery had for the deceased, he did not think fit to broach his business in the hearing of my lord, or any of his companions; but having pre-faced his request with a proper apology to that noble personage, he retired with his niece and daughter to another apartment, and there disclosed to her, with all the precaution in his power, the fatal accident that had befallen her friend, an event which, under any circumstances, would have been highly affecting, but in the present state of her spirits was peculiarly so, combined as it now was with her sensations in regard to Henry, her mind being instantly smitten with the conviction that he was her son. This incident, though unknown to Sir Roger Manstock, produced effects that could not be disguised, and he perceived her agitated to such a degree, that he no longer thought of leaving her, as he at first intended, but very earnestly desired she would permit either himself or his daughter to stay by her for the evening, if Lord Crowbery would consent to give them house-room.

To this kind offer she thankfully acceded, saying, You are always good to me, and considerate of my unhappy spirits; knowing how unpleasant a task I impose upon you, I ought not to be so selfish as to accept your kindness; but I do confess the society of my dear Isabella, if you can spare her to me one day, will be a comfort above everything in life; but if you grant me this, you must add the farther favour to it, and speak to my lord, for I dare not undertake it. She then asked some slight questions respecting the person who brought the intelligence, and this she did for the purpose of introducing an inquiry more interesting.—Did he know what had become of the young man whom Mr Ratcliffe had adopted?—The baronet replied, That this had been one of the first things in his thoughts, knowing, as he did, the affection which the deceased entertained for that young man; but that he could learn nothing more from h s

inquiries concerning him, except that he had suddenly disappeared after the decease of his friend, and had not since been heard of.

This was a circumstance that seemed to her to carry conviction with it, and she no longer doubted having discovered her son in the person of Henry. It was now in her power to secure to him the protection of Sir Roger Manstock, without revealing the more important secret of his birth, to which no one was privy but Doctor Zachary; she determined therefore to communicate to him the several occurrences that had been passing in the village relative to Henry, and concluded by saying, It will be a very singular turn of fortune, or, I should rather say, of Providence, if it proves that I have discovered this very foundling by the merest accident in nature, and that he is now in this parish, at the house of a poor widow, where I chanced upon him this morning, in a state of absolute distress and indigence: should he prove to be the relic of my lamented friend, I will take his future fortunes upon myself, and in this undertaking I hope I shall have your approbation and advice, for I am sorry to say I foresee great uneasiness from a certain quarter, somebody having taken the cruel pains to impress my lord with very unjust prejudices against him already; and to confess the truth, at the moment when you and Isabella arrived, I was under strong rebuke for having bestowed a small relief upon him, which that mischief-making Blachford had reported after his fashion; and in the art of aggravation, I am sorry to say, he is exceeded by no one.

Our readers will now be pleased to help us to the conclusion of this chapter, by kindly supposing that everything proper to be said on the part of the worthy baronet was said; that having taken leave of my lord, and by his gracious permission left the lovely Isabella to administer soft consolation to her unhappy cousin, he is safely seated in his post-chaise on his return to Manstock Castle, having ten miles to measure homewards, and the evening fast approaching to its close.

CHAP. X.

Our Hero is seen in a very dangerous Situation.

THE sun had now reared his glittering orb above the eastern waves, gilding their curled heads with orient gold, when Susan, eager to prepare for the appointed expedition, broke from the bands of sleep, and unfolding to the god of day two brilliant eyes, whose lustre seemed almost to vie with his, silently detached herself from the side of her still snoring mother—for she, sweet nymph, disdained the selfish practice of those unfeeling and obstreperous beings, who

seem to think, when they have done with sleep, that all the world should wake: on the contrary, with steps as light as gossamer, she strode slipperless over the clay-bound floor, and throwing a loose bed-gown over her, fastening it at the same time with a slight knot round her waist, presented to the sylphs, if any were there attending, an object for which they would doubtless have been content to have taken human forms, though they had forfeited immortality by the exchange.

Thus half attired, she raised the wooden latch, that was the only barrier betwixt her and the beloved youth, who occupied the solitary couch in the adjoining room, not entering like the nightly thief, with a malicious intent to steal upon his defenceless slumbers, and plunder him undiscovered, but for the harmless purpose of redeeming her own property, there deposited and left at his mercy, of which she recollected various articles, that had escaped her memory over-night, and which of course it now behoved her to reclaim. She drew the chamber-door after her with duteous attention, still cautious how she disturbed her aged parent in the enjoyment of her repose, and for a time, as if fascinated by the charms of the slumbering youth, stood in fixed contemplation of his person, seeming to have lost all memory of those very objects which she came in search of. Two or three loose articles, not very essential to her dress, she had already collected, when, casting her eyes upon the couch, she discovered the skirt of a snow-white quilted petticoat, which she had improvidently spread upon the very pallet on which his limbs were stretched, and which certainly could not be recovered, without wakening the sleeping youth, then boldly extended upon it.

In this case what alternative remained? It was clear to the dullest apprehension, that a young woman without a petticoat could not decently present herself to the eyes of a whole market-town, where she was soon to appear: yet it could not be taken from under him by the most delicate address without wakening him, and at the same time he could not be awakened and made to open his eyes, without discovering how much undrest she was, and how very thin the veil, that scarcely intercepted the entire display of those natural charms, that seemed to set at nought the slight defences, which in her present dilemma she had been necessitated to entrust them to.

Native modesty and a ready wit suggested to Susan the only middle way she could pursue, in the straits to which she was reduced: Henry himself was clothed, if the jacket and trowsers heretofore described, may be termed a clothing; there was no need, therefore, for any guard upon her eyes, and she no sooner wakened him by tugging at the petticoat underneath him, than, apologizing in a gentle whisper for the necessity

she was under of disturbing him, she concluded by modestly requesting him to shut his eyes, for that positively she was naked, having nothing to throw over her but her gown.

Whether it is in nature for a young man to shut his eyes, when a lovely girl apprises him of the consequences of holding them open, I leave as a problem for the philosophers to resolve; and as I suspect they must, in the spirit of their school, decree for shutting out all prospect of an object, so calculated to disturb their systems, as Susan now presented, it is with sorrow I am reduced to confess, that our hero did the very contrary to what they would have done, setting open his eyes upon the damsel, and fixing them with the broadest stare, betwixt sleeping and waking, that their lids would admit of. Whether he was then dreaming with his eyes open, and thought it the vision of some nymph or goddess, such as young and fertile imaginations are apt to feign, where no substance is, I cannot decide; but this I know, that had he been a painter, such as I could name, he had made the form immortal, and us who beheld it heathens and idolaters.

Susan was too generous to repeat the cruel injunction she had before laid him under, but, on the contrary, having once told him what he ought to do, left him to take the consequences of not doing as she advised. Sagacious and deeply intuitive men often tell us, that there are certain things, obscure indeed to common beholders, which they can see with half an eye: this I presume is a figurative way of speaking, peculiar to these human lynxes; but without a figure I should be tempted to say, that any man who had even less than half an eye, would have strained hard for a glimpse of those charms which burst upon Henry's sight in full display. The wrapping-gown was either so scantily provided, or so ill disposed to do its office of concealment, that if form so beautiful could be indebted to any covering, Susan's form had very little obligation to the aforesaid reluctant wrapper. Some readers may naturally suppose, that either the severity of Susan's countenance overawed the curiosity of the youth, or that the modest confusion it expressed, pleaded for his forbearance so irresistibly, as not to be withstood by any but a brutal nature: had it been so, Henry's task had been easy and his temptation light; but, truth to tell, both were aggravated by every alluring action, every winning smile, that love and beauty could assume. Here the philosopher, whose stoic apathy had turned aside from the sight, may affect to triumph in his wisdom; but it is now time to let him know, and learn by the example of this heroic youth, that true virtue, indignant of such mean resources, boldly dares to look upon the danger which temptation plants before it; that, scorning to shelter itself like a coward in the dark, and shut its eyes or even wink upon the foe, it

prays for light like Ajax, that it may see to conquer, and enjoy the glory of a combat fairly won. So fared it with our hero; he boldly eyed the Syren coast, which he had resolution to avoid. Perhaps some natural wishes stole upon his heart, his pulse, perhaps, no longer temperately beat, and rebel passion mutinied within him; but he was master of his soul, and mildly addressing himself to the alluring damsel, conjured her to return to her apartment, nor conspire with opportunity and strong desire to degrade him into a villain, and make him loathsome to himself for ever.

The commanding tone of determined virtue is not to be resisted. The fair one blushed, looked wishfully upon him; she saw no change or shifting in his countenance; she hung her head, sighed, despaired, and obeyed: yet before she took the parting step, she paused, looked back, and turning a countenance upon him, beautiful though in anger, firmly pronounced, We meet no more.

The tone in which these words were uttered, the look that accompanied them, the cutting recollection of his obligations to her for the generous pity she had shewn him in his past distresses, these, and a flood of tender passions, burst so suddenly upon him, that, springing from his couch, (which at the same time broke under him with a horrid crash,) he cried out to her to stop, and ran to take her in his arms. She had the door in her hand, and immediately the voice of Goody May was heard, crying out, Villain, would you violate my daughter?—These dreadful words struck the ever-open ear of Ezekiel, now descending the stairs, who instantly annexing conviction to the charge of the mother, added another spectre to the group, standing speechless and aghast, with a huge woollen night-cap on his head, and his breeches in his hand.

The tears, the terror, the dishevelled habit of Susan, seemed to warrant the suspicion of no worse a deed than the mother had announced. Ezekiel's lips quivered with rage, whilst he demanded, in a voice almost inarticulate, an account of what had passed; vowing that the violator of innocence should answer with his life. Henry now stepped forward, and directing a stern look, first on the mother of Susan, and next on the preacher, delivered himself as follows:—

Are you mad, to treat me in this manner, to accuse me of these crimes, to suspect me for a hypocrite, a defiler, and a villain? Is it ever to be my fate to be arraigned of actions which my soul abhors? Was it not enough to be apprehended for the murder of a man, in whose defence I risked my life? Must I also be thought guilty of violating that chastity, which I would die in the protection of? If you conclude me subject to be tempted by beauty, can you not suppose that I am capable of being awed by innocence? Look at this form, he must be a monster that defiled it; survey these charms, they

would wither, they would be blasted, and no longer have the power to engage and please, were they stained with dishonour and divested of modesty. By how much the more lovely they are now, in their pure and virgin state, so much the more revolting they would become, if they had lost the grace of virtue, and degenerated from that chastity, to which they owe their sweetness and attraction. I am a stranger to you both, it is true ; I am a stranger to myself ; and all the little that I know of this unhappy self, I have imparted to you. What then ? I am a man ; I am your fellow-creature ; I have, like you, a heart that feels, and has a sense of honour, justice, and gratitude. You have been kind, and bountiful, and hospitable to me ; this amiable, this generous girl, was my first, my best, my warmest friend : the indignity that I suffered she delivered me from ; the service that I quitted she voluntarily renounced ; in my poverty and despair she tendered me her all, the earnings of her labour she would have shared with me—with me, an unknown, outcast, miserable being : Are these bounties to be repaid by seduction ? Are they not rather charities, affections, pledges to be treasured in my heart ? They are ; I cherish them with equal love, with equal ardour and affection ; and I declare to truth, that were I now a man, that had a name and station in society—but as I am, I only can conjure her, for her own repose, to banish me and my sad story from her thoughts for ever. To invite her to misery I scorn ; to seduce her into guilt, if it were in my power, which I trust it is not, I abhor ; but to suppose me capable of the diabolical crime of violating her—Oh, horrible !—it chills my very soul ; I shudder at the thought.

This speech wrought an immediate and entire conversion in the minds of those whom appearances had staggered, and shame for her hasty exclamation smote the heart of the good dame so forcibly, that she seemed to think she could never do enough to atone for her injurious suspicion. She declared she should henceforward ever repose such perfect confidence in Henry's honour, as nothing should induce to harbour a thought to the contrary ; that, so far from being afraid to trust her daughter in his company, she should, on the contrary, be happy that her girl had such a friend to protect and advise her ; and she sincerely hoped what he had now been saying, (which, in her opinion, and, she dare say, in Mr Daw's also, was very proper and very fine,) would have its due weight with Susan, and make her more guarded in her conduct for the future.

Ezekiel, during this harangue, had stepped aside to equip himself with certain appendages to the person, which, to man in a civilized state, have, by custom long established, been held as indispensable. Susan, in the meantime, made her defence, which briefly consisted in an explanation of the errand which had brought her into

the room where Henry slept ; she was not in perfect humour with her mother for the glance she had given at her unguarded conduct, and with some small trace of contempt in the look she dealt to Henry, observed, that for all that ever had passed, or was ever likely to pass, between Henry and her, she needed neither reproof nor warning ; she believed she was not more safe with her mother than with him.

Ezekiel now made his appearance ; his head was still mounted with its woollen tiara, which, resembling certain sketches I have seen of his holiness the Pope's triple crown, gave a loftiness and dignity to his figure, of itself naturally erect and stiff, that had a striking effect upon his air and attitude ; whilst he predicated as follows :—Thou hast well spoken, good and virtuous young man, as the spirit that worketh in thee to edification hath given utterance, and verily I pronounce that the seed, which the sower of all grace and godliness hath sowed in thine heart, falleth upon good ground, and beareth fruit abundantly. What thou hast said of a chaste and modest seeming in virgins, set apart unto sanctification, I the rather commend thee for, seeing thou hast touched it lightly and humbly as becometh a novice, inexperienced as thou must needs be in the ministering of such prudent exhortations and reproofs, as men older and more experienced than thyself are fittest to apply, and which I shall take prompt and speedy occasion of so doing. And now I will stay you all no longer, for the morning advanceth, and the occupations of the day demand that I should conclude, seeing that it is in part devoted to the service of this our friend and inmate, for whose better equipment we have undertaken to provide ; and thou, Susan, as I now for the first time perceive, art almost, if not altogether, unprepared for the expedition, being, as it should seem, in thine outward adornments, very little removed from a state of nature.

The parties now separated ; the women to their chamber, Ezekiel to his loft, whilst Henry was left to his meditations, not a little pleased that the preacher had so unexpectedly cut short his exhortation.

CHAP. XI.

Our Hero engages in an Expedition where he is exposed to fresh Dangers.

Few victories have cost more pains in the earning than this which Henry had now gained over himself and the tempting allurements of his fair assailant. Being now at leisure to pursue his meditations, he seated himself in Ezekiel's wicker chair, like a Roman conqueror in his triumphal car, from whence he could proudly look down upon the rebel passions, reduced

from formidable foes to vanquished slaves, and prostrate at his feet. Still he was sensible it behoved him to secure their allegiance by strong measures of coercion ; for whilst he was fortifying his spirit against future temptations, Susan was arming her person with all the artillery that her simple, but not inelegant, toilette could supply.

Few that make dress a science could have hit that happy style of nymph-like character which her unstudied taste had struck upon, instinctively contriving to give every natural grace its fairest form and fashion : In short, when perfectly accoutred, she was a champion in the lists of love to make the firmest heart tremble at the sight of her ; and though, in deference to Ezekiel's judgment, I must except Potiphar's wife, yet, setting her apart, I should doubt if Susan had any other superior upon record for a *coup-de-main*. Malicious fortune was all the while laying other traps and pit-falls for the persecuted virtue of our youthful hero ; and the pious preacher himself was unintentionally drawn in to be an accessory in the plot ; for having avowed his design of edifying his hearers with a dehortatory discourse against love and the indulgence of the passions, on the next Lord's Day, he had accidentally recollected that Saturday had stolen a march upon his memory, and that he was now upon the very eve of that important undertaking : in the meantime, the more he ruminated upon the wide field of matter into which his subject would carry him, the more work he found cut out for his hands, and the more preparation on his part necessary. He was aware he should have an audience to deal with not over-well disposed towards edification on this particular topic, and rather hard of hearing at the best : he had kept a sort of flying camp about the enemy's quarters, and frequently beat them up in small skirmishes without much success to boast of ; they still lay intrenched in their fastnesses, lurking about in ambush behind walls and hedges, where they made battle, in spite of all he could do to dislodge them ; he determined, therefore, to draw out all his strength for this one decisive stroke, and finally rout them out of their hiding-places.

Now this state of mental preparation appeared to him, upon reflection, so totally incompatible with his expedition to the slop-shop, and the inferences of coats, waistcoats, shirts, and breeches, thereunto appertaining, seemed so ill to class and coincide with the hostile measures he was actually concerting against the aforesaid coats, waistcoats, shirts, and breeches, that he plainly saw both things could not be done at once, and which to abandon gave him little hesitation to decide : he therefore came down to Henry, peremptorily protesting against the slop-shop, and all which it contained. Goody May had the province of the kitchen purveyance under her care, and the pot to plead for her excuse : Susan had

neither those culinary concerns in charge, as her mother had, nor, like Ezekiel, any hostilities in meditation against love and the passions, with whom, on the contrary, she was in perfect league and combination ; she was therefore no naturally for Daw's purpose, and not wanted by her mother.

The alternative, therefore, was simply this, either Henry must go alone, or *tête-à-tête* with Susan. Now what could Henry do by himself in a slop-shop ? As far as coat, waistcoat, and breeches went, he might, peradventure, fit them on better without Susan's helping hand than with it ; that part of his business he might get through passably well ; but, in the linen-trade, he was an arrant ignoramus, and the damsel a consummate adept : she knew to the breadth of a nail what was measure for a shirt, and the quality she was no less perfect in ;—he knew as much of the matter, and no more, than the King of Pelew, (Heaven bless him !) whose wardrobe will not fill a nut shell. Of course, therefore, Susan must go, or nothing can be done ; there is no choice in the case ; and where is the mighty objection all the while ? The walk is not long ; the day is fine and fair ; and Susan is ready dressed for the expedition : Henry, alas ! was but a shabby squire in point of apparel, but that was a fault which would be remedied before he came back, and nature had given him perfections which poverty could not disguise.—So forth they went together.

I hope my readers will not urge with any critical asperity an objection to this jaunt of Henry's on the score of his sprained ankle ; if we are to suppose him recovered from it, cures no less extraordinary have been as rapidly performed in histories of this sort, and I lay claim to all the privileges which my fraternity enjoy ; but I had rather have it understood that his good-will to the walk with Susan was so great, that, notwithstanding his cure was incomplete, he was determined, in the vulgar way of speaking, to put his best foot foremost, and trust to fortune for the consequences.

There were two roads to the town, one public and familiar to Henry, having travelled it with his master Zachary, when he got the drenching at the mill ; the other private, shady and sequestered, though something circuitous : which of these to take was now the question. Love and Susan seemed to point to the crooked path ; prudence and dispatch prescribed the straight one. The candid damsel fairly owned that her way would be the farthest about, but then it would be pleasanter whilst they were upon it : she put him in mind of his sprained ankle, yet she hoped he felt no pain in it at present, her mother's recipe never failed of a cure : she observed that the sun threatened to be hot, and she did not disguise that she was shy of overheating herself. Now, how should prudence in the sunshine stand any chance against Susan in the shade ? A penny-post-man, nay even pedestrian *Powell*

himself, though in the last mile of his foot-match, would have taken the very path that Henry did, and readily have preferred the farthest way about, to the shortest way home.

They soon found themselves entangled in a narrow defile between two hazel-hedges; when Susan, pausing on her steps, and glancing an arch look on her companion, said, I cannot, for the life of me, conceive, Henry, what you was thinking of this morning, when you was so eager to get me out of your room: o' my conscience, you was in such a twitter to be rid of me, that I began to think I should have been obliged to have left my petticoat behind me.

Had you so done, cried Henry, smiling, I can only say you would have been more formidable to all beholders without a petticoat than with one.

Not to such beholders as you are, I should guess, replied Susan, in any case.

Well then, resumed he, to be more sincere with you, I did think myself bound in prudence not to hold you any longer in discourse till you had got that same petticoat on, and everything else about you that could keep us both out of danger.

Oh! now I understand you, she replied; you was afraid my mother would come in, and that I should be in trouble on your account. Lord love you! there was nothing to fear.

Pardon me, answered Henry, there were your temptations and my weakness to fear.

I don't rightly comprehend what danger you was in from either, resumed Susan, unless you hold with Ezekiel's opinion, that it is a sin to love.

I am not quite convinced, said he, that there is any sin in love, but I am very sure that love may lead to sin.

Yes, yes, cried she, I agree with you that it is very sinful and treacherous in any man to pretend to love a young woman, and after he has made a fool of her, to expose and betray her; that's very scandalous behaviour, without a doubt. So is it an abominable thing for any man, like that nasty Blachford, to set his wits to work, and lay traps for poor girls to bribe them to his wicked purposes, when he knows they must hate such a black, old, ugly fright as he is, and only do it for the lucre of gain. I know enough of his wicked ways; such a man as he is does not deserve to live; but where two free hearts meet together in mutual fondness, and where there is no bribery or false dealing in the case, but all is fair and open, and good faith kept on both sides, I should be surprised indeed, if you or any man could persuade me to think, that there was either sin or shame in such young people's loving each other; and if they do love truly and sincerely, I desire to know in that case what they are to do?

Marry, said Henry; that is what they ought in honour to do, or do nothing.

Well, to be sure, rejoined Susan, that is one

way; but suppose it does not suit them to marry, suppose it's impossible; what's to be done then?

Nothing, replied Henry, with a smile; I've answered that already.

Heyday! cried the gallant damsel, that's a curious doctrine indeed; a fine way truly of returning evil for good. I should hate and despise the man that treated me in that manner; I should regard him as the poorest wretch that walks the earth.

Why, then, we'll talk no more upon the subject, cried Henry, but, like friendly disputants, kiss and make it up.

'Tis more than you deserve, answered she; for though I must confess you are a dear good soul, yet you have the oddest notions of any mortal breathing; and as for love, you know no more about it than Ezekiel Daw.

Instruct me, then, quoth Henry; for love, like dancing, is an art that grown gentlemen may be taught by an apt professor, by a very expeditious process.

Pleasant companions make journeys appear short, and probably these young travellers found themselves at the end of theirs before they were tired of each other, or of the way. In the shop, which was a magazine of all sorts, Henry fitted himself with a mourning suit of the best materials, not forgetting that mark of respect to the memory of his deceased friend, Mr Ratcliffe: It sat so neatly upon his person, that it seemed as if some lucky tailor, in a moment of inspiration, had projected it for an ideal model of the most perfect symmetry and proportion. Susan was not idle in her department meanwhile; and, as the last hand of the artist had been put to everything, the whole man was equipt from heel to head in a few minutes, as completely as if he had started ready caparisoned out of the earth, like the troops of Cadmus.

Our hero now felt himself once more restored to that appearance in society, which he had ever been accustomed to, till misfortune, and the villainy of mankind, had reduced him to the weeds of poverty; he was, therefore, moving in his proper sphere and character, and not strutting like a lackey in his master's clothes. This did not escape the notice of Susan, and her sagacity immediately discerned that natural and easy air, which no upstart can counterfeit, the unalienable inheritance of a gentleman. She now paraded over the market-place, not a little proud of her companion, and would not be put by from carrying him to her uncle the tonsor, who entertained them in his house with much hospitality, no lack of good cheer, and plentiful store of chatter.

When all accounts were settled with the vender of slops, and the packages put into safe hands for conveyance to the village, Henry and his fair charge having refreshed themselves with a beverage, which the tonsor had himself manu-

factured from the produce of his bee-hives, they took leave of their host, and turned their faces homewards, by the same way they had come, the sun being now rising apace towards his meridian.

A form like Henry's could not be quite concealed by the frock of a peasant, yet it was, doubtless, set off to much greater advantage in the dress of a gentleman, and Susan's eyes witnessed the pleasure she took in contemplating the change now made in his appearance. It also gave a flow to his spirits, and a freedom to his air, which gratified the gaiety of her nature, and made him more companionable and pleasant by the way. Their discourse was lively; her railleries were not gravely answered as before, nor her playful coquetries so coldly overlooked: a thousand little dalliances took place; a thousand harmless knaveries interchangeably passed, as they sauntered through the shade; and kisses were sometimes snatched, sometimes evaded, with a coyness, so arch and so alluring, as

was better calculated to heighten her attractions than to check his advances. She had plucked a wreath of blossoms from the hedges, which she wove about her hat; he decked her bosom with violets and wild flowers fancifully disposed, which he was now permitted to arrange, now prohibited, as the whim prevailed. Sometimes she would stop, expostulate, turn back, or run aside into the alleys of the wood, and pretend to hide herself amongst the branches; this was a challenge for a pursuit, and that never failed to be rewarded by some endearing favour, won with struggles that enhanced its value.

Their walk concluded; Susan parted to the cottage; and Henry turned his steps to the house of Zachary, whose portico, embellished with a rich sky-blue scroll, supported by two gilded gallipots, informed the way-faring man and the world at large, that there the mischances of human life might be relieved—for there dwelt, "*Zachary Cavdle, Surgeon, Apothecary, and Man-Midwife.*"

BOOK THE FOURTH.

CHAP. I.

The Author appeals to his Readers.

I SHALL now put in a few words, whilst my history pauses, touching what I claim from my readers as a right, and what I hope and expect from them as a favour.

My claim is briefly this, credit in all cases for an honest meaning, or, in other words, the best sense that a doubtful passage will bear: it is thus I have treated others; the same treatment I have a right now to claim from them.

On the score of favour, I am their suitor in the humblest sense; for I see so many imperfections starting up in my performance, which I cannot cure, and suspect there may be so many more, which possibly I shall not discover, that I have no notion of sending my sins into the world without one apology; I am not hardy enough to give in the account between my readers and myself, without the usual salvo of *errors excepted*.—Take Nature for your guide, says the critic; follow her, and you can't go wrong.—True, most sagacious critic, I reply; but what is so difficult? Does the tragic poet always find

her out? Does the comic writer never miss her haunts? Yet they profess to paint from Nature, and, no doubt, they do their best: the outline may be true, but the least slip in filling it up mars the portrait; it demands a steady hand, a faithful eye, a watchful judgment, to make the likeness perfect; and, grant it perfect, the author's work will gain no praise, unless it be pleasing also; for who opens a novel but in the expectation of being amused by it?

Let it be merry, says one, for I love to laugh.—Let it be pathetic, says a second, for I have no objection to the melancholy tale that makes me weep.—Let your characters be strongly marked, cries a third, your fable well imagined, and work it up with a variety of new and striking incidents, for I like to have my attention kept alive.—These, and a hundred more, are the demands which one poor brain is to satisfy in a work of fancy; wit, humour, character, invention, genius, are to be set to work together; fiction is to be combined with probability, novelty with nature, ridicule with good-humour, passion with morality, and pain with pleasure; everything is to be natural, yet nothing common; animating, but not inflammatory; interesting, but not incredible; in short, there must be everything that judgment can plan, and genius execute, to make the composition perfect.

No man has done all this ; and he who has done most towards it, has still fallen very short of the whole.

With all this consciousness about me, I yet do not despair but that the candid reader will find something in this fable to overbalance its miscarriages. I shall proceed as one who knows his danger, but is not discouraged from his duty. These children of my fancy, whom I have brought into existence, I shall treat as they deserve, dealing out their portions of honour and dishonour as their conduct seems to call for it ; and though some amongst them will probably persist in acting an evil part to the last, yet, collectively, they will leave no evil lesson behind them.

As to our hero, if he has been so fortunate as to gain an interest in the good opinion of the reader in this period of his history, I am bold to hope he will not forfeit it in the succeeding occurrences of his life, but that he shall preserve a consistent character to the end ; that so, when his part is finished, be it happy or unhappy, he may earn a plaudit as the curtain drops.

I do not aim to draw a perfect character ; for, after a pretty long acquaintance with mankind, I have never met with any one example of the sort. How then shall I describe what I have not seen ? On the contrary, if I wish to form a character, like this of Henry, in which virtue predominates, or like that of Blachford, where the opposite qualities prevail, I have nature before me in both cases ; but if, in the former instance, I will not suffer a single shade to fall upon my canvass, and in the latter, do not let one tint of light appear, what do I present to the spectator, but a confused and shapeless mass, here too glaring, and there too opaque, to preserve any outline that can give to view the form and fashion of a man ?—The brightest side of human nature is not without a spot, the darkest side is not without a spark.

For my own part, as I am not apt to be amused with stories told to the discredit of mankind, I should be sorry if this of mine appeared to any of my readers to have that tendency in the general. A contrast of character there will be in all histories, true or feigned ; but when an author is the biographer of men and women of his own making, he has it in his power, without losing sight of nature, to let the prevailing impression of his fable be favourable or unfavourable, and indulge his own propensities to a certain degree, whichever way they point. Now I know not why we should studiously put forward none but the worst features of the time we live in ; yet I think this has been done by some novelists of great celebrity, in whom there reigns a spirit of satire, that, in my opinion, neither adds to their merit nor our amusement. A pedant, who secludes himself from society, may nourish a cynical humour ; but a writer, who

gives the living manners of the age, is supposed to live amongst men, and write from the crowd rather than the closet ; now, if such a man runs about from place to place, with no cleaner purpose than to search for filth and ordure, I conceive his office to be that of a scavenger rather than a scholar. An honest man, as I take it, will always find honesty enough, and a friendly man meet friendship enough, in his contemporaries, to keep him in good humour with them. Something, indeed, may be found to reprehend in all times ; as the manners and the morals fluctuate, the mirror that reflects them faithfully will give to objects as they pass their proper form and feature. In the time I am now writing, the national character shews itself in so bright a point of view, that the author must be harsh in the extreme, who holds up fictions of depravity as exemplars of the era in which he lives.

I think I may promise myself, therefore, that the general spirit of my history will not be thought morose. I have, indeed, taken occasion, in the character of *Jemima Cawdle*, to make free with enthusiasm ; but I have at the same time exhibited it in contact with a virtuous principle, under the auspices of my worthy friend *Ezekiel Daw*. I have described a domestic tyrant in the person of *Lord Crowbery* ; but I did not give him a title, because I thought that pride was attached to a peerage, or that the cruel and overbearing part which my fable assigns to him, was characteristic of nobility, the very contrary of which I hold for doctrine ; neither did I locate *Blachford* in *Jamaica*, as favouring an invective against our countrymen in the *West Indies* ; no man, I believe, can be found less inclined to be a convert to that groundless prejudice, which vain and shallow heads have been hatching for purposes no less fatal to the interests of the public, than to the reputations of individuals.

To represent scenes of familiar life in an elegant and interesting manner, is one of the most difficult tasks an author can take in hand ; for of these, every man is a critic : Nature is, in the first place, to be attended to, and probability is not to be lost sight of ; but it must be nature strongly featured, and probability closely bordering on the marvellous ; the one must touch upon extravagance, and the other be highly seasoned with adventures—for who will thank us for a dull and lifeless journal of insipid facts ? Now every peculiarity of humour in the human character is a strain upon nature, and every surprising incident is a degree of violence to probability : how far shall we go then for our reader's amusement ? how soon shall we stop in consideration of ourselves ? There is undoubtedly a land-mark in the fields of fancy, *sunt certi denique fines*, but it requires a nice discernment to find them out, and a cautious temper not to step beyond them.

Here, then, I will rest my cause, and conclude my chapter. My readers have my best endeavours to amuse them : I have devoted very many hours to the composition of these volumes, and I am beholden to them for beguiling me of many a care ; if they retain their property when they shall pass into the hands of those who peruse them, it will be everything I can hope for from them.

CHAP. II.

Chamber Dialogues of different Sorts.

WHEN our hero arrived at Zachary's castle, he found a post-chaise in waiting at the gate : as he passed it to enter the court, he made a profound reverence to a lady, whom at first sight he supposed to be his noble benefactress and the owner of it. Upon the glass being let down to return his civility, he perceived his mistake : it was Isabella Manstock. She had accompanied her cousin in her morning airing, and was now filling up the time with a book, whilst her ladyship was in private conference with Doctor Cawdle. That lady had imparted so much of her business to Miss Manstock, as sufficed to inform her she was upon a very interesting discovery as to the identity of a young man who had belonged to her deceased friend Ratcliffe, and whom she expected to meet that morning at the Doctor's. Of Henry's adventure with the miller, and what had passed in consequence of it, that young lady was fully apprised ; the story had been told to Sir Roger in her hearing over night, and more circumstantially detailed by Lady Crowbery as she came with her in the chaise. When she saw, therefore, a young man in mourning, whose appearance answered to the description she had had of him, she was in no doubt of his being the person in question : curiosity led her to survey him with some attention ; and when she perceived him, after stopping for some little time at the gate, turn back without entering it, (for the sight of Lady Crowbery's equipage made him doubt of the propriety of his visit,) she took courage to accost him, saying—If your name is Henry, sir, I believe you are expected within doors.

That is my name, madam, he replied very respectfully ; and I am much beholden to you. Upon this he turned back, and entered through the shop to the offices.

In the kitchen he was encountered by old Bridget, who, after staring at him for some time with astonishment, no sooner recognized his person, thus newly habited, than she began a string of questions, huddled together with so little order, and so much eagerness, that he fairly excused himself the trouble of replying to any one

of them, by desiring she would let her master know that he attended his pleasure.

Hold there ! cried Bridget, master is engaged. I know how he is engaged, replied Henry, but I fancy he will see me.

Say you so ? quoth the hag ; then 'tis clear from what quarter your fortune comes : Ifackins ! you're a rare one ! some folks have the luck of it, that's for certain : times are well changed with you, youngster, since you first entered these doors ; no wonder you was in such haste to leave us ; fine clothes and an easy service suit you better than hard work and a coarse jacket !

She then ran on with more of the like trash, with several sly glances at Lady Crowbery, till Henry again reminded her of going up to her master.

Well, well ! replied she, have a little patience, my fine spark, and recollect it is not yet my place to go on your errands at the word of command : though my lady has thought fit to dress you out like a gentleman, she has not hired me to be your messenger : however, I shall tell my master you are here. Sit down upon that bench ; time was when you would have thanked me for the offer : when you are called for I'll let you know.

Thus muttering to herself, she mounted the stairs ; but instead of going into Zachary's room, went straight to her mistress, eager to broach the news she was charged with, and well prepared to set it off with every proper comment and illustration, suited to her own envious temper, and the hearer's taste.

Here's news to tell the king ! cried the hag, as she hobbled into Jemima's chamber : As sure as you are in that place alive, mistress, would you think it ? there's Harry, our errand-boy, now in the house, spruced out as fine as any lord in the land. If he was heir to the greatest squire in the county, he couldn't be in handsomer mourning ; spick and span new, from top to toe, and all of the best !

What do you tell me ! exclaimed Jemima ; how has all this happened ?

How has it happened ! repeated Bridget ; why, as it always happens to such vapouring Jacks, by a smooth tongue and a handsome face ; the poor and homely may go starve for some folks ; young and personable beggars pick up all the charity : marry, commend me to such charity, it may well be said to cover the multitude of sins ! as if it could be a question, how he came by his clothes, when there is a certain great lady close closetted with master, who is waiting to see him in all his glory, and I warrant you upon thorns till I tell her he is come ; but I won't tell her, not I, at least till I have your orders for it, I won't : for why ? I am no servant of hers, I am no putter-together of people that don't pay me for it : why should I skip of his errands ? I wish to my heart, mistress,

you could only see with your own eyes how the lad is changed since he slipped his skin: then he carries him in such a way, he is as vain as a peacock: I protest to you I did not know him when he stepped into the kitchen: Sir, said I, with a curtesy, what is your pleasure? for I thought he was some fine gentleman that might have custom for my master.—Bridget! cries he, go up to your master, and tell him I am here.—Marry come up! my dirty companion, quoth I, (for his tongue betrayed him, and by this time I had spied him out,) who'll be the fool then? My master's employed with your betters.—Let him be employed with whom he will, quoth he, I shall be welcome, so tell him that I bid you.—With that I thought of the old proverb, *Set a beggar on horseback*, and will'd him to reflect on what he was, before he presumed to send me on his messages. Yet I was minded to tell you what was going on, so I came, nevertheless; and now, if you please, I will go back and let him know I'm not the person he takes me for, to fetch and carry at his command; for my part, I am out of all patience with such upstarts.

Hold, Bridget, replied Jemima; upon reflection I think it best you should let him come up; for 'tis clear to me from what point this wind blows; and though I don't approve of my house being made a house of assignation, yet, by indulging them in this one meeting, we may get to the bottom of the plot, if we can but contrive to overhear their cabal. So this is your fine charitable Lady Crowbery, whom everybody is praising for her good works! rare works, o' my conscience! excellent charity! that singles out the handsomest young fellow in the world for its object, and then thinks to throw dust in our eyes by pretending to befriend him out of pure pity and good will! Ah, Bridget, Bridget! what a world is this we live in! How often have I preached to you upon the vanity of works! Let us have faith and grace, and it matters little what we do, or what we omit to do. For my part, I always suspect your charitable people; and as for her ladyship here at hand, 'tis pretty clear what complexion her charity is of: however, let her have her way for this turn, let her have her swing of charity, and enjoy the fruits of her good works; but be sure to put your ear to the key-hole, and discover if you can what is going on, for all means are fair to bring to light the dark deeds of the wicked.

Whilst this was passing with Jemima and her maid, Lady Crowbery and the Doctor had been in close and earnest consultation on the subject of the discovery now so fully ascertained. When she had given way to those tender emotions, which Nature exacts from the sensibility of a parent under circumstances so critical, she rose from her chair, and having taken two or three turns across the room, as if for recollection's sake, and to compose her spirits, resumed her seat, and laying her hand upon the Doctor's arm, as he

rested it on the elbow of his chair: My good friend, she cried, what shall I do in this perplexity? Dare I commit myself at once to the discretion of this young man, and trust him with the secret of his birth? Alas! I dare not make the discovery to him: the terror I should suffer lest the secret should escape him and reach my lord, would be insupportable; you know his temper too well not to see how completely ruined I should be in such an event: indeed, I cannot even guess at the consequences; only this I am assured of, they would be most dreadful.

Truly, replied Zachary, I cannot advise your ladyship to such a step at present, although I think very highly of the young person's discretion, and can well believe how much you must wish to give a loose to those feelings so natural to a parent for an only child, and one so well deserving of your love; but the suddenness of the discovery, and the agitations of a youthful spirit, taken by surprise in a matter of such consequence, might overpower his prudence for the moment, and drive him upon a discovery of the secret without any intention of betraying it.

'Tis exactly that which I stand in dread of, replied the lady; you state the case correctly as I feel it, and those feelings, which I have never ventured to confide to anybody but yourself, would be so hard to suppress, were the object of them here present, that I am almost afraid of indulging myself with an interview. Yet again, when I consider how long I have been in the practice of suppressing what I feel, I think I may risk the meeting. He is not entirely new to my sight, and if my spirits should be too much agitated by what passes, you will take measures for bringing me to my recollection, and preventing consequences that may be dangerous to us both; this you can pass off to the score of indisposition, and dismiss him when you see occasion; but if I can command myself so far as to enter into conversation with him naturally, and without hazarding too much, you will leave me to make my own way with him, in such a manner as may enable me to gain some insight into his character and understanding. As for his person, I told you how striking the impression was that it made upon me, not only from its absolute but relative beauty, as bringing to my memory the very image of a father, who was, in my eyes at least, the model of perfection. Alas! the traces of that fatally-beloved form are too deeply imprinted on my heart ever to be effaced by time; and if it was a crime to love, and be undone by loving him too well, surely my sufferings have been such as fully to atone for my improvident offence. To purchase pardon of a father, I consented to his wishes, by marrying Lord Crowbery. How dreadful was that sacrifice! I had no heart to bestow; that was gone with him, from whom I was separated as far as sea and land, and obstacles insurmountable, could divide us from

each other, without a hope of ever meeting more on this side death. What has been his fate, Heaven only knows ! mine has been sorrowful enough ; and what to other married women would be an irksome reflection, is to me my only consolation—I have never borne children to Lord Crowbery. At the same time, I am sensible how much this circumstance contributes to embitter our domestic peace, and aggravate that ill-humour, which my unwearied efforts cannot soothe. Alas ! how should they ? He is quick enough to discern that the attentions I pay him, and the patience I exert, have no connexion with the heart ; that they are artificial virtues, become familiar by practice ; and that I am indebted to indifference only for the facility with which I perform them. If then I am thus exposed to his ill-humour for acting the part of a dutiful and obedient wife, without the affections of one, what would be my fate should he discover me to have imposed upon him in a matter more derogatory to his honour, and for which no plea or extenuation could avail me ? I tremble at the reflection. Wonder not, therefore, if my terrors prevail over the longings of a mother's heart, and compel me to use the language of caution, whilst my bosom glows with all the ardour of affection.

Whilst Lady Crowbery was thus discoursing, Henry had arrived, and being now announced by Bridget, order was given for his immediate admission.

CHAP. III.

Nature will have her way.

HENRY now entered the room, dressed, as we have before observed, in mourning for his departed friend, and, with all that modest grace which was natural to him, advanced a few steps from the door, and then stopped short, as one that waits in humble silence to be spoken to.

The Doctor was seated in his sick-chair ; the lady opposite to him, and in full front of the interesting object that now stood before her. It was a trying moment ; she glanced a look upon him that would have told him where to find a mother, had he met her eyes. All the advantages of person were now restored to him by change of dress ; but there were other circumstances still more attractive, that made this second interview peculiarly impressive ; what was at first presentiment was now become a certainty ; the consciousness that she was actually in presence of a new-discovered, unacknowledged son, struck on her heart like an electric shock, as sudden and as swift. She started, shivered, and with difficulty refrained from crying out, as Nature prompted her, My son, my son ! The very counterpart of that engaging form, that

won her virgin heart, and triumphed over all restraints of duty and discretion, was in her eye ; 'twas Delapoe himself, restored to youth, or risen from the grave ; the same fine symmetry of shape, the same rich glow of manly beauty, that once so fatally had charmed her in the father, was here transfused into the son, and brought past scenes so full into review, as almost made them present.

Henry, says she, I find I have a claim in you, that by the death of Ratcliffe now devolves upon me in full right and title ; the object of his care henceforth belongs to me, and therefore wonder not to see me thus affected by surprise and pity, having discovered you to be the relic of my much-lamented friend. Ah, my dear child, (so let me call you now,) my tears shall mix with yours in watering the grave of that invaluable man.

Here her voice failed, her agitation became extreme, and a discharge of tears came seasonably to her relief. What portion of them appropriated to the mother's share, what to the friend's, I leave for nature to decide.—And now, Henry, resumed she, confiding in your discretion, I take you by the hand for life, pledging myself for your future fortune, and promising to stand by you in the place of a mother, till the mystery of your birth shall be revealed, and even of that I would not have you despair. I observe with pleasure you have put yourself into mourning for your friend, which is highly proper and commendable in you ; and as you must have exhausted your small supply, I shall provide for your occasions in such a manner as will enable you to support the character of a gentleman, in which you are so well qualified to move, and wherein I shall not cease to uphold you. The misfortunes you have encountered since your hasty departure from your patron's house, and the indignities you have suffered in this place, are now recompensed to you by the happy Providence that has thrown you upon the protection of one, whose arms, like those of a parent, are open to receive you. In what line of life to dispose of you, must be matter of some reflection, and I shall advise with my uncle Manstock on the subject, who was, equally with myself, a very cordial friend to poor Ratcliffe. At the same time, my dear child, if you have formed any wishes, and have any predilection for one profession rather than another, let me be acquainted with them ; remember only that it must be the profession of a gentleman, and your connexions in the meanwhile must be such only as are suitable to that character. The poor widow and honest Ezekiel, who have harboured you in your distress, shall be recompensed for their hospitality ; but I should think you may now accommodate yourself better, and perhaps it may be the more expedient for you to situate yourself elsewhere, as I understand that the daughter of Dame May is now in the house

with you, and you may well believe that people's tongues will not be idle upon that occasion ; indeed, I have already heard very strong aspersions cast upon that young woman and yourself, in the hearing of my lord ; but as they came from that malicious being, Blachford, I gave little credit to what he said, not doubting but you will have too much consideration for yourself and me, as well as too much principle, to form any sort of connexion with a girl like Susan May.

Here she cast a scrutinizing eye upon Henry, whose cheeks were crimson, conscious as he was of some certain sensations, which these admonitory words did not exactly accord with. He was, however, at no loss for terms the most proper and becoming to address Lady Crowbery in, neither did he omit to set her mind at ease with respect to Susan May. Of Blachford he spoke without reserve, reprobating the baseness of his attack upon an innocent character ; and saying, that if there were any evil designs in meditation against that poor girl, he was persuaded they were harboured only in his treacherous heart. He professed a wish of remaining a short time longer in his present quarters, as he feared it would carry the appearance of pride and ingratitude to the good people who had so kindly entertained him, were he to turn his back upon them in so abrupt a manner. As to any preference for one profession or employ above another, he said he had been in no condition to indulge such ideas, or presume that it could in any case be referred to him as matter of choice ; necessity had been his mistress, and in his late extremity he had seen no other prospect before him for earning a subsistence, but by carrying a musket in the service of his king.—There, added he, I might have laboured usefully, or perished honourably ; for private service I was little qualified, as my late kind master, now present, can witness ; and perhaps I had besides some constitutional repugnancies, which do no credit to my humility, and are the consequences of an education given me by an indulgent patron, that filled my mind with higher notions than were suited to my fortune.

Then raising his eyes, and directing a look, animated with the tenderest expression of gratitude and devout affection to his amiable benefactress—But you, madam, said he, have commanded me to entertain hopes more aspiring than I ever ventured to indulge in my happiest days. In what words can I express my thanks ? I have no power to give them utterance. Pardon me, I beseech you, and pity my confusion. I would fain speak, but cannot ; there is something at my heart, I know not what, too full, too vast, I cannot give it vent. Oh ! my revered, my heaven-inspired protectress, whose condescending goodness deigns to take upon yourself the tender office of a parent to me, a nameless creature, let me for this one moment feed upon

the fond persuasion that I am your son, and kneeling at your feet, embracing them, and bathing them with tears of filial love and gratitude, pour out that flood which else would burst my heart.

The emotions which this energetic address raised in the maternal heart of Lady Crowbery, who saw her unacknowledged son now kneeling at her feet, were such as description cannot reach ; she had thrown her arms about his neck, and was on the very instant point of declaring herself to him, when at once a sudden crash stopped the words upon her lips ; the door of the chamber burst inwards, and, sprawling with her face upon the floor and her heels in the air, behold the person of old Bridget ! Instantly the lady gave a scream, and started from her chair ; Henry nimbly recovered his legs, conscious that the posture he was in could not be too suddenly shifted ; whilst Zachary roared out with astonishment, making several demands in the name of the devil ; to which Bridget, either being, or affecting to be, stunned by her tumble, declined a reply, till being repeatedly urged by the authority aforesaid to give some account of herself, and not finding it convenient to give the true one, she pretended to have slipped down as she was passing hastily from her mistress's chamber, and falling with her whole weight against the door, burst it open. In the meantime, Jemima's bell ringing a furious peal, Zachary bade her begone for a blundering old fool ; which, as Henry had now set her on her feet, she thought fit to obey, and departed without more words.

In fact she had effected pretty nearly all the purposes of her commission, having spied out enough to form a very sufficient report of the lady's good liking for Henry ; and as she had seen her throw her arms about his neck, without hearing what passed between them on the occasion, it must be owned she had stronger circumstances in proof than commonly fall to the share of reporters in cases of the like nature.

From too great zeal to discover more than the small horizon of a key-hole was calculated to disclose, Bridget had pressed so incautiously upon the door, that the lock, which was none of the best, having treacherously given way, she fell, as we have related, headlong into the room, just in time to stop the telling of that secret, which was the most important that son could hear, or parent communicate.

Great was the uneasiness which this unlucky accident occasioned to Lady Crowbery ; and it was not without some pains on the part of Zachary, she was dissuaded from taking certain conciliatory measures with the old woman, for sealing her lips, on the presumption of her having seen more than was prudent to make public ; but as he contended strongly for Bridget's incapacity of making observations, whilst her

face was on the floor, it was finally judged advisable to let it pass in silence, and not create a danger by over-anxiety for preventing it. The alarm, however, had so disconcerted Lady Crowbery, that she had no resolution to renew the conference, much less to touch upon that interesting discovery she was on the point of making, when Bridget interrupted her; so that, after a few words spent in recommending Henry to remain quiet and out of sight at the cottage, till he heard from her again, she hastened to her fair companion, who was waiting for her in the carriage, and departed.

CHAP. IV.

Nothing so furious as a Woman scorned.

It may well be supposed that Bridget lost no time in making her mistress acquainted with the cause of the disturbance and noise she had heard in the Doctor's chamber, and also of what she had there discovered: as she could give no account of their conversation, which was carried on in too low a key to reach her ears on the outside of the door, Jemima was left to her own imagination for finding out motives for a lady's embracing a handsome young man, whilst he was kneeling at her feet, and these, according to Jemima's notions, could be but of one sort; she therefore set it down for certain in her own mind, that Lady Crowbery was desperately in love with Henry; that her house was made a house of assignation, and her husband pander to an intrigue of the most bare-faced nature.

These conclusions she had no sooner formed, than she discerned at a glance all the advantages they gave her in a certain project, which she had long meditated, without being able to bring it into any practicable shape. Henry, who seemed to have escaped out of her hands, was, by this lucky circumstance, more than ever at her mercy; and though she was sensibly piqued at the preference given to a rival very little her junior in age, and, in her own opinion at least, not at all her superior in charms, yet she was well pleased to be paid for her mortification, by having possession of a secret, the suppression of which no sacrifice on his part could be too great for, whilst there was such a person in being as Lord Crowbery; neither was she sorry to find that Henry's scruples were not so general as she thought them, nor his virtue above price: the inference she drew from all this was, that the menace of a discovery so fatal to both parties, could not fail to draw him into her measures, as effectually as Lady Crowbery's money had bribed him into hers; and as delicacy was no part of Jemima's character, whose passions were as violent as her soul was mean, the heart of Henry was not her object; nor were any gratifications unacceptable

to her, because not granted with good will, for pleasure was pleasure in her calculation of it, though it were extorted by terror, or gained by artifice and trick.

Her first care, therefore, was to bind Bridget to strict secrecy for the present, that so the parties, being under no alarm, might continue their meetings, till proofs of a more decisive nature might be obtained against them: her next solicitude was to procure an interview with Henry, and for this purpose she dispatched the old woman to way-lay him before he left the house. This succeeded to her wish, for he no sooner received her summons than he obeyed it, prompted, as we may presume, by desire to ascertain, from her conversation, whether any reports had been made to her that might affect Lady Crowbery.

Upon his presenting himself to Jemima, she received him with an air of joyful surprise, congratulating him on his good fortune, and praising Lady Crowbery to the skies for her charity: she assured him of the sincere pleasure she took in seeing him thus happily extricated out of all his trouble, and, by the favour of his kind patroness, raised to a situation which so well became him; and, as she was persuaded that his noble friend would not fail to go through with the good work she had set her hand to, she could not suppose that Goody May's cottage would be any longer a fit residence for him, either on his own account or the lady's.—Was it not better, she asked, for him to abide where he was, where his good friend might see him as often as she thought fit, without drawing anybody's eyes upon her, as she was in daily habits of consulting the Doctor, and of course her visits would be passed to his account.

Upon Henry's observing that Lady Crowbery's actions required no cover, she quickly replied, that nobody held that lady's character in higher esteem than herself; that she knew well enough she had nothing to fear on the score of reputation, if the world would report nothing but truth; but as such fair dealing was not to be expected, especially in her case, who had so many evil-minded spies upon her, and so morose a husband to deal with, she must think that too great caution could not be taken to provide against consequences—For, alas! poor lady, added she, I am afraid, that with all her virtues and all her charities, she is scarce credited for the one by her jealous lord, and ill-rewarded for the other by her thankless neighbours.

Jemima carried on this hypocrisy with so much address, that Henry began to think she was sincere, at least he was persuaded that nothing had been said to her by Bridget, and, of course, nothing seen. As to his continuance at the cottage, he saw it nearly in the same light with Jemima; Lady Crowbery herself had stated objections to it, and his own reflections suggested many more; what Jemima had observed

with respect to the commodiousness of her own house, was perfectly well founded; and as she betrayed no one symptom of her former propensity, but talked and looked with composure and sedateness, he was half inclined to accept of her proposal. There were other thoughts, however, that crossed him in this determination, and they required farther reflection. He saw all the danger of his situation with Lady Crowbery; the ardour with which she had clasped him in her arms was more than he could account for, and gave him serious alarm; gratitude had prompted him, in an unguarded moment, to throw himself on his knees at her feet; the emotion on his part was natural, and the source from which it sprung pure and respectful; but what could be the motive, with a person of her delicacy and decorum, for a mark of sensibility so extraordinary and unexpected? Charity he could well understand to be kind and condescending, but charity is not called upon to embrace, to caress the object it relieves. The act was an indication of something more than pity; it followed upon his claiming her protection as a parent, and it seemed to be inspired by all the tenderness and affection of the character she adopted. How was he to interpret it?

Whilst he was silently revolving these thoughts in his mind, Jemima's eyes were fixed upon him, and the same contemplation that inspired her with hope, inspired her with desire: the colour rushed into her cheeks, her countenance underwent a change that did not escape him.—Henry, she said, I hope you are resolved to accept my invitation; I have every disposition to be your friend that you can wish me to have; I will serve you, assist you, accommodate you in all points and purposes, and be as secret as your own thoughts: With my friendship, your fortune is made, without it, you are ruined, lost, and undone.

Henry stared at her with surprise; he saw the storm gathering, but knew not where it would burst, nor could rightly divine what either her promises or her menaces alluded to. He desired her to explain herself.

She paused for recollection, and seemed hesitating whether to proceed or to retract. Probably it was her wish that she had not precipitated herself into this dilemma till matters had been riper for her purpose, but she had already gone too far to avail herself of a retreat: it was too late, the die was cast, and she must stand to the throw.—Well, then, she cried, since you do not, or will not, understand me, sit down, and I will, as you desire, explain myself to you without reserve. To prove to you, therefore, in a word, how sincerely I mean to deal with you, I shall begin by confessing to you honestly and freely that I love you. Nay, do not start from me, nor meditate an escape, for, accordingly as you treat my secret, I will treat yours; therefore I must be heard. Yes, Henry, I love you,

but take notice, I am not so unreasonable as to aim at engrossing either your attentions or affections; nay, I am so much your friend, that I am content to be second and subordinate in your regards, for I will not stand in the way of your better fortune, nor traverse any of your plans and assignments with a richer, if not a fairer lady; but where I know, and can depose upon oath, that you have been fast locked in her arms, I tell you ingenuously, that mine shall not be long empty, nor shall my passion be slighted whilst Lady Crowbery's is gratified.

Horror-struck with this dreadful alternative, Henry remained for some moments deprived, as it should seem, both of sense and motion, and incapable of a reply. To choose between infamy and ruin, had the danger been all his own, would have cost him little deliberation; but the first gloomy prospect that opened upon him, was that of his benefactress sacrificed on his account. He saw her, in his imagination, summoned before her surly tyrant, arraigned, condemned, and delivered over to infamy and disgrace. At the same time, his very nature revolted from the loathsome means proposed for preventing this calamity. And was it, after all, a security to be relied upon? What secret could be safe with a character so abandoned, and a temper so outrageous, as Jemima's? None. To what purpose, then, should he involve himself in turpitude and guilt, when he could neither keep misfortune from his benefactress by such measures, nor endure his own remorse of conscience in the meantime? And though innocence might not serve either Lady Crowbery or himself as a defence against the malice of Jemima and the injustice of my lord, yet was he well convinced that nothing in this life could compensate for the loss of it. So far, however, he would yield to the pressure of the moment, for the sake of gaining time, as not to irritate Jemima's temper by too peremptory a repulse. He attempted, therefore, to soothe her by the following expostulation:—

Though I take Heaven to witness that I am as innocent in thought and deed towards the lady you allude to, as the child unborn, and though, from my soul, I believe she is as pure in nature as unsullied snow, yet I know the peril she would incur, and can well conceive the malicious interpretation her innocence would be exposed to, was you so cruelly bent upon her destruction, as to set forth the circumstance which Bridget has reported to you, in its worst colours, to her ungenerous lord. I know how easy it would be, for prejudice like his, by false constructions, to represent an expression of pity as an act of criminality, and turn the world against her, to the ruin of her reputation. But this would be a degree of inhumanity which can never enter into your heart; I am persuaded your nature is not capable of compassing the destruction of an amiable and innocent wo-

man by such horrid means. For my part, sooner than I would be party in such a deed, I would meet death itself, in whatever shape of terror and torment it approached me ; and, believe me, madam, could I suspect you capable of going these lengths in revenge for any want of attention which your partiality for me might interpret into slights, I would rather my life should atone for the offence, than that Lady Crowbery's peace or reputation should be sacrificed through my ill conduct or neglect.

Very well, replied Jemima ; then it is in your power to decide upon the fate of that lady, who is so infinitely dear to you, by proportioning your attentions to the value that you set upon my secrecy.

Prove me, then, he cried ; tax me to the extent of my capacity in any honest services, and mark if I decline the trial.

Honest services ! she repeated ; what are they ? I have made a fair confession to you, Henry, and I will not be trifled with.

I presume, answered he, you have a sense of that religion you profess so zealously. You have a proper feeling for the dignity and delicacy of your sex. You have a recollection of those solemn promises to which you pledged your faith at the altar.

I have a proper sense, replied Jemima, of your folly and impertinence in preaching to me, who am established by faith beyond the reach of guilt, or the possibility of falling.

But I, interposed Henry, who cannot boast such an all-availing faith, do not possess so qualifying a confidence ; therefore, I must request you will with patience hear a few words from me. The principles which nature and education have instilled into my heart, are such as teach me to believe no faith can purify the soul which guilt defiles. This doctrine was impressed upon me by that best of friends, for whose lamented loss I am now in mourning. He was a father to me in effect, though of my real parents I am ignorant. At his death, I became destitute, and in that state of absolute distress was found and relieved by your worthy husband. Shall I repay him with the blackest treachery ? To him I owe the happy chance that cast me on the protection of Lady Crowbery. She was the friend and patroness of my deceased benefactor, the Reverend Mr Ratcliffe. For his sake she bestowed these bounties upon me, in tender recollection of his valued memory, and in pity for the relict of his care. Whilst I was kneeling at her feet in grateful acknowledgment of her goodness, she threw her charitable arms upon my neck in pure benevolence.

You own it, then ! interposed Jemima—'tis enough. Give me only to know, that a woman of Lady Crowbery's cast, soft, sentimental, full of tender passions, and neglected by her husband, goes the length of taking a young fellow

like you in her arms ; and I will take upon me to say, such a woman can have but one possible motive for what she does. Talk not to me of benevolence and charity. Would she embrace a beggar ? Would she press age and ugliness to her bosom ? No, no, Henry, you cannot impose upon me, nor do I believe you are yourself imposed upon. You are at once the irresistible conqueror of us both, and the only difference between us is, that I have the sincerity to avow a passion for you, and she has the hypocrisy to disguise it.

This said, she turned towards him, and without-spread arms was proceeding to embrace him, when, starting back, he exclaimed,—Hold madam ! I am not saint enough to subscribe to your opinions, nor quite so much of a sinner as to suit your purposes.

He now sprung out of the room, and left her in that state of mind, which is as little entitled to pity as it is calculated to excite envy.

CHAP. V.

Miscellaneous Matters.

As our hero slowly directed his steps towards the hospitable cottage, pondering the preceding dialogue in his mind, a thousand distracting thoughts took possession of him by turns : sometimes he reproached himself for not having attempted to soothe Jemima with hopes and promises ; at other times he almost doubted if he ought not to have sacrificed every scruple for Lady Crowbery's sake ; again his spirit rose against such gross impurity, and the fallacy of the maxim, " of doing evil that good might come," struck him in full force.—If innocence, he cried, can be no otherwise protected than by the commission of guilt, let it shift for itself. To appeal to the Doctor was to rouse a suspicion in Jemima, that he had betrayed her to him, and that, he foresaw, would be the certain way to drive her upon retaliation ; besides, he knew the amount of Zachary's authority, and how little good was to be looked for from his interference : to apprise Lady Crowbery of her danger was his anxious wish, but by what means he knew not, for neither interview nor letter seemed either easy or safe to undertake. Ezekiel's fidelity could not be doubted, but as a counsellor in this case, few men could be found less qualified.

Henry had now crossed the green, and was making towards the cottage, when he heard himself accosted by a man in a plain drab riding-coat, and booted, who asked him if that great house at a distance belonged to Lord Crowbery ?—Henry, who had just then little or no attention for anything but the thoughts he was immersed in, stared rather wildly at the stran-

ger, and, in a peevish kind of tone, answered, that he knew nothing at all of the matter:

That is rather extraordinary, replied the stranger, for I think I saw you come from the house where Lady Crowbery has been; and if you are bound to that cottage, you are going where she is.

And what is that to you, sir? demanded Henry, in the same tone, and abruptly turned away from him.

He now quickened his pace, and, entering the cottage kitchen, found there Ezekiel and Dame May, who immediately gave him the signal for silence, telling him, in a whisper, that Lady Crowbery and Miss Manstock were in the inner room conferring with Susan;—And I hope, added the dame, that our girl is in a way to get a place with one of them.

The good dame conjectured rightly, for those ladies had been questioning Susan May upon certain preliminary circumstances, proper to be well explained before any overture was made on Miss Manstock's part for hiring her as her waiting-woman. The points, which Susan had to clear, were simply what arose from the aspersions Blachford had cast upon her with respect to Henry; and being straitly interrogated on the subject by Lady Crowbery, she answered, without prevarication or reserve, that to be sure she could not deny a very sincere esteem for Henry, as who could help liking one every way so worthy and so engaging? but as to what that base man, Mr Blachford, imputed to her, she denied it utterly. It would be well for him, she observed, if he had one grain of that honour which Henry possessed in such a degree, that she believed he would die a thousand deaths rather than be guilty of such baseness as that vile man had meditated against her: she then related the particulars of his attempt upon her when she solicited him to release Henry from the stocks.

When both ladies had joined in expressing their just abhorrence of such proceeding, with proper commendations of Susan's conduct, she again resumed her confession of attachment to Henry; and, after a very animated enumeration of his many excellent qualities, mental and personal, concluded by humbly asking pardon of her hearers for intruding so long upon their patience.—But you, madam, said she, addressing herself to Lady Crowbery, I know to be so kind and considerate, that I am sure you will forgive a poor girl like me if I have said too much, for you know a heart too full will overflow; and to be sure, though I have not the most distant idea of aspiring to Mr Henry, who, I dare say, is as much above me in birth as he is in merit and understanding, yet I hope it is no sin to love him, to pray for his happiness and prosperity, and to bless and reverence, as from my soul I do, all those who are good to him, and your ladyship above all.

Susan ceased, and whilst the tears flowed from her soft eyes, a sympathetic shower bedewed the cheeks of Lady Crowbery; the lovely Isabella (for lovely she was, gentle reader, and fair beyond my powers of description) was so pleased with the sincere and natural character of the girl, that, turning to her with a gracious smile, and addressing her in a voice as tunable as the lyre of Apollo, she said, I am so charmed with your sincerity, Susan, that if my place is acceptable to you, we are agreed: from this moment you belong to me; and if the malice of Mr Blachford attempts still to pursue you, depend upon it, neither he nor his slander will find admission where I am. As for your attachment to this young person, whom you describe so amiable, though my hard heart has never been touched by the passion of love, and I do not so much as guess what it means, I have nevertheless all the compassion in life for those who suffer by it; and for you, Susan, in particular, who are out of hope of obtaining the object you admire. You must therefore strive to forget him as fast as you can, which, I should suppose, you can find no difficulty in doing.

Susan shook her head, but said nothing: a certain look, which Lady Crowbery bestowed upon her fair cousin, was perhaps not misinterpreted, when she corrected herself by saying,—I conclude I have been blundering upon something perfectly absurd, which is not to be wondered at when one talks without understanding what one talks about. You know, cousin, I have never been in Susan's situation; and as all my wishes have been constantly prevented by an indulgent father, I really never felt what could seriously be called a disappointment of any sort: in love, at least, I can venture to say, I am pretty secure.

Don't be too secure, cried Lady Crowbery, tapping her gently on the cheek as she rose from her chair.—And now the ladies, followed by Susan May, entered the room, where Ezekiel, Henry, and Goody May, were assembled.

The happy news was here announced, of Susan's being preferred to wait upon the person of Miss Manstock. This was the height of all earthly happiness that could befall the mother of Susan; and if she herself did not welcome it with quite the same transport, it was not want of value for her young mistress, that damped her joy, for all the neighbourhood rung with Isabella's praise, and Sir Roger Manstock was universally beloved; but there was a pang at the heart of that fond girl, which in the very moment of her good fortune drew a sigh from her breast, and directed her eyes towards Henry with the most pensive expression. This glance was not unnoticed by Isabella, who followed it in its passage to the countenance of our hero, which, being just then overspread with a tender blush, and charactered with the finest touches that pity and benevolence could give it, was per-

haps in nature the most dangerous object that a young lady, who had so lately set love at defiance, could encounter ; and, was I poetically given, I should here take occasion to introduce that revengeful deity taking aim from behind the person of my hero, like Teucer covered by the shield of Ajax ; and launching at the heart of Isabella one of his swiftest and most fatal arrows. Certain it is, there was some busy messenger or other, that flitted in that moment on his malicious errand, and whispering in her ear, forewarned her, that the god of love was not to be affronted with impunity. The same, perhaps, or some sister spirit, equally bent upon mischief, threw an accident in the way of their returning in the carriage, by taking off a shoe from one of the horses, and compelling the driver to resort to the blacksmith for a repair of the damage.

This being reported, Isabella quickly proposed a walk through the plantations, which her lady cousin as quickly closed with, happy in the excuse for taking her beloved Henry with her. It was in vain, therefore, that the foolish servant assured his lady the job would be done in a few minutes ; his evidence was instantly dismissed, and the ladies, adjusting their cloaks, set forward without listening to any farther demur, accompanied by our hero, blooming with every modest grace that beauty, youth, and sensibility, could unite to adorn him with.

When they entered the plantation they were secure from being overlooked, and then the mother, whose heart yearned towards her new-discovered treasure, pretending to want support, passed her arm under his, and instinctively pressed it to her heart, giving him, at the same time, a look of unutterable fondness. The action was so marked as not to be misunderstood : Henry felt it, and turned pale with alarm ; seized with a sudden faintness, he seemed not less in want of support than the lady herself : she saw his change of countenance, she perceived him tremble as she leant upon him, and perfectly comprehended all the delicacy and distress of his sensations : concealment was no longer generous, it was no longer safe ; it was now no longer in her power. He had stopped short from incapacity to proceed ; their mutual embarrassment was too conspicuous to be overlooked by Isabella, had she been ever so industriously accommodating ; but of these arts she was perfectly ignorant, and had already run to the assistance of her cousin, very naturally alarmed at her situation, and was tendering a bottle of salts to her, when that lady, in the tenderest tone, exclaimed, Oh ! my sweet friend, my beloved Isabella, judge not unfavourably of me for the uncommon sensibility, the strong emotions, which you see me seized with : I knew the parents of this youth ; dear to me they were as my own life, near as the blood that flows from my own heart.

—Here she fell upon Henry's neck, and in her agony sobbed aloud.

At this instant, the person of the Viscount was seen advancing towards them in the same walk : there was no farther time for explanation ; scarce a moment remained for reflection ; Henry was bidden to retire with all speed ; Lady Crowbery struggled to compose herself for the dreadful rencontre ; the affectionate Isabella was employed in cheering and supporting her ; but the interval was momentary, and my lord at hand.

It was so unusual a thing with him to walk at this hour of day, and in this place, that nothing could be more unlooked for than this meeting : he had now seen with his own eyes a confirmation of what had already been reported to him by Blachford. That gentleman, enraged at seeing all his designs upon Susan May traversed by the interference of Henry, and her resignation of Jemima's service, had paid a visit to that disconsolate dame within a very few minutes after our hero had left her in a state of mind little short of absolute frenzy : inflamed as she was to the height with rage, indignation, and revenge, the flattering attentions of that insidious visitor, whose gross appetites could *batten on a moor*, gained thereby the knowledge of an important discovery, and she the gratification of a revengeful passion, well knowing to what malicious purposes he would apply the secret she had imparted to him.

The meeting between the Viscount and his lady, from which so many dreadful reproaches were expected, went off without any ; a few words in passing, and those addressed to Miss Manstock, were all that occurred ; but Lady Crowbery discovered enough in the sullenness of his look to awaken all her apprehensions, nor was she deceived in her observations : My lord pursued his way towards Justice Blachford's, and the ladies held on their walk and their discourse till they arrived at the castle.

As soon as Henry had passed the plantation-gate that opened upon the village-green, he was again accosted by the stranger in the horseman's coat, who told him he had just picked up a ring in the foot-path, which he conceived had been dropped there by Lady Crowbery as she passed, and begged him to take the charge of returning it to her, as he himself was upon the wing, and could not undertake the delivery of it in person.

Henry took the ring, examined it, was convinced that it belonged to Lady Crowbery ; and recollecting that his former treatment of this person, when he broke in upon his meditations, had been none of the most courteous, he was the more desirous to make up for it by his civility on this occasion : the man seemed in that style of life as might be complimented on his honesty, without an affront to his dignity. The ring was of value, for it consisted of a table dia-

mond set in the shape of a heart, under which was a plait of hair, with the words *Cecilia Adamant*, neatly engraved upon the back of the setting. This, Henry observed, being the maiden-name of Lady Crowbery, was a proof of its belonging to her, and he therefore suggested it to him as proper to be delivered by his own hands, the meanness of his appearance warranting to add, that he was persuaded that generous lady would wish to make a suitable return to the finder.

I understand your kind hint, replied the man, and am thankful to you for it; if her ladyship should be pleased in her bounty to take any consideration for the finder of this trinket, be so good to tell her, it is a poor man lately returned from transportation, who will thankfully receive her favours through your hands; but as I don't think it safe to put myself in the way of Lord Crowbery, circumstanced as I am, so I do most earnestly conjure you not to give the ring to my lady in his presence, nor to let any intimation reach him that may expose me to be traced as the finder of it: for the present, it will not be prudent for me to tarry here any longer; some time hence I may call upon you again.

Some time hence, replied Henry, I may chance not to be found here; but call at that cottage, and whatever is there deposited will be honestly delivered to you by the good people of the house: you know your own danger best, but if returning from transportation constitutes any part of it, I should think you had better have been silent on that head; however, you may depend upon it, I shall not betray your trust, either in one case or the other.

Sir, rejoined the stranger, permit me to say, there is something in your countenance that assures me I might repose greater trusts than this in your keeping without hazard; the good woman of the cottage you pointed to has made me acquainted with your adventures in this place, and you must allow me to say that I honour you from my soul; though I have been a guilty man in my time, (which you will readily believe, having told you I am newly returned from transportation,) yet I love virtue, and reverence brave, humane, and virtuous persons like you: I have been also told of Lady Crowbery's generosity to you, and I applaud her for it: charity is a lovely quality, but frailty is of the very essence of woman; and I beseech you to recollect that Lady Crowbery is a wife.

This said, he hastily turned away, and before our hero could recover the surprise which a speech so unexpected had thrown him into, the stranger was out of sight.

CHAP. VI.

A figurative Style is apt to puzzle a plain Understanding.

WHEN Henry returned to the cottage, he found Ezekiel sitting with old Weevil, the miller, who had come to report the convalescence of his son; and as he really bore a grateful mind towards our hero, it was with great pleasure he congratulated him on the happy change in his fortune and appearance: he then began to sound forth the praises of Lady Crowbery for her charities; and when he had run on in this strain for some time, frequently appealing to Henry, who made no reply, he looked at him with a degree of surprise, and said, How is this, friend Henry? You say nothing all this while.

Our hero now answered, that if he was silent on the subject, it was not from want of gratitude, but because he knew that lady did not wish her good deeds to be talked of.

Heyday! cried Weevil, what is the value of a good deed, if the world does not know it? For my part, if I do a man a kind turn, I am the first to let him hear of it; for where would be the pleasure of doing it else; and how can I expect a return of the same kindness, if I don't let him understand from whence it came?—Then turning to Ezekiel, who did not seem to relish his notions, and had exhibited certain tokens that they would not pass unquestioned, he demanded of him, with an air of raillery, if he preached such sort of charity as that lady was supposed to practise.

Ezekiel rose from his seat, and drawing himself up into an erect posture, as his custom was when he debated any interesting point, Neighbour Weevil, he cried, you demand of me, as a preacher, if I recommend to my flock such sort of charity as this good lady practiseth; and I demand of thee, as a Christian, if thy pastor hath never taught thee that good lesson, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth?"

I hope I know that without his telling, quoth the miller, for surely no man would put his hand into his neighbour's sack, and be fool enough to blazon his own shame; I think he would be but a silly fellow, who did not keep his own counsel in such a case; but that any one should be ashamed of giving away their alms, and take no credit for what they bestow, seems to me an unaccountable piece of business; for why should I lay out my money and get nothing for it?

And is it nothing, cried the preacher, elevating his voice, and rising on his insteps, to purchase that divine sensation, which springs within the human breast when we relieve the suf-

ferings of a fellow-creature? Is the self-approving testimony of a good conscience nothing worth, unless echoed back upon thee by the applauses of the world? The eye of the Almighty is upon the deeds of men, whether they be good or evil; nay, more than that, it penetrates to the heart, and discerns the motives and secret springs which govern it. Is it not enough for man to know, that He, who seeth in secret, will reward us openly? I hope, friend Weevil, thou art not a man of that pharisaical kidney, as lovesth greetings in the market-place, and delighteth to blow a trumpet before thee?

I blow a trumpet! replied the miller, somewhat angrily; I don't know what you mean by suspecting me of such mountebank tricks; and as for greetings in the market-place, whether I love 'em or not, is no matter; but I have plenty of them without asking for, for I don't go there without my money; they are glad enough to greet me, friend Zekiel, for I am a fair trader, do you see, and neither blow trumpet or horn to call customers about me, and bring grist to my mill: No, no, if they like my dealings, they are welcome; if not, let 'em go elsewhere. If the mill were never to go till I blew a trumpet, it would stand still to everlasting for me; but I can't say so much for you, Doctor, in your way of trade; you may be said to blow a trumpet, methinks, when you are perched up in a tree, hooting, and howling, and preaching the end of the world to a parcel of poor scared wretches, that are ready, through fright, to hang themselves upon the branches of it: this I call blowing a trumpet, Master Zekiel, added he, and such a trumpet it is, that, with my good will, shall never enter these ears whilst they are fixed to my head.

Be it so, scorner, be it so, replied the preacher; if thy heart be hardened even to the consistency of one of thine own mill-stones, whose misfortune is it but thine own? Pharaoh's heart was also in like case; he was hardened against the warnings of the meek man, Moses, and what was his fate? Whelmed in the Red Sea, swallowed up, drowned, Gaffer Weevil, drowned, I say, as thou perchance mayst be, for a judgment, in thine own mill-tail; which, God forbid! for I would rather wish thee to live and to repent; nay, hath not a judgment fallen upon thee already, a terrible judgment, from which thou art newly escaped? and wilt thou not obey the warning, as holy David obeyed, when the Lord smote the son of Bathsheba for his sins? Will nothing awaken thee but the last trump, thou deaf adder?

Here Ezekiel Daw turned his eyes towards the place that had lately been occupied by the person of Weevil, and discovered nothing there within his ken save an old elbow-chair, literally as void of edification as the deaf adder; Miller Weevil having neither carried that away with

him, nor one single word of instruction, from the late expostulatory harangue.

I protest, quoth Ezekiel, as he looked about for Weevil, the man hath disappeared, and the *chair of the scorner* is left empty: Good hope, added he, sitting down in it at the same time, I shall not offend against the Psalmist's precept, by placing myself in his stead.

No fear of that, said Henry, the words are not to be taken in their literal sense.

Humph! replied the preacher, don't be too sure of that, young man; it is early day for such as thou art, to set up for an expounder of Holy Writ.

I beg pardon, answered the youth; if I had been aware there could have been two opinions in the case, I should have held back my own till I heard what yours was.

All is well, rejoined the other; I do not reprove thee, child, but for thy good; I would warn thee against the example of that froward man, who hath newly departed in his error, and suddenly disappeared, whilst my eye was not upon him:—A circumstance that could hardly have happened to any other person than Ezekiel, whose eye, like the poet's, had been rolling in so fine a frenzy, that the miller and every other person about him might have walked out of company at that moment without his seeing them.

The good man, who, as we have before observed, was only patient upon principle, had been not a little nettled at the retort of the trumpet, which, being a martial instrument, had sounded a note in his ear, that had somewhat roused the natural ardour of his spirit; a hint which we think fit to give to the sagacious reader, who might else conceive there was hardly cause sufficient for the vivacity of his reproof to our young hero, whose nature certainly was not prone to give offence, nor wanting in humility; in proof of which, we take leave to add, that he quietly submitted to a long lecture from Doctor Daw upon that very virtue, of which it was plain he had a much greater share by nature, than his teacher.

CHAP. VII.

The Events of this Life are chequered with Good and Evil.

DAME MAY now returned to the cottage, having circulated the happy tidings of her daughter's promotion, into every house of the village, where she could find an acquaintance at leisure to give her the hearing; and as we are never better disposed to rejoice with others, than when we are joyful ourselves; so it was with this good woman, whose heart, though naturally apt to

sympathize, was, at this moment, in the best humour possible, to take a friendly share in Henry's good fortune; whilst her eyes overflowed with pleasure at the sight of him in his new apparel, her tongue poured forth praises in abundance, and blessings without stint, upon his generous benefactress.

The hostile cabal assembled at Blachford's, were in the meantime projecting ways and means of revenge; for Lord Crowbery had joined them full fraught with what he called ocular demonstration of his lady's misconduct; for, though he had observed a sullen silence when he met her in the plantation, nothing which there passed had escaped his observation; and the reader will recollect enough of her situation, to acknowledge it was a very suspicious one; the credit of Jemima's intelligence, as reported to him by his friend Blachford, was now completely established, and his mind prepared for any measures of revenge, that could be proposed to him; but as it was his practice, in all cases of danger, to keep himself out of sight, and put his proxies in the front, his caution did not forsake him upon the meeting with his lady, and he prudently forbore to waste any of his noble anger in words, not wishing either that Miss Manstock should witness them, or that Henry should be called to an altercation on the spot; whether because he deemed him too ignoble for his personal resentment, or too gallant to submit to his insult, must be left as matter of opinion; we do not wish to have any correspondence with his lordship's private meditations; as to his discussions with Lady Crowbery, he was very ingenious in selecting proper times and seasons for them. The cabal now sitting, consisted of Blachford, Captain Crowbery of the marines, and Fulford, an attorney; gentlemen entirely devoted to his lordship, and, the major part at least, not immoderately prejudiced by the secret dictates of justice, conscience, or honour.

The inmates of the cottage were now collected, for Susan had joined the party, but not with the same joyous spirits that her mother had brought amongst them; a secret melancholy seemed to weigh upon her heart, and Henry, who well divined the cause, between compassion for her, and alarm for Lady Crowbery, found ample occupation for his thoughts: as for Ezekiel Daw, the even tenor of his spirits was not apt to be discomposed either by the fortunate or unfortunate events of this life.

One of the first measures resolved upon by the cabal, had been to expel the tenants of the cottage from their humble abode; the tenement belonged to Blachford, and was held at will. So long as he fostered any hopes of succeeding with the daughter, that considerate gentleman had been a very easy landlord to the mother; but now that he saw his designs blasted, first by her

attachment to Henry; and, secondly, by her engagement with Miss Manstock, his charity cooled so fast, that he commissioned Fulford, the attorney, not only to warn her mother from the premises, but also to enforce payment of certain arrears of rent, which he had abstained to demand from motives above-mentioned; nay, it was asserted on the part of the poor widow, that, as far as any unwitnessed promise could avail, he had passed his word to her for an acquittal of the whole.

Charged with these instructions, Fulford now presented himself to the party in the cottage, and in proper terms of office delivered himself of his commission. Goody May heard the warning, and demand accompanying it, with horror proportioned to the distress it menaced her with. The bounty of Lady Crowbery, in consideration of her kindness to Henry, had just enriched her with a sum, which this demand so nearly involved, that she felt herself in imagination even poorer than she was before; her flattering hopes of peace and plenty vanished like a dream; stript by her deceitful creditor of all her stock of wealth, and thrust out of her cottage, she knew herself to be excluded in effect from the parish, where she had long dwelt in the good esteem of the villagers, and, by the humble exercise of her art, had hitherto contrived to earn a decent maintenance. It was a farther aggravation to her sorrows, that in this distress her friend and inmate Ezekiel was to be a sharer; she fixed her eyes upon the countenance of the attorney, she saw no movements of compassion there; she then turned them upon her friends assembled around her, she drew no comfort from their looks, threw herself into a chair, and burst into tears.

Ezekiel seeing this, put himself between Fulford and the door, towards which he was retreating, and gently laying his hand upon his breast, in the action of stopping him, with a steady look and solemn tone, addressed him in the following words:—Mr Fulford, you are an attorney; and pity, though not unknown to some of your profession, is certainly no part of your business here; I shall not therefore trouble you by appealing to what it is evident you do not possess. Whether this poor woman is at this instant furnished with money sufficient to discharge your demand, I cannot take upon me to say; I myself have some little matter in hand, which will be forthcoming at her call.

I have enough, and more than enough, cried Henry.

Peace, young man, replied the preacher; and interrupt me not; this gentleman's time is too precious to listen to the modes we shall take for raising the sum he requires of us, neither is his nature likely to be softened by any difficulties we are put to in providing it; with your leave, therefore, Mr Attorney, we shall desire you will

signify to your principal, that we do not oppose ourselves to the power which the law has given him over us, for expelling us from his cottage ; tell him we have received his orders, and are preparing to obey them, but say withal, that they have wrung the tears from the eyes of the widow, and let him prepare himself to answer the appeal that is gone up against him.

Look ye, Mr Daw, replied Fulford, how all that may be is another case, and *coram non nobis*, as we say ; my commission extends no farther than to the widow May ; she is the party I am to look to ; with respect to you, I have no instructions, and for aught I know, you may have his worship's leave for remaining on the premises.

How say you, sir ? exclaimed Ezekiel ; may I have his leave to abandon this poor widow ? I will neither take his leave, nor his example, for anything so base and dastardly : he shall never teach me to be cruel like himself, he shall never seduce me to make promises of protection, and afterwards revoke them ; I reject his favour, and will persist in my integrity.

You know your own business best, quoth Fulford ; I am to look for the rent, or distrain to the amount.

Name it, cried Henry, produce your bill, I am prepared to discharge it.

And who are you, replied Fulford, that take upon yourself to speak to a gentleman in so peevish a style ?

I speak to you, said Henry, as I should to your principal.

Speak then to my principal, replied the attorney ; and turning on his heel, quitted the company.

Before he had gone many paces from the door, Isabella, accompanied by her father, entered the cottage : Goody May had not yet dried her tears, and the cause of them being inquired into by her worthy visitors, gave her an opportunity of relating what had passed. Sir Roger Manstock, whose heart was ever open to a case of pity, and who well knew the hateful character of Blachford, bade her be comforted, for that he would provide her with a habitation on his own estate, and in the near neighbourhood of her daughter, where she should be at least as well lodged, and better protected than she was at present.—As for the little matter of rent, added he, which Mr Blachford thinks fit to exact of you, notwithstanding his word to the contrary, if one of you will step out and call back the attorney, we will discharge it on the spot.

Henry flew upon the errand, and was at Blachford's door in an instant, where that gentleman was then standing with Fulford at his elbow. At the name of Sir Roger Manstock he started, swelled with pride and passion, and strode away with hasty steps to the cottage, ordering the attorney to follow him.

Give me leave, said he, as he set his foot within the door, to tell you, Sir Roger Manstock, that I do not hold it proper behaviour from one gentleman to another, to interfere between me and my tenant, and spirit her out of my house for the invidious purpose of casting an odium upon my character, as if I was a tyrant and persecutor of the poor : I would have the world to know that I have as much humanity as yourself, or any man breathing, and I don't see what right you have to take for granted, that I intend to go the length of driving this woman out of her house at any rate.

Mr Blachford, replied the venerable baronet, you have put an interpretation upon my motives so contrary to what has ever governed my actions, that I should be warranted in making no reply to your invectives ; but I am an old man, pretty well known in this neighbourhood, and little afraid of being misunderstood by anybody but yourself. If your attorney did not warn this poor widow from her house by your authority, I have stepped into a business by a mistake, which does not belong to me ; if, on the contrary, he did, I have as much right to take her into my protection, as you can have to put her out of yours, and that protection I will give, though your persecution should extend to every other person under this roof.

Blachford's dusky visage turned purple with rage, he gnawed his lip, knit his sooty brows, and sullenly replied,—It is no concern of mine how many vagabonds you take into your house, so mine is clear of them.—Upon the instant stepped forward our young hero, and darting a look like that which our immortal bard bestows upon the seraph Abdiel before he encounters the grand apostate—Now, said he, your virulence so clearly points at me, that I am warranted to reply to you ; and, first, I tell you, I will not permit you to lose the respect due to a venerable character, which none but one devoid of every manly, every virtuous feeling, would have the baseness to defame : in the next place, I have a word for you in answer to the aspersions you have thrown out against this innocent young woman, in which you have brought my honour into question, and for which you ought to blush, knowing your own infamous attempts upon her person ; but as your turpitude is such, that to speak of it in this presence would be a breach of decency, I desire you will step out with me, and I will breathe one word in your ear, which, if you have the spirit of a man, you will know how to reply to.

This said, Henry stepped nimbly out of the door, and Blachford, attended by his lawyer, sullenly followed.—In the name of the Lord, cried Ezekiel, grasping his crab-stick, I will also go forth.—At this moment Isabella gave a sigh, and fell back in her chair.

CHAP. VIII.

How deep and secret are the Seeds of Love !

As soon as Blachford was on the outside of the door, Henry, who had stopped for him, accosted him, and said, I now repeat to you, that your attempt upon Susan May was infamous; and that when you told Lord Crowbery that innocent girl had been criminal with me, you told a most impudent and abominable lie.

Very well, sir, replied Blachford, I shall not talk with you now: you shall hear from me in another way.

The cowardly bully slunk away, and Henry returned to the cottage, but not till Ezekiel, brandishing his crab-stick, had marched up to him, and declared, with an observation little short of an oath, that if he had turned out with the Justice, he himself would have undertaken for the attorney, and—Grace of God, added he, I trust I should have smitten him to the earth, even thereafter, as the prophet Samuel smote Agag.

When Henry entered the cottage, he found the women anxiously employed in bringing Isabella out of a swoon.—Heaven defend me, he exclaimed, what is the matter?—Dame May had dropped some hartshorn into water; Henry scarce knowing what he did, seized the cup, and presented it to the lips of the drooping beauty; at that moment she opened her eyes—And are you safe? she said; then took the contents of the cup, and presently revived.

In a few minutes, Isabella was perfectly recovered, and when Sir Roger Manstock began to express himself in the kindest terms to Henry, he required to know what had passed between him and Blachford; exhorted him very earnestly not to enter into any quarrel with a man of so malicious a character, and very cordially invited him to take refuge in Manstock-house,—For I am persuaded, said he, that both Blachford, and, I am sorry to add, Lord Crowbery himself, will set every engine at work, to play off some diabolical plot upon you.

Indeed, sir, said Isabella, turning her eyes upon him with the tenderest expression, you are in the greatest danger whilst you remain amongst them: my dear father gives you the best counsel, and you will do well to get out of their way; for only think what affliction it would give to my poor cousin, if any harm was to befall you.

She is infinitely good, replied Henry, and her solicitude gives some value to a life, which, circumstanced as it was a while ago, would scarce have merited my care.

If that be so, resumed Isabella, I am confident it is her wish that you should accept my father's invitation; and, after what I have now

been a witness to, permit me to say, it is mine also.

You honour me too much, replied he, and I can make no other return to such unmerited kindness, than by assuring Sir Roger Manstock and yourself, of my unalterable respect and gratitude.

This point being so settled, the worthy baronet and his fair daughter took their leave of the good people, Sir Roger having shaken Henry very cordially by the hand, and assured him of a hearty welcome at Manstock-house. Upon their arrival at the castle, they found Lady Crowbery alone, and employed at her writing-table; their carriage was at the door, and they had called to bid her farewell. Sir Roger related to her all that had been passing at the cottage, and said so many handsome things of Henry, both with respect to his behaviour, person, and spirit, that whilst her heart trembled for his safety, it overflowed with joy upon hearing him so praised.—And now, said the baronet, we must think of something for him out of hand, for there is a deal of malice brewing against him in the hearts of this Blachford and his crew: he has a gallant spirit; I think his turn seems to lie towards the army.

It is too clear, replied Lady Crowbery, what dangers beset him, and with whom they spring: that I shall have my share in them, I can well believe; I expect no less, and am preparing myself to meet it. In the meantime, to remove him to some place of safety seems the first thing needful; of his future destination we may decide at leisure.

But my father, cried Isabella, has invited him, and he is coming to Manstock-house.

Lady Crowbery smiled; but whether it was from the joy she took in the intelligence, or from something she observed in the eagerness of Isabella's manner, or from a mixture of causes, we must leave to conjecture; certain it is, that the finest eyes in nature were just then illuminated with uncommon vivacity, and the sweetest countenance overspread with a blush, whose exquisite carnation no art can imitate.

After a few minutes spent in making their affectionate adieus, they parted; Sir Roger Manstock and his fair daughter to their own home, and Lady Crowbery resumed her pen; the productions of which, it is more than probable, our readers will hereafter be acquainted with.

We shall now look back to the cottage, where the agitation in which we left our friends, had not yet subsided. Ezekiel was gone forth upon the green, and being there joined by several of his neighbours, with whom he was in general favour, had been giving them a valedictory harangue, with some occasional comments upon Justice Blachford's inhumanity to the widow; that good woman, in the meanwhile, who had not the fault of keeping an idle tongue, was no less busy in a different quarter; and, perhaps,

there was not a corner in the parish where she was not beloved, and the Justice abhorred, so that all voices were loud in her cause; even John Jenkins, a fellow of notorious levity, and the obstreperous cow-boy, his brother, were on the side of the sufferers, and joined in the cry against their village-tyrant with the rest.

Henry and Susan alone kept house; he, pondering on a variety of interesting matters, she, probably, on only one object, and that before her eyes. Opportunities like the present she had little prospect of in future; her heart fluttered, her spirits wavered betwixt hope and despair: she sighed, and gently resting her arm upon his shoulder,—Alas! for me, she cried, my happy hours have been but few, and they are past: you'll think no more of me when this fine lady occupies your heart: I see it coming on, I see it plainly.

Impossible! he replied, my thoughts are otherwise employed; they never can aspire so high.

Ah, Henry! resumed she, this is but feigned humility; you've seen enough to know that I am right: you and I shall take no more such walks together as we have done; you will have a fairer companion in your rambles through the groves at Manstock; and let me own, 'tis fit you should: I am not worthy of you; you are in all respects above me, and it was only in your distressed and humble state, that I aspired to think of you, to consort with you, and to love you: if I have been too forward, and offended you, do not remember me with contempt, but pardon a fond girl, that can never cease to bear you a devoted faithful heart.

Susan never looked so lovely in the eyes of Henry as at this moment; the melancholy tone in which these words were uttered, the modest air accompanying their delivery, her sighs, her tears, her blushes, touched him more sensibly than all the playful smiles, that, in her gayer moments, she had glanced upon him. Everything that his compassionate nature could suggest to console and soothe her, he said and did without reserve, for every passion seemed now buried in affliction; and as for such caresses as honour might allow of, he deemed it cruelty to withhold them.—But here let me insert one caution to my youthful readers how they surrender themselves to the indulgence of that dangerous propensity called pity, which, if it is not love itself, is yet so closely allied to it, that wherever the interests of the one can be served, there is no safety in committing yourselves to the other. Of the truth of this remark our inexperienced Henry may serve for an example; seduced by pure compassion into the office of a comforter, he found himself surprised into emotions, which it required the strongest resolution to control; and so gentle was the current, so pleasingly deceitful the gradations, by which he was carried on towards that gulf, where honour would have

been lost, that, had not the recollection of his late reproach to Blachford timely warned his conscience to avoid the guilt which he had condemned in another, he had here been overthrown, and we must have devoted one unwilling page to the lamented record of his shame; for opportunity courted him, beauty smiled upon him, love allured, and Susan whispered an inviting challenge in his ear, that fairly set all prudence at defiance; in short, malicious Fortune seemed to have trepanned him into a situation with this tempting girl, exactly of a piece with theirs, to whose incontinence he owed his birth.

Then I must marry you, was his apology to Susan's rash proposal.

I ask no such sacrifice, replied the damsel.

This hospitable roof will fall upon my head.

Away with all such scruples, she again replied, and pressed him in her arms.

'Tis a hard struggle! he exclaimed. But, by the Power that guards me, I will never be a Blachford!—With these words he sprung from her embrace: the snares of love, that had so nearly closed upon him, gave way, and burst at once; the vanquished passions fled, and Virtue put her wreath of triumph on his brow!

A momentary glance of anger darted from the eyes of Susan, as she exclaimed, Heavens! can you use me thus?—But it was only a glance; resentment had no lasting tenure in her breast; her heart, though liable to be surprised by love, was not surrendered to dishonour. She rallied her disordered thoughts, looked back upon the past with conscious self-reproach for her own desperation, and, covered with confusion, hid her face.

CHAP. IX.

A Funeral Oration out of Place.

IN the council that sat upon the fate of Henry, there were as many opinions as there were members. Fulford, who looked for no resources but what were to be found in his own profession, recommended the ejection; and of this we have already seen the result, which certainly was not very flattering to the projector.

Captain Crowbery, whose ideas, like those of Fulford, were of the professional sort, was for bolder measures, and undertook, through his interest with a friend who commanded a press-gang then upon the coast, to take our hero off, unknown to all his friends, and ship him in a tender. This proposal, which did not interfere with the legal proceeding before mentioned, nor involve any one of the junto either in difficulties or dangers, was universally approved of, and had, in fact, every merit that a revengeful plot could boast of. It was therefore resolved, *nem.*

con., that the Captain should set forth in search of his friend, and concert the means of carrying it into execution secretly and securely ; Lord Crowbery enjoying, by anticipation, the agonies of his lady, when her favourite should disappear on a sudden, and no one could account for it.

But Blachford, whose nature, though by no means brave, was bloody and revengeful, and whose pride was stung to the quick by the spirited retort which Henry had cast in his teeth, had an underplot of his own, which, for good reasons, he withheld from his assessors, conscious that it would neither tally with the legal notions of the attorney, nor probably suit the more martial spirit of the Captain ; nay, he had his doubts, if even my lord would be fond of giving countenance to it ; for it was neither more nor less than to assassinate Henry, or, in the vulgar phrase, knock him down in the dark, and leave him to his chance for life or death, when he had done with him.

Blachford, in his chair of justice, could expatiate, as we have seen, with all due solemnity upon the heinous crime of murder ; but Blachford, in his private character, was the very man in the world to project the perpetration, though not just the person to undertake the hazard of executing such an act. He was provided with a confidential servant, whom Nature seemed to have qualified for these purposes, with the most absolute insensibility, both of danger and humanity. This adroit personage, by name Lawrence O'Rourke, whose origin was to be sought in the west of Connaught, had been taken into Blachford's service, when he first commenced planter in Jamaica ; and so faithfully had he ministered to the cruelties of his master, that it was generally thought most of the memorable acts were done by his hands, for which that gentleman became distinguished in those parts by the title of Bloody Bob Blachford.

The moon was at this time commodiously in her last quarter : Lord Crowbery had signified his intention of summoning Henry to the castle that evening, and it occurred to Blachford that the opportunity was favourable for way-laying him on his return through the grove, where Larry O'Rourke undertook to post himself, armed with a stout bludgeon, in the use and exercise of which he was very expert.

In the meantime, Ezekiel and Goody May, having in their different quarters disseminated the story of Blachford's employing his attorney to eject them from their cottage, through the whole village, the indignation became general, and some of the younger people began to employ themselves in the making and erecting of a very stately gibbet, in the centre of the Green, and in full view from the windows of his worship's mansion, for the purpose of executing that venerable magistrate by proxy on the spot. This proxy, which was a very reasonable likeness of

its principal, was seated in a tumbril, with its arms tied behind it in a very orthodox manner, and seemed only to wait the prayers of some charitable person, before it received the word of command for being hoisted up to the place of its execution. In this awful interim it occurred to the ingenious projectors of this moral machinery, that if Doctor Daw could be prevailed upon to give it his passport to the other world, they might launch it off with becoming grace, and the spectators be edified by the catastrophe.

It was in the dusk of the evening, and Ezekiel had just knocked the ashes out of his last pipe, when the noise and hubbub on the Green called him forth. No sooner had the figure in the tumbril crossed his optic nerves in the obscurity of the twilight, than those aforesaid nerves suggested to his sensorium an idea, that the enraged mob were actually about to execute a living man, without judge or jury. Horror-struck at the sight, he rushed amongst them, vociferating by the way, For the Lord's sake, neighbours ! what are you about ? Are you mad ? Are you going to commit murder ?

No, no, cried one of the throng, we are only gibbetting the squire for turning you and Goody May out of doors.

Od's my life ! cried Ezekiel, coming nearer to the figure, and discovering something like a human face, with an enormous pair of black eyebrows, I protest to truth it did deceive me : Never trust me if it is not a striking likeness of that unworthy person, who has turned the widow from his door, and assailed the chastity of her daughter : would to Heaven the original were as harmless as the copy ! Oh, thou monster of uncleanness ! (for now the spirit had taken hold of him, and he had again forgot he was addressing himself to a dumb image,) Oh, thou idolatrous worshipper of filthy Belial ! outcast from grace, and given up to work all manner of whoredoms and abominations in the land ; justly art thou cut off in thy sins, thou he-goat of the flock of Beelzebub ! Have you eyes, ye lookers-on, and can you see the fate of this unholy one without trembling ? Have you ears, and can you hear me and not mark ? Hearts have you, ye obdurate sinners ! and will you not understand how terrible is the latter end of the wicked ? Let him that coveteth his neighbour's daughter take warning by this wretch's fate ! What is the lust of the eye ? a snare : What the evil motion of the heart ? a serpent in your bosom : What the war of the members provoking to uncleanness ? a ramping and a roaring lion. Maidens ! (if there be any here that answer to that name,) remember that the chastity of a damsel is like the dew-drop on the flower ; the sun shineth wantonly upon it, and it is gone : Keep yourselves in the shade ; let your concealment be your safe-guard ; ye are then only secure when no one can approach you : Handle not the

asp, for it will sting you ; put not your hand to the cockatrice's nest, for there is poison in the tooth of it, and it hath the bite of mortal death.

Whilst these words were upon his lips, Ezekiel, to his utter astonishment, beheld the figure slowly ascend out of the cart ; and by the operation of a rope and pulley, (of neither of which, good man ! he had taken any account, being then warmly engaged with the cockatrice,) mount into the air, suspended by the neck from the cross-bar of the gibbet. He cast his eyes upwards with pity and amaze, and piously ejaculated, in the charity of his heart, The Lord have mercy upon thy soul !

Amen ! echoed John Jenkins, who performed the office of hangman, and at the same time run the vice-justice up by the pulley. John was the idlest fellow in the parish, and most in the ill graces of Doctor Daw, for the looseness of his morals.—Here he goes to the devil in a whiff, quoth Jenkins.

Art thou so familiar with the devil, said Ezekiel, as to know whom he will take, and whom he will spare ? Have a care of one, John Jenkins and do not venture to pronounce upon thy neighbours.—John was too busy to enter into argument, so Ezekiel had the last word, and turned aside towards the cottage.

The mob, under the conduct of General Jenkins the hangman, marched in array to Dame May's cottage, and having drawn up before the door, Jenkins being deputed as spokesman, announced himself, and was admitted.—By your leave, Dame May, quoth the orator, we mean you no offence ; but being, as you do see, your friends and neighbours, we come to cheer you a bit in your affliction, by telling you, for your comfort, we have gibbeted the Justice upon the Green ; and if we had treated him as such a hard-hearted fellow deserves, we should have pulled his house stick and stone down to the ground ; so there's the right o' the matter. As for thee, Henry, give me thy hand, my brave lad ! I will stand by the man that will stand by a woman as long as I have life, dammee !—I beg your pardon, Doctor, for swearing ; but when a man's heart is right, look ye, what he says goes for nothing ; as for a few hasty words, it is to be hoped there'll be no account taken of them.

I hope so too, quoth Ezekiel, in an under tone.

Dame May returned her thanks ; Henry shook the orator by the hand ; and the mob, according to custom, adjourned to the alehouse.

CHAP. X.

The trampled Worm will turn.

THE news of the gibbeting flew to Blachford's ears by one of the nimblest couriers Fame

had in her service ; it made him furious, and as he laid it all to Henry's account, it rendered him as hungry for his prey as a hyena.

The haughty peer, now seated in his castle, and encompassed by his myrmidons, dispatched a servant with his summons for Henry to attend upon him. What particular purpose he meant to effect by this, does not clearly appear, but it is not unlikely Blachford was the mover of it, with the view of wreaking his vengeance upon the youth by the hands of O'Rourke, on his return from the conference.

The messenger being dispatched for Henry, order was given by the peer, that his lady should come to him. Blachford and the attorney thereupon took the hint to retire, and her ladyship having obeyed the call, was welcomed in manner following :—So, madam, you are come ; be pleased to take your seat, I have something to say to you. What are the motives, I would fain know, for your late visits to my apothecary in the village ? I did not know you was out of health, or, if you are, methinks it is his duty to attend upon you.

But he is confined to his chamber, my lord.

So ought you to be, my lady, and so shall you be, if you have no more regard for my honour and your own dignity, than to be seen gossiping and caballing in beggarly cottages, with vagabonds and strumpets, for purposes I blush to name.

What strumpets and what vagabonds, replied the lady, do you charge me of caballing with ? and what purposes have I ever had in hand, which you, my lord, should blush to name ? Declare them.

Declare to me, first, if you can, who that young fellow is, you have been graciously pleased to furnish with clothes and money, and pick up out of the dirt,—a beggarly vagrant ! for the worthy purpose, amongst others that shall be nameless, of insulting my friend Mr Blachford in the most public and daring manner, for which he shall be made an example of my vengeance, be assured, though your folly, Lady Crowbery, (to say no worse of it,) should be exposed thereby to all the world. Who is this fellow, I demand ? What is his name ? What is his business here ? What are the mighty charms you can discover in the embraces of a beggar ? what the sense of your own honour, that you should fall into his arms, as these eyes have witnessed ? And have you not repeatedly done this ? Can you deny the charge ? and what excuse are you provided with to offer to a husband, who will not tamely suffer such unparalleled disgrace ?

The vehemence with which all this was uttered, the variety of questions it contained, her unwillingness to answer some, and her incapacity of accounting for others, (for she was not yet informed of Blachford's late affair,) so totally overpowered the tender and maternal feelings of Lady Crowbery, that, unable to collect

her thoughts, she remained silent and without an answer.

After some little pause, regarding her with a look of anger and contempt, he exclaimed—"Tis well, madam, 'tis very well! I take your silence for confession, and your tears for tokens of your shame. I now tell you that I have sent for your fellow hither: I would fain see this favoured rival, whom you have singled out to disgrace me. Was he worthy the resentment of a gentleman, I would not part from him till the life of one of us was sacrificed to honour: but being what he is, the lowest, basest, vilest of mankind, fitter chastisement shall be provided for him.

Hold, my lord! she now exclaimed, resuming on the sudden a composed and energetic tone of voice—Hold, my Lord Crowbery, nor drive me quite to desperation by your ferocious menaces and false unfounded glances at my reputation, which defies your charge. If you demand to know why I have reached out the hand of charity to this young man, whom you arraign so cruelly, it is because my heart hath feeling for the unfortunate, when undeservedly oppressed, for the stranger and the friendless, for the benevolent, the brave, the generous preserver of another's life, for which he had nearly sacrificed his own—in one word, for the relict of a dear departed friend, the last bequest of Ratcliffe, a foundling dropped at his door, and adopted by his charity. You have sent for him, you say; you will then see him, hear him, question him, and, if you have a heart, approve, admire.

This to my face! he cried, in a transport of rage; this to my face! By Heaven, I'll not endure it; I'll not live with you; I'll not cohabit with a woman as my wife, who dares to uphold and praise her paramour to my very face.

My paramour do you call him? Alas, how widely do you mistake!

Here she dropped her voice, and accompanied these few words with an action and motion of the head, so mournful, as seemed to strengthen his suspicions, rather than allay them, for he now grew louder in reproach, and with an oath denounced determined separation.

Be it so, she replied; acquitted by my own conscience, I shall patiently submit to what you threaten, and will appeal to time and heaven's good pleasure for the rest: only this I tell you, and accept it from me as a salutary caution, beware how you insult too far, a brave, though temperate spirit.

This said, a servant announced the arrival of our hero.

Already! cried my lord, in a tone of surprise.—What struck upon his mind at that particular moment, to discompose him, is more than we pretend to account for; discomposed he certainly was, till recollecting that some order must be given to the servant, who was attending for that purpose, he cried out—Let the fellow wait,—

After a pause, turning a severe look upon his lady, he said—I shall exact from you, madam, your most solemn promise never to see or communicate with this fellow more.

I have told you, she replied, who and what this fellow, as you call him, is, and I should be a hypocrite to say I will not fulfil a trust of the most sacred sort that friendship can bequeath: but why need you exact, or I make any promises, when you are determined on a separation, that will release me from your authority, and leave me to account to conscience only for the rectitude of my conduct?

But you are not yet in that happy state of freedom, he cried, and I will be obeyed!—To this no answer was returned.

He started hastily from his seat, walked a turn or two up and down the room, and then, in a sullen tone, said,—Perhaps you expect to see your favourite triumph in his insolence; you'll be mistaken: please to leave the room.

Willingly, she replied, and from this moment I regard it as my dismissal.

Her firmness staggered him; he would have called her back, but pride withheld him: suspicious that his lady in her present temper might, in defiance of his orders, attempt an interview with the youth in waiting, he rung the bell with vehemence, and called for his attendance on the instant.

Henry made his entrance, bowing respectfully to the peer, who, seated with all due state, from which he did not in the slightest degree relax, eyed him over from heel to head, with that haughty air of contempt, which is now so rarely seen, except in our tyrants on the stage.

A string of interrogatories, somewhat in the inquisitorial style, were the first salutations Henry received from the noble personage; his answers to these, though not always satisfactory to the point of information, were respectfully and modestly conveyed.

I find, resumed his lordship, you are here without occupation or employ, idling about my parish, consorting with a young woman, the daughter of one of the cottagers; caballing with the rabble of the village, and stirring them up to very infamous attacks upon a respectable magistrate, my friend and neighbour; and, therefore, I would have you know, that I shall consider you as a person of a very suspicious character, and pass you off as a vagrant, unless you instantly decamp.

My lord, replied the youth, if I offend against the laws of my country, by being poor, and without employ, I must patiently submit to all the consequences I may incur by your enforcing them against me; but if I have committed no offence, have behaved myself peaceably, and in one instance, suffer me to say, profitably to an individual of your lordship's parish, I am at a loss to think how I can be represented to you as a dangerous and suspected character: neverthe-

less, if my abiding any longer on your lordship's soil may give you offence, I shall not oppose myself to your displeasure, but depart.

Do so then, without delay, said the peer, and begone ; but first tell me what charities you have received from my wife, for what services, and to what amount ?

My lord, I have done no services to Lady Crowbery ; nor am at liberty to answer to the other points on which you question me.

What, sir ! do you receive money from my wife, and refuse to satisfy me, when I demand how much ?

I am very sorry to be obliged to decline anything your lordship wishes to be informed of from me ; but, in this instance, I must desire to be excused.

You have been cautioned, I perceive ; but do you affect honour ?

That requires no answer, my lord.

Why, in truth, the question is rather superfluous.

I treat it as such ; for honour is as inherent in my person, as it is hereditary in your lordship's ; I do not therefore take your lordship's words as conveying any doubt of my preserving that part, at least, of my natural character, which misfortune cannot rob me of, and which, permit me to add, does not suffer me to put up with a determined insult from any man.

Upon my word, sir, replied Lord Crowbery, somewhat relaxing from the stateliness of his manner, and the acrimony of his tone, you talk a high language, considering what you are ; and I believe it was somewhat in this style that you depicted yourself with Mr Blachford.

Pardon me, my lord, it was in a very different manner I found myself compelled to address Mr Blachford : he had defamed the character of a young woman, whom he took the basest means to seduce ; and, as he had falsely charged me with the very crime he himself had attempted to commit, I simply told him, that his attack on Susan May was infamous, and his report of me an impudent and abominable lie. That gentleman, I dare say, very distinctly heard the words ; if not, I am very ready to repeat them.

Not in my hearing ; I desire no such familiarity ; nor do I wish to be made a party in Mr Blachford's quarrels.

Your lordship will be pleased to recollect, that you stated my behaviour to that gentleman as matter of charge : in my own vindication, therefore, I was led to tell you of what sort his behaviour was to me, and, in accounting for my words, found it necessary to explain the causes that provoked them. I trust your lordship thinks I have not failed in my respect to you, by answering in my own defence.

You have no right over my thoughts—they I shall keep to myself ; there are deeper thoughts in my mind than I shall see fit at present to produce.

Then, my lord, I am to presume you never will produce them, against me at least ; for I am here present on your own summons, standing before you like a culprit at the bar, to hear and to answer everything you can urge against me ; I therefore humbly beg leave to know from yourself whether I am clear of all you have to charge me with ?

I have nothing more to say to you, sir, replied my lord ; you may retire when you please.

I understand you, my lord, cried Henry ; you have restored to me my character, and I will take care so to guard it, that no man shall traduce it with impunity.

CHAP. XI.

A Blow well placed in the dark ; or, in other words, according to the Greek Proverb, Blachford shears a Lion.

As Henry passed through the hall, after his conference related in the foregoing chapter, he was met by Lady Crowbery, who hastily put a packet into his hand, conjuring him to take care of it, and keep secret the contents.—In that paper, she said, you will see the mystery of your birth revealed. Betake yourself to my uncle Manstock without delay ; and Heaven in its mercy protect and guard you !

Henry, almost overpowered with joyful surprise at hearing what that paper was to disclose, took it with all the rapture and devotion which its interesting contents excited, and carefully secured it in his pocket. He had yet sufficient recollection left to seize the opportunity for returning the ring to Lady Crowbery, wrapped up in paper, and tied ; at the same time he briefly recited what had been said to him by the man who found it. Lady Crowbery seemed a good deal surprised, and denied having missed any one of her rings ; however, as the time was pressing, and the danger of being discovered instant, she took it from him, and, again bidding him tenderly farewell, hastened away.

There were two roads to the village ; the shortest by a foot-path through the plantation, which was close, and now dark, the other was the common coach-road through the park, open and secure from ambuscade. As Henry came out from the hall-door, he found old Weevil the miller waiting in the court-yard : he had been to the house with flour, and had been chatting as usual with the servants ; he understood from them, that Henry was under examination with my lord, and, having noticed O'Rourke prowling about the plantations with his bludgeon in his hand, entertained some suspicions of a plot upon Henry, and was determined to accompany him home, and persuaded him to take the open road through the park.

This was a task of some difficulty on the part

of the friendly miller, for Henry's eagerness to open the important packet made him very adverse to any proposal that prolonged the time. The point, however, was carried; and he, accompanied by Weevil, arrived safe at the widow's, whilst Larry O'Rourke laid close in his ambush at the bottom of the grove, where was a little foot-bridge that led over a narrow stream thickly shaded with alders.

When a much longer period of time had elapsed than would have served to carry Henry through the grove, Blachford, who calculated minutes, with some anxiety set out from the Viscount's upon the scout, and took his way secretly and solitarily down the plantation-walk. As he approached the spot where the attack was to be made, he stopped and listened; all was silence: he took counsel with his own thoughts, and, concluding the business was done, advanced, nothing doubting, till he had one foot upon the bridge, when, as if fortune had in that instant recovered her eye-sight, and bestowed the bludgeon with strict retaliation upon its proper owner, Larry O'Rourke, supposing he had now made sure of his victim, took aim with such success, and dealt his blow with so hearty a good-will upon the pericranium of the magistrate, that Blachford, having uttered one horrid yell, as his heels flew from under him, instantly paid his compliments to the muddy naiads of the brook.

The George and Dragon alehouse, where the party was carousing who had performed the ceremony of the gibbet, was so near to the scene of action, that Blachford's yell was most distinctly heard by the persons there assembled, who immediately turned out upon the alarm. Amongst the first of these was John Jenkins the hangman, who found Larry O'Rourke employed in dragging the Justice out of the water; for he had now, though somewhat of the latest, discovered a small mistake as to heads, but, in point of execution, no fault could be found with his work, which seemed to be effectually done, as the blow had taken place just above the temple, and the bludgeon was loaded with lead. John Jenkins, being somewhat more than elevated with his evening's festivity, was for leaving the Justice to his fate, making use of the trite proverb, that the man who was born to be hanged, was in no danger of being drowned; but the soberer part of the company, who saw farther into the case than John did, lent their hands to the work, and assisted in dragging Blachford out of the brook,

who, during the whole operation, observed a perfect silence, which we are far from imputing to any sullenness on the part of that gentleman, he being at that time from home, upon a temporary trip to the regions of insensibility.

One of the company had been dispatched for a candle and lantern, and, by the light of this, the body of Justice Blachford, stretched upon the ground, and motionless, exhibited a most ghastly spectacle, his temple streaming with blood, his eyes fixed, and no symptom of life appearing. Upon the sight of this, Larry O'Rourke set up a most dolorous howl, in the true Connaught key and cadence, crying out, Ullaloo! master, why would you die? Hadn't you horses, and cows, and cattle, in abundance, with plenty of strong drink in your vaults, and store of money in your lockers? and why would you leave poor Larry to lament and cry over you at such a rate, when you might have been easy and quiet at home, and no harm done? Ah! wasn't it a foul step of yours to thrust your head in the way of my cudgel, when you knew well enough—ay, and would witness it too, if the grace of God wasn't just now out of your memory—that if every one had his own, that big knock on the head you have got is another man's property, only he chanced to be out of the way when I gave it to him.

Seize the murderer! cried one of the troop. Upon which John Jenkins and the rest laid hold of him.—What is it ye are upon, ye pagans! exclaimed Larry, to be seizing me? Let the dead man speak for himself, and mark if he don't tell you another story about the matter, whereby it was no murder, only a small mistake; and if that's a hanging matter, woe betide my countrymen! Ask him now, ye sparrow-hawks, if it wasn't at his own desire that I kill'd him; and how should I know one man from another in the dark, when I could see neither?

Somebody now cried out, to hold him fast, for it was confessedly a plot between master and man to have assassinated Henry.—To be sure it was, said O'Rourke; do you think I'm such a graceless tef as to kill my own master? Huh! you are a cunning one, are you not, to find out that?

Three or four of them now began to hale the Irishman away with them, whilst others fetched a blanket from the alehouse, on which they laid the body of Blachford, and in this manner carried him to his own house.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

CHAP. I.

A short Treatise upon Love, Ancient and Modern.

LOVE, as a deity, was invested, by those who made him such, with the most contradictory attributes; they feigned him blind, yet called him an unerring marksman; gave him wings, yet allowed that constancy was his best qualification; described him as an infant, yet were not to learn that infancy alone is exempted from his power.

These are contrarieties, which none but the initiated can reconcile. They justify his blindness, when, hurried on by the impetuosity of passion, they espy no danger in the precipice before them; they acknowledge he is swift of wing, when the minutes they devote to his enjoyments fly so quickly; and they cannot but regard him as an infant, when one short honeymoon begins and terminates his date of life.

A thousand ingenious devices have been formed to suit the various properties of this fabulous divinity, and every symbol has its moral; he has been allegorized and enigmatized in innumerable ways; the pen, the pencil, and the chisel, have been worn out in his service; floods of ink, looms of canvass, and quarries of marble, have been exhausted in the boundless field of figurative description. The lover, who finds out so many ways of torturing himself, cannot fail to strike out symbols and devices to express the passion under which he suffers; then the verse flows mournfully elegiac, and the bleeding heart, transfixed with an arrow, is emblematically displayed; thus, whilst the poet varies his measure, the painter and the sculptor vary their devices, as joy or sorrow, success or disappointment, influence their fancy. One man's Cupid is set astride upon a lion, to exemplify his power; another places his upon a crocodile, to satirize his hypocrisy; here the god is made to trample upon kingly crowns, there to trifle with a wanton sparrow; the adamant rock now crumbles at his stroke, anon we see him basking on the bosom of Chloe, his arrows broken, and his pinions bound.

The Greeks, who had more caprice in their passions than either nature or morality can excuse, nevertheless bequeathed their *Cupid* to posterity, with a considerable stock in hand; but the moderns added more, from funds of their own, and everything they bestowed was honestly appropriated to the only sex that has

any claim upon the regular and solid firm of *Venus, Cupid, and Co.*

When superstition met its final overthrow, and the heathen temples were dismantled of their images and altars, Love alone, the youngest of the deities, survived the disaster, and still holds his dignities and prerogatives by Christian courtesy; and, though modern ingenuity has not added much to his embellishments, yet, in the ardour and sincerity of our devotion, we do not yield to the ancients: the whole region of romance has been made over to him; our drama, tragic as well as comic, has gone far beyond that of the ancients in building its fable and character upon the passion of love. Last, in point of time, but not of allegiance, comes the fraternity of novelists, who are his clients to a man. Love is the essence of every tale; and so studious are our authors not to let the spirit of that essence become rapid, that few, if any, fail to conclude with the event of marriage; connubial love is of a quality too tame for their purpose.

As the majority of our novels are formed upon domestic plots, and most of these drawn from the very times in which they are written, the living manners must be characterized by the authors of such fables, and we must of course make our love of such materials as the fashion of the age affords; it will not, therefore, resemble the high-flown passion of the Gothic knights and heroes of the old romance, neither will it partake of those coarse manners and expressions which our old comic writers adopt; it will even take a different shade from what a novelist would have given it half a century ago; for the social commerce of the sexes is now so very different from what it was then, that beauty is no longer worshipped with that distant respect which our antiquated beaux paid to their mistresses.

As the modern fine gentleman studies nothing but his ease, and aims only to be what he terms *comfortable*, regarding all those things, that used to be considered as annoyances and embarrassments, with cool indifference and contempt, even love in him is not an active passion; he expresses no raptures at the sight of beauty, and, if he is haply provoked to some slight exertion out of course, it must be some new face just launched upon the public, that can fan his languid spirit into any emotion approaching towards curiosity. Nothing is an object of admiration with him; he covets no gratifications that are to be earned by labour, no favours that are to be extorted by assiduity; his pleasures must court him, and the fair one he affects must forget that she is a divinity, and banish from her thoughts the ac-

customed homage of sighs and tears and bending knees, for all these things give trouble to the performer, and on that account are, by general consent, exploded and abolished.

Now, the writer of novels has not the privilege which the painter of portraits has, of dressing modern characters in antique habits; so that some of our best productions in this class are already become, in some particulars, out of fashion; even the inimitable composition of *The Foundling*, is fading away in some of its tints, though the hand of the master, as a correct delineator of nature, will be traced to all posterity, and hold its rank amongst the foremost of that class, which enrols the names of Cervantes, Rabelais, Le Sage, Voltaire, Rousseau, Richardson, Smollet, Johnson, Sterne, and some others, whose pens Death hath not yet stopped, and long may it be ere he does!

Having now allowed the historic muse her customary bait, we shall soon urge her to fresh exertions, by which a certain young lady, who as yet has barely stepped upon the stage, will begin to support a more important interest in the business of this drama. Isabella Manstock, in the bloom of youth and beauty, cannot long remain an idle character; though she has flattered herself that filial affection will keep possession of her heart, to the exclusion of that intruding passion we have been speaking of, yet nature and experience will compel me to exhibit that lovely recusant as one amongst many, who have been fain to truckle to the tyrant they abjure. The time is drawing near when impressions, which she never felt before, will force their way; when the merits, the misfortunes, the attentions of our hero, will take hold upon her heart; when her eye will dwell upon his person with delight, her ear listen to his praises with rapture, to his sighs with pity, to his suit with favour. Then, if Love, who is not to be affronted with impunity, gives a loose to his revenge, and makes her feel the full terrors of his power, the reader will be pleased to bear in mind, that I have not taken my lovers from the inanimate groups that form the circle of fashion, but sought them in the sequestered walks of rural life, where the senses are not deadened by variety, nor indifference become habitual by the affectation of it.

CHAP. II.

A Letter spares a Blush.

WHEN Henry entered the cottage, and found it cleared of its inhabitants, who had joined the crowd that was collected about the wounded body of the Justice, his heart palpitated with eager, yet anxious curiosity, as he unfolded the interesting packet which Lady Crowbery had given him, and therein read as follows:—

“Nature forces from me the important secret; my heart can no longer suppress its struggles. I am your mother. A victim to love, before reason or experience had armed me against that dangerous passion, I yielded to a fatal proposal of escaping with my lover to Scotland from my father, who inexorably opposed our marriage. Made desperate by that cruel interdiction, we set out upon our rash adventure, were closely pursued, and, in the last stage of our journey, overtaken. When we found ourselves cut off from any farther progress, despair seized us, but it was the despair of lovers, resolute to sacrifice everything rather than their fidelity and plighted faith.

“In this forlorn and hopeless moment, love, importunity, the interchange of mutual vows and promises, and, above all, the visionary hope that so we might compel my father to unite us, tempted us to seal our contract without the ceremony that was needful to confirm and sanctify it.

“I own the rashness of the deed, nor aim to palliate its culpability. I prostrated myself at my father’s feet, confessed my weakness, implored his pity and forgiveness, and, in an agony of grief, besought him to consent to join our hands, and save me from the shame and misery that would else befall me. ’Twas in vain—we were torn asunder—a noble youth, unexceptionable in birth and character, the younger son of the Lord Pendennis, was discarded—he went upon his adventures to India—I remained disconsolate, and in ignorance of his fate, till, in the course of time, I was in secrecy delivered of a son.

“That son you are. Henry Delapoer, if he lives, is your father.

“For the love of Heaven, keep this secret buried from the world, till—but I can no more—the meltings of a mother’s heart forbid the rest.”

The mystery thus revealed, Henry a while stood fixed in dumb surprise. The first emotions of his heart burst into unpremeditated prayer and pious thanks to God. Claspings the paper in his hands, with bended knees and eyes uplifted, in the fervour of his soul, he broke forth,—I thank thee, Father of all Mercies, that thou hast now vouchsafed to take thy humble creature out of darkness into light, conducting me through various chances by thy all-gracious providence, and giving me at length to know what nature languished for in vain, the mystery of my birth. And, O my God! though I were born in guilt, yet sanctify me; though the child of disobedience, with my whole heart I’ll serve thee, so shall I gain in heaven what I have forfeited on earth, a name and an inheritance.

CHAP. III.

Some Folks are no nice Discerners of Times and Seasons.

A FEW minutes only had passed, whilst Henry was endeavouring to compose his agitated spirits, when, behold! Ezekiel, followed by the women, returned to the cottage, full fraught with texts of Holy Writ applicable to the scene he had been present at, and which he was so impatient to discharge, that how to find room for them all, and what order to bring them out in, seemed to be the only thing that puzzled him; and though the hour was drawing towards bed-time, preach he must, and Henry must hear him, though any other person but Ezekiel could not have failed to notice the distraction of his thoughts; but times and seasons never were a part of that good man's studies, neither was he one who thought there could be too much of a good thing; and the best of all possible things, in his opinion, was his own preaching.

"The wicked is trapped in his own snare," quoth Ezekiel. This is one of the proverbs of Solomon, and Solomon, my children, was a wise man, the wisest man in all the world, every school-boy can tell you that. He was King of Israel. It is not all kings are as wise as Solomon. Put down all they ever said in a book of proverbs, and one chapter, nay, one single sentence, of his shall be worth them all. And he spake three thousand proverbs, his songs were a thousand and five. He could entertain the Queen of Sheba with something worth her notice, when she came to prove him with hard questions. I cannot tell you where Sheba was—I wish I could—but I know it was somewhere in the south, and that she travelled out of a far country to hear his wisdom. Now you can hear it and not move out of your chairs, and yet you cry out, 'tis bed-time, "yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep." A terrible judgment hath lighted on this wicked Blachford;—the cry of the widow is gone up against him;—the persecutor of the innocent man hath fallen by the hand of his own accomplice. "If they say, come with us, let us lay wait for blood, let us lurk privily for the innocent without cause, behold they lay wait for their own blood, they lurk privily for their own lives."

Scarcely had Ezekiel brought this sentence to a close, when the unexpected appearance of Doctor Zachary Cawdle cut him short.

May I believe my eyes? exclaimed Henry.

Here I am, sure enough, replied Zachary, and no ghost; rather too fat for that still, though a good span in the girdle less than I was; but *venienti occurrere morbo*, is my maxim; you un-

derstand me, brother Daw? If I had not played the doctor with the devil, he would have played the devil with the doctor, I can tell you; but I have parried him for this turn.

Ezekiel groaned.—Here's been fine doings amongst you; there's one head in the parish that I would not have on my shoulders for all the money that belongs to it. Zooks and blood! my old Sawney would have made a posset of the Justice's brains, hadn't I stepped in at the nick.

Is the wound dangerous? quoth Ezekiel, after another groan.

Dangerous! replied Zachary, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door, but it will do. Many an honest man has walked out of the world, and not so good an apology for taking leave of it as Master Blachford has, believe me, brother Doctor. My Sawney prognosticated he would do well, because, forsooth, he slept so quietly.—Blockhead, quoth I, the somnolency augurs injury to the brain by fracture, or concussion, or depression of the skull; and sure enough I found it so, a damnable squat upon the occiput. Good-night to you, thought I, your nap will be a long one.

Alas, alas! murmured Ezekiel.

I believe, brother surgeon, we must apply the trepan, we must break a way into his small cargo of brains.

Mercy upon me, quoth Ezekiel, the man will die.

Most men will do that, said Zachary, and he, perhaps, as soon as most.

But he's not fit to die, reiterated the preacher. I've long thought, rejoined the Doctor, he was not fit to live.

Is he in his senses? Ezekiel asked.

If he is, quoth Zachary, he keeps them to himself.

How then shall he be warned of his approaching end?

Methinks he is pretty well warned of that, replied the doctor. If you had such a crack on your skull, you would find one warning full sufficient.

But I mean, cried Ezekiel, exalting his voice and rearing himself up into the perpendicular, who is to awaken him to a recollection of his sinful life, to call him to repentance, and prepare his poor departing soul for eternity?

That's another matter, replied the man of medicine; that's a business out of my way altogether.

Yet, give me leave to say, resumed the preacher, 'tis a business that imports him highly, 'tis that which he, and you, and I, and every mortal breathing, must take seriously in hand. He is the artist that can heal those wounds, He the best friend that can assuage those pangs, and find a balm to allay the rage of a tormented conscience.

This was one of the last subjects Zachary

wished to talk upon, yet so it happened, that Ezekiel seldom failed to start it in his company. To turn it off, therefore, for the present, Zachary observed, that death, to be sure, was a serious thing to every man, but that was no reason we should be always talking about it ; — 'twould come soon enough of its own accord. — For my part, continued he, I hold it good to keep up the spirits of my patients, and do my best to drive such gloomy thoughts away from them ; whereas, whenever one of your sort comes about them preaching and praying, I constantly observe they sink and pine away, the pulse grows low and feeble ; tremors seize them, and symptoms, which before were only menacing, thenceforward become mortal ; therefore, do you see, friend Daw, you and I directly counteract each other, for, whilst I am bracing, you are relaxing ; and I would as soon administer cathartics to my patient in a putrid case, as bring you to his bedside to sound the death-watch in his ear. Leave the Justice then to me, I beseech you, and when I have mended his head, if ever that shall be, it will be time enough, and task enough, for you to mend his heart.

Zachary concluded in time, for Ezekiel's tongue would not have been restricted to silence any longer ; as there was something in this harangue which touched him in the tenderest part, and as the good man was always ready armed for religious controversy, he was just stepping into the lists, when he saw the person of the Doctor vanish at the door, with hat and cane in hand, not waiting for a rejoinder, which was likely to be so little to his taste.

Aha ! cried Ezekiel, let him go for an obstinate despiser of things sacred. Is that man, who carries a tub full of mortality before him, a proper champion to set death and repentance at defiance ? But mark the valour of this boastful challenger ; he throws down his gage, and then runs away from the combat. Oh ! if he had but staid to hear me, I would have made his ears tingle with my answer ; like a two-edged sword, the word of truth should have pierced that belly-full of wickedness to the dividing of the marrow ; I would have told him — Here Ezekiel recollected so many things that he would have told, and new matter flowed in so fast whilst he was working out the old, that if Henry's patience could have reached the length of Ezekiel's sermon, the best example of this virtue would not have been that of holy Job.

All things, however, come to an end, and even Ezekiel's preaching did not last for ever, so that our hero was at length left to his repose, or, I should rather have said, to those interesting meditations which occupied his mind too fully to admit of sleep. The important packet was again resorted to ; the discovery therein contained, gave him a name and station in society ; new duties, new sensations, now commenced ;

now he discerned the pure maternal source, from whence those tender transports were derived, that had occasioned his alarm, and roused the jealous rage of Lord Crowbery ; but he saw, with infinite regret, that circumstances, justified by nature, never could be explained, and how to rescue his unhappy parent from her danger he knew not : ardently he longed to throw himself at her feet, and receive her blessing, but all approaches were barred against him ; no choice was left but to resort for protection to the hospitable house of Sir Roger Manstock, and he now regarded him not only as the friend of Ratcliffe, but as the uncle of his mother ; a consideration that greatly relieved him from many of his scruples ; a sum in bank notes, which was enclosed within the cover of his mother's letter, very amply furnished him with an independence as to money matters, a favour of all others the most painful to solicit from any benefactor but a parent. He resolved, therefore, to set out for Manstock-house with the return of morning, and it is no improbable conjecture, that in forming this resolution, ideas of a certain sort, not absolutely devoid of hope, nor far removed from the first dawnings of a tender passion, had a share in his decisions ; certain it is, that he had little courage for the undertaking in his former humble obscurity, though the invitation had been held out to him by the worthy baronet in the most gracious manner.

At length the morning dawned, when the sound of voices under his window occasioned him to open the casement and inquire into the cause of it. Two or three peasants, who had taken the body of Larry O'Rourke in charge, had missed their prisoner, and were reproaching each other with what seemed to have been the joint neglect of all, for they had contented themselves with shutting him into an upper chamber in the alehouse, whilst they regaled themselves in the kitchen : the points they had now in debate were, first, how it was possible for him to escape ; next, whose fault it was that he did escape ; and, lastly, whether it was worth their while to pursue him ; this, however, was soon decided in the negative, as one of the company assured them that the law would give them no reward for apprehending him, and all parties instantly agreed that there was nothing to be got by running after him. In this conclusion all were of a mind, and the business ended in their separating on the spot, and severally returning quietly to their own homes.

CHAP. IV.

A new Scene opens upon our Hero.

WITH the break of day Henry left his pallet and Susan at the same time shook off the soft bands of sleep, and presented to the eyes of

morning a figure worthy to enlist amongst the Hours, that dance before the chariot of Apollo. When she had packed up her wardrobe, and arrayed her person in the simple dress of snow-white calico, she was prepared to obey the promised summons from her young mistress at Manstock-house.

Our hero, in the meantime, had accounted himself to the best advantage : though the effects of a sleepless night were discoverable in his eyes and complexion, his model was such as academicians might rejoice in, and theatres applaud ; the child of love, offspring of parents in the prime of youth and bloom of beauty, he inherited all his mother's sweetness, and his father's fire ; whilst nature and education had united to repay him for those penalties, which the law had laid upon his birth.

The old dame and Ezekiel had not yet made their appearance. Susan entered the room, where he was sitting wrapt in meditation ; her eyes met his, she sighed, blushed, and retired : nothing was said, and we do not presume to dive into the thoughts and emotions of the heart.

After a few minutes, Ezekiel Daw descended from his loft ; his air and step had more than usual solemnity, and his countenance was expressive of a tender melancholy ; his voice, naturally sharp and acrimonious, was now pitched in its softest and lowest key, when he addressed himself to our hero in the following terms :—

I perceive, my beloved child, thou art about to depart from us. I have remembered thee in my morning exercises, and put up my petitions to the Throne of Grace, for blessing and protection to thee in thy future pilgrimage through this world of woe. Verily, my good child, I do love thee as a father loveth his own son ; and if it were thy destiny, amidst the gross temptations of a sinful age, to fall from virtue, and a state of grace, I would ask of Heaven to smite me now with death, rather than let me live to know and to lament thy soul's sad forfeiture of happiness to come. But I will hope thou art not in the way of such perdition ; Heaven forbid ! And now, I pray thee, hearken to me a while : I have lived longer in the world, and know it better than thou possibly canst, who hast such short experience of it : mark me, therefore ! Thou art adventuring forth upon the word of promise given to thee by the Lady Crowbery ; 'tis well ! I do agnize good dispositions in the Lady Crowbery ; she is a bounteous lady, but she is a woman ; and of that sex I draw my caution from the book of books ; yea, verily, I take them on the word of the wisest of men, for what he found them to be to his cost : Yes, grace of God ! young man, I studied them sometimes ; "never took fire into my bosom," as the preacher hath it ; "never lusted after her beauty, neither let her take me with her eyelids ;" therefore thou seest I have good right to say, I know them well ; and though I should be loath to mis-

interpret the fair-seeming acts of any one, yet, seeing thou art comely in thine outward man, and goodly to look at, being withal in that prurient state of early youth, which is most apt to lure the wandering eyes of woman, I warn thee not to run into a snare. What art thou to the Lady Crowbery ?—a stranger ; wert thou her son, could she do more ? Great favours granted without cause to comely men, and outward decking of the person, as thine now is, my child, rather betoken love, and amorous desire, than true and perfect charity. The Lady Crowbery, I say, is but a woman.

I grant you, replied Henry, she is a woman, but such an one as never must be mentioned in my hearing but with reverence.

Enough said ! cried Ezekiel, enough said, young man ; I have done ! Take your own course ; good luck go with you ! Proffered advice, they say, has a bad savour with it : there is a certain animal, (I name no names,) which, if you throw a pearl to him, will turn and rend you. I'll not strive to make a cap of grey hairs for a green head. You are wise, I warrant me ; you are all-sufficient ; I am an ape, an ass, a ninny ; I have not studied women, I know nothing of their tricks, their whims, their fancies, not I. Well, well, I've done, I say, I've done ; and so, good-bye to you.

This said, he turned away ; when Henry, catching hold of the skirts of his coat, cried out, Stop, my good friend, let us not part in anger.

Let go ! replied Ezekiel, beware you rend not my vesture ; what wouldest thou, intemperate boy ?

I would not hurt you for the world.

Then loose your hold upon my vesture.

I would not, by the soul of me, I would not anger you !

Anger me ! cried the preacher, when didst thou see me angry ? when did I ever yield to wrath, or vent one hasty word ? Never ; I know myself too well : thou dost mistake, rash youth, to call me angry ; 'tis thou thyself that art in wrath ; I'm calm as water.

If I am angry, then, forgive me, said Henry ; if I am a rash youth, pity me, for, by my soul—

No more of that, interposed the preacher ; thou hast used that strong asseveration twice ; thou hast twice pledged that sacred part of thee already in a slight trivial matter ; perhaps I can believe thee, though thou dost not stake thy immortality upon the assertion.

Without a pledge, then, rejoined the youth, I tell you, in plain honesty and truth, that your advice, however well-intentioned, and, in other cases, good, in this of Lady Crowbery is misapplied ; and, did you know with what my heart is charged, you would not wonder at this start of passion and impatience : bear with me, then, and do not doubt but I know how to value both your counsel and your friendship.

Well, well, well ! replied the worthy creature,

here is my hand; you see your fault, and there's an end of it; but never think that I can be surprised by the unruly passion of anger: No, no, thank Heaven, no man can ever throw that stone at me. And now, my dear child, as I am a sinner, I could almost think that thou hadst drugged me with some potion, so much I love thee; and when thou dost leave me, Henry, 'twill almost break my heart; but what of that? Fortune calls thee hence; go, never think of me; for, by my soul, I swear—Here a smile on Henry's countenance brought the good man to sudden recollection—What was I about to say? he cried; Oh! this it was: my soul is in that state of readiness for misfortune, pain, adversity, nay, death itself, that, as to anything that can befall myself, I am perfectly indifferent; but I should indeed be wretched, my dear child, if any evil chance betided thee.

Here the conversation ended with a very affectionate reply from Henry, in return for this kind speech; and, not long after, a servant arrived from Sir Roger Manstock's, in a one-horse chair, for the conveyance of Susan and the baggage, and at the same time, a groom, with a led horse, for Henry.

After a ride of about twelve miles, through a fertile and pleasant country, our hero came in sight of Manstock-house, the ancient seat of that respectable family, which through many generations had preserved it in its original character without alteration or derangement: the same venerable avenues, the same walled gardens and formal parterres, held their stations around it; its turrets were untouched, its windows had not felt the hand of modern art, and the parish church still kept its post of a close and faithful sentinel over the morals of the family. The village spread itself to the north and west, and in the opposite quarter an inlet of the sea, at about a mile's distance, bounded a park well furnished with groups of stately timber-trees; the fields and pastures about the village shewed themselves in a state of high cultivation, whilst several farm-houses in detached situations added greatly to the life and beauty of the landscape.

Henry had stopped upon the height to contemplate this animated prospect, and whilst he was thus employed, the venerable baronet and his fair daughter joined him on horseback. Sir Roger was not a man of many words, neither did he excel in the modern fashion of address, but he had a style of welcoming his guests, that expressed his own sincerity, and put them effectually at their ease: his reception of our young adventurer was peculiarly cordial; it told him in few words that the heart of the owner was, like the house, open, large, hospitable, and old-fashioned. Susan was sent home in the chair by the shortest road, whilst Henry, at his own request, was permitted to accompany the party on horseback in their circuit through the grounds,

which, after a very pleasant tour, brought them to the village; here they stopped at a neat little mansion, which seemed newly repaired, and had a piece of ground at the back of it laid out as a garden, and well cropped with useful vegetables.

This little tenement, said Sir Roger, belongs to Isabella, and she is mistress of the works here carrying on; therefore I believe we must pay our court to her by dismounting from our horses, and taking a view of her performances. Upon the word, Henry leapt from the saddle, and presented himself at the lady's stirrup, who accepted of his assistance.

I propose, said she, with my father's leave, to put Susan's mother into this cottage: what is your opinion of it? Perhaps she will not find herself so comfortable here as in that she is accustomed to, but I flatter myself she will be more mercifully treated.

'Tis a little paradise, cried Henry, as he looked about him; and, if I could contemplate her happiness with envy, it would be for living in such a place, and under such a patroness.

It was truly a most enviable little mansion, in which the generous care of the fair owner had provided against every want, that its destined inhabitants could be supposed to have: upon the ground-floor, besides a kitchen stocked with every necessary, there was a sitting-room neatly papered, and beyond that a small office fitted up with shelves, which, Isabella observed, would serve the good dame as her shop of medicines. Over the chimney in the sitting-room, Isabella had hung a print, which not only bore the name, but also a very strong likeness, of her father. When Henry had contemplated this print for some moments, he turned his eyes upon Isabella, as if he was searching for a resemblance in her features: some tender sentiment at that moment had called the tears into her eyes: Henry caught it by the swiftest glance that delicacy permitted him to indulge—swift as it was, it offered up her whole heart to his view, where filial affection, amidst a thousand tender sensibilities, held pre-eminence; the sympathetic impulse was communicated in an instant; the intelligence of kindred souls is quick as thought itself: in spite of his address the glance had passed and repassed, that carried with it the reciprocal sensation of two feeling hearts: nothing was said, but all was understood; souls can confer without the noisy vehicle of words. Sir Roger Manstock was at this time talking with a labourer in the garden.

I must shew you the chambers on the upper floor, said Isabella. Henry followed her in silence: the stairs were steep; he forgot himself, and let her lead the way: he suffered for his oversight as such forgetfulness deserved; his heart was doomed to encounter an emotion of another sort from that he had so lately felt. Ill-fated youth! are all Ezekiel's precepts so soon forgotten? He would have told thee there is

danger in every atom of a beautiful damsel, from the crown of her head even to the taper extremities of those elegant limbs, which thine unguarded eye took in. Thoughtless, devoted victim! whither art thou climbing? Thou dost but follow to inevitable sacrifice: thy fate precedes thee, and trains thee up a precipice, from whence it is decreed that thou must fall.

At length they have reached the summit of their ascent: a door on each side opened to a bed-chamber, which seemed to say that here benevolence had provided an asylum for the repose of peace. The simplicity here displayed, which Horace in two happy words describes, I could not convey in twenty: it was elegance that modest poverty would not blush to avow; it was taste so void of ornament that the disposer's excellence consisted in the concealment of her art.

You see, cried Isabella, I have provided for the good man, who lodges with the widow; if he comes, added she, pointing to the bed, there is rest from his labours.

Henry took notice that Ezekiel's chamber was provided with a small nest of shelves for books; neither did it escape him that Isabella had conveyed a compliment to his charity by adorning his chimney with a print of the *Good Samaritan*. In the chamber of Dame May she had hung a print also, which represented the story of the widow of Zarephath and the prophet Elijah. These, with many other circumstances in the accommodations of the house, shewed him how thoroughly Isabella possessed the happy quality of doubling her favours by the grace of bestowing them.

They now remounted their horses and proceeded to the mansion. To Henry, who had all his life been accustomed to the small and private scale of a country clergyman's establishment, this was a new and curious scene. As they passed through a gothic gateway into the front court, a venerable personage, dressed in a tufted gown, and holding a silver-headed staff in his hand, presented himself to the wondering sight of our hero; at the same time a bell was tolled in the turret, which gave solemn notice of their approach, and summoned the domestics to their posts in the great hall: here, according to the fashion of old times, the baronet took Henry by the hand, and welcomed him to Manstock-house. Scenes, that he had only read of in description, were now present to his view; everything within the house perfectly corresponded with the style and character of the exterior: walls built for perpetuity, rooms calculated for feudal hospitality, and space wantonly lavished without regard to economy or convenience, bespoke the rude magnificence of the founder; the very servants seemed, in age and habit, of another century. The hall was hung round with banners and trophies of various sorts, both of war and of the chase: over an immense

span of fire-place was displayed the family shield, containing a vast number of bearings properly illuminated, and arranged according to the rules of heraldry, and at the upper end the portrait of an old man at full length in a black habit, with the ensigns of the garter and the blue ribbon hanging in a point from his neck, holding a scroll in his hand, on which was traced the ground plot of the house, and bespoke him to be the founder of it.

Sir Roger Manstock's family consisted of one only daughter; he had lost his lady about three years past. Isabella, the darling of her father, had now entered her eighteenth year, and since her mother's death had constantly resided with him, and of late had taken the post and presidency of mistress of the family. With a table always open to his friends and neighbours, Sir Roger passed his time in a constant residence at Manstock-house, in the centre of a very noble property, beloved by all that knew him, and doing good to all that depended on him. When his friends solicited him to stand forth as county member, telling him that all parties would join in electing him, his constant answer was, that he thanked them for their good opinion, but his utmost ambition was to live amongst them, fulfilling, to the best of his capacity, the duties of an acting magistrate, and a plain country gentleman; in which station he humbly conceived he should serve them better, and approve himself a more useful member of the community, than by attending upon parliament, for which he modestly, and perhaps truly, asserted that he had no talents.

CHAP. V.

The Coward out of Doors is a Lion in his own House.

HAVING now so happily disposed of our hero for a while, we are at leisure to look back to the state of affairs at Crowbery Castle, where the misadventure of Justice Blachford had made no slight impression. The Captain, who had laid his plan of the press-gang, as we have related, was now deterred from putting it to the experiment, not only by the shameful catastrophe of Blachford's murderous plot, but also by the consideration of Sir Roger Manstock's having taken Henry into his protection. Blachford's case was still extremely doubtful; he seemed to be dozing away his life, with few and short intervals of faint and imperfect sensibility; the skull was evidently fractured, and Zachary had pronounced upon the trepan as indispensable; it had been thought proper, however, to call in the assistance of a London surgeon, and his arrival was hourly expected. Nobody doubted his be-

ing the victim of his own plot ; but O'Rourke, who probably would have brought it home to him in his own defence, had escaped from the people who apprehended him, and was far enough out of reach ; nobody stirred in his pursuit, and the few persons who were interested to conceal the evidence of Blachford's criminality, were much more likely to assist his flight than to stop it. To leave the matter mysterious, or rather to aim at making it so, was the most they could hope for ; to cast suspicion upon Henry was out of their power ; no chicanery could do that against the joint force of so many witnesses, who could depose to the very words that O'Rourke had uttered, when he confessed, that what he had done was by his master's orders, only that he had mistaken the person upon whom they were to have been executed ; and this account, in which they perfectly agreed, was circulated over all the neighbourhood. In the meantime, old Weevil, the miller, who had been eventually the preserver of Henry's life, by persuading him to return with him through the park, was not idle in publishing his account of the affair, and the motives that induced him fortunately to advise as he did. Blachford, therefore, whether living or dying, was effectually ruined in reputation, and so universally execrated as the vilest of wretches, that even the viscount himself, and his satellites, the lawyer and the captain, were fain to disavow him. Still the heart of the proud peer rankled with rage and jealousy ; disappointed of the revenge he had promised himself to enjoy through the means of others, and intimidated from taking any open measures of his own against the object of his malice, by the firm language Henry had held in his late interview, his dastardly spirit had no other resource but to vent itself upon the defenceless party in his power, and in this his cruelty knew no bounds. In his treatment of Lady Crowbery, he kept no terms of decency or reserve, publishing to all parties (not even his own domestics excepted) the charges he had against her. —Will you tell me, he would ask, that wife is virtuous, who was not only seen by others, but whom I myself saw, hanging upon the neck of a handsome vagabond, embracing him in her arms, and caressing him with all the ecstasy of an inflamed and guilty passion ? Who will say that this is not an action that implies criminality so strongly, that ocular demonstration could scarce add to the conviction of it ? What other motive but one can a woman of her sort have for a conduct so extraordinary, towards a fellow who is a perfect stranger to her, and who, till she put clothes upon his back, had not a pocket to hold the money she lavishly bestowed upon him ? Will any one persuade me that all these favours and fondnesses are to be accounted for from mere respect to the memory of a certain Parson Ratcliffe, who picked him up as a foundling, and whom she has not set eyes on for these

twelve years past ? The merest dupe in nature could not find credulity for such a tale.

In this style his lordship took every occasion to vent his grievances, and make public the breach between himself and Lady Crowbery : When in conference with her, he would hold a harsher language ; and as he pressed for answers, which the difficulty of her situation would not allow her to give, every interview served only to strengthen his conclusions, and inflame his animosity.

It was generally suspected that a separation would take place, and this he had threatened her with ; but when she, shewed a willingness to meet him in this measure, he seemed to drop it altogether, and the rather, as in that case her paternal estate would have remained with her, which, during their joint establishment, was so liberally applied to the common stock, that the major part of the family disbursements was provided for out of her fund. He had, however, long abandoned all hope of any benefit upon the contingency of his survivorship, and of an heir there was now no longer any prospect. As he had, therefore, no interest in view on either of these accounts, he kept no check upon his ill-humour and chagrin, but persecuted her without reserve, absolutely confining her to the house, and, as far as he could prevent it, not suffering her to correspond with any one, particularly her relations of the house of Manstock, to whom he bore peculiar hatred and inveteracy.

What does your uncle mean, said he, in one of his altercations, by receiving that fellow into his family, who has so effectually destroyed the peace of mine ? Can there be a grosser insult, a more outrageous breach of decency and good manners, than thus to hold him up in my defiance after what has passed, and when he knows that I myself have discovered him in a situation that no husband, who has any sense of honour, can put up with, nor a wife, who has any sense of modesty, would permit him to be found in ? Does Sir Roger think that I want spirit to resent such conduct, or can he suppose that I am tame enough to submit to an indignity, which he renders ten times more galling by the countenance he shews to the despicable object of my resentment—your ladyship's beggarly Adonis ?

To this she patiently replied, That her uncle knew her innocence, and the motives of that tenderness, which pity for the sufferings of the guiltless had extorted from her ; that with a heart naturally susceptible of compassion, she had a farther interest in the sufferings of the young man in question, as a relic of her valued friend, Mr Ratcliffe, who had protected him from his infancy, loved him as a son, and left the strongest testimony in his favour, describing him as endowed with every good and virtuous quality that can centre in the human heart ; that, for these reasons, she had determined to stand in the place of her deceased friend towards

an unfortunate youth, who seemed destined to be the victim of suspicion, and to meet punishment where he merited praise.

'Tis one thing, said my lord, to protect ; to caress him is another ; you, or I, or anybody, may relieve a beggar, but who embraces him ? Your purse you may pour into his hands, but your person you had no right to throw into his arms, seeing that I have a claim upon that, so long as it is my lot to be called your husband, and your privilege to bear my name and title.

True, my lord, she replied, your right and title to my poor person is absolute and exclusive, and had my heart been made of sterner stuff, I should not have yielded it even to pity, as you saw ; to impurity it has never been surrendered since you called it yours. If your sense of pity cannot find excuse for mine, I must submit to my fate ; I have no other means of softening your displeasure.

Sincerity will soften it, said my lord ; confession will in part atone for the injury which my honour has received, because to own your faults is one step towards repenting of them ; confess, then, that you are in love with this young fellow, that you was captivated with his person, that you was surprised into a weakness, which your constitution must apologize for.— Nay, start not, madam, nor affect to be offended at what I suggest ; for that you have loved is well known, and that you can go great lengths for those you love, is not to be denied ; why, then, may I not presume that your nature is the same, kind, soft, and yielding, as it ever was ? A father's authority could not restrain you ; why should I suppose a husband's can ? Let me know, therefore, the extent of my disgrace, and I will then decide as shall be best both for myself and you ; till then you must give me leave to suspect the worst, and to conclude against you, as much from your silence and reserve, as from my own reason and observation.

In one word, then, my lord, and I call Heaven to witness to the truth of what I say, I am as incapable of the idea you annex to my tenderness for this young man, as I am of murder, incest, blasphemy, or any crime the most dire and detestable that only beings totally abandoned can commit ; the criminality you suspect me of would be such, as but to think of, makes my blood shudder, and my heart shrink back with horror.

Hold, madam ; not so strong in your expressions, if you please ; moderate the energy of your language, if you wish that I should credit the sincerity, or even understand the meaning, of it ; let me have a plain answer to a plain question—Did you ever see this young man before ?

I saw him about twelve years ago, soon after my father's death, when he was a child, under the care of Mr Ratcliffe.

Is he the bastard son of Parson Ratcliffe ?

That is a plain question, truly, my lord ; your delicacy might have couched it in politer terms.

Very true, madam, I should have been more select in my expressions, as I might have recollected that none are so affectedly regardful of the forms of delicacy as those who have bidden adieu to the essentials of it.

'Tis well, my lord ; I shall give you no farther opportunity of insulting me, by answering to no farther questions : here ends our conference ; proceed against me as you please ; be as cruel as your heart will let you ; there is a friend at hand that will soon rescue me from your tyranny.

Say you so, madam ! Who is that friend ?
Death.

CHAP. VI.

Danger approaches, and the Doctor is dismissed.

IN this manner the sad and heavy hours dragged slowly on at Crowbery Castle. Domestic altercations, jealousies, and complaints, on the part of Lord Crowbery, pressed down the spirits, and now began to sap and undermine the constitution, of his unhappy lady. Her confinement was become no less a matter of necessity than of obedience ; she took her meals, and passed her whole day, in her separate apartment ; and as great pains were bestowed in keeping the affair of Blachford's plot, and its providential issue, from her knowledge, it was not till after the dialogue recited in the preceding chapter had taken place, that she came to the knowledge of that disgraceful business.

His lordship's suspicions pointed at Zachary as the informer on this occasion ; and though a pretty strict watch was kept upon him in his visits, probably the suspicion aforesaid was not ill placed, for our honest Doctor had great attachment to his noble patient, and very little to her ignoble lord : our hero also had an interest in his heart ; Blachford he detested, and though he did his duty to him faithfully and skilfully, for he had now performed the operation of the trepan, yet if he had been dressing the wounds of a wretch condemned for murder, he probably could not have felt less sympathy for the sufferings of his patient. The impression which the story of Blachford's plot made upon Lady Crowbery's mind, was such as left a strong persuasion of my lord's participation in that base attempt, and from this moment she could not see him without horror : fixed in her resolution to enter into no farther discussions with him, all intercourse between them was suspended.

One day, as she was sitting alone and pensive in her chamber, ruminating on the sad fortune

of her life, and the miseries which an attachment fatally traversed had entailed upon her, as she drew out her handkerchief to stanch the tears that were flowing from her eyes, a little packet dropped on the floor, which she took up, and soon discovered to be the same that Henry had delivered to her, enclosing the ring, but which, in the hurry of her spirits at that moment, she had hastily put into her pocket, and, from that time, it had escaped her recollection.

What was her surprise, upon unfolding the envelope, to discover the very ring she had given to her beloved Delapoer, when they exchanged their pledges, and solemnly devoted their hearts and affections each to the other!

With eager trepidation she turned it over and over, minutely examining it in every part. The hair, the stone, the setting, the motto, every particle, deposited to the identity of the object; not a doubt remained; astonishment possessed her wholly; she shook in every joint, and felt a tumult at her heart, that her enfeebled frame could scarce support. Happily she was alone; and when she could command sufficient recollection to debate the case, and shape her thoughts into some form and order, she began to give them vent, talking to herself in broken sentences, after the following manner:—The very ring I gave to Delapoer! the pledge of love, my first, my only love! Assuredly it is the same! I cannot be mistaken! Oh memory of a fond fleeting moment, thou art much too faithful to deceive, or be deceived! How came it here? Is he that owned it living, and returned to England? or is he dead, and, dying, gave it in commission to some friend to render back to me? Let me recall to mind what Henry told me; a man had found it, a poor man, returned from transportation: that may be himself; well may he call it so; 'twas banishment, 'twas transportation, for the crime of loving one, whom the hard heart of an inexorable parent wrested from his arms too late for honour! Ah, cruel father! there was a moment when, if you had relented, your poor child had never known these agonies, that now must plunge her in the grave! Had you permitted her to take her own heart's choice, and, at the altar, sanctify those vows, which Heaven had heard and registered, your daughter had been now a happy mother, and posterity would have blessed you; instead of which, behold a jealous tyrant, and a barren bed! Oh! barbarous soul-enslaving law, devised in an accursed hour to counteract the first great blessing pronounced by the Creator on his works, which alike makes wretched those who obey, and those who desperately evade it; which gives a power to parents that is their curse, entailing a dreadful responsibility on such as enforce it, and violating the most sacred privileges of all who are restrained by it!

This said, she rose, and, opening a little casket, where other tokens were deposited, lodged it

amongst them, referring it to time, the revealer of all mysteries, to elucidate this among the rest; and, recollecting it had been told her by Henry, that the finder of the ring said he would call again for his reward, Alas! said she, as this reflection occurred, what have I to bestow, that Delapoer would now deem a reward? Could I endure the meeting, ought I even to wish it? Should I not in discretion avoid it? If there is any remnant of affection left in his heart for me, will not the sight of such a faded form, and the discovery of my wretchedness, give anguish to his feelings?—But then my son! my Henry! How else shall I disclose to Delapoer the interesting intelligence that he is a father? O Henry, for thy sake I would abide that trial!

It was now the hour for Zachary to pay his professional visit: curiosity, or some motive not connected with kindness, induced Lord Crowbery to accompany him on this occasion: his presence was not calculated to quiet uneasiness of any kind; and Zachary's fingers had no sooner touched his patient's pulse, than he gave my lord a significant look, which not only indicated alarm at what he discovered by his touch, but seemed to intimate that he knew by his intuition where the cause of it was to be found.

I am told, madam, said my lord, you are indisposed; I should wish to hear the nature of your complaint, and what this gentleman's opinion is of your case.

So please you, my lord, replied the man of medicine, it is not our practice to discuss those points in the hearing of our patients.

Cannot you prescribe then, said the peer, when I am present? or have you no advice to offer, till you have consulted with her ladyship what remedy she likes best?

There was a taunting sneer in this, which Zachary's spirit did not quite relish: he had all due consideration for the dignity of a noble; but he was not without some sense of his own consequence, and the honour also due unto the physician: he answered, therefore, with more quickness than was expected, that, to the best of such judgment as he possessed, he should prescribe in due time; but there was a disorder in her ladyship's pulse, which he took to be incidental rather than symptomatic, and he believed the best remedy for her case at present, would be perfect quiet and a silent room.

By which I am to understand, rejoined the peer, that you could very readily dispense with my company, and remain here yourself—will that promote silence, do you think? If you have nothing to say that I should not hear, and silence be so necessary for her ladyship, I can sit here without opening my lips, whilst you pursue your observations without interruption, and meditate at leisure on the remedies you are to apply.

My lord, replied the sage, if I am worthy to be intrusted with the health of Lady Crowbery,

I hope I am not suspected as unfit to be left with her in private.

No more arguing, Mr Apothecary, if you please, quoth the noble intruder ; do the business you are sent for ; and remember, that it is for the contents of your gallipots, and not for the charms of your conversation, that I employ you in my family.

I have been employed, quoth Zachary, for my lady and her family many years before I was honoured with your lordship's commands, and I never was treated in Sir Andrew's family but with confidence and kindness : I hope I am not likely to forget my station in society, and how far it is removed from that which your lordship now fills ; but I can at the same time recollect, that the distance between them has not always been so great.

For the better understanding of this glance, at the conclusion of Zachary's reply, we must inform the reader, that the noble personage at whom it was pointed, had, in the early days of his worldly pilgrimage, walked in the humble line of an officer of his Majesty's customs, in which station he was totally unnoticed by the head of his family, and, indeed, by every other family whose notice was worth having, until the title, and such part of the estate as was entailed upon it, by a variety of intermediate contingencies devolved on him. Though not deficient in talents of a certain sort, he had been greatly cramped in his education by the poverty of his parents, and, as far as precept and example reach, very little benefited by either. With the great world, since he had been made a part of it, he had formed little or no acquaintance ; and, conscious of his deficiencies in the acquirements of a gentleman, he had never taken his seat since his accession to the peerage ; shutting himself up in his castle, with a few mean dependants about him, who flattered him in his humours, whilst they fed at his table, he lived in sullen pride, avoiding all his neighbours of a better sort, and avoided by them. When he made proposals for his present lady, he had newly succeeded to his title, and, it may well be presumed, he was more indebted to a certain incident in her history, well remembered by her father, though carefully concealed, than to the elegance of his own manners and address. A title and estate, however, were circumstances not overlooked in the brief catalogue of his accomplishments ; they doubtless had their weight with Sir Andrew ; and for the lady's share in the transaction, that was purely negative ; a broken spirit, a dubious reputation, and a blank indifference to all mankind, with one exception only, made her consent to an act of duty and atonement, not of choice and free will. In this manner they married, and upon the terms which such marriages naturally produce, they lived together, joyless, comfortless, childless.

The glance, therefore, which Zachary had retorted upon his lordship's former obscurity, roused his present dignity into a flame of rage. It is not in the art of the most ingenious tormentor to punish the object of his vengeance half so bitterly, as the proud man, without any art or ingenuity at all, naturally contrives to punish himself. No sooner had Zachary's words entered the porches of his ears, than in an instant, like the *leperous distilment* described by Hamlet's ghost, it coursed through all the natural gates and alleys of his blood, post-haste, to the seat and head-quarters of the spleen, (if any of my readers know where that is to be found,) and there it swelled and fermented at such a rate, that his bosom was not wide enough to hold it, but out it burst, sputtering and frothing, from his lips, in accents very little resembling those that shortly after fell with gentle cadence from the softer lips of Lady Crowbery. Enough was understood, from the inarticulate vehemence of his lordship's wrath, to discover that Zachary Cawdle, surgeon, apothecary, and man-midwife, was in no future time to exercise any one of these several branches of his art within the walls of Crowbery Castle, or upon the person of any one who belonged thereunto.

Zachary had risen from his seat with an irascibility little less than boiling hot, and with a countenance whose scarlet hue of downright honest anger wonderfully contrasted the pale and sickly complexion of his lordship's malice, when the gentle invalid, directing a look of mild benevolence to her discarded attendant, addressed herself to him in the following terms :— Farewell, my long-approved and worthy friend ! I lose your services when they can be of no farther use to me ; you see the situation I am in, and you know it is incurable. It is not in your art to save me, and you are only dismissed from a fruitless attendance, and the painful spectacle of an expiring friend. For all past care and kindness, and a thousand zealous offices which your good will to me has prompted you to perform, I render you my last, my cordial thanks. Go to my uncle Manstock ; tell him I am in a fair way to shake off all complaints, and want no more medical assistance : when that is over, and my cure completed, he will shew you that your services have not been overlooked, and that I have bequeathed you a fee, which I hope will set me clear at the close of our account.

God forbid ! God forbid ! cried Zachary, the tears bubbling from his eyes, it should be my sad lot to outlive you. Providence, in its mercy, restore you ! But continue, I beseech you, the valerian draughts : I had other medicines in reserve ; but I take Heaven to witness, I am dismissed from my attendance when my patient's pulse is at a hundred and twenty-five.

CHAP. VII.

Shews how some People pass their Time in the Country.

ZACHARY returned disconsolate to his shop.—How do we go on at Lord Crowbery's? quoth Alexander Kinloch.

The devil take Lord Crowbery, replied Zachary, and that blind bitch Fortune into the bargain, for putting a coronet over the ears of a custom-house officer!

She has put a crest as well as a coronet over his ears, if Fame says true, resumed Kinloch, with a grin.

If Fame says that, Fame lies, said Zachary. A fellow that but yesterday, as it were, tramped about with a pen and inkhorn in his button-hole, to talk to me in such a style! I have been treated scurvily, friend Sawney; he has dismissed me from all farther attendance on his lady: poor dear soul, she will be lost without my help; there is not a man in England can discern the cause of her complaint so well as I can; it breaks my heart to think that any other person should prescribe to her; yet there's not a minute to be lost, for her pulse was going at an hundred and twenty-five when I left her.

That betokens a crisis, said Kinloch.

Right, quoth the Doctor, and 'tis then the patient has most need of a physician; *urgente morbo adsit medicus*.

I foresaw what would happen, cried the North Briton; your own dear wife has made all the mischief, tattling about Henry and my lady, and how they met at your house, and what passed at their meeting when she hugged him in her arms, which has been told my lord; and so they would not let the man be a cuckold in quiet, but must be talking to him about it, which, if it was your own case, you must confess, is not the pleasantest thing to hear; but, for my part, I make it a rule to let all such trifles pass, and say nothing of the matter.

Ay, ay, answered Zachary, you are a wise man, Sawney, and know how to keep peace and silence in a family; but my tipling saint of a wife has such a curst tongue of her own, that there is nothing she so dearly loves as scandal, except it be the brandy-bottle; but her pleasure will be her poison, for she's tacked in the liver, and tumbling off the perch. As for that blustering lord, his custom I should not value at a doit, nor his castle neither, if my lady was not in it: I can live without either; for I don't believe that obstinate fellow has taken a dose of my drugs these ten years past, and if he lets it alone for ten years to come I care not; let him go off in his own way; I should be sorry to save him a trip to the other world, and em-

ploy my skill in his cure, which I must in conscience do, was I called in. 'Tis exactly the case with Justice Blachford; I know I am defrauding the devil of his due by keeping him alive; but if a man won't die when his brains are out, how can I help it? If some folks had had the handling of his skull, the world before this would have been rid of a monster.

Whether the deputy-doctor took this as a side-blow at himself I cannot say, but certainly a learned dispute sprung up between him and his principal upon the application of the trepan, which branched out into so many zigzags and crosseuts, and was carried on with so little method, and so much abuse of brevity, that after Zachary's vanity had run foul of Alexander's spleen, his cholier began to chafe and fume at such a rate, that pestle and mortar never set up a more clamorous argument than now ensued between master and man, which was only put an end to by the superior din of Jemima's bell.

In the meantime, the hours at Manstock-house moved on in harmony and peace; each division of the day had its appropriated occupation or amusement: the morning ride, the social meal, the evening walk, the hour of rest—each link of time kept its due place and period: order and regularity were so perfectly observed throughout the whole establishment, that though the spirit of the master pervaded every part, his voice was nowhere heard; the domestics were a numerous body, but, like well-disciplined veterans, each knew his duty, and no one swerved from it.

Here our hero might have reposed in absolute tranquillity, had his feelings been less alive to the disconsolate situation of his suffering mother, or had his wandering fancy (for why should I conceal the truth?) permitted him to enjoy the comforts of an amiable society, without a professed partiality to any one in particular belonging to it: but nature and philosophy are at constant variance; the warmth which one inspires ill suits the coolness which the other prescribes. Though the conversation of Sir Roger and the Reverend Mr Claypole offered all the edification that experience could minister to a youthful hearer, yet perverse nature (or something we are willing to ascribe to nature) biased the judgment of our hero so as to induce him to prefer the slightest syllable, that gave motion to Isabella's lovely lips, before all the anecdotes of Sir Roger, or the metaphysics of Mr Claypole. This was not a preference which his understanding gave, for that he never called into council on the question; but he listened as his eyes directed him, and judged as his heart prescribed. Though he was not to learn that time moves on with equal step, yet he miscalculated most grossly, reckoning hours but as minutes when alone with Isabella, and minutes as hours without her. Any other person would have found out these were symptoms of love;

Henry only found out they were mistakes, and never ventured to search into the cause of them : Isabella, who was even less experienced, and somewhat younger than himself, was so sure that she loved no human creature comparably to her father, and really did love him with such true devotion, that she had no idea there might be attachments of another sort to share her heart with him, and, in the full conviction of her own security, never once thought of what she held impossible to happen. She took her evening walks with Henry by her side, and then the weather was so fine, or the prospect so charming, or the discourse so entertaining, that the minutes stole away so imperceptibly she could not understand how they were gone so fast, and she so far from home ; now she must hasten back, and Henry's arm was wanted to assist her speed ; stiles sometimes intervened, and then both arms found full employment ; hillocks, and dales, and foot planks over rills with waters half a foot in depth tremendously rolling underneath, demanded a conductor of no small address ; in defiles and difficulties like these, all Henry's care was none too much ; yet they occurred so frequently, that slander would have said they were more sought than shunned.

Sometimes, when nothing more material occupied her thoughts, Isabella would divert the subject of discourse to questions about Susan May.—Didn't Henry think her very pretty ?—Wasn't she a very open-hearted natural girl, a little wild or so ?—Hadn't she turned off her late mistress on his account ? and didn't that look as if she had a liking for him ?—These were leading questions, which Henry did not always choose to follow without swerving. With a great respect for truth, he had something more than respect for the person he was to address it to, and though he scorned to say what was directly false, he did not altogether like to say what was strictly true. A little equivocation, but as little as his delicacy could dispense with, he certainly made free with upon these occasions ; and if Isabella did not give him perfect credit for sincerity in all particulars, it was because she was as thoroughly informed of facts, as Susan's full confession, honestly avowed, could make her : she was not, however, so mere a novice in the world as not to comprehend that there are subjects, on which men of delicacy will not be perfectly explicit ; but on the point of reputation Isabella was as forward to believe, as he was firm in asserting, the perfect innocence of Susan's conduct ; pure in her own nature, she was too candid in her judgment of others to suspect that want of chastity was implied in freedom of behaviour.

In their conversations about Lady Crowbery, their hearts and tongues completely coincided in bearing testimony to the loveliness of her nature, and in lamenting her unhappy lot.

I should not wonder, said Isabella, if that

cross ugly creature was to scold and scandalize my poor cousin for what he saw in the plantation-walk, when her benevolent heart overflowed with tenderness and pity for you, so that she could scarce support herself from sinking to the ground ; his hard nature is not capable of understanding, and allowing for, the soft emotions of a soul like hers. I know what she felt on your account, because I have heard her talk so warmly in your praise, and how Mr Ratcliffe loved and admired you ; and then she would bewail his loss, and the misfortunes which it brought on you ; I know also the impression that Lord Crowbery's behaviour made on her, and how she execrated that horrid Blachford, whom Providence has now chastised ; and I don't doubt but she foresaw some wicked plot would be concerted against you, as in fact it was : all these terrors were in her mind when she was so affected as to fall upon your neck, and vent herself in tears ; and who can wonder at it ? What is so touching as the sight of innocence distressed and persecuted ? How could a heart so soft and sensitive as hers, reflect on all that you had suffered, all that you was still exposed to, and not melt with sympathy ? Was ever act so noble, generous, and humane, rewarded with such base, malicious, and unjust oppression ? For my part I cannot conceive how any one of common feelings can hear the story and be unmoved : I'm not ashamed to say my tears kept pace with hers on the occasion ; yet I was not informed of all particulars, as she was ; neither was I, like her, the friend of Mr Ratcliffe ; I had not seen you, but as you passed into the house of Mr Cawdle ; she had both seen you and discoursed with you, and heard those worthy creatures at the cottage, in their natural manner, relate a thousand circumstances, which your modesty would not speak of. Heavens ! must we be hypocrites because we are women ! withhold our love for virtue in the dread of slander, and not bestow our praise and admiration where they are so justly due ! That would be hard indeed. But when we see a character like this, accused, insulted, punished, treated like a malefactor and a murderer, all mouths open, all hearts shut against him, without a friend, or house, or food, but what one poor widow and her charitable cruise supplied, what heart can stand it ? and he must be a monster that can doubt my cousin's purity, because her arms encircled what her heart pitied and approved.

Here Isabella paused : Henry was silent ; it was a subject he would not venture to commit himself upon ; his too great sensibility to a mother's praises might excite suspicion : Isabella resumed her discourse.—To be sure, if people will decide from appearances only, the most innocent actions may be construed into guilt, and, as I take Lord Crowbery to be one of those people, I am sadly afraid my poor cousin may suf-

fer wrongfully by his hasty temper ; not that he can seriously and from his heart suspect a woman of her established character ; but he may pretend to do it, for the malicious pleasure of tormenting her ; for I am sorry to say, I think him capable of being very cruel, nay, I am sure he is, having been a painful witness of very harsh treatment on his part. In short, he is a bad husband, and nothing surprises me more, than that a person of her taste and intuition should have been deceived by such a character ; and that, with youth, beauty, great fortune, and good sense, she should be induced to marry a man neither suitable to her in age, manners, principle, or person ; nay, I rather wonder she should marry at all, at least whilst her father was alive, for she was then exactly in the situation I am now, the only solace of a widowed parent ; and sure it is a daughter's duty (Heaven knows I feel it such) never to quit that post till nature's debt is paid by one or other of the parties.

As she spoke these words, they had approached the gate that opened to the garden from the park ; Henry advanced towards it, but, stopping short, he turned, and, with an anxious look, asked if what she had now delivered was her determined purpose and opinion.—Assuredly it is, she said ; for what have I to think of, blest with such a father, but to please and study him ? Can I fulfil two duties at a time ? Never will I devote less than my whole heart to him ; how, then, can I divide it with another ? No, no, that is impossible ; whilst he has life and health I shall be happy in my present state ; if Heaven should snatch that blessing from me, I shall have full employment for the short remainder of my wretched days in mourning and lamenting him.

The tears were starting from her eyes ; sympathy, or some other impulse, struck the heart of Henry : he supported himself against the gate, trembling and pale, as if some sudden faintness had come over him : it was a transient attack ; a few moments sufficed to recall his recollection ; when, half sighing, half smothering a sigh, he thus began in gentle terms to controvert what she had said.—Your sentiments, Miss Manstock, are too amiable not to be admired, but suffer me to say, too melancholy to be admitted without some reserve. Daughters have sacrificed their youth and beauty to the pious offices which you describe ; but it has been to parents helpless and distressed, to age, to poverty, or to sickness, which otherwise had wanted those kind services that they bestowed :—the Grecian Daughter was a heroine that stands, as you well know, recorded to all ages for her filial piety ; she fed her father in a prison, but take notice, he had else been famished ; remember, too, that daughter was herself a mother ; and let me not offend your delicacy if I presume to say, that in a heart like yours, filial affection may possess its place, and yet make room for connubial love, without re-

stricting either. To put the case, that any man is likely to be found, who may deserve your love, is more for argument than fact ; I know of no such man, nor am inclined to think our sex can boast of one, who merits such distinguished happiness ; but grant there was, could he desire to divert you from the exercise of those attentions, which must at once endear your character to him, and by his sharing them, might recommend his character to you ? Think for a moment what his gratitude must be to the author and bestower of all his earthly happiness ; by heavens ! I think his reverence and devotion to your father must be such, as hardly to be exceeded by your own ; how, then, by adding his attentions, could the sum of them be less ? When age and infirmity shall call for support, might not his manly strength, activity, and courage, conspire to uphold that venerable parent, whom your soft sensibility and gentle pity would be employed to soothe ? This, you must own, would be to double rather than to divide your grateful task. But when you speak of dedicating your surviving days to sorrow, I must hope you speak but as you apprehend, and not as you would act. I know, alas ! the agonizing loss of one, that was to me a father, a voluntary father ; and, methinks, that is an obligation on my part beyond what Nature can impose ; a duty more impressive than the nearest ties of blood can devolve upon a son ; that father is dead, and his death plunged me not only in affliction, but in adversity ; still I have a post to keep, and I must not desert it : one man, at least, snatched from destruction, has some cause to say I have not lived in vain ; but you, beloved, admired, adored, you should well reflect, before you give yourself to such sad thoughts, how many you make sad thereby ; for, be assured, should you sink under affliction, you would not sink alone.

Nature hath given to some a tone, a manner, an expression, that makes language but a secondary vehicle for what passes in their mind : this endowment Henry possessed in a most striking degree ; his heart was in his features, voice, and action. Isabella needed no interpreter to understand his feelings in their full extent : how to recall a resolution, vouched so solemnly, she knew not, yet something she wished to say or do to mitigate it.

By one of those unpremeditated movements, which Nature sometimes betrays us into before our perception can correct it, her hand was pressed by his : which was the aggressor in their meeting neither party knew ; the one, therefore, could not reprove the other, yet both were awakened to reflection at the same moment, both sympathized in the same effect, and both were overspread with blushes. There was a thrilling nerve that ran to Isabella's heart, through which her sensibility conveyed a voice that whispered to her—She had said too much :—a second notice intimated to her—That 'twas no crime to

love:—a third, and that was followed by a throng of soft insinuating ideas, suggested to her pity a regret, that one so brave, so young, so generous, so engaging, should languish in despair, and deprecate her stern decree in vain.—He'll die, these tempters said, if this your cruel resolution should take place: why tell him he must never hope? 'twould be but charity to leave him that delusion for his temporary comfort.—To all these arguments her heart in gentleness accorded, and, as language was not needful, and probably not present, for the purpose, in that instant he felt, or fancied that he felt, a gentle trembling pressure of his hand by hers: a blush of sensibility glowed on his cheeks; it was health to his sick hope, light to his dark despair, oil to that dying spark which reason scarce permitted to languish in his desponding bosom: still he repressed all rapture; tenderly, but yet respectfully, he stooped his lips upon her hand—You are all excellence, he cried; 'tis so I should expect the friend of my protectress, and the daughter of the best of men, to console the mourner: I have been witness to your filial love and piety, Heaven grant I never may be witness to your sorrows; for Heaven can testify how gladly I would meet my death, to rescue and preserve that sacred life, so dear to you, and keep affliction from the tenderest heart that ever animated the most lovely form.

CHAP. VIII.

He is the true Hero that can conquer himself.

THE next morning brought Doctor Zachary Cawdle to Manstock-house. No sooner did the figure of old Bess, shuffling under the non-elastic load of her rider in the cinnamon suit, cross the optics of our hero, then upon a solitary ramble in the park, than he ran to the encounter.—What news, cried he, my worthy master?

Ill news, quoth the rider in cinnamon, for those who are sick, when I am dismissed: that pettifogging peer has put me out of his house, when the situation of his lady should have kept me in it.

No matter for that, eagerly resumed the other; tell me how that lady is.

How should she be, again quoth Zachary, when I am not allowed to come near her? And do you say no matter for that? Marry, but there is a great deal of matter, and matter of a very ugly nature, and a very rapid pulse, let me tell you; and I should think no man, who has ever been within the sound of my pestle, would have the hardness to say, no matter for that.

Pardon me, my good Doctor, replied Henry; mine were the words of impatience, not of contempt: I am very seriously alarmed for Lady Crowbery.

Enough said, quoth the Doctor; 'tis natural you should be alarmed for one so near to you, and your impatience is excusable. As we have here no listeners within reach of us, I shall let you know that I am made privy to what has passed between you and your mother, and that I bear you the blessing of that best of ladies; she is indeed a saint, a suffering saint and martyr to the merest persecutor in creation.

The filial heart of Henry swelled with indignation, his eyes sparkled, and his cheeks flushed, as he broke forth into vehement denunciations against Lord Crowbery, and it was with some difficulty Zachary could preach him into patience: the storm, however, subsided by degrees; and when Zachary told him, that he came over, at his mother's desire, to consult with Sir Roger Manstock, he became perfectly calm, and declared that he would resign himself to what that worthy person should advise; at the same time, he said, that he could not but lament the peculiarity of his situation, which invested him with a character that he was not permitted to avow; and, as the relation in which he stood with regard to Lady Crowbery was not known to Sir Roger Manstock, he could not expect that any such part would be assigned to him, in that lady's vindication, as his interest in her wrongs would otherwise entitle him to demand. The result of the conference, however, was an appeal to Sir Roger in the first place, and for this purpose Zachary proceeded onwards towards the house, whilst our hero struck into the grove adjoining, which, by a more circuitous path, led to the same point.

Upon entering this scene of meditation and retirement, Henry found himself unexpectedly encountered by a fair nymph, whom fortune seemed to seize every occasion of throwing in his way, when solitude and secrecy conspired to put his virtue to the test. Susan May was on her return from the village, where she had been to welcome her mother to her new habitation, which she had that morning taken possession of. Though certain events had now parted these friends into separate spheres of life, Henry accosted her in the same style and manner as when they lived together upon the level: their conversation began by her recounting the kindnesses of Miss Manstock to her mother, and the comforts she had provided for that good woman in her new abode: Ezekiel Daw had staid behind to attend the calls of Justice Blachford, who, in his lucid intervals, (if such they might be termed,) was visited by certain fits of terror and compunction, which made the spiritual assistance of that pious creature not unwelcome to him, and it is needless to remark, that from duties like this Ezekiel was, by no interest or allurements, to be detached.

Henry's mind was just now too much occupied to be in the best of all possible dispositions for the present meeting, but it was not in his na-

ture to give pain to a fond heart like Susan's; he made no effort, therefore, to divert the conversation from those interesting points, to which she wished to lead it. Few girls of Susan's sort had greater quickness of intuition; and as love is, in some cases, a mighty sharpener of the eyesight, she had taken her observations pretty accurately, as to the effect of Isabella's bright eyes upon the heart of Henry; and being fully satisfied she had no chance against such a rival, she good-naturedly resolved to do him all the services in her power with that young lady; and though she had little comfort to administer to him at present, yet she discerned enough to warrant her in talking on the subject, and reporting such particulars as might serve, at least, to keep the spark of hope alive. When Henry, therefore, asked her if she was happy in her service, she answered that her young lady was an angel for goodness, and if she herself was not as happy as she might be, it was only because she was not altogether so wise as she ought to be; but time, she observed, would cure her of those follies which had taken such possession of her:—A kind word, however, added she, now and then bestowed upon me, when superior objects do not engross your attention, will be a generous way of assuring me, that I am not entirely out of your thoughts; more than this I do not expect, but without this I should indeed be wretched.

Henry consoled her with the most soothing assurances, and he accompanied them with certain tender looks and actions, which carry more persuasion with them, than the strongest professions can convey without them. Turning to him with a smile—Ah! my dear friend! she cried, I suspect there is a certain lady of mine, not far off, who will give you the heart-ache before long, and then you will know what it is that we poor love-sick mortals suffer; these evening walks of yours, with that captivating fair one, will lead you into a maze that will puzzle you to escape from, unless I give you a clew to guide you out of it. We women of the chamber have many opportunities of diving into the secrets of our mistresses, especially of such as, like my lady, are all nature and sincerity. I must tell you then, in one word, that there is a terrible resolution gone out against all mankind at once, never to marry; she has made a vow to devote herself to her father; she has not the most distant idea of falling in love; and has been very curious in her inquiries, how it came to pass that I suffered myself to be surprised into so extraordinary a weakness. I laid it all upon Nature and a tender heart: this she did not admit; for she contended, that her heart was as tender, and her nature as compassionate, as another's; that she could pity the unfortunate, admire the brave, and applaud the deserving; but to sigh, and pine, and languish, as she conceived I did, was what she had no conception of. Love to

our parents, and good-will to the rest of the world, she thought was all that any one heart could fairly entertain, and as much as in reason it ought to undertake for. At this I smiled, and took the freedom to tell her, (for she is the most frank and affable creature living,) that, according to the old saying, it was everybody's fate to fall in love once in their lives; and, if that was true, my destiny was past, and hers was to come; as for myself, I owned I was justly punished for presuming to think of one so infinitely my superior in all respects; but nobody could prevent their fate; and I doubted if many were to be found, who could be indifferent to any object so deserving.

There you spoke too humbly of yourself, said Henry, and too partially of your friend.

My young lady did not seem to think so, replied Susan; and, if I have any guess at her heart, you have more interest there than she is aware of.—Here they found themselves at the extremity of the grove, and within sight of the house.—Adieu! cried Susan, I must not be seen with you: Persist courageously, and you will conquer: my life upon it, Miss Manstock has a heart disposed to you and love.

Has she so? cried Henry, and suddenly stopped short, whilst Susan quickened her pace, and left him to his reflections.—Has she a heart for me and love? he repeated: and shall that flattery tempt me to persist? 'Tis fatal flattery, and I will not pursue it. Grant it were truth; grant that I could succeed to gain an interest in her heart, to shake her resolutions, and detach her from the duteous purposes to which she has devoted herself; can I reconcile such conduct to the principles of honour, and the gratitude I owe to her father, the uncle of my mother? What presumption would it be in me to conceive, that I can be acceptable to Sir Roger Manstock, as a pretender to his daughter! 'Tis impossible! Circumstanced as I am, it is against all reason to suppose he could admit of my addresses. What then am I doing? Gratifying a propensity that will be my ruin; listening to advice, that, whilst it flatters my vanity, conspires to blind my reason, and betray my honour. I will not persist; no, Susan, though I were sure to conquer, as you call it, I will not follow your seducing counsel; I will stop whilst it is yet in my power; I will tear myself away from the snares, which every moment of delay will draw closer about me, and escape, whilst I have strength and resolution for the effort. If ever that day comes, when Sir Roger Manstock shall know me as the cousin of Isabella, and if this tumult at my heart shall be quieted by time and absence, he may then once more receive me, as one attached to him by gratitude and consanguinity, and permit me to pay to him the devotion of a son, and to his beloved Isabella the attentions of a brother: this will be something

still ; it will be tender friendship, it will be love, that strikes no sting into the conscience ; it may assuage her sorrows when she will want a comforter, and enable her to say, when her father's eyes shall close—I have fulfilled my promise, I have persisted in my resolution, and devoted my whole heart to the pious duties of a daughter.—By heavens ! 'tis great, 'tis noble ! Shall I rob her of this triumph ? I will go this instant, and prepare for my departure.

CHAP. IX.

It now becomes doubtful if a certain Hero is any Hero at all.

HAVING thus decided betwixt love and honour, our hero, firm in his gallant purpose, marched triumphantly to the house ; here, on the very threshold of the hall, he was met by the lovely object who had occasioned all his struggles.—I have been seeking you, she said, all over the house. I am terribly afraid there is some bad news of my dear Lady Crowbery, for her doctor is closetted with my father, and I dare not interrupt them. They have been calling for you in the library, and I am sure you will put me out of suspense as soon as you can learn what it is that has happened.

Certainly, replied Henry ; but I believe I have heard the whole. Lady Crowbery is indisposed, but I hope not dangerously. If I hear anything more, you shall be informed of it.—This said, he passed on to the library, where Zachary and the worthy Baronet were in close confabulation. At their desire, he seated himself between them.

Henry, said Sir Roger Manstock, I have just now received a very unpleasant account from this gentleman, which makes it necessary for me to pay a visit to my niece at Crowbery Castle without delay. I am afraid there is too much cause to apprehend a speedy decline ; and, as my lord is not disposed to avail himself of this worthy gentleman's skill and experience, it behoves me very seriously to urge him to some other measures for her relief, with all the expedition that her case demands. If this were all I had to do, I should not suppose that any difference could arise between my lord and me ; but I suspect there will be some points of a more difficult nature to discuss, in which we cannot possibly agree, so long as he persists to avow certain jealousies and suspicions of his lady, my niece, which I hold to be highly injurious, and totally without foundation. In this part of the business, Henry, it happens that you are involved ; and though I want no protestations on your part to satisfy my mind in the matter, yet if Lord Crowbery either cannot, or will not, be brought to reason upon any other terms than

your consenting to put yourself at a greater distance than where you now are, I am free to say, it is a requisition, however unreasonable, to which I should be disposed to sacrifice the enjoyments I derive from your society, rather than to leave him any pretence for the complaints which I understand he makes of me, and the very harsh treatment, which, I am grieved to hear, he practises against my niece.

Henry now heard the very measure proposed that he was pre-determined to adopt ; his answer therefore was ready, and his acquiescence unqualified.—I shall be gone, sir, he cried, before his lordship can repeat his murmurs against you for harbouring a guest so obnoxious to his repose. As for the suspicions he annexes to my stay in his neighbourhood, I will not so degrade the evidence of truth and innocence, as to honour those suspicions with a discussion ; they are the forgeries of his own malicious imagination, fabricated with the base design of giving some colour of excuse for that tyranny of temper which it is natural to him to indulge in, and of which, it seems—just Heaven requite him for his cruelty !—your injured niece, and my ever-honoured benefactress, is to be the victim. For her sake I am not only ready to forego the comforts, the delights of abiding here under your protection, but to remove myself to any distance, far as sea and land can carry me, if so required, beyond the reach of his pretended jealousy. But let him have a care how he does more than brood in secret on his suspicions—let him confine his murmurs within the dark recesses of his own gloomy breast—let him take heed how he circulates them beyond the walls of that castle in which he keeps innocence immured ; for if any word of his shall reach my ears, by which he attaches my name to an imputation that my nature shrinks from with horror unutterable, the cause is then my own, and I will bring him to so strict a reckoning as shall either silence his calumny, or stifle my resentment, for ever.

As the youthful hero of this story thus delivered himself, his eyes glistened, and the spot of anger glowed upon his cheek. Sir Roger noted his emotion, and was enraptured not less by the contemplation of his countenance, than by the energy of his sentiments. So charmed was he with what he saw and heard, that his heart smote him with compunction for having signified to him a kind of warning from his house.—Gracious Heaven ! he cried, turning to Zachary, and striking his hands together, as was customary with him when surprised with any sudden thought, am I to sacrifice the delight of cherishing a spirit like this, in compliment to the caprice of a domestic tyrant ? What store of virtues do I contemplate dawning in the bosom of this gallant youth, and shall I lose the pride of fostering their growth ? It is too much.

Henry, my noble fellow, we'll set this paltry peer at naught. I never can consent to part from you.

Age had not deadened the sensibility of this venerable old man; he was greatly moved, his voice shook, and he clasped the hand of Henry in his. Zachary, who had much of the milk, or rather the butter, of human kindness in his composition, melted like a thaw; and taking out his handkerchief, without any finesse, began a tune upon his olfactory organ little less sonorous, and not more musical, than the cow-horn of Joe Jenkins. Our hero himself was shaken, but not overthrown; his courage reeled, but it did not go back from the post he had taken, and he maintained his resolution of abiding by Sir Roger's first proposal, which he asserted to be necessary, on more accounts than one; at the same time, he expressed a hope, that he might be allowed to accompany him to the castle, where he thought he had a right to appear as the party accused; and observing, withal, it was possible that Sir Roger, in conference with a person of Lord Crowbery's brutal nature, and alone, might not be treated with all the respect due to his person and character.

This proposal did not suit the spirit of Sir Roger, neither was it a thing practicable or advisable, so that he put a peremptory negative upon it at once, adding, in a tone of voice somewhat above his usual key, that if an affront was offered to himself or family, though he was too old for hasty measures, he was not yet past the age for manly resentment. He now ordered four horses to be put to his chaise with all haste, and desired Henry to inform Miss Manstock, that he was simply going to pay a visit to Lady Crowbery, and would return to dinner.

Charged with this commission, Henry returned to the hall, where the lovely Isabella was still waiting, and made his report. She expressed herself much alarmed by the tidings, not only on Lady Crowbery's account, who, she feared, was in a very dangerous way, but on her father's also. She declared there was nothing she more dreaded than his interview with Lord Crowbery; his visits there were at all times unpleasant, but much more so on the present occasion, when, she was sure, that cruel man would fly out into some violence, and, perhaps, say or do something so very galling to her father's spirit, as might draw him into a serious quarrel; and what then would become of her! The mere possibility of it was terrifying in the extreme.—Oh! this odious visit! she cried; would it were well over! I cannot think of it without trembling.

To these tremors and apprehensions Henry applied all the comfort his kind consideration for such generous feelings could suggest. He promised her he would take a horse and ride

over to Crowbery, on the pretence of visiting his friend Ezekiel, but, in fact, to be at hand for any service that occasion might require. He begged her to rest assured that no attention should be neglected by him, where a life so valuable to her, to himself, and to the world at large, was concerned; but as for any danger personally affecting her father from the brutal manners of that dastardly peer, he held that in sovereign disregard; he had seen enough of my lord to know how far his insolence could go, and where it would stop.—He would fain, added he, have practised it upon me, when he considered me as a wretched helpless worm that he might safely tread upon; but no sooner did he see that worm could turn upon him, than he shrunk back like a coward as he is, and in spite of all his pride and haughtiness, lowered his high tone at the rebuke of a poor friendless being, whom he expected to have crushed with a word.

This consolation so effectually cheered the filial heart of the grateful Isabella, that she reassumed her spirits, and, with a smile, that gave animation to a thousand charms, expressed her thanks with so captivating a grace, that if Henry's heart, assailed by so many interesting sensations at once, was just then in no humour to fulfil its self-denying resolution, some excuse may be fairly offered for his transient infirmity of purpose.—I'll not leave sight of the chaise, he said, either going or returning. If Sir Roger Manstock does not approve of my accompanying him to his interview with Lord Crowbery, nothing shall prevent my being watchful of the issue of it, and attending upon him in every other moment of his absence from you.

You are infinitely kind and indulgent to my weakness, said Isabella; and I know your gallant spirit is such, that everything it protects must be safe; I will therefore dismiss my fears on my father's account;—then, tendering him her hand with a look of modest sweetness and benignity,—Fare you well, she cried, I shall think them heavy hours till you both return; but I hope we shall have a cheerful meeting at dinner-time, and a pleasant walk in the evening.—With these kind words dismissed, he was going, when she called him back, saying,—One word more before we part: I insist upon your not taking that flighty animal you rode yesterday; and, if you will do me a particular favour, you will exercise my mare for me.

I shall be in continual terror, replied Henry, lest any accident should befall her.

Judge, then, rejoined she, of me by yourself, and let your fears, that have such a trifle for their object, give place to mine, that have so much at risk.

Where am I? said Henry, within himself.—What is become of the resolution I had taken?

CHAP. X.

Symptoms of falling in Love.

SIR ROGER MANSTOCK had no sooner set out, attended by Henry on Isabella's favourite mare, when Zachary Cawdle summoned old Betty to the door, and at that instant recollected a small packet he had in charge from Lady Crowbery to deliver to her son. Vexed at himself for his forgetfulness, he saw no better way of redeeming his neglect, than by putting it into Miss Manstock's hands, requesting her to give it to Henry on his return. He then took his leave and departed, having a patient or two to visit by the way.

Isabella retired to her chamber; she took up a book, opened it at random, run her eye over two or three pages, and threw it aside; she was not in the humour for reading. Susan was dispatched for her work-bag. She rummaged it for something to employ herself upon; nothing suited her fancy, though several things presented themselves to her choice; the bag fared no better than the book; both were discarded.

I am just now, said she to Susan, in that sort of humour when one can fix to nothing, and yet I want something to occupy me. She then began to examine the little packet she had in charge for Henry. She could perceive that it contained a ring; it puzzled her to divine what Lady Crowbery could intend by such a present. She put it into her purse, and for some minutes sat silent and thoughtful; then directing her eyes to Susan, who was employing herself in some arrangements of the toilet,—I am convinced, she cried, that Henry has an excellent heart. I begin to think, Susan, that though it is a very foolish thing to fall in love, and every girl's duty to guard herself against such idle notions, yet in your case I can suppose it was hardly to be avoided, where you had so many opportunities of knowing the good qualities of that engaging young man. It is not everybody can be content only to admire and approve a person and character like his.

I hope, madam, replied Susan, you will not think the worse of me for owning that my heart is capable of love.

The conference was now fairly opened; by Susan, with a design to probe the heart of her fair mistress; by Isabella, innocently, incautiously, and with no other motive but for the present relief of certain new and hitherto unexperienced sensations, of which she neither knew the real nature or extent.

To Susan's frank appeal, above recited, she candidly replied,—No, no, I don't altogether condemn you for being capable of love, but I am afraid you have bestowed your love upon

one who is not susceptible of the like passion. I take Henry to have a mind superior to the weakness of liking any woman but as a friend.

To the weakness of liking me in any other light, Susan modestly replied, he is certainly superior. I know the little services I did him in his distress are rated by him above their value, for he has a grateful and a feeling heart; too generous to treat me with unkindness, too sincere to deceive me with false pretences; for what am I, to aspire to a person of Mr Henry's sort, conscious as I am that he is of high birth, with such talents, so accomplished, and with so fine a person?

He has indeed a very fine person, repeated Isabella.

I have never seen his like, resumed the other.

But you yourself are very handsome, said the lady, surveying her with a gracious smile.

I handsome! said the damsel, affecting a surprise at a compliment which had been repeated to her a thousand times. Surely, madam, you are laughing at me? Such a clownish girl as I am can have no charms for Mr Henry.

Didn't I tell you, said Isabella, he had no heart for love?

It would be happy for him if he had not, Susan answered; for I am afraid his love is likely to produce nothing but sorrow and disappointment.

Isabella eagerly demanded what she meant.—Pardon me, replied Susan, I must not explain myself; neither should I have ventured to say a word on the subject, if I could have conceived what was so plain to be seen could have escaped your notice. I am sure he would be very angry with me, was he to know that I presumed to hold such discourse with you, madam; but I should indeed have thought, that of all persons living you would have been the last to doubt if he had a heart for love. Alas! he only loves too well for his future peace and quiet, and, I fear, he will live to rue the day that ever he came within the walls of Manstock-house.

Heaven in its mercy forbid! cried Isabella, that anything should befall him in this house, that might cause him to regret the coming into it! I am sure, if I am innocently the occasion of it, sooner than be the means of bringing him into misery and misfortune, I would, I would—

Here she faltered, not daring to complete the sentence as her feelings dictated it. The intelligent waiting-woman well understood her embarrassment, and prompted her to a conclusion, which, at the same time, she knew was far short of her meaning.—You would pity him, she said.

From my soul, cried the lovely Isabella, with an agitated air and accent; I would run away and hide myself, if I thought what you allude to was the case, and that my presence gave him pain.

That can more properly be done on his part,

said Susan ; and if I may venture to guess at his fate, that sad remedy will very shortly be resorted to.

How so ! how so ! exclaimed the fairest of her sex, her fine face glowing with blushes, and the tear of sensibility stealing down her cheek ; is he going from us ? I would not have him leave us for the world ! What can he see in me, that should frighten him away ?

Everything that is lovely and engaging, replied Susan ; that's out of all doubt. But when he sees what he must love, and cannot hope to obtain, if he has one grain of spirit, which I think he does not want, he will escape whilst he can, and not persist to stay, where every hour must render him more fond and more unhappy.

This was a conclusion that Isabella could not parry ; it was an inference from her own asserted resolution, which she was not aware of, and could not answer ; probably, if Susan had not just then reminded her of that unlucky resolution, she might have been as well pleased ; and it is more than probable, had she never let it pass her lips, this was not the very moment she would have chosen for imparting it ; it was done, however, and Isabella was not so regardless of consistency as to revoke it ; she had made a vow, and vows are too sacred to be sported with ; she could be silent, at least, and cut short a conversation that so pleasingly had led her on into a dilemma so embarrassing ; this she could do, and this she did.—Fetch me my cloak, she cried ; it is time for me to take my walk.

Sir Roger Manstock, in the meanwhile, followed by Henry on horseback, proceeded rapidly towards Crowbery ; arrived there, he entered the castle, whilst Henry struck off towards the cottage on the Green, where Ezekiel Daw still sojourned in pious attendance on the dying Justice. The good man was at home when Henry rode to the door, and received him with the greeting of a father to his son.—Welcome, my dear child, cried Ezekiel, as he took him by the hand ; never trust me, but it maketh my heart glad to behold thee. Let it not be a wonder with thee, that I tarry here a while, till it shall please the Lord to dispose of this wretched creature, languishing on the bed of death, conscience-stricken, and wounded in the spirit no less than in the flesh. Thou mayest well believe I have not failed to awaken him to a proper sense of his lost and desperate condition ; as his returns of reason are but short and rare, I have made the most of them, and set forth the heinousness of his sins with all due horror, and in their blackest hue. As death hovers over him momentarily, I have prepared his ears for the awful sound of the last trumpet, and the dreadful warning of eternal condemnation. Fain would he have snatched at the vain hope of pardon and forgiveness ; but I told him not to flatter himself with any such fallacious hopes ; and that his offences against man must first be atoned, before he thought of

mercy from God ; he appealed to his present sufferings, and demanded of me, if I did not think they were punishment sufficient for all the crimes he had meditated or committed. I forbid him to draw any comfort from such false persuasions, reminding him, that mere pains and sickness could not expiate offences ; that he was indeed diverted from the perpetration of a murder by a sudden judgment, but it was the hand of Providence, and not his change of purpose, that had frustrated that horrid design ; the crime remained with him, though the execution of it had been turned aside. I advised him, therefore, to solicit your forgiveness in the first place.

He need not doubt of that, cried Henry, with eagerness ; I heartily, and from my soul, forgive him, and I beseech you so to assure him.

Thou speakest, Henry, as it becometh a Christian to speak ; but I much question if these tidings can be imparted to him ; by me at least they cannot, seeing I am interdicted from all farther visits to him, by one who hath the care of his body, but regardeth not the salvation of his soul. A certain eminent practitioner hath come down from London to inspect his wounds, and advise in the case. The man is a notable man in his profession, and no less skilled in pharmacy than surgery ; but, alas ! he lacketh the one thing needful ; for he declaimeth vehemently against my spiritual admonitions, crying out amain, that they depress his pulse, disturb his spirits, and sink him into that despondency, which defeats his efforts, and portendeth death. Thus doth this man of medicine set his face against those wholesome terrors of the Lord, by which we persuade men ; but, in truth, this Mr L——, of whom so much is said for his skill in the management of wounds, regardeth not the doctrine of a wounded conscience, which, probably, he hath no experience in.—Henry smiled—Ezekiel made no stop.—However, I have taught the sick man that, which sunk deeper into his brain than the surgeon's probe can reach ; I have sown those seeds in his heart, which the enemy cannot root out ; and I flatter myself he hath a feeling foretaste of those torments, which are prepared for the impatient sinner in the world to come.

Alas ! alas ! my zealous friend, cried Henry, could you not, in pity to a dying wretch, strike out one spark of comfort from the hope we have in God's all-gracious mercy ? Could you preach nothing short of absolute despair ? How can a wretch repent, who has no hope of pardon ? If you display all hell before his sight, how can he lift his dying eyes towards heaven ? Indeed, indeed, my pious friend, you have been too gloomy in your doctrine.

And who shall tell me that ? exclaimed Ezekiel—A boy !—a child !—a new-born babe !—Wilt thou reform, correct, reprove my doctrine ! thou ! Remember the fate of those saucy brats

that mocked at the prophet Elisha ; a bear out of the forest devoured them. I don't say it will be exactly thy fate, for there are no bears in England, I know that well enough ; but have a care of a judgment no less ; have a care, I say, young man, how you flout at my doctrine.

I flout not either at you or your doctrine, replied Henry, but I compassionate the situation of this unhappy Blachford ; and, if he feels contrition for his faults, why should he not be cheered with hopes of being pardoned for them ?

I tell thee, Henry, quoth Ezekiel, his gust of anger being now pretty nearly blown off, there is not a more deceitful propensity in the heart of man, than what is called pity. It is as unlike true charity as it is unlike strict justice. Some people have a soft heart and a watery eye at everybody's command that chooses to apply to them, by which means they are dupes of every knave and impostor, who can put on a crying countenance and tell a canting tale ; but a nature of this cast is only active when it is spurred into motion by some interesting spectacle ; provoke it not, and it sleeps. Mere pity never seeks for employment ; it is a virtue of parade and popularity ; it searches not for distress, nor follows the sequestered mourner into his melancholy haunts, to administer the secret charities of consolation and relief. These offices demand a firmer spirit, nerves better braced, and a more manly nature, that can face affliction without whimpering, do its business boldly, and wipe away the widow's tears with a steady hand. What is it to me that a rogue is on his death-bed ? he is a rogue no less ; and I don't see the charity of sending him out of the world with a lie of my telling, because the truth is unpleasant to him to hear. Blachford has been a tyrant and an oppressor all his life long. He has not felt for others, neither does he now ; his feelings are for himself, and if he has any compunction, his fears call it up : it is not voluntary repentance ; 'tis the dread of death, the remorse of a thief at the gallows.

Here Ezekiel sung forth in his best key.

Let us not judge too harshly, cried Henry ; Heaven only knows the hearts of men : we will leave Blachford to his conscience, and turn our thoughts to a more interesting object. Have you any news of the Lady Crowbery ?

Ah ! said Ezekiel, I fear there are dark doings in that quarter : she is a prisoner, and, which is worse, she is sick and ill, and has been ordered to Lisbon, if her lord will let her go thither.

Henry now, with much anxiety, questioned Ezekiel as to his authority for this intelligence, and found that the London surgeon, who attended Blachford, had been called in by Lord Crowbery, who could no longer shut his eyes against the alarming situation of his lady, and this gentleman had pronounced a change of climate absolutely necessary, and recommended the air of Lisbon without delay.

The chief object of Sir Roger's visit was thus anticipated, and though the news was painful in the extreme to Henry, yet he drew the consolation from it, of seeing the way smoothed for a peaceable conference between the parties now met at the castle ; and it farther opened to him a prospect of better opportunities for paying his attentions to his mother, when separated from her tyrant, and in a foreign country, whither he was determined to resort, and, at the same time, disengage himself from the snares of the too charming object, who had taken such hold of his heart.

CHAP. XI.

An angry Altercation with a Person unknown leads our Hero into imminent Danger.

THESE pious and prudent resolutions of our hero for renouncing his abode at Manstock-house, and following his mother to Lisbon, were not taken without a struggle ; for all complaints on the part of Lord Crowbery were more effectually avoided by his remaining with Sir Roger, in the absence of the lady, than by his leaving him, to which it could not fail but that suspicious conjectures would be affixed. This was a staggering circumstance, and could hardly escape being stated and opposed to him by the hospitable baronet, nay, perhaps, by Isabella herself, and of her powers of persuasion, should she exert them on the occasion, he had full sense and conviction ; neither was it absolute despair, from which he was preparing to retreat ; there was no repelling sphere about the lovely person of Isabella ; on the contrary, all was attraction there, all was sweetness and smiles ; still native honour, reverence for the feelings of a father, and a due sense of the young heiress's superior pretensions, held him to his purpose ; but, above all other motives, devotion to a suffering mother decided against all temptations.

Ezekiel had left him to these meditations, and was gone to the next door, hoping to find some opportunity of making Blachford acquainted with Henry's forgiveness of his attempt against him. In the meantime a person entered the cottage, whom he recollected to be the finder of Lady Crowbery's ring, though he no longer presented himself in the mean and humble dress he before appeared in ; his countenance was pale and sickly, and his frame emaciated, yet there was something noble and impressive in his air and deportment. After the ordinary salutations, he desired to know if there was any message or commission from Lady Crowbery. Henry informed him, that he had nothing of the sort in charge. This was heard with strong expressions of surprise. Some small acknowledgement, he owned, he did expect for his honesty ;

what did she say upon the delivery of it?—She took it, and said nothing, was the answer.

Impossible! exclaimed the disappointed stranger; Lady Crowbery would not receive it in that style; such indifference is totally out of character; it exceeds all credibility. Suffer me, he added, very seriously, to desire you will be pleased to recollect yourself; any one word you can call to mind, as uttered by her on that occasion, will be of moment to me; consult your memory, I beseech of you; perhaps it may have slipped you in the hurry of your thoughts; nay, it is possible, being so small an article, you may have forgotten to deliver it.

How, sir! exclaimed Henry, sternly fixing his eyes upon him.—The man paid little regard to this angry interjection, but went on with his discourse, observing, that it was nothing extraordinary if the memory of a young man should fail him in a commission not very interesting.

I stand in need of no apologies, replied our hero, for defect of memory; I am clear in what I tell you, and, having once asserted it, shall repeat it no more, nor patiently submit, that any question should be made of my veracity.

You talk loftily, young sir, said the stranger; and before we proceed any farther in this kind of altercation, it will be proper for me to clear up some preliminary points between us, that may else involve you in a mistake you may repent of. Appearances, I presume, have deceived you; from what I said to you at our last meeting, when I confided to you the ring, you doubtless considered me as a needy abject man, and yourself, then newly taken into favour by Lady Crowbery, as my superior; before you suit your conversation to that idea, I must forewarn you, that you are talking with a gentleman.

I am sorry for it, replied Henry; as I cannot put up with those suspicions from a gentleman, which, in a vulgar person, I should have disregarded: you talked to me of being returned from transportation, and in such a man it was an unexpected merit to restore the property he had found; but what can a gentleman require more, than the satisfaction of knowing, that the owner of the ring is in possession of what she had lost? This you are now informed of, and you must prepare your mind, before we part, to dismiss every shadow of doubt, that I could possibly be guilty of a false report.

Hold, replied the other; I could never in my life regulate my thoughts at the word of command; and, if you mean to make them accord to your wishes, you must give me some leading aids towards conviction of your sincerity, before I can repose implicit faith in it: the word, that pledges the honour of a gentleman to me, I shall not dispute; I am ready to acquiesce in it; but I am not willing to make a tender of my confidence to a person, who exacts such high demands upon me, until I am convinced he is en-

titled so to do; let us, therefore, interchange explanations with each other, before you require, or I render, satisfaction, for what you seem to treat as an affront. Informed as I am, I am to consider you as a child of fortune, newly emerged from the lowest state of human wretchedness; your looks, your language, and demeanour, certainly are not those of a mean uneducated person; give me, therefore, your name, condition and pretensions, and I will give you mine; then, if you tell me Lady Crowbery has received the ring I sent her by your hands, and treated it as a bauble not worthy her remembrance, and the sender of it as an object not deserving her inquiry, I think I must be compelled, hard as it will be even then, to say that I believe you.

Our Henry's candour saw the reasonableness of this stipulation, and the dilemma was a very awkward one to which he was reduced by it; sensible that he could not justly press his requisitions any farther, yet unwilling to submit to the indignity of being doubted.—I am not at liberty, he replied, to give you the information you require; I must leave you, therefore, to draw your own conclusions, and we must part, as we met, strangers to each other. Your disappointment about the ring certainly has an anxiety in it, that goes deeper than to the mere fact of my delivering it or not to the Lady Crowbery; but whatever my curiosity on that account may be, I have no right to be inquisitive as to your secrets, so long as I withhold my own. When you appeal to the lady, you will find I have told you the truth; but I did not recollect to tell you, that she never saw the ring I gave her: it was wrapped in paper, and she, being in haste, put it into her pocket without examination; if then there is any mystery about it, and more was annexed to it than as a common trinket dropped from her finger, you have the satisfaction of knowing there was no time for her to develop it, neither have I set eyes on her since.

It is enough, exclaimed the stranger; I am satisfied, completely satisfied, and ask your pardon for my hesitation in giving credit to you: had you told me this at first, I should not have expressed myself as I did.

Anger, which in Henry's bosom had no lasting tenure, instantly disappeared upon this apology, and he began to explain as much of his own history as was proper to be told. This was attentively listened to by his companion, who owned having been betrayed into wrong notions, as to his connexion with Lady Crowbery, report having stated to him, that her lord was jealous of her on his account, and not without grounds.—These you have now, added he, very naturally accounted for, and 'tis too clear, that the man is, by nature, a suspicious tyrant, and that he uses her most harshly. Alas! poor lady, how I pity her hard lot! but how, in the name of wonder, could she ever consent to join herself to such a

husband, whose person she could not like, and whose manners could never have been suitable to a woman of her taste and elegance? I am not acquainted with Lord Crowbery, but I have had a glimpse of his person, and some traits of his character; I own I could not have supposed Cecilia Adamant, one of the richest heiresses, and most accomplished young women, of her time, would have condescended to the proposals of such a suitor.—Henry said, he supposed it was a match of her father's making, and such marriages, he observed, were not apt to be happy.

I can readily believe, replied the stranger, that her father forced this odious lord upon her; for, if I am rightly informed of Sir Andrew's character, he was capable of some violence, and not very well disposed to consult his daughter's

inclinations; she, perhaps, might yield to his authority, and consent to be miserable for life, rather than disobedient in any one act of it. From my soul I compassionate her! And now she is dropping into a decline, and must go to Lisbon; this I gather from the person himself, who advised it: mark, therefore, the issue of these matches of compulsion. What has not that parent to answer for, who forces a child, against the natural bent of her affection, into the arms of a man, whom her heart revolts from! But it is a painful subject, and we will say no more on it.

Agreed! cried Henry, rising from his seat; let us dismiss this melancholy topic; besides, my time is expired, and I have business I must now attend to.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

CHAP. I.

The Author hints at a Reform in the Constitution of a Novel.

It is my wish to devote these short prefatory Essays to our fraternity of Novelists, if haply my good-will can strike out anything for their use and profit; it is, therefore, in the friendly spirit of criticism, that I protest against a practice, which some few of the corps have lately taken up, of adulterating their compositions with a dash of politics, which I conceive to be a kind of fraud upon their customers, that not only brings disgrace and loss upon themselves individually, but is injurious to the trade in general. I shall not point out the particular offenders, as they are sufficiently noted by those who have read their productions; and, if they have but wisdom enough to reform, I should be loath that past errors should be remembered to the prejudice of their future fortune.

I trust, they need not be told, that there are clubs and coffee-houses in this free country, where nonsense may be talked with impunity; but it is a serious risk to print it. Round their own fire-sides their zeal may boil over without scalding their fingers; but when they cater for the public, they should be warned how they mix up any such inflammatory materials, as tempe-

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rate stomachs will not bear; our only aim should be to refresh our friendly visitors with an exhilarating wholesome draught, not to disturb their reason with an intoxicating nauseous drug.

All that I am bound to do as a story-maker, is, to make a story; I am not bound to reform the constitution of my country in the same breath, nor even (Heaven be thanked!) to overturn it, though that might be the easier task of the two, or, more properly speaking, one and the same thing in its consequences. Nature is my guide; man's nature, not his natural rights: the one ushers me by the straightest avenue to the human heart, the other bewilders me in a maze of metaphysics.

Doubtless, it becomes the gentle nature of a female votary of the Muse, and of every author soft as females, to let no occasion slip for making public such their amiable propensity, through every channel that the press affords; the poor African is therefore fair game for every minstrel that has tuned his lyre to the sweet chords of pity and condolence; whether he *builds immortal verse* upon his loss of liberty, or weaves his melancholy fate into the pathos of a novel, in either case he finds a mine of sentiment, digs up enthusiasm from its richest vein, and gratifies at once his spleen and his ambition. The happy virtuous negro, torn from his own fine temperate climate, and transported into the torrid heats of our inhospitable islands, there to sweat and bleed beneath the lash of barbarous task-masters, inspires so fine a rhapsody, and gives so touching a display of British cruelty.

that, against the force of truth, the unguarded reader credits it, and blushes for the country that he lives in. No matter that the world at large bears testimony to the charities of our land, to her magnanimity, her honour, her benevolence ; though thousands of the persecuted sufferers for conscience sake, fly to Britain as the universal philanthropist, in whose arms there is a sure asylum for the wretched, still the degrading fiction bears down truth ; black troops of savages are raised to cast a nation's character in shade ; the African lives free and happy under the mild government of his native princes ; he never licks the dust in their presence, nor loads the gibbet to adorn their palaces, and, though snatched from death by his purchaser, yet, not emancipated from slavery by his employer, he must be taught to murmur, and the sigh, which he cannot draw from his own bosom, must be inspired into him by the breath of others, till, urged by these incendiary condolences, he shakes off his contentment, rises terrible in his enthusiasm, and, though redeemed from death by those whom he destroys, sates himself with carnage, and, ripping forth the heart of his benefactor, shews the trophy of his freedom, and gloriously asserts the Rights of Man. Cast your eyes towards those blood-bespinkled islands, which ye have conspired to illuminate, ye merciful reformers, and glory in your doctrines, if your consciences will let you. I blush to think, that folly can effect such mischief.

A fast friend to the interests of the press, and a great authority in point, who vends our wares to the amount of one hundred thousand volumes annually, (Heaven augment his little modicum of trade !) ingenuously acquaints us with those honest arts, by which he rose to eminence so justly earned ; of these, one trifling requisite, amongst many more noble acquirements, he mentions to be, that of keeping himself always *pretty well informed of the state of politics in Europe*, not exactly by the reading of novels, nor purposely for the writing of them, but for reasons much more wise and weighty ; namely, because he has *always found, that bookselling is much affected by the political state of affairs*. May the secrets of all the cabinets in Europe be ever open to a politician, who makes so good an use, and draws such worthy profit from his information ; and I would to Heaven, those wrong-headed zealots of our fraternity above alluded to, had his political knowledge for our edification, or would copy his prudence for their own amendment.

This experienced personage further observes, that *the best time for bookselling is, when there is no kind of news stirring* : it is a little mortifying, I must own, but his authority is conclusive, for he tells us, that *then many of those, who for months would have done nothing but talk of war or peace, revolutions and counter-revolutions, &c. &c. for want of other amusements, will have*

recourse to books. If this observation be true, (and who can doubt that men love talking better than reading ?) the author's golden age is that of public tranquillity ; how ill then does he employ his talents, who, instead of exerting them for the peace and quiet of mankind, turns them to the purposes of discontent, of *revolutions and counter-revolutions*, writing the world into such a temper, that no readers are left in it ? The true patriot in the republic of letters is he, who, in times of war and tumult, can so write as to invite the world's attention to his peaceful studies, and divert it from its sanguinary politics ; the incendiary author, on the contrary, is a fool and a *felo de se*.

If men, therefore, have so little disposition towards the purchasing of books, when there is *so much news stirring* abroad, let him who writes at such a moment give double diligence to what he writes ; let him so manage it as to contrast the tedium of the politician's task, and not revolt him with a double dose of what he is weary of. Strong efforts will succeed, when feeble ones must fail ; novelty and surprise will ever attract admiration, the most enthusiastic passion of the human mind ; and though the philosophy of Rome cried it down, Plato himself confesses it to have been the moving spring of the philosophy of Greece.

Here, then, we discern the proper province of works of fiction ; for *novelty and surprise* (as Bishop Warburton defines them) *are the inseparable attendants of imposture* ; and the very time, when strong attractions are required to draw men to their books, is the time for such productions to appear, and the strength of their attraction will depend upon the writer's care and talents. Now, though *novelty and surprise* are what we aim to treat our readers with, we are no otherwise *impostors*, than those fair-dealing jugglers are, who candidly warn their spectators beforehand, that their tricks are nothing more than mere slight of hand, the effect of nimble art and practised adroitness, by which they cheat the sight, but aim not to impose upon the understanding ; like them, the novelist professes to deal in ingenious deceptions, but deceptions so like truth and nature, that, whilst his performances have all the vivacity of a romance to excite admiration, they have the harmony of a history to engage approbation. Monsters, and prodigies, and every species of unnatural composition, are not to be admitted into a novel ; for these tend only to raise wonder in the ignorant and superstitious, and are a sort of black art, now universally exploded. A writer of romances, in the present age, cannot make so free with the credulity of his readers, as Herodotus or even Livy did with theirs, though professed historians.

A novel may be considered as a dilated comedy ; its plot, therefore, should be uniform, and its narrative unbroken : episode and digres-

sion are sparingly, if at all, to be admitted ; the early practice of weaving story within story should be avoided ; the adventures of *the Man of the Hill*, in *The Foundling*, is an excrescence that offends against the grace and symmetry of the plot : whatever makes a pause in the main business, and keeps the chief characters too long out of sight, must be a defect. In all histories, whether true or fictitious, the author cannot too carefully refrain from speaking in his own person ; and this is yet another reason to be added to those already given, why political discussions should never be admitted in a novel, as they are sure to be set down to the author's account, let him assign them as he will. It is not necessary that the leading character of a novel should be honest and amiable, but it is indispensable it should be interesting and entertaining ; and every writer, who wishes to endear man to man by pleasing pictures of human nature, or, in other words, by presenting virtuous characters in amiable lights, will let the good preponderate over the evil ; he will not take his maxims from Rochefoucault, nor shape his fellow-creatures after the models of Hobbes or Swift ; the spirit of the author will be seen in the general moral and tendency of the piece, though he will allot to every particular character its proper sentiment and language ; the outline will be that of nature, and fancy will dispose the group into various attitudes and actions ; but the general colouring and complexion of the whole will reflect the peculiar and distinguishing tints of the master.

CHAP. II.

A terrible Encounter, in which our Hero is totally discomfited.

WHILST our hero had been occupied at the cottage, Sir Roger had concluded his conference with Lord Crowbery. Nature had endowed the worthy Baronet with an evenness of temper, that was a great sheath for the ill humours of those he had to deal with. On this occasion, however, matters passed better than he had laid his account for ; not that the conversation went off without some mutterings on the part of the peer, but they were such as rather shewed his sullenness than ferocity.

The reception given to Henry at Manstockhouse was touched upon with a kind of contemptuous sneer at the weakness of Sir Roger for admitting such a guest.—But, perhaps, added my lord, ironically, you find all those charms in his elegant society that my lady your niece did ; or, if you yourself don't immediately discover them, your fair daughter perhaps may, for prejudices are apt to run in families ; and, I dare say, the young gentleman well knows how

to profit by such prejudices ; but you, no doubt, have weighed these matters well before you made an inmate of him.

Sir Roger, who was no dealer in side speeches and insinuations, took little notice of this trash, and turned the subject to his niece's illness. My lord replied, that she was certainly much indisposed, for which, in fact, she had to thank herself ; that, for his own part, he had done, and should continue to do, everything in his power for her recovery ; change of climate had been suggested to him, and by authority he was much inclined to defer to. His neighbour Blachford had called down a very eminent surgeon from London, and he had taken his advice in Lady Crowbery's case ; it was the very Mr L.—who had made so wonderful a cure of Sir George Revel, after his duel with *Arundel* in Flanders.—I confess to you, said the peer, I am charmed with him ; he talks to the understanding, and I comprehend what he means ; but he will not let us decide on what he recommends without a reference to the faculty, and it seems we are to have a consultation of physicians in London, who are either to pass their patient on to Lisbon, or revoke the voyage, and take other measures. So the matter stands at present ; but if you wish to see your niece, she will give you fuller information.

Sir Roger said, it was what he much wished, and notice being given to Lady Crowbery, he was instantly and gladly admitted. To his great surprise, he was suffered to be alone with her ; the moments were precious, and she availed herself of them for putting a packet into his hands, containing her will, and other important papers, the seal of which he was not to break but upon the event of her death.

You will find, she said, that I have made provision for this unprotected youth, whom Ratcliffe's death has thrown upon my care ; and if your candour ever shall be shaken by the vile reports that have been raised against my fame, you'll see so full a confutation of them in that paper, that, however they may affect me living, dead, they cannot rest upon my memory. Whether my lord believed what he took pains to propagate, I'll not pretend to say ; but now at least I can no longer be an object for his jealousy, and, to do him justice, I must own he has relaxed much of his severity, which happy change I am indebted for to the good offices of the gentleman who has been called in upon my case : I see that he compassionates my sufferings, and I've reason to believe he guesses at the cause of them : I am told he has had long sittings with my lord, and it is clear that he has gained an influence over his bad humours, of which I happily experience the effects, witness the present moments I enjoy with you ; but we'll make prudent use of them, and not trespass on indulgence so precarious. Farewell ; if I am destined to Lisbon, and my lord allows of it, I hope that

we shall meet once more.—Thus ended this affecting interview, Sir Roger parting with a heavy heart, encharged with many kind remembrances to Isabella and to Henry.

Our hero, who had kept watch upon Sir Roger's departure, joined him as he came out of Lord Crowbery's gate ; and, when he was clear of the park, at his request, got into the chaise, and gave his mare to one of the servants. Sir Roger's spirits were sensibly affected, and it was some time before they were sufficiently recovered, for him to enter upon a recital of what had passed, and a description of the state in which he found Lady Crowbery ; it was not, however, his manner to paint in strong colours, so that all which Henry collected from this description was, that his niece looked very ill, and was much altered since he had seen her last ; of his interview with my lord, he simply observed, that it was a disagreeable job well over ; he was a man, he said, in whose company he was never at his ease ; he dealt too much in dark hints and side blows, to please him, who had no taste for any talk but what went right onwards to the point before it. There is no proscription, however, against you, said the Baronet ; and if there was, perhaps I should not have regarded it, for I am too old to be dictated to in that style, and told what company I am to keep. He is pleased to be considerate of my repose, and would not be sorry to make me as jealous of my Isabella on your account, as he pretends to be of his own lady ; but I can assure you, Henry, such absurdities make no impression upon me, and I desire you will take no notice of it to my daughter. 'Tis true, Henry, you are a handsome fellow, and I hope, in proper time, some honest girl may be of the same opinion, and make a man of you ; but if my heart never aches till Isabella is in the fault of it, sorrow and I shall never be acquainted more. Apropos to that, added the Baronet, with an encouraging smile, here is my friend Claypole's niece coming to us this very day ; Fanny is a fine girl, and, between you and me, has a hawk's eye at a handsome fellow ; if you mind your hits, who knows what may come of it ? She has a very pretty independency, I can promise you.

And I am a beggar, said Henry.

Not so, not absolutely so, replied Sir Roger ; I have that in my hands, which will keep off beggary at least. I don't promise, nor would I have you expect, any great matters ; but I have my niece's word for saying you are remembered in her will, and that will is in my keeping, so you won't be beholden to a wife for the bread that you eat, as some folks are.

Henry was high-minded enough in conscience, and there were few people from whom he would have relished this kind of discourse ; but he took the Baronet in his own way, and contented himself with observing, that he was ill-qualified for a fortune-hunter, for he should be

as scrupulous with respect to the good qualities of a wife, and as indifferent to her money, as if he had the fortune of a prince in possession.

They were now entering the avenue that opened to the house, when Henry, suspecting that Isabella might be upon the look-out, and alarmed with the sight of a led horse, begged leave to stop the chaise, and get out. The measure was a considerate one, for his presentiment was verified by the sight of that young lady walking towards them up the avenue ; he galloped onwards, and greeting her with the good tidings, that all was well, stopped his career, and leaped to the ground in an instant of time ; in the same instant joy illuminated her bright eyes, and glowed on her cheeks.

Oh ! all ye Loves and Graces, what were you doing at that moment to make your favourite, already mistress of poor Henry's heart, so irresistibly alluring, and why thus league yourselves in mighty combination against one weak son of nature, unhappily too sensitive for his repose ? Why meet him, lovely Isabella, with that magic sweetness, those alluring smiles, and, to a form so beauteous, add those charms that would have recommended homeliness itself—the nymph-like robe tucked up above the instep, locks loose and flowing, quick breath, and panting bosom ? —Why must every wind conspire to unveil new beauties to his sight, and why, too, must that cunning painter, Exercise, heighten the bright carnation of your cheeks to such a dazzling hue, that the admiring eye could not behold its lustre, without betraying the emotions of the heart ? Is this fair dealing, tempter ? Goddesses, ye should have mercy, and remember that my hero is but a mortal.

CHAP. III.

Our Hero is led towards a Discovery highly interesting.

WE left our hero, at the close of the foregoing chapter, like the son of Tydeus, in the fields of Troy, contending with the immortals ; if in that encounter any lady got a wound of Henry's giving, we, who must be tried by modern rules of honour, not by ancient lore, will be the last to boast of it ; certain it is, that Isabella stepped into the carriage, and took her seat there, with an agility that argued the free use of all her limbs ; neither did she fly to her father, as her fair prototype Venus did to Jupiter, to murmur and complain of the audacious mortal who assailed her ; on the contrary, she parted with him in peace, caressed the favourite steed on which he rode, and, as she mounted the chafiot, accepted his assisting hand ; from all which we infer, that Isabella came heart-whole out of the fray, or, at worst, with no such visible injury as could

impeach the manhood of our hero. He, on the other hand, whether disabled by some secret wound, or from whatever cause, attempted not to vault into the saddle with his usual glee, but slowly pacing under the shelter of the trees with horse in hand, unfolded the small packet Isabella had delivered to him, and taking out the contents, which Zachary's carelessness had neglected to give, read as follows:—

"Accept this ring: it was my gift to your father; the pledge of love and constancy. The person who pretends to have found it, either is Delapoer himself, or can inform you of his fate."

'Tis Delapoer himself! cried Henry; 'tis he! How cruel is this disappointment! How perverse, vexatious, and unpardonable the negligence of Zachary! and what fatal consequences might have followed from our altercation in the cottage! Heaven and earth! I might have been the murderer of my father! my blood chills at the reflection! Three times I have met him, and each time, save once, have treated him with sullen disrespect. O Nature, where were those secret workings we are told of; where that sympathy of souls, that instinct, to impel us to each other? 'Tis plain why he disguised himself; he came to spy the land, to hover round the spot, where his first love was planted; he knew the rumour of Lord Crowbery's jealousy; nay, he confessed he did, and (oh, strange involution of unnatural circumstances!) accused me in his heart of incest with a mother. Monstrous perversion of ideas! by what horrors have I been unknowingly encompassed! by what providence have I escaped! He must be Delapoer; he must be the unconscious author of my mysterious birth. Where shall I seek him now? No matter! I will ransack the whole island ere I renounce the search. He said he was a gentleman; 'twas truly said! for when I roused him into wrath, his pale and sickly cheeks caught fire, and his eyes witnessed to the high-born spirit of a noble gentleman. Thank Heaven! we parted not in anger, but in peace.

Thus venting his sad thoughts aloud, he sauntered towards the house; and, there arrived, betook himself to his chamber, deposited the sacred pledge securely, and was summoned from his meditations to the task of dress, by the tolling of the bell, which solemnly announced the arrival of a numerous party of visitors to the hospitable house of Manstock. These visitors, who were of the first respect in the county, came uninvited; but though Sir Roger's liberal style of furnishing his board defied surprise, his table was not proof against their numbers, so that Henry, who was late in his appearance, shaped his course aside from the main body, and attached himself to a supplemental table, where sat a young officer, in a captain's naval uniform, whose open countenance and easy manners soon unlocked restraint, and put both parties at their mutual ease.

Jack, cried Sir Roger, addressing himself to the Captain, that gentleman is a friend of mine; I recommend him to your care, and you to his; I pray you waste no ceremony in being known to each other.

Enough said, uncle, quoth the Captain, and tendered his hand to Henry.

Gallant, congenial hearts, how quick ye harmonize and are attuned together!

This officer, Cary by name, was nephew to Sir Roger, and youngest of five sons, which his sister had born to Sir Nicholas Cary, deceased. He was in person short, but of athletic mould, hard-favoured in his features, which, though they could boast no beauty, made ample compensation by a strong display of candour and benevolence; they needed not a herald to proclaim—This is an honest, brave, well-tempered man; him you may trust without a pledge, and take into your heart without a trial.—He was a prime favourite with his uncle, of which he had received many unequivocal proofs at times when pay run short, and prize-money did not come in; and this very day had greeted his eyes with the Baronet's name at the foot of an order for an hundred pounds, together with an excellent time-keeper, presented to him by the fair hands of his cousin Isabella, which Claypole, who was a great martinet in things of that sort, had procured for her in London for this very purpose. Captain Cary had lately been made post into a frigate, as a reward for his gallant behaviour in an action with the enemy, when he had command of a cutter; in this frigate he was now hovering upon the eastern coast, for the purpose of collecting some pressed men to complete his complement. His presence spread joy through the whole family; every one of the old servants, in their turns, made an errand to the side table, which was soon overloaded with their offerings, for none came empty-handed, and it had been a vain attempt to think of checking their good-will; none went away without a kind word; and in all those manœuvres, Henry discovered such a flow of heart on both sides, that before many minutes had gone by, he and Cary had hatched a friendship for each other, which some bosoms would have taken a many years to brood upon without the same effect.

I am going to sea in a whiff, said Cary to our hero; but I was determined to snap a sight of my uncle and Isabella, if it was in my power, and consistent with the service: I have now brought my ship to an anchor, by order of my superiors, and shall be off to-morrow by peep of day.

Henry asked how long it would be before he left the coast, and how far off his station was?

Two hours smart riding might carry him to it, and in five or six days, at most, he expected to take his departure.—I know, added he, that my destination is to Lisbon; 'tis a pleasant trip,

and if you have a mind to volunteer with me so far, I'll give you the best welcome that my accommodations admit of, and thank you for your company.

An opportunity so tempting, and a companion so much to Henry's taste, were not to be slighted; it accorded so critically with the project he had in mind, and so fully met his wishes, that he told Cary in a whisper, he would talk with him farther upon it in another place; and if a certain event came to pass as he expected, he should most thankfully embrace his kind proposal, and esteem himself happy in carrying a musket on his quarter-deck, under so gallant a commander.—Henry, for reasons best known to himself, spoke this in so low a voice, that it may be presumed he wished it not to be overheard at the other table; whether it was or was not, time perhaps may shew; but there was a glance just then directed towards him from a certain person who there presided, which had a great deal of tender intelligence in its expression, and, we are apt to believe, though it sounds paradoxical to say it, that the sensation it created in him was at once both pleasurable and painful.

There was another person at table, though at some distance from the sender of the glance in question, who was not idle or indifferent in the intimations, which her eyes occasionally condescended to bestow upon our hero. This was none other than Fanny Claypole herself, the niece of Sir Roger's reverend friend, and whom, as the reader may probably recollect, the worthy Baronet had characterized as an accurate observer of beauty in the male sex, and not unkindly disposed, as it now seemed, towards Henry, who possessed it in such high perfection. She was seated between her uncle and Sir Roger, but to the attention she paid to either of them, or to anything passing round or upon the table, she might as well have been in another planet. Henry had all her notices, and nobody any share of her conversation. Her particular location, as a spectatress of what was to her so interesting a phenomenon, was as happy as good fortune could make it, for there was nothing to cut the line of vision between her eyes and the object they were engaged upon, and those eyes, which were truly very communicative, sent such plain-speaking messages every now and then, that Henry must have been duller than *the fat weed on Lethe's brink*, not to have read their meaning; even Cary himself, who was not over critical in this kind of language, wanted not the help of his sea-glasses to spy it out—Look to, he cried, whispering Henry in the ear; by the Lord, volunteer, there's a signal out for you to come on board the Fanny sloop of war; launch away, my brave fellow, for you'll have warm work when the decks are cleared.

Henry smiled, and said nothing. But the prediction was not a whit the less true for his

disregard of it; for no sooner was the cloth removed, and grace pronounced by the Reverend Mr Claypole, than Fanny began her manœuvres, and, having introduced a chair between herself and uncle, she beckoned Henry to her, and with a hitch that edged Mr Claypole considerably out of the line, brought her prize close alongside of her, to the infinite delight of Cary, who calmly seated himself in a more envied place, beside his cousin Isabella.

Next to absolute privacy, nothing is so favourable to a determined tête-a-tête as a large company; Fanny seemed aware of this, for she devoted her regards entirely to her next neighbour. She possessed, in a very eminent degree, those graces and qualifications which are more properly styled allurements than beauties, and attract more lovers than they fix; she had, besides, the art of arranging her forces in the best way possible for her own purposes, and, suffering none to be idle in her service, made up by discipline what she wanted in numbers; she might, however, be fairly called a very pretty woman, dressed with a becoming negligence, and talked with a familiar ease. With a ready flow of words ever at command, she had a vivacity that might pass for wit, and a raillery that resembled humour. She was quick to apprehend all meanings that a word could carry, and not afraid to shew that she both apprehended and applied them. She was, in short, an admirable actress, and never more so than when she affected to look modest and demure.

It was not the habit of Sir Roger's house for the ladies to sit long after dinner, and as Isabella naturally concluded that the gentlemen now present had come upon county business, she was the quicker in her motions; and, to the sensible regret of Fanny Claypole, broke up the female part of the assembly, and left the stage entire to the lords of the creation.

CHAP. IV.

County Politics debated over a Bottle.

WHAT Isabella had surmised was true. One of the county members lay at the point of death, and Sir Roger's visitors, who were the leading men of the opposite parties, had united in referring themselves to the worthy Baronet, as a middle man, and acceptable to both, for the sake of preserving peace in the county, and preventing a contest, which, from the state and temper of parties, seemed to be inevitable, unless he could be prevailed upon to step in upon the vacancy. This had been so often tried before, and his aversion from the undertaking was so well known, that though they came upon him in great strength, and as it were by surprise, yet

they rather laid their account for a hard-fought battle than an easy victory.

One of their junto, an elderly gentleman, and much respected, was Sir Roger's particular friend; he was accordingly put forward as their spokesman in the opening of this business. He acquitted himself of the task in a manner that did credit to their choice. He appealed to those passions in which he knew his friend was most assailable,—the spirit of patriotism, and the pride of being marked as the preserver of the public peace.

Sir Roger, in plain words and few, made his hearty acknowledgments for the great honour conferred upon him, candidly stated his unfitness for the office to which they invited him, and humbly solicited to be excused from undertaking it.—My age, said the good man, my habits of life, my attachment to the quiet character of a country gentleman, disqualify me for the active duties you would lay upon me. I love my country, it is true; and, in my small sphere, do all the good I can amongst my neighbours; but in the politics of the state I am as ignorant as a child.

For that reason we appeal to you, said one of the gentlemen, who was of an opposite interest to the last speaker:—To your honour and impartial judgment, unconnected with party, and unbiassed by politics, we would fain delegate this important trust, and in your nomination only all voices will unite. You alone can keep us all in harmony and good fellowship; and I flatter myself that Sir Roger Manstock, as a lover of peace, will not refuse to his friends and neighbours their conciliating petition, though it may be at the expense of some small share of his repose.

Sir Roger said truly he was no adept in politics, neither was he versed in shifts and evasions, which we take to be an inferior branch of the same science. Where his conscience, as in the present case, could not stand by him, wit never came to his assistance; in short, he was a good man and a bad orator. These arguments, therefore, which pushed right forwards at his heart, he could not parry; and whilst he was thus balancing the *pro* and the *con* in silence, Cary, who saw the conflict, and which side his honour ought to take, filled his glass, and cried aloud, Come, uncle, let us drink, *Peace at home and victory abroad*; if you'll preserve the one, we'll struggle to obtain the other.

This lucky start of gaiety was pledged by all present, and Sir Roger seemed to be carrying his election very fast against his will. One hope only remained, and that was centred in his friend Mr Claypole, who hitherto had sat, with a neutrality of countenance, in perfect silence. He was a cool, deep-thinking man, and one on whose opinions Sir Roger reposed a very catholic faith: When he found himself invited to speak by a certain look which his friend in

doubt directed to him, and saw all other eyes upon him at the same time, and evidently with the same expectations, he delivered himself with much gravity as follows:—

I am so inconsiderable a person in this company, and have so little right to speak upon the point in question, that I should naturally have been silent, had not my respected friend signified to me, by his looks, that my poor opinion would not be unwelcome or impertinent; I say, gentlemen, I should be without excuse for uttering a word on this subject, but for Sir Roger's wish that I should do so, and your encouragement in giving ear to me. I shall not, however, abuse your indulgence by going out of my line, which certainly has nothing to do with parliamentary matters, but shall simply submit to my friend's consideration what my conscience obliges me to recommend as a minister of peace, and a well-wisher to the good order of society. The monstrous excesses and gross enormities of a contested election are seriously to be deplored, and every worthy means for preventing them have my hearty concurrence; how then can I withhold my approbation from the means now proposed, which, having for their object a person so worthy, cannot fail to be worthy in themselves? It has been my happiness to live in the closest intimacy with my friend here present for many years; and if Heaven sees fit to add others to them, I pray that it may continue to me that blessing also. I can boast, therefore, that I know him well; but what of that? you know him also, as your present application testifies, and know him pre-eminently deserving of the honours you would fain confer upon him. I therefore join my humble suit to yours, that he would be pleased to accept them; and this I do, not unconscious of the sacrifice he must make of many comforts, nor even indifferent to the loss which I myself must suffer by his absence, because I cannot bring myself to put the sacrifice of any one man's peace, least of all the sacrifice of my own, into the balance against the peace of many.

The reverend speaker ceased, and Sir Roger had no more to do but to signify his assent, and take up his burden with the best grace he could. The victory was complete; and the glass began to circulate to the health of the Baronet. Captain Cary was in the chair, and the very soul of good fellowship; the wine was excellent; the company in high good humour; and Sir Roger's courage began to rally. He had now his joke at his nephew Jack, and a whisper for Henry at his elbow, which intimated to him, that his prediction about Fanny was in a fair course to be made good; in short, there was no one present who did not seem to sympathise in the festivity of the moment.

When the gentlemen-negotiators were three-parts tipsy, and their servants entirely so, they set out, at the risk of their necks, towards their

respective homes. Henry and the Captain joined the ladies in the drawing-room; whilst Sir Roger, according to custom, exercised himself with a walk up and down the great hall with his friend Claypole. Though a man in general of few words, he was just now in a talking vein, and, having gently tapped the parson on the shoulder as if to bespeak attention, he began as follows:—

Well, my good friend, these gentlemen have carried their point with your assistance, and I am in a fair train to find myself, where I never expected to be found, a mute member in the British senate, and the unworthy representative of this great county. Pr'ythee, Claypole, what dost think that I can do in that place? A pretty figure I shall make; a mere country put, amongst wits, lawyers, orators, and politicians. I may perhaps be able to say Aye or No; but good chance if I do not say it, like Sir Francis Wronghead, sometimes in the wrong place.

No fear of that, quoth Claypole. If all were speakers that sit in Parliament, our House of Commons would be a mere club of spouters. The assent or dissent of an honest and right-judging country gentleman will never be a matter of indifference.

Why, truly, said the Baronet, speech-making has not been in vogue with my family for many years past; not but there have been those heretofore who could do it, and roundly too. We have a record of my ancestor, Sir Thomas Manstock, in 1566, making a flaming speech in the Commons, to constrain Queen Bess to marry or appoint a successor. He was a bold man, and called her a faint-hearted woman in the face of the House; for which, by the way, she tweaked his nose in the face of the Court, and called him cuckold. It was scurvy treatment; and I am apt to think gave the orator a surfeit that has run in the blood ever since, for all our generations in descent from Sir Thomas have been as mute as fishes to the present day.

Well, Sir Roger, said Claypole, there have been times since those of Elizabeth, when taciturnity was a good family qualification; and that same royal tweak of the nose may have been the means of keeping some heads upon their shoulders. After all, it must be owned, it was a rough way her majesty took of snubbing the good man Sir Thomas, and what few old maids, in the like case, would have done; but match-making for crowned heads is a ticklish business.

For any heads, added Sir Roger; and though a matter of that sort may, for aught I know, be going on at this very moment under our noses, I shall keep mine at least out of danger, as I should be loth to have it tweaked, even by the fair fingers of Fanny Claypole.

This was a hit that Claypole had not quite given his friend credit for, and it was at least a proof to him that his own remarks had not been

singular; for he argued rightly enough, that if Sir Roger had spied it out, nobody could have overlooked it. He thought it best, therefore, to treat it in the same strain, between jest and earnest; and observed in reply, that Fanny was a free-hearted girl, and her own mistress.—She is out of my hands, said he; so should not I be out of hers with a whole skin, if I was to play the part of Sir Thomas Manstock, and dictate to her on the subject of matrimony. Henry is a fine fellow, it must be confessed, and it is no impeachment to her taste that she likes him; if, therefore, she is resolved to make him a present of fifteen thousand pounds and her fair person, much good may it do him—I can't gainsay it.

And if it was to come to that, said Sir Roger, it might not, perhaps, be the very worst thing she could do. I have a very high opinion of Henry; and, though we are in the dark about his parents, I would risk a wager that my niece Crowbery knows him to be a very honest man's son, and one for whose memory she has a great regard; and as a proof of it, friend Claypole, I can tell you in confidence, that Henry will be well provided for at her decease; but he has a high, proud spirit of his own, and it must be Fanny's charms, not her money, that will weigh with him.

Claypole was a man that looked to the main chance, and not a word of this was lost upon him. His eyes had not been idle, whilst Fanny's were employed with Henry. He knew her well, and had had a painful trust whilst she had been under his guardianship; he saw her daily in danger of being made the prey of the first sightly knave that laid his traps for her. He had as high an opinion of our young hero as Sir Roger himself had, and was in the same persuasion, as to his being the son of Ratcliffe; believing also that he was in a fair train shortly to become his nephew, he was by no means sorry to hear of Lady Crowbery's intentions in his favour. Upon these grounds, he not only became reconciled to the necessity he was under of leaving his niece to her own choice, but was secretly disposed to further the connexion by all the means in his power. All these thoughts he kept to himself, and quietly followed his friend Sir Roger to the drawing-room.

CHAP. V.

Fresh Mischief in Meditation against our Hero.

WHEN Sir Roger and his friend entered the apartment of the ladies, they found the young people distributed into pairs; Cary in high talk, and sitting by his cousin; Henry in no talk at all, but fairly pounded in a corner of the room by the manœuvre of Fanny Claypole, who was

so posted as to cut him off from all chance of an escape. She had seated herself in a chair, with her back to one side of the room, and her knees to the other, so as to form the exact hypothesis of a triangle, and Henry in the area of it. There were many fortunate circumstances, concurring with the position she had taken, to favour her operations. The size of the room was enormous; and the little share of light, that only two candles could have bestowed upon her at that distance, she fairly intercepted, by sitting with her back to them, and suffering no one ray to fall upon the person of her prisoner. He also was not the less attuned to her purpose, for being somewhat flustered by the many toasts he was obliged to pledge by Cary's strict attention to discipline, which he took care to exact with the utmost impartiality towards all under his command; unless he could be said to favour Henry as a volunteer, by thrusting him into the thickest of the fire. To this circumstance only it was owing, that our hero, contrary to his natural good breeding, suffered himself to be so long detached from the rest of the company.

Something or other had discomposed Isabella's spirits, and all Cary's efforts could not rally them. The presence of her father was a relief to her; and, upon his entrance, Henry started from his corner, and joined the circle. Claypole placed himself next to him, and drew him into talk about Blachford and his trepan. Henry, with a good deal of humour, related Ezekiel's account of that gentleman's state of conscience, and his mode of comforting him on the bed of sickness. Claypole observed upon this with some degree of asperity, and hinted, that he should consider Ezekiel as a dangerous enthusiast amongst his parishioners. This led Henry to speak of him in a more serious style, and to give such a delineation of his character as turned all hearts in his favour, especially that soft charitable heart which Isabella wore in her bosom.

I should do him injustice, said Henry, if I were only to bring forward his oddities, and keep his virtues out of sight. I acknowledge that my friend, in some instances, has a superabundancy of zeal; but it is not that zeal, without knowledge or discernment, which would betray him to intrude where there is no call for his services. He is only a shepherd to the stragglers of the flock; at Crowbery he had full employ, here he will find none.

I hear, said the divine, he has been preaching out of trees.

I don't doubt it, replied Henry; and to the trees, if he thought it would edify a single leaf upon their branches.

And is it true, resumed the said divine, that he addressed a funeral sermon, at the foot of the gibbet, to the effigy of Justice Blachford?

Perfectly true, quoth Henry, and I honour

him for it; for his heart was right, though the mistake was otherwise ridiculous enough.

I perceive he is a favourite of yours, repeated Claypole.

And with me a very great one, said Isabella, with some quickness.

Claypole said no more.

When Cary understood, from Henry's discourse, that he had been living in the same cottage with Ezekiel, it struck him that he must be the very person, who had been represented to him by Captain Crowbery as an idler and a vagrant, proper to be pressed into his ship, and upon a fuller explanation of what had passed on that occasion, there was no doubt that he conjectured rightly. This was a new discovery of another plot, unknown to Henry, though not unnoticed by this history, which that base junto, of which Lord Crowbery was the head, had contrived against him. His countenance upon the development underwent a change, that shewed the struggle he had within himself to repress the angry emotions of his mind; nevertheless, he commanded himself before the ladies, and simply inquired of Cary if he was acquainted with Captain Crowbery; the answer was, that he had served in the same ship with him, some years ago, when he himself was a youngster, and Crowbery a lieutenant of marines.

I shall find an opportunity, perhaps, said Henry, to convince the gentleman that I want no pressing into a ship, when I can have the honour of fighting under the eye of so gallant a commander.

This was at best equivocal, and Isabella turned pale.

My quarter-deck is at your service, cried Cary, and, if occasion calls upon me, I will do my best to preserve the good opinion you conceive of me.

This made matters not a whit the better in Isabella's sense of them.

Don't talk of fighting, cried Fanny Claypole, who had stolen a glance at Isabella, for if you do, some of us will faint; look, if you have not already turned Miss Manstock as pale as a lily.

The remark was true, but cruelly ill-timed; Isabella's countenance suddenly changed to the other extreme, and was scarlet with blushes. Henry bit his lips with rage, but had the prudence to keep silence; Claypole gave his niece a reprimanding frown, but to no purpose. I dare say, added she, Mr Henry is too wise to put himself into any post of danger, where it is not his duty to be.

Pardon me, said Cary, with a kind design to turn the attention of the company from Isabella, that does not appear; for I think I have just now seen my friend in a post of the greatest danger, and I am mistaken if it was duty, and not choice, that brought him there.

This sally brought all parties home; Fanny

tittered, but seemed rather piqued that Henry had no speech upon the occasion : Isabella in the meantime recovered so far as to glance a momentary look of approbation at our silent hero, which said to him—but where is the commentator that will help me to a construction of what it said, in words that will not debase the sense of the original? It is enough that Henry understood it.

Hearts easily impressed with sudden passions are generally communicative ; Fanny Claypole's was of this sort ; prone to love at first sight, and not in the practice of suppressing her emotions, she had given Henry pretty clearly to understand that he was not indifferent to her. This she contrived to convey to him, during their conference in the corner, through the channel of more senses than one, and though they were not all just then in the clearest state of apprehension, none were so disabled as to lose their functions. The fondness of a fine woman never can nor ever ought to be treated with indifference and contempt ; neither was it in the present instance. This gallantry, so indispensable on the part of Henry, confirmed her in the full persuasion, that the impression was reciprocal, so that when her uncle afterwards took occasion, as they were passing to the supper-room, civilly to submit to her in a whisper, if she was not a little too particular with a new acquaintance, she answered him in the true spirit of independence, that he need not concern himself about appearances, she and her new acquaintance, as he called him, perfectly understood each other. This, though something more than she was warranted to say, was no more than she thought prudent to assert, by way of check to any objections, which she was prepared to expect from that cautious quarter. For Isabella she had another language ; from her she expected no opposition, and dreaded no rivalry ; but there was an innate delicacy of character in that amiable young lady, which made it necessary for Fanny to conform to it, in appearances at least, and she was sensible that the levity of her behaviour stood in need of some softening and apology, for she had not been so totally engrossed by her own pursuits, as not to perceive that Isabella did not entirely approve her proceedings in the corner. She followed her, therefore, into her dressing-room, when they retired for the night, and as soon as Susan was sent away, the ensuing conversation took place :—

I can see by your looks, said Fanny, that I am out of favour with you ; you think I have behaved like a fool, and exposed myself ; I know you do ; but, dear sweet soul, don't turn that grave countenance upon me, but hear, and pity me, and be my friend. I confess to you, I never was so taken by surprise in all my life. I know what young men in general are, and how cautious we ought to be in our behaviour towards them ; but you never told me that I was to be-

hold what I did not believe was in nature, and so my poor heart, being caught in an unguarded moment, and not being made of either flint or steel, could not stand the shock ; but, alas for me ! was overthrown in the end ;—not at first, do you mark me ; for, handsome as he is, if he had been only that, I could have looked upon him as one does upon a picture, and thought no more about him ; but the misfortune is, he is so irresistibly engaging withal, that it requires either more insensibility, or more hypocrisy, than I am mistress of, to prevent his finding out how agreeable he is to me : now, I dare say you see him with other eyes than I do, and think all this very silly, and perhaps it is not very wise ; but, upon my life, my dear, I find it very natural.

Whether I see Henry exactly with the same eyes that you do, replied Isabella, is more than I can answer for ; but if it is on the goodness of his character that you found your regard for him, we certainly do not differ in opinion as to that.

Oh, you chilling creature ! exclaimed Fanny, with an affected kind of shriek ; that is so like you, so guarded, and so precise : the goodness of his character indeed ! why 'tis an expression for an attorney ; and then, my regard for him truly ! there's a freezing word ! regard for such a man as Henry ! I much doubt if I have any such sensation belonging to me ; 'tis a mere icicle compared to what I feel. Pray, my dear Isabella, let me ask you one plain question, and honestly resolve me, if you do not think him positively and without compare the finest young fellow in creation ?

The lovely Isabella paused upon this question ; she drew up, and with a somewhat stronger tint of the rose in her cheeks than was natural to her, said—I never think or speak in such a rapturous strain of any man, neither do I call them familiarly fellows ; it may be the fashionable name for them, but I have not yet brought my lips to the style of it.

In your own style then, replied Fanny, and without any trespass on the purity of your immaculate expressions, tell me, if you please, whether you consider a tender sentiment for a young man like Henry as a violation of the laws of modesty, as a sin against the delicacy of the sex ; but understand me rightly, I do not put the case as applying to you, but to myself.

That's a little hard, methinks, said Isabella, to put a question of conscience to me, that does not respect myself. If I was apt to talk of other people's conduct, you might have a just excuse for tying me down to my words ; but as I promise you I shall in no time to come pass a censure on your actions, I think, dear Fanny, I may be excused from pronouncing upon them beforehand.

Well, answered she, you are always too wise for me ; and yet I am persuaded, if you saw me

in any danger, you have too much good-nature not to guard me against it. If man was such a monster as some old maids make him to be, you, who are far enough out of his reach, would not suffer me to be devoured by him. If Love be not harmless, why do they describe him as a child?

When I have been taught Love's catechism, quoth Isabella, I may be able to answer your question ; at present I know nothing about it ; but I should guess, if you was to apply to Henry, he would be much more likely to satisfy your inquiries than I am.

I believe you, on my conscience, said Fanny, looking archly as she spoke ; Henry is likely enough to tell me how harmless Love is ; but question may lead to question, and in the end he may be found to preach one thing and practise another.

To this the fair moralist gravely answered—Never, Fanny, will Henry, or any other man of honour, lose his respect whilst you preserve your dignity. How he might treat questions of so frivolous a sort, and flippancies so professed, as I never proved him with anything of the kind, so I cannot answer for him in the case ; certain it is, that if a woman is not secure in herself, no man should be trusted by her ; for my own part, I have walked and conversed with Henry at all hours, and in all places, without fear or reserve.

Oh, Heavens ! exclaimed Fanny, and you survive it ! Well, but in the first place, you are not in love with him, that is out of all doubt ; Nature seems to have exempted you from that weakness ; and the insurmountable barrier which your rank and fortune oppose to ambition on his part, was he disposed to entertain it, throws him at such a distance, that he can only regard you with an awful respect. You are the heiress of Sir Roger Manstock ; Henry is—the Lord knows who ; you have a beloved father, for whose sake it is well known you have rejected, and would again reject, suitors of the best pretensions ; this young man, obscure, unknown even to himself, and without pretensions, must of consequence be without hope ; and where there is no hope, my dear Isabella, you know there can be no spirit for enterprise ; nay, I should think impossibilities can scarce provoke desire ; so that at all events you are out of danger, and being immovable in your own resolutions, have nothing to fear either from Henry or yourself.

Whilst Fanny reasoned in this manner, it was as much as Isabella's politeness could do to attend with patience the conclusion of her argument. Upon the very first pause she interposed by replying,—When you labour to convince me that I am in no danger with a person of Henry's sort, you do but argue to assure me, that when the sun gives his light I am not in the dark ; but when you would assign other causes of my security, than what are to be found simply in his honour, your argument becomes more inge-

nious than solid, because there needs not more than one good and sufficient reason for any one thing. As for that awful respect, which you ascribe to him, as applicable to my rank and fortune compared with his own, believe me, Fanny, I am not likely to exact, nor he to pay it, on that account ; if he gives as much as my behaviour merits, be assured he adds nothing on the score of those worldly advantages fortune has for the present thrown into my scale, and which she may have in reserve for his in an equal or superior degree ; I desire, therefore, to be understood as owing no security to those insurmountable barriers, which you fancy you discover between us, but which are as imaginary as the exemption that you flatter me with supposing I enjoy by nature from the common weaknesses of my sex, or the resolution you credit me for having fixed so immovably against all suitors, because I have declined the tenders of some. If there is an imputation that would wound me deeper even than the charge of levity and coquetry, it is that of being thought a proud despiser of those beneath my level, and insensible of soul to merit in an humble state of fortune. When I have said this in justification of myself, we will leave the subject where it is, observing only, that if you, being your own mistress in all respects, are serious in this attachment, and can engage the heart of a man so truly amiable, and so strictly honourable, you will be the happiest of women ; and if some few may condemn you for your disinterestedness, there will be many more to envy you for your good fortune.

Well then, my dear Isabella, said Fanny, in conclusion, if I was resolutely to marry this young unknown, you would not think me quite run mad ?

Upon my word, replied she, I will not flatter you so far as to say I should.

Then I will go and consult my pillow on the matter, said Fanny, and so good night to you !

CHAP. VI.

Love is a subtle Arguer.

WE, who are historians of fiction, have a privilege that historians of fact do not enjoy, which, like the ring of Gyges, gives us the power of invisibility, by which we insinuate ourselves most completely into the secrets of our heroes and heroines, and instead of arguing, as our unendowed brethren do, from records and authorities, up to the thoughts and characters of our actors, which at best is but an uncertain kind of guess-work, we can go point-blank to their hearts, in spite of all the obliquities of words and actions, and give to our readers the idea in embryo before it has been brought to the birth,

or ever mounted to the lips. In virtue of this privilege I shall let Fanny Claypole go, as her meditations may easily be guessed at, and remain with the lovely Isabella, whose thoughts are probably more deep, and undoubtedly more interesting.

As soon as she was alone, she began to take a strict review of what had been her state of mind and temper during the foregoing scene: the first reflection that occurred to her was of the self-accusing sort; she had acted with duplicity.—Have I not permitted Fanny to conclude that Henry is indifferent to me? and is he?—To this her heart replied, that he was not. Her next reproach was for the coldness and reserve with which she had met the warmth of Fanny's friendly confidence;—I hate myself for that, she said; it looks so like what I detest and disavow, pride and disdain.—Here she paused, and began to call over, as near as memory enabled her, the very words she had used in her past discourse with her friend. Her faults did not appear so glaring upon this review; her silence with respect to Henry did not strike her as so direct a breach of that frank sincerity which was her nature; she did not see the obligation she was under to make discovery of impressions, the reality of which she was not yet assured of: why should Fanny's levity, who said everything at random that was uppermost in her thoughts, draw her into the like idle vein of talking?—If she will pronounce upon my insensibility, it is not I that lead her into the mistake, nor am I sure it was my business to lead her out of it.—She now commenced a stricter examination of her heart, inspected it with a severer eye, and found, or thought she found, some cause to suspect it of jealousy, a baneful passion.—Oh horrible! she cried, what's this that I discover? this pang I never felt before? this disposition to repine and murmur at another's happiness? Hateful propensity! I'll banish it at once; it makes me mean and loathsome to myself. Why could not I be well content when she was pleased? why sigh and vex myself, and love her less than ever I did before, because she sat with Henry, and engrossed him to herself? I'll call her back, and tell her I admire her generous, her disinterested passion; nay, I'll do more, I'll go and be her advocate with him she loves; that will be noble, that will be a gallant conquest over myself. And she deserves him; she will marry him; she has the happy privilege of choosing for herself; I am—Alas! I know not what I am; but this I know, I am not quite so desperate and romantic as to sacrifice myself, and be officious in her cause, and so, perhaps, give Henry just offence, and yet do her no service: no, that won't do; I am not bound to go so far as that, nay, I am sensible I cannot: Alas! alas! I but deceive myself; the more I look into myself the more dissatisfied I am with what I see: I find my heart

incapable of generosity; it is not what it was. I will not injure Fanny, or betray her, but I perceive I cannot be her friend.

Ah Isabella! dear ingenuous girl, you see the point which honour fain would reach, but do not see the interposing passion that diverts it from its course. This night you must wear out in sleepless meditations; within the region of your heart there's one at work, whose innovating spirit never rests till it has perplexed the reason, overturned the peace, tampered with the loyalty, and shook the bosom's lord upon his throne. Love is that subtle dark incendiary, which unexperienced candour has no guard against: he wears a soft alluring smile, flatters in gentle whispers, woos you to pleasure, vexes you with no complaint, is social, gay, familiar, void of care; charmed by his artful approaches, you admit him of your parties, make him your inmate, and lodge him in your bosom; then the turmoil begins, then all his specious qualities are seen no more; unsocial, murmuring, discontented, he begins to brood upon his schemes, shunning the face of man and day, renouncing food and sleep, hiding himself in dark and solitary places, till all is anarchy, misrule, and madness, to the destruction both of heart and brain.

Ah Isabella! dear ingenuous girl, there was a time when you would have entertained this openness of heart, this frank confession of your friend, with heart as open, confidence as frank; you would have given her warm disinterested passion then a noble name, encouraged it with your applause, promoted it with all your power; but jealousy, that fierce and active partisan of love, will not permit these energies of native generosity to have their play; it is a monopolizing miser that will let no partner have an interest in that stake at which it singly grasps, and often, in the zeal of competition, overrates the prize which it would fain engross. This probably was not its error in the case of Henry; but though the rivalry of Fanny could not easily give more than its true value to the object in dispute, yet, doubtless, it excited sensations in Isabella's bosom, which, had they not been stirred so roughly, might have enjoyed a longer calm; the passion, which she saw reflected from the fond eyes of Fanny, quickened her curiosity to scrutinize the engaging form on which those eyes were fixed; she followed them to the attracting point, and there she found enough to warrant all that rapture and delight with which they seemed inspired; she saw the art with which Fanny had posted herself, heard the murmur of her voice in soft and tender tones, and marked the animation of her action, her starts, and titterings, and coquetries, to all which she gave meaning and matter as her fancy dictated. This was the state of her mind, whilst Cary's railleries, once so entertaining, distracted her attention, and Fanny was enjoying her

triumph, till her father's presence drew Henry from his corner, and dissolved the spell.

If the gentle Isabella, with a heart thus agitated, fell short in any degree of her wonted candour towards Fanny, either during her conversation with her, or in the course of her reflections that ensued upon it, let any who have experienced similar situations arraign her if they can.

Dear madam, cried Susan, as she entered the room, how pale you look ! I hope nothing has happened to vex you ?

What should vex me ? said Isabella, sighing as she asked the question.

Nay, madam, replied the girl, I can't pretend to say what should vex you, unless it be that teasing miss, who has held you so long from your repose, and who, they say, is so forward amongst the men, that I'm sure you can't approve of her going-on with Mr Henry.

Who tells you this ? said the mistress ; who are they that say she is forward with Mr Henry ?

Nay, madam, replied the girl, I don't know who says it in particular ; everybody says it that saw it ; if I were to name names I should pass for an informer, and I am sure I should be sorry to make mischief in the family, and stir up a combustion amongst my fellow-servants ; if it offends you, madam, I will have done.

It does not offend me, Susan, said Isabella, looking graciously upon her, nor need you have done on that account, as supposing what you say to me can possibly be repeated in this family. No doubt the servants, who waited at table, must have observed Miss Claypole's particularity ; she was very ungarded, to be sure.

And very ridiculous, madam, if I may say so, cried Susan, for everybody seems to think she can do herself no good by it, and that her schemes won't take with the young gentleman, who certainly did not relish her behaviour, though he was too much of a man to turn his back upon her publicly ; yet they tell me he looked very cross at times, and that I am sure is not natural to him : I dare say, madam, you never saw him look cross in your days ; for my part I can safely swear I never saw a frown upon his brow, though he has had enough to vex him, poor dear soul ; therefore I'll forfeit my life if this lady has not done for herself ; and if ever I come cleverly to the speech of him, I warrant me I'll get it all out, unless you are pleased to order otherwise, and see fit to forbid me.

Why should I do that ? Isabella replied, since you will speak only for yourself, and not let him suppose that I can have any interest in the state of his heart towards Miss Claypole ; in that, you know, I cannot possibly have the smallest concern, further than as mere matter of curiosity to hear how she stands with him ; that is natural enough, you see, because, somehow or

other, Susan, I have taken it strongly into my head, that Henry is not over-fond of forward girls.—Susan blushed from consciousness that the remark was just, to which she ingenuously gave testimony, saying, that she believed the world did not contain his like for honour towards the sex, and true modesty of nature.

I have reason to say it, added she ; for love would have made a fool of me, and something worse perhaps, but for his care and generous concern for me. Oh ! madam, did you but know him as I do ! had you seen him in poverty and in sorrow ; how patient, how resigned, of injuries how forgiving, in dangers how brave, in nature how benevolent ; oh ! madam, you would not wonder if a girl like me had loved him to distraction !

Indeed, my good girl, said the amiable Isabella, blushing as she spoke, there is all the reason in the world for loving him, and I do not wonder at you ; everybody that knows him must love him.

That's what I say, resumed she ; but, lackaday ! as for this young madam that is so hot upon it, what is her love ? mere outside love ; the love of the eye. That will never make its way with him ; I am certain that my Mr Henry will never be her man ; no, not if she had a thousand pounds where she has one.

Indeed, Susan, replied Isabella, I agree with you that fortune will never be Henry's motive for making love ; and though Miss Claypole is a handsome girl, I should doubt if her manners are to his taste ; nay, I own to you, it would very much sink him in my opinion, was he to place his regards there ; and I think I may venture to answer for him, that he will not.

Answer for him ! cried Susan, I will swear it, madam : no, no ; his heart is otherwise bestowed, his affections are more worthily placed ; and if ever he swerves from the lovely object he adores, to trifle and disgrace himself with that vain wanton flirting Miss Claypole, if ever he does that, I will, I will —

Come, come, Susan, said Isabella, interposing, there is no fear of him ; I should be forced to hate him if he did, and that would make me wretched.—But no more of this at present ; get you to bed ; we shall have a stormy night, and upon those occasions I always sit up till it is over.

CHAP. VII.

The Hero of our History is brought to Shame.

THERE was a gallery in this quarter of the house, which had a communication with several of the apartments, and amongst others with that which Fanny Claypole occupied. Here she was met by Henry, as she was going to her

chamber, some time after her conference with Isabella. We confess it does not set off the gallantry of our hero, that he would fain have contented himself with civilly bidding her good night, and so have passed onwards to his bedroom, which also opened into the aforesaid gallery. There were other modes of disposing of time, to Fanny's mind, in its present state, more grateful than that of devoting it to solitude and sleep. She contrived to hold him in parley some few minutes, and in that short space of time the storm foreseen by Isabella took place; the winds began to howl, the lightnings flashed, and the thunder rolled.

Fanny's gentle spirits instantly took alarm; her terrors deprived her of the power of stirring from the spot on which she stood; she clung close to Henry, clasping him with both arms, and seeming to supplicate protection in the most piteous manner. It was in vain he encouraged her to lay aside her fears, that the burst was over, and the storm had spent its fury; she was sure there would be more of it; she did not dare to move; and she implored him not to leave her; thunder had always such an effect upon her, that it would throw her into fits if she had not somebody to support her, and as for her own servant, (whom he offered to call to her assistance,) she was to the full as mere a coward as herself, and totally helpless. What could he do, but cheer the frightened fair one, who resorted to his courage for protection in this extremity? Another burst succeeded, the thunder louder and the flash more vivid. Fanny's arms now strained him closer than before; she dropped her head upon his neck, and hid her face; she shook in every limb, and murmuring cried—Support me, or I shall drop!—When the senses are possessed by fear, all reserve ceases, nay, even delicacy itself; we cling to the most loathsome object that gives us shelter from the face of danger. If Fanny's terrors were proportionable to the eagerness with which she embraced her supporter, they were strong indeed. Henry was not sorry to see a couch conveniently within reach, on which he could deposit his fair burthen, which now, indeed, was become a very pressing and importunate concern; her knees seemed sinking under her, and as she hung upon his neck with her whole weight, he began to think the fit she had predicted was actually upon her; he took her in his arms, and placed her carefully, and with all due delicacy, on the couch; as she still kept her hold upon him, of necessity he was drawn down upon the seat beside her.

The storm went on, the pitiless elements relaxed not of their fury, and poor affrighted Fanny, trembling more than ever, faintly whispered, the whilst most movingly—Dearest of men, what will become of me? shelter me, I beseech you, from this scene of terror.—As the fitting wheatear huddles herself under

the turf whilst the gathering clouds hang threatening over her head, and cast a gloom upon the earth, so did the like timorous damsel, under the protection of her courageous defender, gazing on him with uplifted eyes that prayed for pity on her disconsolate condition, and encircling him in her arms, whilst she softly murmured, Oh Henry! let the lightning strike me now; within your arms I die content.

Oh Henry! honour also cried, awake and be yourself! whither are you rushing? break from her hold; escape from her snares; they are spread for your destruction; the moment is on the wing that wafts you to perpetual disgrace. Rash, heated youth! accursed power of wine, that thus inflames the blood and blinds the eye of reason: can you not see these terrors are but counterfeited, panders to passion? the storm that you should dread is in your veins, not in the elements; awake, and save yourself!

What shall we say! Must we break Nature's mould, and fashion an imaginary hero of purer matter than of earthly clay, setting up a phantom of perfection, without speck or blemish, for enthusiastic ignorance to wonder at? Is it to shew man as he is, or only as he ought to be, that we compose this history? Surely, as he is; we make not men by working in our closets, but take them ready made from the world's mighty warehouse, and present them as we found them; therefore, as the hand of nature guides my pen, so do I write, and here consign my hero to as much disgrace, as impurity in meditation, not in act, may in the judgment of my candid readers seem to merit: virtue had lost its hold upon his heart, honour's appeal was silenced, and modesty had turned away her face from the suspicious scene, when in the very moment as he hovered on the brink of ruin, a sudden scream from Isabella's chamber snatched him from his fate; her door flew open, and behold the very form of loveliness in fear's most striking attitude! Swift as the lightning's glance our hero started from the couch, shook off the embrace that bound him like a spell, and, deaf to Fanny's scream, flew to the rescue of the trembling Isabella.

Fear had not so far robbed her of her senses, but that she had sufficient faculties to note the situation of the parties whom her presence had so critically broken in upon. Instant aversion seized her heart, and superseded the less urgent sense even of fear itself: she was at once indignant and composed; so that when Henry, in a faltering voice, begged to know what alarmed her, she turned disdainfully away, and, in a tone that pierced him to the heart, bade him pay his attentions where they were more wanted and more welcome, then hastily returned into her chamber, and locked the door.

A long and dismal silence ensued between the parties in the gallery. Fanny remained seated on the couch, her dress disordered, her looks

wild, and her attitude that of a Sibyl in her phrenzy. Henry stood motionless, confounded, the very statue of despair and horror. I am undone! cried Fanny; Isabella has discovered us, she has the eyes of a lynx; and nothing now remains to save me from disgrace and ruin, but boldly to join hands this moment, and defy the world.

Miss Claypole, said Henry, I hold myself in honour bound to make you every reparation that you can require; I only wish you to consider, if the mode you point at is not desperate in the extreme. I am but what I am, and that is nothing. In this house I will not pass another day; worlds would not tempt me to encounter the chaste eyes of that offended lady. Before you make so rash a sacrifice, therefore, recollect it is only to appearances you would make it, and that your conscience does not plead to facts, thank Heaven.

Thank Heaven for what? she eagerly demanded; not for the interruption that her jealousy occasioned; not for the shock that she has given to my tortured nerves; it is not that I blush at what has passed, or anything that might have passed, but only that she knows it. No, Henry, when I took you in my arms, I bound my heart to you by vows as sacred as if pledged before the altar; favours bestowed on you I never can regret; they are sanctified by honour; they are endearments snatched by opportunity from the cold lingering forms of law; the overflowings of a heart that doats upon you, whose pride it is to give you proofs of boundless confidence.—Here is my hand—take it, Henry, and with it, take a husband's right in all that this fond heart and devoted person can bestow; we do but borrow a few hours from time.

Not so, cried Henry, stepping back—not in this tumult of your mind will I avail myself of an extorted sacrifice, and take your hand. I do most resolutely bar the agreement, till the event is seen. Mark what Miss Manstock does—our fate is in her hands alone; if, by her means, (which I am slow to suspect,) the story gets abroad, and that your fame requires it, I shall be at hand; and here I solemnly engage my honour to come forth upon your summons, whether it be to confute falsehood and exaggeration at the risk of my person, or to repair your injuries by marriage, if this you shall require; and from this promise no temptation, be it what it may, shall make me swerve.

With these words he departed, leaving her to bewail her disappointment, and murmur out reproaches for his coldness, amidst tears, and sighs, and sleepless tossings in a solitary bed. As for his mind, it felt a stab in every thought; one fatal lapse had sunk him in his own esteem; and, in the promise he had made to Fanny, every hope that could aspire to Isabella was for ever buried. Not daring to inquire the cause of her alarm, he conjectured that it must have been

created by the storm, and saw, with some degree of consolation, that it now was past. Captain Cary was to return to his ship by the very first of the morning, and had kept his chaise and post-horses waiting for that purpose; and as immediate retreat from Manstock-house was Henry's fixed resolve, the opportunity was fair for taking him and his baggage off at once, before the family was stirring. Their road fortunately lay through Crowbery, which was something more than half way; it was possible, therefore, that Cary's time might allow of a short call at Ezekiel's or Zachary's house, where some information might be gained of Lady Crowbery's destination, and, if that should turn out to be for Lisbon, all was so far well, if his new friend would stand to his offer of transporting him thither. It was necessary, however, to take a proper leave of Sir Roger; and for this purpose, he immediately wrote the following letter, addressed to that worthy personage:—

“ SIR,

“ IMPRESSED with a sense of your favours, which no time can obliterate, I beg leave to inform you, that I have embraced Captain Cary's kind offer of a cruize, and hope you will consider it with your usual candour, both as an excuse for the abruptness of my departure, and a pardonable ambition to attach myself, though at humble distance, to the fortunes of so brave a commander.

“ I have the honour to be,

“ Sir,

“ Your most obliged

“ and ever devoted servant,

“ HENRY.”

CHAP. VIII.

A Visitor appears at Manstock-house, who brings Intelligence of an unexpected Sort.

THOUGH Cary's chaise was ordered to the door by break of day, yet such of the domestics as had notice of it were ready waiting to make tender of services and farewells at his departure; to one of these Henry delivered his letter for Sir Roger, and, from the same person, he had the satisfaction to hear, that Isabella's alarm, which proceeded from the sudden burst of one of her window-shutters, shivered by a stroke of lightning, had passed off without any further ill consequences. But what was his surprise, when he found himself accosted by his friend Susan May at this early hour, who drew him aside, and, in a whisper, eagerly demanded, What, in the name of madness, can possess you to be running away from your good fortune, at the very moment when my lovely mistress is dropping into your arms? Oh, if you had but heard what she said of you last night!

"Tell it not to me, he exclaimed; I have undone myself with her for ever!—Then recollecting that he was on the point of betraying Fanny Claypole, he checked himself, and grasping both her hands in his, Susan, he cried, I conjure you, by the love you once had for me, never name me to your angelic mistress! I am going to shake off this loathsome existence, and my last breath will expire in prayers for her!—This said, he turned away, and sprang into the chaise, where his companion was waiting for him.

And now, as we can well believe the better part of our readers are by this time become indifferent to the fate of our unworthy hero, we will leave him, without regret, to pursue his journey, and, for the present, confine our attention to the house of Manstock.

As soon as Fanny Claypole was dressed, she presented herself at the door of Isabella's chamber, and was instantly admitted. Without any embarrassment, she began her inquiries as to the alarm she had suffered in the storm; and when that was explained, and the shattered window-shutter referred to, Fanny, in her turn, undertook a plausible account of her being thrown into a fit by the violence of her fright, and of Henry's great attention in conveying her to the couch, and protecting her in her distress, with so much tenderness, that she verily believed she owed her life to his care. I am sure, added she, I shall never forget his kind assiduity so long as I live; and, though I dare say my situation, stretched at my length, and helpless as I was, might appear to you a little equivocal, yet I can truly assert, that the dear man was as delicate in his treatment of me as if he had been one of our own sex.

I promise you, replied Isabella, I should very unwillingly suppose to the contrary; only I could wish, if you have any more fits, it may literally be one of our own sex, and not Mr Henry, that will fetch you out of them.

Humph! said Fanny; I assure you I shall not be ashamed to thank him before all the company, when I see him in the breakfast-room. Upon this they separated.

Susan had been so observant of Henry's injunctions, that she had not named him to her mistress, and that young lady being equally silent, his departure was as much a secret to her as to Fanny. Isabella had passed a wretched night; her dread of meeting Henry was extreme; she gave little ear to Fanny's palliating account; and, with a mind agonized between love and resentment, she came trembling down the stairs; at the foot of them Susan was standing, her eyes directed with tears, and a paper in her hand, that had just been delivered to her by the servant who generally attended upon Henry: Isabella demanded a sight of it; and, before the girl had time to recollect herself, it was in her hands, and she read these words:—

"Give this inclosed trifle to your worthy mother, being a small return of gratitude from that wretched creature whom her charity once harboured. You can need nothing, being under the protection of an angel. Farewell for ever!"

"HENRY."

The contents were a bank-bill for twenty pounds.—Is he then gone! cried Isabella—Gone for ever!—Oh, my God!—Then, with a sigh, fell lifeless into Susan's arms.

At that moment Sir Roger came out of his dressing-room, and ran with agony to demand what ailed his darling. Susan, with admirable presence of mind, slipped the letter out of sight, and answered, that her lady had been extremely frightened by the storm, had passed a sleepless night, and had fainted through mere weakness and fatigue: But all will soon be well, said she: you see she is recovering, (which was true;) and then she recounted the accident of the shutter, in Isabella's hearing, to convince her that no discovery had been made of any other cause.

Sir Roger led his daughter into his own apartment, and sent Susan for hartshorn and water. Isabella repeated the account of her fright exactly as Susan had given it, and soon declared herself sufficiently recovered to attend upon the company at breakfast.—You will find our party, said Sir Roger, has suffered a loss that I dare say you will regret as much as I do. My nephew, Jack, has stolen away our young Henry from us—here is his letter. This he delivered to Isabella, and she read what we have before recited. She returned it to him with a mournful look, and was silent. In truth, she was not at that moment enough composed to venture an attempt at words.—My dear child, cried Sir Roger, observing her turn paler than before, I hope you are not ill again?

Isabella answered, that she was not quite recovered, but begged him not to be alarmed, for it would soon pass off.

I suspect, said the good man, holding the letter in his hand, this will be bad news for Fanny Claypole, for she seems to be very fond of the young man; and if we bring it out upon her unawares, it may create some confusion, and distress her. I think it will be better for me to whisper it to her uncle, and let him break it to her after we are out of the way. We may easily devise some excuse for his not being at breakfast. But does not this look like a pretence of Henry's for getting away from her? I suspect that Fanny has not played her cards well, and comes on rather faster than he approves of. I protest it seems to me to be all up with her, by the purport of this letter.

I should think a woman risks a great deal by such forward advances, replied Isabella; but I suppose she knows her man, and probably they understand each other.

Why so she told her uncle last night, said Sir Roger, now you bring it to my recollection, and he believes that everything goes on to her heart's content.

I don't doubt it, cried Isabella.

And I can assure you, added Sir Roger, Claypole himself is very well inclined to the match.

Then, I dare say, the match will take place, said Isabella, somewhat pettishly; for Mr Claypole is very apt to succeed in his undertakings. But let us not meddle with it, for I think it is no concern of ours.

This being concluded, they went into the breakfast-room. As the company were sitting down to the table, and before any notice had been taken of the absence of Henry, the porter's bell announced an arrival, and Mr L—— was ushered into the room. He took his seat by Sir Roger, and all eyes were eagerly directed towards him, expecting, yet dreading, the result of his intelligence. He soon relieved their anxiety, by saying he had left Lady Crowbery preparing to undertake the journey he had advised. She was to set out the next day, and proceed by easy stages to London.—I have no doubt, he said, that an English winter must by all means be avoided, and that Lisbon will be her ultimate destination; but as I should be loath to take the sole responsibility of so valuable a life on myself, we are to have a consultation of physicians when she arrives in town, and my advice will then either have the sanction of the Faculty, or better opinions will direct her otherwise. Sir Roger made a civil remark upon this, and Mr L—— proceeded to say, that he flattered himself she had gained strength within the last few days, and that her spirits were greatly relieved from that dejected state in which he found them. He had prevailed upon my lord to reinstate the gentleman she had been so long used to in his attendance upon her. He had fully communicated with Mr Cawdle on her case, and discussed with him the whole process he was to follow, both as to medicine and regimen, till they met in London; and concluded by informing Sir Roger, to his utter surprise, that his niece would repose herself at his house the very next day, and make that the first stage of her journey.

Sir Roger started, struck his hands together with more than usual energy, and fixing his eyes upon his visitor, seemed to be surveying him with that sort of curiosity and surprise as a conjuror excites in his spectators, when he has almost persuaded them that he has the devil in his circle.—How did he bring Lord Crowbery to consent to this? was the question from more than one quarter.

I perceive, said this excellent person, in reply, I need not disguise from this company that I had some prejudices to overcome; but few dispositions are so naturally obstinate as to hold out against truth and reason. Lady Crowbery's very serious indisposition made it my duty to

scrutinize into causes, and I saw so much of mental distress combined with bodily, that I perceived she would be irretrievably lost, unless some instant relaxation was provided for her. In this part of my investigation I had great assistance from Mr Cawdle. I found him possessed of everything that could throw light upon the case, much attached to the person of the lady, and sufficiently intelligent in his line for all the purposes I had in meditation for her relief. I found it necessary to be very explicit in my statement with my lord. I told him that I had discovered, in my patient's case, wounds deep and out of sight, which were beyond my art to cure without his assistance; I must therefore condition for full confidence and concurrence, or immediate dismission. This brought matters to an issue, and I must do his lordship the justice to say, he was not long in deciding upon the alternative.

These, said he, addressing himself to the worthy Baronet, are all the means that I have used for inducing Lord Crowbery to consent to his lady making your house her first place of rest, and to permit her to be attended through the whole journey by Mr Cawdle, who, with great zeal and alacrity, very much to his honour, embraced the undertaking at the very first word.

God bless him for it! cried Sir Roger. I'll engage he will be no loser by it. Permit me to say, sir, you have effected wonders.

Several inquiries were now made as to Lady Crowbery's mode of travelling, what servants were to attend upon her, and whether my lord would accompany her to Manstock, or elsewhere. Full information was obtained upon all these points, and Lord Crowbery did not propose to go any part of the way with her. He was waiting the event of Mr Blachford's death, which was almost hourly to be looked for.—What had he to do with that? was the question from Mr Claypole. Did his lordship expect to be benefited by that gentleman's decease?

If he does, replied Mr L——, I have reason to believe his expectations will be defeated altogether. I met the heir of Mr Blachford this morning, within a mile of his house.—All ears were instantly, as it were, erect for the news. He proceeded;—As Mr Blachford does not wish to keep the disposition of his property a secret, I have no scruple to say, that I was myself a witness to his will, and commissioned by him to seek for the young gentleman in this house, who is to inherit under it; but, as I said before, I luckily fell in with him in company with a sea-officer, who, I understand, is your nephew, sir, and in a situation by which I not only fortunately came to the knowledge of him, but had an opportunity of being in some further degree of use to him.

Here the agitation of more persons than one became so conspicuous, that Mr L—— found it necessary to be very quick in assuring his au-

dience that no manner of mischief had ensued. A fracas, indeed, had taken place between the heir aforesaid and Captain Crowbery, who, in consequence, had turned out by the road-side, with the pistols which the sea-officer had in his chaise, to settle their difference. One had been fired without effect by the young gentleman, whom he only knew by the name of Henry, and Captain Crowbery had discharged the other in the air, upon which the quarrel was made up, and the parties, before he left them, perfectly reconciled to each other.

Heaven be praised! cried Isabella, her face as pale as ashes.

How horrible it is, said Mr Claypole, that such a practice as duelling should exist in a Christian country!

Horrible, do you call it? said Fanny. I honour Henry for his spirit; I adore him for it. Would you have a gentleman put up with such an insult as he received from that nasty captain? For my part, I am only sorry he let him off so easily.

If a tea cup had not, at this instant, dropped from the fair hand of Isabella, by some chance or other, and drawn the attention of the company to the accident, it is to be presumed the Reverend Mr Claypole would not have suffered doctrine so adverse to his own to have been advanced by his niece, without an answer; but as everybody seemed interested about Isabella, he let the matter pass off, and contented himself with conveying his dissent, by the vehicle of a reproving look.

The conversation was now resumed, and many inquiries made as to Blachford's extraordinary bequest: was he sufficiently in his senses to dictate a will? and had they taken such precautions as would prevent a future litigation?—To this it was answered by Mr L——, that himself, Zachary Cawdle, and Alexander Kinloch, were witnesses not to the will only, but to the capacity and sound senses of the will-maker.—Was it not, however, Mr Claypole demanded, the most singular and unexpected event that ever came to pass? and what could have moved Blachford's heart so on a sudden to bestow his whole fortune upon one whose life he had attempted to take away?—To this question Mr L—— calmly replied, that he presumed there could be little difficulty in accounting for what had been done by Mr Blachford in the young person's favour, if it was admitted that the heart of a dying man was capable of being touched by repentance, and a desire of atoning for the crimes he had committed; and that it was so, he believed the will itself would clearly evince, as it spoke very plainly to the motives of the testator.—There was, added he, a good creature, by name Ezekiel Daw, very much about him, (too much perhaps for his body's health,) who certainly co-operated with the terrors of death in bringing this about which

appears to you so extraordinary an act: the man, it must be owned, is something of an enthusiast, and for some time I kept him from my patient; but when it became a lost case, and the penitent on his death-bed eagerly demanded his return, I no longer opposed it; he was, undoubtedly, the great instrument of moving him to repentance, and to him I consider this young gentleman much indebted for the very ample atonement he will receive at Mr Blachford's decease: I understand there is something mysterious in his history; but, from the reception he has met in this family, I can't doubt but he well deserves the good fortune that has befallen him.

Here Sir Roger Manstock broke silence, and in terms strong, though concise, gave his hearty testimony to the merits and good qualities of our hero. When the worthy Baronet had ceased speaking, Mr L—— expressed himself well pleased that his prepossessions in this instance had not misled him.—For I profess to you, said he, addressing himself to Sir Roger, I did never in my life feel a stronger impression from the person and countenance of any man than in the instance of this youth, and his conduct in the affair with Captain Crowbery was exactly such as was best calculated to confirm it.

Sir Roger, with a smile of approbation, gave sign of his assent; Fanny Claypole said, she believed there could be but one opinion in the case; and the Reverend Mr Claypole, straying a little from the subject in hand, observed, that Henry would now find himself a very rich and happy man, glancing a look at the same time towards his niece.—That is as it may be, said Sir Roger, as to his riches; Mr Blachford, perhaps, has poor relations left behind him, and my friend Henry has a worthy spirit of his own.

Claypole's countenance fell, but Mr L—— relieved him from his embarrassment, by saying, he could speak upon that subject from the authority of Blachford himself, who had told him that he had not a single relation in existence, who could have a claim upon him; confessing that he was the son of a certain planter in Jamaica, long since dead, by a mulatto wench, who was his property, and that he was entirely the founder of his own fortune, which, if certain circumstances had not occurred, was once, as he was given to understand, bequeathed to the Lord Viscount Crowbery.—Mark that, said Mr Claypole; the cunning man is caught in his own trap: how just are the ways of Providence!

But now time pressed with Mr L—— for his departure; the carriage was called to the door, and the friend of human misery hastened away to soothe the pains of other sufferers, anxiously expecting their relief from his hands; it was a parting much regretted by Sir Roger.—Well, cried he, if I live to go to London, sick or well I will cultivate the acquaintance of that amiable gentleman.

CHAP. IX.

Bold Measures boldly avowed.

THE Reverend Mr Claypole having duly pondered these extraordinary occurrences in his mind, found himself not the less attracted towards Henry on the score of his good fortune; for in that gentleman's estimate of his character, prosperity was regarded as no contemptible recommendation; and he very justly considered, that Mr Blachford's great property would not make him one whit the worse husband to his niece, or his niece the less affectionate wife to him. Still the circumstance of his hasty departure with Captain Cary, and the wild idea of volunteering with him, as stated in his letter to Sir Roger Manstock, seemed to augur so ill for Fanny, that he much doubted if that good understanding between them, of which she had so confidently boasted, subsisted anywhere but in her sanguine imagination; neither could he with all his sagacity discover more than one reason for a young man's running away from the woman that made love to him, and that reason was not very compatible with Fanny's report aforesaid; as soon, therefore, as he could find a fair opportunity of drawing her into private conference, he began to open upon the subject of her attachment; he stated to her what, upon common report, the property of Mr Blachford was supposed to amount to, which, upon the most moderate calculation, he guessed could not be less than twice as much as her own.—I care little about that, cried Fanny, the man is my object.

This was very candidly admitted as the first but not the only point to be considered in a connexion for life: they could certainly, with proper discretion, live very comfortably upon their joint means, not losing sight in the meantime of future contingencies from Lady Crowbery, whose life, he observed with great regret, could not but be very precarious, as change of climate was generally the last desperate resource for constitutions, like hers, in deep decay.

Here Fanny again put him by, declaring, that she looked to no prospects but the prospect of possessing the dear man of her heart.—Mr Claypole's candour again admitted, that all this was quite natural, and bespoke a very sincere affection; but he could not exactly see the necessity why it should be altogether so disinterested.—Because, replied that generous young lady, if he was the veriest beggar upon earth, I would marry him; nay, I must marry him.

Must! repeated Claypole, inquisitively; is there a necessity in the case?

To be sure there is, cried Fanny, nothing abashed, after what has passed between us;

after all his faithful promises, all the rapturous caresses he lavished upon me, when my fears and swoonings in the storm last night threw me in his power, and exposed me to the prying eyes of Miss Manstock, whilst I was locked in his embraces. What would she say of me? what would the world, what you yourself, pronounce upon my reputation, were I not to be his wife?

You alarm me, cried Mr Claypole; has the villain dared—?

Villain do you call him! exclaimed the angry fair one; he is no villain, but the most honourable, the most lovely and adorable of mankind. Do you think him capable of exposing me to the malice of this family, where I will not stay another night, though I travel hence on foot to seek a lodging?

Indeed, child, you terrify me, repeated he; by this vehemence of expression, I should almost fear that you have been betrayed into dangerous and improper concessions, through excess of love operating on the natural weakness of your sex, and conspiring with the temptations of opportunity. Let me know the worst at once, that I may obtain that instant reparation, which your character and my honour demand of the seducer. Your unsuspecting nature is not aware of the danger you are in; you trust to promises often lavished in the heat of passion, and as often violated in the coolness of reflection. You are yet to learn, that this young gentleman has written to Sir Roger Manstock a farewell letter, in which he tells him he is going out to sea with Captain Cary. Is that a proof of love? Is that consistent with his promises? Can a secession like this be reconciled to honour? And where is your hope of a speedy union with a man, who is flying from you and his country?

Ridiculous alarm! exclaimed the indignant damsel; who tells you all this idle tale? Henry is only doing what I myself shall do; flying from this odious house, where Isabella's jealous eyes would look him out of countenance, as they would fain do by me; but I defy such feeble spite, for I have Henry fast as vows can bind him: he fly from me and his country! No, were he not too honourable, he is too wise for that, too fond, too much a friend to himself. As for what he writes to Sir Roger Manstock, 'tis a mere blind, a concerted matter between us; he said last night he would not pass another day in Manstock-house; he has fulfilled his word, and this contrivance extricates him from an uneasy situation, and gives no offence. I understand it all, and if you'll only help to place me somewhere within his reach and out of theirs, from whose intrusion he escapes, my life upon it I will lure him back.

A confidence so strongly vouched seemed to have due effect upon the good man, whose tender feelings for his niece had given him such alarm; his countenance cleared up, and having ruminated a while upon the case, he took a more

placid tone, and said—Well, niece, I have turned it over in my thoughts, and do agree with you, that 'twill be better for you to remove from hence, especially as the Lady Crowbery is expected, with whom you have little or no acquaintance, and therefore the best plea in the world for civilly stepping out of the way from a family-meeting of so interesting and melancholy a sort. I, who have not the same excuse, will remain where I am, and you shall have my parsonage-house to yourself in the meanwhile; there are servants in it, and all things ready to receive you. You know, my dear, how greatly it concerns me to avoid any chance of a misunderstanding with my worthy friend Sir Roger, therefore you must be content to let me state matters to him in such a light as may make a merit of your going; and this corresponds not only with my regard to him, but also with my views as to myself, for I am not out of hope, through his interest with the Lady Patroness, to obtain the nomination to Ratcliffe's valuable living, which is yet undisposed of.

I know nothing about that, replied Fanny, with a careless air; but if I can have the parsonage to myself, with no jealous miss to overlook me, I desire nothing more: I will be answerable for all the rest.

It shall be so then, said this compliant uncle; the house shall be your own; and may success attend your laudable and virtuous endeavours! for in truth, my dear, if I was not fully persuaded, that this worthy young man would make you an excellent husband, especially since this unexpected good fortune has fallen upon him, I would be the last man living to do what I do for the promotion of the match. I am a great friend to young people, and make all the allowances in reason for those pardonable weaknesses that proceed from mutual fondness for each other. I have felt the force of love myself in former days, and remember what it was; I am therefore doubly urged to be active in your cause, both from zeal to forward your wishes, and real approbation of the object they point at. With this view it strikes me as a proper measure to step over to Crowbery to-morrow, where I can hardly fail of meeting our young friend the heir, and at the same time that I can impart any message or letter you may wish to send, I can avail myself of the opportunity for paying my respects to Lady Crowbery, and attending her upon her way to Manstock-house, if that is found acceptable.

I approve of the proposal much, replied the lady, and will write to Henry; if he remains an hour at Crowbery, after he has received my letter, he is not the man I take him for.

These measures being so agreed, Mr Claypole's next business was to seek his friend Sir Roger, whom he very opportunely met, taking a solitary walk in the grove. Claypole's thoughts were ready arranged, and it was without diffi-

culty he found words for them, and proper address to make his proposal of removing Fanny acceptable to his friend Sir Roger; nay, he was so explicit in stating particulars, and so little sparing of his niece's reputation, in the account he gave of her nightly interview with our hero in the gallery, that the worthy Baronet drew exactly those conclusions which Claypole wished to lead him to, saw and acknowledged the propriety of removing Fanny out of the house, and expressed himself much indebted to his candid friend for the delicacy of the measure. At the same time he was not wanting in all due sensibility on behalf of that friend, and just resentment against Henry for his share in the transaction. If he did not inveigh against him quite so bitterly on this occasion, as his conduct might seem to merit, it was because he did not see it in the light of an absolute seduction; having been a witness to Fanny's flippant behaviour towards our hero, and being conscious, moreover, that he had something to accuse himself of for the conversation he had held with Henry in the chaise, which possibly might have inspired him with the first idea of assailing a virtue, that, according to his own report of it, had no right to be greatly respected, much less to be considered as absolutely impregnable.

These reflections, which in some degree caused his anger to abate, did not, however, prevent him from considering Henry's conduct in its true light, and resenting it as a breach of that decorum, which he had a right to expect from a young man admitted into his family under such circumstances. He still found himself called upon, by all the laws of friendship and hospitality, to co-operate in every measure that Claypole could propose for obtaining reparation for the indignity; and when he understood that marriage was the point in view, he declared himself determined to enforce justice, if it became necessary, by resorting to his niece Lady Crowbery, and employing her authority over Henry, in aid of his own, for that purpose. This Mr Claypole begged might be suspended for a while, and at the same time took occasion to open his scheme of going over to Crowbery the next morning, in search of the young man.

And so you shall, cried the good man, and my chaise shall be at your service, with everything else that you can say on my part, to convince him of the sense I entertain of his conduct, and to further your appeal for justice to your niece. If he has still the hardness to withstand you, and shall attempt to run out to sea with my nephew Cary, I warrant I have that influence with Jack as will not suffer him to escape us by that channel at least.

I don't pretend to justify my niece in all particulars, said Claypole; but a lady's honour is not to be sported with, and he has certainly made her a firm promise of marriage; but then, I must observe, it was a promise made upon the

spur of passion, and (which is more alarming) made when her fortune was a greater object to him than it has now eventually become.

In that particular, cried Sir Roger, I do not agree with you. Henry, amongst all his failings, is not a mercenary lover; and I must believe that Miss Claypole's fortune is neither more nor less in his thoughts, for anything that has happened to him; and if I am not greatly mistaken in his character, he is an honourable lad, and will not go back from any promise he has given. If Miss Claypole makes a true report, and he has passed his word to her, I think the marriage is secure; if it is not a case of honour, but of choice, I hold it to be doubtful.

Here the dialogue ended, and the friends separated, Sir Roger to prolong his walk, Claypole to resume his meditations.

CHAP. X.

More bad Tidings of our degraded Hero.

IT is time now to attend upon my hero, who, though degraded in character, is in train to be so advanced in fortune's favour, that he has one claim at least upon my attention, which does not pass for nothing with the world at large.

The chaise in which he was conveyed with his friend Cary from those once happy scenes, now forfeited and forsaken, made such rapid progress, that he soon found himself within sight of Crowbery Castle, proudly towering over its dependant village, which spread itself along the vale. Here, in a narrow lane, our travellers were encountered by a gentleman on horseback, who had a fowling-piece in his hand, and was followed by a brace of pointers. The pass was so strait that civility required the gentlemen in the carriage to stop their drivers. Whilst Cary was giving these orders, he discovered the person of Captain Crowbery, and instantly addressed him by his name. Henry had recognized him at the same instant, and, determined to let him know he was informed of his designs, eagerly cried out,—When you are at leisure, Captain Crowbery, I shall be glad to have a word with you.

The chaise had stopped opposite to a gate, which led to a field, and made a recess in the lane, where Crowbery had taken post for the convenience of passing. He knew the person of our hero, and this abrupt salutation was answered by a demand upon Henry to explain himself; this explanation was immediately given, in terms that required no farther illustration, and with a degree of heat that Cary vainly attempted to moderate. Want of spirit was not amongst Crowbery's defects; and in the hearing of the Captain, to whom all the particulars were so

fully known, it would have been in vain for him, had he been so disposed, to have disavowed the plot he had projected against the person of our hero. This he did not attempt; but, on the contrary, retorted upon Henry with expressions not less hostile than those he had made use of.

Dismount, cried Henry; I have pistols in the chaise. Immediately the door was flung open, and he was upon his feet with the weapons in his hand. Crowbery made no delay; the word was given to follow, and they rushed into the adjoining field together.

Cary raised his voice to no purpose, exclaiming—Gentlemen, you are too hasty; this matter may be explained; suffer me to interpose.

By this time they had taken their distance, and each with a pistol in his hand had levelled at his opponent, Crowbery calling out to fire. Henry gave fire at the instant, and the ball passed through Crowbery's coat, which was unbuttoned.—You have missed me, he cried, and immediately discharged his pistol in the air. Now I am ready, added he, to express my regret for what I have done, if that will satisfy you; if not, we will repeat the operation till the offence is cancelled. I would have made atonement at first, but the honour of a soldier will not permit him to apologize to any one, who, with a weapon in his hand, calls him out for satisfaction, and precludes an explanation.

'Tis enough, cried Cary; your behaviour, Captain Crowbery, does honour to yourself and your corps: I am sure my friend is perfectly satisfied.

With everything but myself, replied Henry; but that I have aimed at Captain Crowbery's life, without exposing my own to the same danger, is a painful reflection, that I shall not easily get rid of.

At this moment Mr L—— came up, and his chaise being entangled in the same defile, he got out upon the report of the pistol, and ran with all speed to the place of action. As soon as he had seen a reconciliation between the parties perfectly effected, he drew Henry aside, and communicated to him the intelligence he had in charge from Blachford, of which the reader is already informed.

Henry stood wrapt in deep attention, pondering upon an event so strange and unlooked for, till Mr L——, having clearly detailed the whole account, with all particulars leading to it, ceased from speaking. Henry now perceived it was expected of him to reply, and began by returning thanks to Mr L—— for the communication he had given him, which, he observed, was of a sort so extraordinary, that, if he had received it from authority less respectable, he should scarce have given credit to it, considering it only as the vapour of a delirium, to which no rationality could be affixed, and, of course, he should have treated the deed as nugatory and illegal.—But to you,

sir, added he, and to the other gentlemen, who attest his capacity, I must give perfect credit. Certain it is that Mr Blachford, in his dealings with me, has something to repent of; but it is as certain I needed not to be stimulated to forgiveness by any other bribe than the satisfaction of giving ease to the compunctious feelings of a dying man, as you describe him to be: I shall instantly attend upon him, according to his desire; and to the conclusions I may draw from that interview, I must refer my final resolution.

This said, they parted, Mr L—— proceeding on his way towards Manstock-house, Henry to the cottage of his friend Ezekiel, where Captain Cary set him down, and pursued his journey.

It was still early morning; Ezekiel, however, was up and alone, and had just saluted the nostrils of Aurora with his morning pipe. The smoke that curled round his head did not prevent him from recognizing the face of his friend; he drew the tube from his mouth, and greeted him with his usual welcome: he began immediately upon the business of Blachford, in which Henry gave him no interruption, though the detail was sufficiently verbose and circumstantial, in the course of which he did not forget to interweave many pious calls and admonitions to a worthy use of the great and unexpected good fortune that had befallen him.

When Henry had heard him to an end, he made a very proper acknowledgment of the obligations he was under to him for his zealous and kind services. In this part of his discourse, he expressed himself with warmth and animation; but when he came to speak of his own immediate interest in Blachford's intended bequest, the reflections he had brought with him from Manstock-house weighed so heavy on his spirits, that his language sunk below indifference. This was matter of surprise to honest Daw, who knew not that his friend had to lament a loss, by the forfeiture of Isabella's esteem, which no worldly wealth or prosperity could compensate; he was, therefore, instant with him not to put on an assumed contempt for the good things of this life, which were only then to be despised when they were unworthily employed.—Moderation, he observed, was much to be commended, but insensibility was a degradation of our nature.—To a remark so little applicable to his case, Henry made no reply, but grasping the hand of the good man, who was sitting beside him, and watching his countenance at this moment, he exclaimed—By my soul, Ezekiel, thou hast the kindest, best, and worthiest heart in nature, and when hard fate shall separate us, as soon it will, by heavens! the parting from you will make a woman of me, so much do I love and honour you.

Ezekiel stared wildly at him for a moment, then drew the pipe full smoking from his mouth, whiffed away what he had drawn from it with

an indignant air, and dashed it on the hearth to atoms.—Parting! he exclaimed; by the life of Pharaoh, I will never part from thee!

Then rising suddenly from his seat, and stretching himself up upon his insteps, he assumed a posture so militarily perpendicular, and at the same time pursed his brow into a frown that marked such determined resolution, that our hero, gazing with astonishment upon a figure at once so enthusiastic and so grotesque, waited in suspense till the oracle should utter his definitive response.—Set forward, at length, cried Ezekiel; set forward, I say, young man, when thou wilt; with the blessing of the Lord, I am ready to accompany thee.

Ezekiel's mind was not made to embrace more than one object at a time, if that was an interesting one; in friendship, more especially, his ideas were too ardent to be at leisure for any other subject collaterally, so that he had just now consigned Blachford and his legacy to absolute oblivion; neither did he keep his offer back till inquiry could be made of Henry, whither he was going, and why he was going at all; but having quitted his wicker chair, and disposed of his tobacco pipe by shivering it into fragments, he strode to the corner of the kitchen, where he seized hold of his faithful crabstick, and brandishing it with a gallant air, declared himself forthwith ready to begin his march.—Hold, cried Henry, smiling, have patience, my good friend; ours is no short trip, and methinks you are not equipped for a long one.

That's true, that's true, replied Ezekiel; I protest to you my apparel had escaped me.—And, indeed, unless an oldblack-and-white stuff night-gown, with a woollen cap on his head, and worn-out shoes cut into slippers on his feet, might be called the proper trim of a traveller, honest Ezekiel was at this moment no otherwise provided.

But you forget, said Henry, Mr Blachford and his business.

Ods my life, quoth Daw, as sure as can be, it had slipt my memory; and now it comes into my mind that I should have asked you whether it is that you are going, and how it comes to pass that you are posting away just when fortune is dropping into your lap: These, do you see, friend Henry, are very natural questions, and my only wonder is, how it came about that they did not occur to me before.

'Tis all in good time, quoth Henry, for if I can prevail, you shall not set a foot without these doors on my account. With the officer who accompanied me hither in the chaise, I am going out of England.

Well, well, resumed the good man, if thou art going in a good cause, were it to circumnavigate the globe, I'll not flinch from my word. Dost think because I am a man of peace, I am therefore not a man of spirit? But whither art thou bound? Is it to fight the enemies of our

country? Be it so! The danger thou canst face, I shall not fly from.

I know I may depend upon your secrecy, said Henry, therefore I shall not disguise from you my intentions: Lady Crowbery is ordered to Lisbon.

And dost thou think of going with her? cried Ezekiel.

Not so, replied Henry, for I shall take my passage by another conveyance.

Here the preacher shook his head, which being noticed by our hero—Banish all these horrid notions, he cried; banish them for ever! Let it not enter into your heart to conceive that my motives are not pious, and my duties sacred. You would have followed me to prison, being a stranger to you and a culprit; she is a guiltless sufferer, my friend and benefactress; shall I do less for her, and be a monster of ingratitude?

Thou shalt not, quoth honest Daw; if gratitude be thy motive: I will travel with a grateful man to the world's utmost limit, nay beyond it, for I pronounce that gratitude is a lovely virtue. It is—it is—but I have now no time to tell thee what it is; I will speak more fully of it on another occasion. But hark thee, friend of mine, thou must also be regardful of thine interests in this Blachford: he is a dying man, and should'st thou not be present when he breathes his last, the harpies may lay hold of his effects, and thou mayst be defrauded of some part at least of that property which is lawfully to devolve to thee.

Whatever may be the consequence, replied Henry, I shall not put interest in the balance against conscience. I must perform my duty to Lady Crowbery; and if you will remain here, and act on my behalf upon the spot, all will be well; and, in fact, my friend, as you have been the moving cause of all this unlooked-for good fortune, I have a claim upon your kind offices for completing what you have begun.

Very well, replied Daw, we shall see what is to be done after you have visited the sick man; in the meantime I will go and apparel myself for the day.

CHAP. XI.

A Death-bed Dialogue, in which some Readers will think there is much Folly, others much Honour, on the part of our Hero.

WHILST Ezekiel Daw was ascending to his cock-loft, and before Henry had set out upon his visit to Blachford, Doctor Zachary Cawdle, returning from his patient at the next door, entered the cottage. As soon as he espied our hero—Welcome, welcome, he exclaimed, thou child of good fortune; sure the skies rain gold for you; here's a chance, and a change! Marry, the times are strangely altered, Henry, since you

and I first met. Why this Justice of ours is indeed a justice at last, and honest Ezekiel the preacher has once in his life preached to some purpose; I have only made a hole in the head of my patient, he has opened his heart. And so you are now the Squire of Crowbery, heir to his whole fortune, a few legacies excepted, one of which I am sure you will not regret—a small bequest to Susan May, to balance old accompts. But what gratifies me above all is, that he has entirely cut this good-for-nothing peer out of his will, who stood heir to his whole property before this blow upon his skull brought my patient to a better recollection. Death and Ezekiel together have wrought a wonderful reformation.

When Zachary had rambled on in this strain for some time, Henry, who had paid little or no attention to what he had been saying, demanded if it was now a proper time for him to pay his visit to Mr Blachford?—Zachary replied, that he had just then been dressing his wound, and would recommend him to wait a few minutes before he presented himself for admission.

Sit down then, cried Henry, if you please, and satisfy my anxious curiosity on a subject infinitely more interesting to me, than all my expectations from Mr Blachford, had he the wealth of the Indies to bestow.—He then began a course of inquiries relative to his mother, which, with Zachary's circumstantial answers, and certain occasional digressions, into which his professional vanity betrayed him, held on the conversation till it was time for him to repair to Blachford. He had, however, in the course of this conversation, commissioned Zachary to report to his mother everything that he wished her to be informed of, respecting the time he should pass in attendance upon Blachford, and the resolution he had taken of repairing to Lisbon, in the hope of paying his duty to her there: He was very particular in guarding against mistakes, and repeated his instructions so frequently, and with such precision, that Zachary, who did not just then call to mind all the reasons for his caution, began to feel offended at his manner, and asked him, if he could not trust his memory for conveying a simple message?

I should have thought so, replied Henry, if you had not, most unfortunately for me, let it fail you in the matter of the little packet, which you was to deliver to me from my mother.—He then proceeded to explain to him the importance of that paper, the opportunity he had lost by not possessing it in time, and the fatal consequences that had nearly ensued upon his alteration with the person it alluded to.—Zachary heard all this with astonishment, and, after bestowing upon himself a very plentiful proportion of blockheads and boobies, promised that he would spare no pains to atone for his mistake, by inquiring out Mr Delapoer, when he should arrive in London with Lady Crowbery; and he despaired not but intelligence could there

be obtained of him, if he was actually in England, as Lady Crowbery supposed, of which, however, he declared, for his part, he took leave to doubt. And now the time being come when the Doctor judged his patient might be accessible, he asked Henry if he had set his thoughts in order for an interview; and being answered that he was ready to accompany him, he rose from his seat, when Henry, recollecting himself on a sudden, stopped, and taking him by the button, said, One word more, if you please, before we part: I think you said there was a legacy bequeathed to Susan May, and that it was to balance old accounts: I pr'ythee, my good friend, tell me, if it is no inviolable secret, what those old accounts are which Blachford has to balance?

Humph! quoth the accoucheur, it was an account of about nine months standing, and such a one as sometimes falls into my hands to audit: if you can guess at it you may, but we reveal no secrets of this sort; 'tis against the free-masonry of our order.

Well then, said Henry, I know it, but you did not tell me. Blachford, we will suppose, seduced Susan May, and had a child by her; is it not so?

I must confess, replied the Doctor, there is as fine a boy now alive, of somebody's producing, as ever I ushered into the world, yourself not excepted, and, to the best of my belief, his worship has the honour of being the father of it; 'tis but right, therefore, you see, that some provision should be made for its maintenance, and, if I am not mistaken, it is to the exact amount of forty pounds a-year, charged upon the estate, which I dare say you will not think unreasonable.

Here Zachary made a pause; but Henry remaining silent, he proceeded—You will hear this from Blachford himself, in which case I shall be acquitted of the secret; but, as we have kept it close hitherto, I am persuaded you will not let it get out, to the prejudice of the poor girl in her place, for I think she will hardly be so foolish as to throw that up voluntarily on account of this legacy.

Henry asked if this was all Blachford had done for the mother and child?—Zachary assured him, that, to the best of his remembrance, there was no other incumbrance on their account; it was a case of conscience, he observed, and though he believed they had been upon no terms of intimacy for some time past, yet, for his own part, he should have given very little credit to Blachford's reformation, if he had gone out of the world, and taken no notice of a poor girl, whom he had reason to suspect was trepanned into the scrape by very unfair practices; and though, perhaps, she was somewhat of the wildest afterwards, as Henry himself probably could witness, yet whom had she to thank for it but her seducer?

'Tis enough, cried Henry; I am ready to attend you to Mr Blachford's.

After waiting a few minutes in a lower room, whilst the Doctor went up stairs to announce his arrival, our hero was admitted to the sick man's chamber: he was lying on his couch, supported by pillows, and upon Henry's entering, Zachary and the nurse retired. One small ray of light was let into the room, which served to guide the steps of our hero through the gloom, who had been desired to tread with great caution, and to speak low, as the least jar was intolerable to the aching brain of the wounded man. A chair was placed close to the couch, at the right hand of Blachford, who made a sign to his visitor to seat himself in it. This he accordingly did, treading lightly, and with care, as he moved towards it.

A silence for some time was observed by both parties, Blachford holding his handkerchief to his eyes the whilst. At last, speaking in a feeble tone, he said, I am afraid and ashamed to look upon you; I fear it is not possible you can forgive me, and, if you could, how can I hope—Here something seemed to choke his speech, and he broke off.

Henry waited a while in compassionate attention, but finding him relapsing into his former debility, with his handkerchief again held to his eyes, he thought it time to speak, and addressed him as follows:—Mr Blachford, I do beseech you to believe, that what I am about to say to you is not dictated by any interested motives, but springs freely and voluntarily from my heart, influenced only by an unfeigned commiseration for the state in which I find you, and a firm reliance on the sincerity of your contrition. For whatever you have done or meditated against me, I do most entirely, and from my soul, forgive you.

You are infinitely kind and compassionate, said Blachford, faintly; but I have been the cruellest of monsters towards you, not only in the dark business that has brought me to this condition, but in the matter of the trial, where I would fain have suppressed the evidence that so clearly acquitted you. But this is not all; it was I who set Lord Crowbery upon you; I was the tale-bearer from that wretched woman Mrs Cawdle, that made him furious against you and this unhappy lady, who, I dare say, was falsely slandered and unjustly persecuted through my means; I have all her sufferings on my conscience; I am weighed down by offences. Alas! what will become of me? and what atonement can I now make to you in the first place? what to that injured lady, whose health, fame, happiness, have been sacrificed to my malice? for it was the very demons of malice, envy, and jealousy, that possessed me against you, and through you against her. All that I can do is all too little; yet what I can I have done. I know I can expect no mercy from Heaven, if I

do not strive to repair the wrongs I have done upon earth. Justice demands that I should do my best to make that life happy which I have attempted to destroy: Heaven grant that my endeavours may succeed! Poverty, at least, you need no longer dread; by this deed you are heir to all I am possessed of, and be assured, most excellent young man, that if conscience did not force me to the act, choice and opinion in your favour would now lead me to it freely and voluntarily, for I am confident you deserve it, and long, long may you enjoy it!

If I am to receive this, said Henry, (taking the will that Blachford tendered to him,) as an act of justice and atonement, which your conscience impels you to discharge, I certainly shall not oppose myself to your will and pleasure; but before I acquiesce in a deed that accumulates all your atonement upon me alone, I should know, and be convinced, there are no other injured persons who have better claims upon it; nay, give me leave to say, who have any claims. You well observed just now, that you could expect no mercy from Heaven, if you did not strive to repair the wrongs you have done upon earth; it was a becoming sentiment, and I believe I repeat it nearly, if not correctly, in your own words; suffer me, therefore, I conjure you, by your hope in Heaven, to put it closely to your conscience, whether you have repaired all wrongs committed against others as fully and sufficiently as you have those committed against me?

The sick man paused, as one employed in recollection; at last he said, he thought he could reply with a safe conscience, that he had made proportionable restitution to all claimants on the score of injuries—One of that description, said he, you will find remembered in my will; an acquaintance of your own, Susan May by name; I have burthened you with a provision of forty pounds a-year for her life.

And why have you so done? said Henry.

Because—because, replied Blachford, I have extorted favours from her she did not voluntarily grant, and thereby encumbered her with difficulties and expenses which this annuity will amply satisfy. Ah! my dear sir! added he, this was the severest tug of all I had to struggle with; for that girl has been the cruel cause of all my misery. I was infatuated with her charms; I doated upon her to distraction; but as soon as she set her eyes on you, she turned them from me with loathing and abhorrence. This was horror to my heart; this it was that made me furious to revenge myself on you; 'twas jealousy, outrageous jealousy, that inspired me to attempt your life; judge, therefore, what I had to combat, before I could persuade myself to make atonement to one, whom in reason I regarded as rather bound to atone to me, for all the pains and sorrows that have embittered

my sad cup, and brought me to this lamentable state of body and of mind.

You have an infant son by her, said Henry.

You know it then, it seems? replied the sick man. I have a son by her; at least I think he is my son; and in that persuasion nature had its share of influence for softening my resentment, and inducing me to make provision for a helpless innocent.

What must that nature be, cried Henry, which does not feel this influence? But you have used the word resentment; I pray you, sir, inform me rightly of your cause of resentment against this young woman; did she seduce you, or you her?

You know her well, I dare say, sir, said Blachford; you must have had possession of her frequently.

Never, I take Heaven to witness; never, by all that's sacred! exclaimed Henry, elevating his voice rather above the pitch proper for his situation.

You astonish me, said the other; may I indeed believe you?

As confidently as you believe in Heaven. She is innocent for me; I should be happy for your conscience sake could you say as much with the same truth; for yet you have not answered to the question of seduction, on which, as I conceive, the whole of your responsibility must turn, and by that you ought to measure and proportion your atonement.

Then I will answer you, returned Blachford, sighing, and discharge my troubled conscience by confession of the whole proceeding. Seduction base as hell was practised by my agent to submit her to my desires; my housekeeper, a woman corrupted to my purposes, invited this girl, then sixteen years of age, and lovely as an angel, to her room in my house; there she caressed her, treated her with dainties, such as she, poor thing, had never tasted; gave her rich cordials, persuading her of their harmless quality, and so, in fine, intoxicated her by surprise. That moment was her ruin; devil as I was, in that state of insensibility I accomplished my vile purpose. The intoxication passed off, and the recovery of her senses disclosed the injury she had suffered: her agonies were strong, and her reproaches vehement; but soothings, presents, promises, were lavishly bestowed, and in conclusion took effect: she was poor, and vain of her fair person; I was not wanting to profit of that vanity, and I gave her means to deck herself out in a style that put down all her rivals in the village. The good dame, her mother, it is true, was alarmed; but I took means to lull her suspicions, and she lived rent-free in her cottage. I don't say she accommodated me in my intrigue, but she was credulous in the extreme, and my professions, jointly with my favours, blinded her effectually. Susan recovered

her spirits, and I, by a collusion with that sorry jade, whom honest Cawdle is condemned to call wife, put Susan into her service, removing her from under the eye of her mother and that worthy soul Ezekiel Daw, who lived with her. Here I had free access ; but dearly paid by occasional civilities to that disgusting sot her mistress. At nine months' end from my first knowledge of her she bore this boy ; Zachary brought him into the world, and the affair was secretly so managed as to create no suspicion, even in her mother. It is a lovely boy, and I put him out to nurse, providing for his maintenance, and frequently visiting him. Here, then, you have my full confession : let Susan therefore enjoy her annuity, which I can well believe you think she fully deserves ; and suffer me to hope you will protect and be a father to my helpless child.

Hear me ! cried Henry, and let me implore you to have regard for your departing soul : I am myself, like your poor innocent, a son of nature, born out of marriage, thrown upon the world without inheritance, and unacknowledged by the laws of man ; yet I have found a friend that leaves me nothing to regret, when I decline your bounty, which here I solemnly declare, calling my God to witness, I peremptorily renounce in favour of your son. Bequeath not your own child to a stranger ; make not me your intermediate instrument of justice ; but plead your own atonement at the throne of Mercy, and delay not for a moment to mitigate

the wrath of that just Judge, who will not spare the parent that abandons his own offspring.

Oh horrible ! cried Blachford ; you tear my heart asunder.

Not so, Henry answered, lowering his voice ; I'll heal it, soften it, comfort it. You shall live happily, or die in peace ; and never will I quit this place till you consent to what I ask. 'Tis for your sake I intercede ; it is to awaken nature in your heart, and reconcile you to your God, that I thus earnestly conjure you to strike out my name from this mistaken paper, and adopt your son.

Mysterious, wonderful young man ! cried Blachford : I do not know your name ; the blanks are left for you to fill.

Then fill them with the name that naturally should fill them. Send for your infant and his mother ; I'll be your messenger. Enjoy the gratifying sight of those whom you make happy, and let me be, not your heir, but the executor of your will, and the guardian of your son : then I will call you just ; then and only then will I honour your memory, and record you as my friend and benefactor.

Do with me as you will, cried Blachford ; your generosity overcomes me ; I sicken and am faint ; language fails me ; I commit myself to your disposal.

Our hero said no more ; his suit was granted ; joy swelled his benevolent heart ; he rose from his seat, cast a look of pity on the dying man, and departed.

BOOK THE SEVENTH.

CHAP. I.

An humble Apology for Authors in general, with some modest Hints at their peculiar Usefulness.

I HOPE the candid reader now and then calls to mind how much more nimbly he travels over these pages, than the writer of them did. When our dulness is complained of, it would be but charity in him to reflect how much pains that same dulness has cost us ; more, he may be assured, than our brighter intervals, where we sprung nimbly forward with an easy weight, instead of toiling like a carrier's horse, whose slow and heavy pace argues the load he draws,

and the labour he endures : Alas for us poor novelists, if there were no mercy for dull authors, and our countrymen, like the barbarous Libethrians of old, should take it into their minds to banish music and the muses out of the land, and murder every Orpheus that did not fiddle to their taste ! They should consider, that the man who makes a book, makes a very pretty piece of furniture ; and if they will but consign us to a quiet station on a shelf, and give us wherewithal to cover us in a decent trim, the worst amongst us will serve to fill up the file, and stop a gap in the ranks.

'Tis hard indeed to toil, as we sometimes do, to our own loss and disappointment ; to sweat in the field of fame, merely to reap a harvest of chaff, and pile up reams of paper for the worm to dine upon. It is a cruel thing to rack our brains for nothing, run our jaded fancies to a

stand-still, and then lie down at the conclusion of our race, a carcase for the critics. And what is our crime all the while? A mere mistake between our readers and ourselves, occasioned by a small miscalculation of our capacities and their candour; all which would be avoided, if, happily for us, they had not the wit to find out our blunders, or, happily for them, had all that good-nature for us, that we generously exercise towards ourselves. If once they could bring their tempers to this charming complacency, they might depend upon having books in plenty; authors would multiply like polypusses, and the press would be the happiest mother in the kingdom.

How many worthy gentlemen are there in this blessed island of ours, who have so much time upon their hands, that they do not know what to do with it? I am aware how large and respectable a portion of this enlightened nation centre their delights in the chase, and draw an elegant resource from the sagacity of the hound, and the vigour of the horse: but they cannot always be on the saddle; the elements they cannot command; and frost and snow will lock them up within their castle walls: there it is possible that solitude may surprise them, and dismiss them for a time to the solace of their own lucubrations; now, with all possible respect for these resources, I should think it may sometimes be worth their while to make experiment of other people's lucubrations, when they have worn out their own, for those must be but sorry thoughts, which are not better than not thinking at all; and the least they can gain by an author is a nap.

The ingenuity of man has invented a thousand contrivances for innocently disposing of idle time; let us, therefore, who write books, have only the idlers on our side, in gratitude for the amusement we give them, and let the rest of the world be as splenetic as they will, we may set their spleen at naught; the majority will be with us.

If a querulous infant is stilled by a rattle, the maker of the rattle has saved somebody's ears from pain and persecution; grant, therefore, that a novel is nothing better than a toy for children of a larger growth and more unruly age, society has some cause to thank the writer of it; it may have put an aching head to rest; it may have cheered the debtor in his prison, or the country squire in a hard frost. Traders will cry up the commodity they deal in, therefore I do not greatly insist on the praises which some that write books have bestowed on book-writing; but I do observe, that great respect is paid to an author by those who cannot read him, wherefore, I conclude, those who can read, and do not praise him, are only silent because they want words to express their admiration and gratitude; whilst those sanguine flatterers, who,

in the excess of their respect for our persons, cry down our performances, give evident proof how much higher they had pitched their expectations of what our talents would produce, than our productions could make good; but though, in their zeal for our reputations, they tell us how ill we write, they seldom neglect at the same time to shew us how we might have written still worse.

Some over-wise people have pretended to discover, that this altercation between author and critic, is nothing more than a mere plot and contrivance to play into each other's hands, like Mountebank and Zany; but this is over-acted sagacity, and an affectation of finding more mysteries in the art of authorship, than really belong to it; for my part, I believe it is a business of a more simple nature, than most which can be taken up, and that authors in general require nothing more than pen, ink, and paper, to set up with. In ancient times, the trade was in few hands, and the work seems then to have been composed with much pains and forethought; materials were collected with great care, and put together with consummate accuracy and attention; every part was fitted to its place, polished to the height, and finished to perfection; there were inspectors on the part of the public, men of sound judgment, and fully competent to the office, who brought the work to a standard of rule and measure, and insisted upon it, that every whole should have a *beginning, a middle, and an end*. Under these strict regulations the ancients wrote; but now that practice has made us perfect, and the trade is got into so many hands, these regulations are done away, and so far from requiring of us a *beginning, middle, and end*, it is enough if we can shew a head and a tail; and it is not always that even these can be made out with any tolerable precision. As our authors write with less labour, our critics review with less care, and for every one fault that they mark in our productions, there probably might be found one hundred that they overlook. It is an idle notion, however, to suppose, that therefore they are in league and concert with the authors they revise; for where could that poor fraternity find a fund to compensate them for suffering a vocation, once so reputable, to fall into such utter disgrace under their management, as to be no longer the employ of a gentleman? As for our readers, on whom we never fail to bestow the terms of candid, gentle, courteous, and others of the like soothing cast, they certainly deserve all the fair words we can give them; for it is not to be denied, but that we make occasionally very great demands upon their candour, gentleness, and courtesy, exercising them frequently and fully with such trials as require those several endowments in no small proportion. The farther I advance, therefore, in this work, the civiler I will be; and to those readers who shall follow me into this third vo-

lume, I may with justice apply the epithets of patient, persevering, faithful, and so on, with a *crecendo* in my strain, till the piece is concluded.

But are there not also fastidious, angry, querulential readers? readers with full stomachs, who complain of being surfeited and overloaded with the story-telling trash of our circulating libraries? It cannot be altogether denied, but still they are readers: if the load is so heavy upon them as they pretend it is, I will put them in the way of getting rid of it, by reviving the law of the ancient Cecertæans, who obliged their artists to hawk about their several wares, carrying them on their backs, till they found purchasers to ease them of the burden. Were this law put in force against authors, few of us, I doubt, would be found able to stand under the weight of our own unpurchased works.

But whilst the public is contented with things as they are, where is the wonder if the reform is never made by us till they begin it in themselves? Let their taste lead the fashion, and our productions must accord to it. Whilst the Cookeries of Hannah Glass outcirculate the Commentaries of Blackstone, authors will be found, who prefer the compilation of receipts to that of records, as the easier and more profitable task of the two. If puerilities are pleasing, men will write *ut pueris placeant*.

When Demosthenes was engaged in the defence of a certain citizen of Athens, who was brought to trial upon a charge of a capital nature, neither the importance of the cause, nor the eloquence of the pleader, could fix the attention of the judges who were sitting on the trial; the orator, observing their levity, on a sudden stopped short in the midst of his harangue, and addressing himself to the court,—“Listen to me,” he cried, “ye venerable judges, for a few moments, and I will tell you a merry tale:—A certain young man, having occasion to take a journey from this city of ours to Megara, hired an ass for the job; but being extremely incommoded on the way by a scorching sun, which smote him with intolerable heat at noon, he dismounted from his beast, and made free to take post under the shade of his carcase; upon this, the ass-owner, who accompanied him, remonstrated with great vehemence, contending that his ass was let for the journey simply and precisely, and that the service now required of him was extra-conditional and illegal; the traveller, with equal vehemence, maintained, that he was warranted in the use he made of him, and that having hired the ass in substance, he was entitled to the benefit of his shadow into the bargain; the question was open to controversy, and the parties went to trial on the case.”—Here Demosthenes ceased, and taking up his brief, prepared to leave the court; the judges, seeing this, called out to him to return and go

on with his pleading.—“For shame, ye men of Athens,” cried the indignant orator, “ye can lend your ears to the story of an ass, but will not bestow your attention upon a trial that involves the life or death of a fellow-citizen!”

CHAP. II.

Our Hero undergoes a strict Examination by a certain Judge, called Conscience.

As soon as our hero had brought Blachford to consent to his disinterested proposal, he took immediate measures for securing the success of it. To bring the infant and its mother to an interview with the dying penitent, was his first object. The woman, who had the child at nurse, did not live above two miles off, so that a messenger would soon fetch her over: Susan, indeed, was at a greater distance, but the day yet served for bringing her from Manstock; and Henry immediately sat down and wrote the following note:

“DEAR SUSAN,

“A business in which you are greatly interested, requires your presence in this place; Mr Blachford’s life is so precarious, that not an hour is to be lost: I recommend it to you, therefore, to state this to your amiable lady, and, with her permission, come away directly in the chaise, that will attend for that purpose.

“Yours sincerely,

“HENRY.”

Whilst Henry was writing this note, young Tom Weevil, who had got notice of his arrival, opportunely called upon him, and no sooner understood that he wanted a messenger to Manstock-house, than he zealously tendered his services for that errand, and by Henry was instructed to ride to the next market town, which luckily was in the road, and there put himself into a post chaise, for the purpose of conveying Susan in the most speedy and commodious manner.

This business being thus adjusted, and another messenger dispatched for the nurse and child, our hero returned to the cottage, and throwing himself into Ezekiel’s wicker chair, enjoyed for some minutes, in silent reflection, that heart-felt satisfaction, that only can result from self-approving conscience. As he meditated on the sacrifice he was now about to make, he felt a momentary gleam of virtuous exultation, which tempted him to cry out—O Ratcliffe! dear departed friend! thou would’st have praised me for this deed; and if thy sainted spirit holds communication with me still, I know thou wilt regard it as a pledge of my obedience to thy fatherly instructions.—But what is this I boast of? No—

thing, compared to the severer trial that awaits me, and demands an effort strong indeed, a sacrifice from which my heart shrinks back with terror and dismay. Oh! be my guardian still; let thy protecting spirit strengthen my feeble nature, and inspire me with the resolution to fulfil the fatal promise I have made, and pay the forfeit of my folly.—Married to Fanny Claypole!—All hopes of happiness for ever blasted, to repair her reputation wantonly exposed!—Hard terms indeed, and heavy penalty I have exacted from myself in an unguarded moment; but the word is passed, and I must honourably make it good: and fit I should, if that is the atonement she requires; for what but chance prevented the completion of my guilt? The meditation, therefore, in my instance, is the act itself; and I am virtually her debtor to no less amount than for the loss of all that can be valuable to a modest woman. I know the plea that some would make; her forwardness, her fondness, her allurements: if this were good in any case, it would be so in mine; but the excuse is mean and villainous; that and that only can be my acquittal, which acquits me to myself; this cannot serve the turn; my conscience never will be quieted by evasions. 'Tis true the act was frustrated; what then? I was not quite so abandoned as to sin in the presence of a warning angel: and can I ever lose the memory of that rebuke, which the offended purity of that angel justly bestowed? Oh, Isabella! how that frown made my heart sink within me! Never again shall I have confidence to look upon that lovely face, which till that moment ever greeted me with smiles. No more shall that sweet voice salute my ears like music, as it was wont to do in the still hour of evening, when we walked together: those happy hours are never to return again!

Zachary Cawdle now made his appearance, having returned from his visit to Lady Crowbery. —I bring you news, said he, of our excellent lady, that will please you; her disorder seems abated, and I flatter myself she will gain strength and spirits to carry her through her journey both by land and sea: she sets out to-morrow in the forenoon for Manstock-house, where she will repose herself for that night. I have her express commands to desire you will not fail to meet her there.

I know not how that can be, said Henry.

She is very anxious it should be, I can assure you, rejoined the Doctor; and I believe she has very interesting matters to confer with you upon, for she said she must positively see you, as she could not express all she had to say by letter; neither indeed do I hold it fit she should exhaust herself in writing for any length of time. If it is your business with Mr Blachford that stands in the way, I hope that may be dismissed before it will be necessary for you to set out to-morrow from this place.

Henry asked if her ladyship had said anything on that subject.

Not much, Zachary replied; she had noticed it but slightly, seeming to intimate a doubt whether it was matter of congratulation or not; which, I confess, he added, rather puzzled me to account for, as her ladyship cannot fail to know that our neighbour will, in the vulgar phrase, die fat; and let your expectations be what they may, surely a good fortune in hand is a good thing at all events.

Most people are of that opinion, said Henry; but her ladyship, perhaps, may think otherwise.

Whatever she thinks, replied Zachary, I dare say she will keep it to herself, till she meets you, and converses with you at Manstock.

To this our hero made no further answer, but turned the discourse, by inquiring after Mrs Cawdle.

Her health, said the Doctor, is no better, her temper much worse, and her enthusiasm more extravagant than ever. Blachford's situation seems to trouble her much; she has lived with him as a sinner, and would now fain part from him like a saint; but he has refused all her tenders, and has given his conscience into Ezekiel's keeping: this mortifies her in a double sense, for she not only meant to send him out of the world in the true faith, but had an eye also to the good things he has to leave behind him, of which she had no objection to come in for a share; but, thanks to the fates! all that is otherwise disposed of. As to the state of her constitution, that is in a rapid decline from bad to worse, being only held together like a sinking vessel, by the very elements that sap and undermine it. When I take my leave of her, as I shall do to-morrow, great chance if ours is not an everlasting farewell.

This said, Zachary took his leave, having many preparations to make for his approaching departure.

Henry was not sorry to be left to his reflections, for his mind was greatly embarrassed by the message he had received from Lady Crowbery. To present himself once more at Manstock-house, was painful in the extreme; to disobey the commands of a mother on so interesting a summons, was an alternative not to be thought of: how to avoid the one without transgressing the other, was a point of difficulty that now engrossed his thoughts; and as for Zachary's concluding account of Jemima's melancholy condition, from that it is more than probable, he had carried off very little, if any, information.

The greatest evil of all, that sunk deepest into his mind, was his engagement to Miss Claypole, a lady very little to his taste, and the consequent loss of all hope that had respect to Isabella; a lady, whom at his heart he most ardently admired and loved. The disgrace he had incurred with himself, as well as with her, in that fa-

tal moment of his weakness, was a cutting recollection. Till then, he had stood high in the good opinion of that excellent young lady ; every hour that he passed in Manstock-house, whilst she was present, made this more and more manifest ; even his natural humility of character could not overlook it ; he saw the advances he made in her good graces, and only trembled for her danger, lest they were too rapid ; every look, every action that was directed towards him, had an expression not to be mistaken. Susan's reports confirmed the interest that he had established in the approving heart of her lovely mistress, and the satisfaction which she took in her evening walks with him, with the innocent contrivances she had to prolong and to repeat them, were flattering indications of an attachment forming fast, if not already formed ; the greater, therefore, was his fall from hopes so elevated ; and what could he now expect from purity like hers, but absolute dismissal and contempt ?

As for the measures he was now to take towards his new-discovered mother, they seemed to offer nothing to his view but a maze of difficulties. To lay open to her his embarrassments, and make a full confession of his faults and misfortunes, was a task his resolution was not equal to, neither did it seem a fit subject to discourse with her upon in her present state of health and spirits. But how to keep it from her was the question—how to stop so many channels through which the disgraceful story might find its way to her, was a point not easily to be determined ; how far Miss Manstock might have spread her discovery, was matter of uncertainty ; her delicacy would hardly be brought to continue the same intimacy with Fanny Claypole as before ; and everything was to be dreaded from that young lady's flippant style of talking, who would naturally make public the engagement she had entered into with him, as an apology essential to her own defence. These, and many other apprehensions that pressed upon his thoughts, were rendered doubly alarming, when he took into his consideration the character of Mr Claypole, from whom he had everything to expect that a jealous, deep-projecting spirit could devise ; he saw to what extent his influence over Sir Roger Manstock might be carried ; and he had no cause to doubt him well disposed to put it to the stretch for any object that he had at heart. Beset on all sides with such difficulties, and in a strait, from which he spied no honourable escape, it is not to be wondered at if his thoughts wavered without any fixed resolve, embarrassed and distressed.

One small alleviation fortune granted him, by the occupation of Ezekiel at this time with his penitent at next door : he was not present to interpose and aggravate, with fruitless declamations against the incontinence of Susan May, or the enormous crime of duelling, which Henry's affair with Captain Crowbery was sure to draw upon him ; when behold the whole matter

brought to issue at once, by the arrival of Mr Claypole himself now at the door of the cottage, and at this very moment in the act of dismounting from his palfrey.

CHAP. III.

Our Hero undergoes a second Examination, by a certain Judge with whom Conscience has no concern.

THOUGH the reverend gentleman who now visited our hero in his humble cottage was left by us, when last we attended upon him, in the mind to defer this visit to the next morning, yet second thoughts had made him change that resolve, upon the prudent recollection of the many interventions a procrastinated measure is exposed to, especially when it hangs upon the single security of a verbal promise, extorted, as it were, by surprise, and not deliberately given upon judgment and inclination. He therefore thought it best to steal a march upon disappointment, and, without communicating his intentions to his niece, making only a slight apology to Sir Roger, mounted his horse, and proceeded upon a round trot to the village of Crowbery, pondering by the way upon the measures he was to take, and the language he was to hold, for securing the important purposes of his secret expedition.

There was an air of studied composure in his first approaches, with a degree of obsequious ceremony, that did not escape the penetrating observation of our hero Henry, who immediately assimilated his style of address to that of his visitor, and kept himself on the reserve. After the usual salutations had passed and repassed between them, Claypole began to open his commission in the following manner :—

I wait upon you, sir, on the behalf of an orphan niece, for whose happiness and reputation I have all that tender interest, which, as a father, I could entertain for an only child. Miss Claypole, give me leave to say, is a young lady on whose character not the slightest imputation hitherto has been known to rest ; judge, therefore, with what exquisite sensibility she feels the consequences of last night's event, and with what poignant inquietude she is now waiting the confirmation of that promise, which alone can heal those feelings, and relieve her anxious mind from its suspense. She is by nature endowed with the warmest affections ; those affections you have gained : your fine person, engaging attentions, and amiable character, have made a conquest of her heart ; and love, which, in colder bosoms, ripens by degrees, in hers sprung up at once to full maturity, and gave you unequivocal proofs how much you was beloved and trusted. I will not give the name of prudence to a passion of

this cast : I must, as a divine and moralist, condemn excess in every shape ; even our most virtuous propensities must have bounds set to their exertions ; and errors, though arising from motives the most generous, merit some reproof. Yet I will confess to you, that if, in any instance, I could find excuse for an unbounded confidence, it would be in yours, relying, as I do, with so much justice, on your honour and integrity of principle. But, sir, the virgin fame of an untainted character is delicate in the extreme ; it is a blossom shrinking at the blast—withering and drooping with the touch. Those fond unguarded moments, which the sensualist calls *golden opportunities*, the man of honour should account as sacred, and hold the heart, which love commits into his hands, as an inviolable trust. Now, it has so happened, whether casually or providentially we will not inquire, that those very proofs of confidence and affection, which must have endeared her to you, have exposed her to reproach and shame, and obliged her to fly from the society she was in, to my solitary parsonage, where she is now hiding herself in retirement and exclusion from all visitors but yourself, anxiously awaiting the completion of your promise to restore her to her reputation, her happiness, and friends. It is not, therefore, that I harbour any doubt of your good faith—it is not that I can suppose you lost to honour, or insensible to the beauty, fortune, and good qualities of my niece, that I now require a confirmation of your word of honour from your own lips, but simply that I may be authorized not only to put her inquietude to rest, but also to assure Sir Roger Manstock, whose delicacy suffers great alarm by what has passed beneath his roof, that there is no call for his remonstrances, nor any insult meditated to a lady under his protection, and for whose redress he holds himself responsible.

Here Claypole ceased, and Henry replied as follows :—A very few words, sir, will suffice to answer all you have been pleased to say. I perfectly well remember what I have promised to Miss Claypole, and I want neither menaces nor persuasions to induce me to perform it.

Give me leave, then, cried Claypole, interposing, to felicitate you on the possession of a lady, whom, I have the vanity to say, the best gentleman in the kingdom might be proud to call his wife. I boast not of her fortune, sir, that is but a secondary consideration, where so many admirable qualities conspire to make the union happy ; and fortune, perhaps, though with many the first object, may have lost much of its weight, if any it ever had, in your esteem, since this great accession has so luckily devolved upon you.

Truly, sir, said Henry, in reply, Miss Claypole's fortune never weighed with me ; and as for this extraordinary bequest of Mr Blachford's, which was totally unthought of, 'tis evident,

from the recency of the event, that it could never be in contemplation of that lady at the moment of our engagement. It was, as you observe, a lucky cast of chance, and therefore, I conceive, whether I may or may not be benefited by it, it does not regularly come into question between you and me.

Not as a principal, perhaps, but collaterally it does ; it gives you means which you was unprovided with before, and, therefore, as a friend, soon to be connected with you in a near degree, you cannot wonder if I feel a lively interest in an event so calculated to promote your happiness.

Right, sir, resumed Henry ; it will promote my happiness, as all things must that please me on reflection, and enable me to say within myself, I have fulfilled the golden rule of doing as I would be done by.

That is indeed, said Claypole, gravely, the great rule of Christian equity ; but I must own I do not at this time exactly see your application of it ; for I should suppose the point of conscience rather lies with Blachford than with you.

I rather think it lies with both ; an act of conscience which we share between us.

I comprehend you now less than I did before, quoth the baffled interrogator ; will you be pleased to explain to me ?

In one single word—Mr Blachford has a son. Claypole started, threw himself back in his chair, and striking his hands together, after the fashion of his patron Sir Roger, exclaimed—Well, sir, a son ! what then ? some bastard, we'll suppose.

And if we do suppose it such, what then ? said Henry, retorting his words rather acrimoniously, and pretty nearly in the same key and cadence.

Claypole paused ; he recollected probably the point his question bore *ad hominem*, and coolly answered, that the law did not acknowledge persons of that description.

But you and I are neither of us lawyers, replied our hero, softening his manner : You are a divine, a moralist profess, and as for me, poor although I am, and probably in the very same predicament with this son of nature, yet I would fain aspire to copy that great rule of Christian equity approved by you, and shew that I am not wanting in a sense of honour towards others, no less than towards Miss Claypole.

Still I am puzzled, rejoined Claypole, to comprehend your meaning : you tell me Blachford has a son. You have not told me that he means to leave him his estate.

Permit me first to ask, what you would counsel him to do, had you his conscience in your care ?

That is a question for myself, not him : I understood that you was made his heir by will.

And so I am, said Henry ; but my will must be consenting to the execution of the deed.

And what should hinder it ? 'Tis an atone-

ment for a murderous attempt : he bestows upon you his fortune ; he sought to take away your life.

He gave life to this innocent.

Some beggar's brat, perhaps : Blachford was very low in his amours : a small provision may suffice for such an one.

But I, said Henry, am no son of Blachford's ; I covet not his gold : I can forgive my enemy without a bribe, but I cannot strip the child of its inheritance to purchase the world's wealth ; I cannot do it ; and I think you do not wish to see me rich on such conditions.

To this the reverend visitor replied, I should have thought, young gentleman, that you had felt the smart of poverty sufficiently to warn you from encountering it afresh : an unconnected being in the world may be romantic at his own expense, but you are not this being ; you have claims upon you nearer, I should suppose, and dearer to you, than this brat of Blachford, which possibly some hussy fathers on him falsely ; and I am unwilling to believe you seriously intend to throw good fortune from you, when you so happily might share it with a well-beloved wife.

Had that lady ever had a share in it, replied Henry, or had that fortune ever been but hinted at as a contingency within the scope of speculation, I should have something to account for ; but you must be conscious how very recently this thing has dropped upon me ; and that it is an unlooked-for opportunity of being just at my own cost ; no other person has a part in what I sacrifice ; and what is that man's honesty, which does not reach beyond his interest ? If we do well, and suffer for it, that service is acceptable. This being a Christian principle, I cannot doubt but it is yours.

At these words, the reverend personage assumed a look of more than ordinary gravity, in which 'tis possible some mixture of wrath might be discernible, and thus made answer.—It is not now a question what my principles may be, but what yours are ; and I suspect, that, under a romantic idea of justice to others, you forget the justice due to yourself and those connected with you. If you can lavish Blachford's whole estate away at a stroke, what security have I that you would not serve Miss Claypole's in the like manner, was it in your power ? Such principles as these are dangerous to the peace and prosperity of families, and you cannot wonder, if, in point of prudence, I am somewhat staggered : He that enriches beggars may make rich folks poor. What will my Lady Crowbery say to this proceeding ?

I have not asked her.

But it will much import you so to do. This fortune would have made you independent : you have now nothing to look to but her favour ; and how is it certain, when this business shall be known, she may not think fit to withdraw

it ? 'Tis right, at least, that her intention should be understood before we venture farther. You have also been engaged in a duel with a relation of Lord Crowbery's. These are altogether such proceedings as may cause a change of sentiment in your patroness ; and what then becomes of my poor niece ? I must be certified from that noble personage herself in what light she regards this most extraordinary measure.

To this Henry replied, If you act solely for yourself in this affair, Mr Claypole, you will act solely from your own judgment ; if for your niece, you will probably consult her wishes before you take a step so totally subversive of the whole transaction, as your reference to Lady Crowbery would be.

I don't understand you, sir ; did you propose to marry without her consent ?

I certainly had not pledged her consent in my promise, and did not, therefore, engage more than myself to the performance of it. If Miss Claypole accepts that promise, my honour is attached to it, and I hold it sacred : if it is referred to Lady Crowbery, my responsibility is taken off, and I shall act by her decision. I hold it as a point of honour to Miss Claypole, thus to state it to you ; the alternative is before you.

Mr Claypole paused for reflection, and then demanded, How would you advise us to proceed, when it appears that you have nothing to depend upon but the eventual bounty and protection of the Lady Crowbery ?—But there is yet another thing, added he, to be explained : you informed my friend Sir Roger Manstock, by a letter which I saw, that you was going out to sea with Captain Cary : I trust you have no thoughts of that ?

Pardon me, sir ; such is my full intention.

Is that consistent, cried Claypole, with your promise to my niece ?

Perfectly so ; she will have no cause to complain of it.

But will Sir Roger Manstock, think you, not oppose his nephew's taking you on board his ship, under such circumstances ?

I should much fear he will, replied Henry, if you exert your influence to dispose him so to do ; in that case I must take some other means.

Then you are resolved at all events to go ?

I am.

And what to do, permit me to inquire ?

I hope, said Henry, you will not press me on that question, seeing we do not treat entirely upon confidence ; had we so done, I should hold nothing back. The affair is now entirely with Miss Claypole ; in her hands I deposit my honour and my destiny ; if she accepts them unconditionally as they were pledged, she has then a right to be informed of my intentions ; if not, the secret dwells with me.

Claypole foresaw that here the conference must end. That secret, he replied, may easily be

guessed at.—Then added in conclusion, I shall make true report of what you tell me to my niece.

CHAP. IV.

The Decree of the Judge without Conscience is reversed.

MR CLAYPOLE had risen from his seat, and was upon the point of departing, when Ezekiel bolted into the room with unaccustomed alacrity, and running up to our young hero, threw his arms about his neck: curiosity, or some deeper motive, fixed the reverend visitor to the spot, and the animated enthusiast, who probably did not know there was a third person present, proceeded to cry out in an ecstatic tone, Henry! my son! my child! my glorious generous boy! may Heaven shower down its blessings on your head! Come to my heart, for it runs over with affection for you. No, no, I cannot part from you; I never will; I will work for you, pray for you, nay, by the Lord, I will fight for you!—Having, whilst he uttered these last words, quitted his embrace, to put himself in a martial attitude, correspondent with the sentiment, he cast his eyes upon the person of the looker-on.—Under favour, reverend sir, he said, I protest I did not advert to your person being present: Mr Claypole, or I am mistaken?

The same, cried Claypole, at your service.

Not so, worthy sir, rejoined Ezekiel; you serve no human master; and I hail the happy chance that brings you hither to partake of that delight, that Christian joy and exultation, which your heart must feel, as preacher of the word of truth and charity, to see this youth, a strippling in the race that is set before us, outstep all competitors, and seize the glorious goal of victory over Mammon, and all his sordid, lucre-loving, filthy worshippers, at an age green in experience, grey, thank Heaven, in virtue, charity, and every Christian grace! Yes, reverend sir, you must surely rejoice and be glad, inasmuch as our friend Henry now appertaineth to your flock; and report speaks loudly of you as of a faithful pastor in Christ, and I, your poor fellow-servant and follower at due distance, venerate you therefore. How then must your pious bosom glow to see that this our friend has sacrificed a noble fortune to his love of justice, rejected treasures poured into his lap; treasures that might have tempted hermits from their cells, to save the sinner's soul, and clear his conscience for the great account! "There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing; there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches," saith the wise man. Behold! this good deed hath our young man done; and, verily, he shall have great riches in the true sense of the pro-

verb. He hath not taken away the inheritance of the poor destitute; he hath not robbed the children's children of their bread, therefore he shall have an inheritance amongst the children of light. I have this instant left the couch of the dying man; I pronounce him a true penitent; the thorns that lurked within his pillow, thy hand, my Henry, hath drawn; his death will be easy; his spirit will expire in blessings; his child is now his heir; the will is closed, and he longs to clasp him in his arms. The poor deluded wench, whom his base arts seduced, the widow's only child, will now be comforted: and when I've set before her eyes the loathsomeness of sin in proper colours, I have good hope she'll tread the paths of purity hereafter; at least she shall not want for exhortations on my part; the daughter of our friendly Widow May shall not be lost for lack of spiritual assistance and advice.

How's this! exclaimed Claypole, turning himself towards Henry; Is Susan May the mother of a son by Blachford? and has the daughter of my friend Sir Roger Manstock been harbouring a strumpet in her service?

A strumpet do you call her? cried Ezekiel. Reverend sir, I pray you be advised more truly; I do pronounce Susan May to be no strumpet, albeit the mother of this babe; for virtue undetermined by artifice, or violated by force, is virtue not the less, and charity will give it its true name, with pity and compassion superadded. Your Master, reverend sir, and mine, condemned not her that was taken even in adultery itself; shall we, forgetting his divine benevolence, condemn this damsel, sacrificed by treachery, divested of reason by the operation of seducing and intoxicating potions, and then thrown insensible and unresisting on the impure couch of the defiler? Forbid it, charity! that you, or I, or any one of Christian training, should call that guiltless sufferer a strumpet!

Claypole had heard enough; confounded, vexed, indignant, he now started from his seat, and, snatching up his hat, whispered a few words to Henry; and then, darting an angry look at honest Daw, hastily departed.

CHAP. V.

Our Hero is admitted to an unexpected Conference.

WHILST this was passing in the cottage, Captain Crowbery, after his encounter with Henry, had returned to the castle, and, in a conversation with his cousin the Viscount, had done justice to the spirited behaviour of his antagonist, relating the grounds of their quarrel, the words that had passed at their meeting, and all the particulars consequential of it. Now it so

happened, that the peer was conscious of being as deep in the plot of the press-gang as his kinsman, but he was not conscious of the same courage to face the resentment of our hero ; the story, therefore, caused certain perturbations in his lordship's mind not altogether agreeable, and he became extremely anxious to be assured that the affair was made up so completely, that no after-reckonings could be started, which he himself might be called upon to account for. Nothing humbles some people's pride so much as fear ; the pride of Lord Crowbery hardly stooped to any other corrector. On the present occasion, it was thoroughly brought down by more fears than one, for the Captain had brought the news of Henry's being heir to Blachford, which not only cut up his lordship's interested expectations from that quarter, but brought to his recollection certain papers and correspondences in the possession of the said testator, which would naturally fall into the hands of his executor, and disclose matters very inconvenient to his lordship to have revealed. How to get these out of Henry's reach was now the question : he had called frequently at the sick man's door for that purpose, but had never been admitted ; and to these documents, if they were yet in existence, not only his reputation, but, what was dearer to him still, his personal safety, was committed.

It was now that he regretted his former haughty treatment of our hero ; he felt himself the dupe of Blachford, and perceived that he had practised upon his jealousy with no other view but to serve his own revengeful purposes, and engage him as a party in his plots against an innocent man. Nay, it is to be presumed, he was not quite proof against the many instances of Henry's honourable conduct ; and the impression Captain Crowbery had now received of our hero's behaviour was such, as had made a total change in his sentiments, and that gentleman was now become as zealous an advocate and admirer, as before he was an enemy and a persecutor, of Henry. Lord Crowbery, who had motives not quite so honourable, but not less cogent, for making his peace with our hero, lent a willing ear to the commendations that his cousin bestowed upon him, and declared himself so fully convinced that he had been betrayed by Blachford into groundless jealousies and suspicions, that he proposed inviting him to his house, and indulging him with a visit to his benefactress upon the eve of her departure, as a token of his entire reconciliation, and to do away, by this mark of his confidence, all those reports that had been circulated against the reputation of his lady.

This proposal being heartily seconded by the Captain, Lord Crowbery immediately repaired to the chamber of his lady, and approaching her with a mild and gracious look, he began by assuring her that he had entirely, and for ever, dismissed every relic of unkindness and suspi-

cion from his mind : that he was sensible he had been led into error, and alarmed without reason as to her partiality for Henry ; that he saw it now not only in the most innocent but most amiable light, and he wished her to persist in the protection of one so well deserving. Lest she should doubt the sincerity of his conversion to an opinion so directly opposite to what he had lately held, he repeated, in short, the substance of the conversation he had just had with his kinsman, and concluded by saying, that, as he was persuaded she must wish to see Henry, and to take leave of him before her departure, he proposed, with her consent, to send for him to his house, where she herself should be a witness of the reception he would give him.

Lady Crowbery heard this proposal with a sensation of pleasure not entirely clear from suspicion of its sincerity ; yet as she could readily comprehend some reasons that her lord might have for altering his tone at least, if not his temper, she was not backward to embrace it, with as good a grace as she was capable of assuming. Few favours could be less expected than that of her being permitted to visit Manstockhouse ; this was an indulgence far beyond all hope or conjecture, yet, as she owed the first to the influence of Mr L——, she might also be indebted to him, jointly with Captain Crowbery, for this further instance of a revolution, either real or affected, in the conduct and opinions of her lord. And now the Captain with much alacrity undertook to be the bearer of a very civil invitation to our hero on the part of the Viscount, requesting him forthwith to repair to the Castle, where Lady Crowbery was expecting his arrival.

He obeyed the summons, and being prepared for a kind reception by the Captain, who accompanied him from the cottage, he was ushered without delay to the chamber of his mother, where my lord was waiting, and, with as much address as he was master of, welcomed him to his house, saying, that he hoped all former misunderstandings would be forgotten, and that they might be good friends and neighbours in all future time. To this Henry made a proper reply, in the same style of civility, and approached towards Lady Crowbery, to pay her his respects silently and cautiously, with a tender look of pity and attention. Her languid, but still lovely countenance cut him to the heart ; the change her frame and features had undergone since last he saw her was too visible. Turning from a spectacle so affecting, he said,—It is very kind in you, my lord, to allow me to pay this melancholy duty to my benefactress ; 'tis generous to have this consideration for one, who, with all the purest sentiments of gratitude to the only friend he has in life, is now at length permitted to approach her : I humbly thank you for this great indulgence.

His voice could excute no more—not a word

was attempted by the mother. I'll leave you to yourselves, said Lord Crowbery, and give orders that you shall not be disturbed; your time and privacy shall be your own.

The door was shut; his step was heard upon the stairs; nature was freed from all restraint; Henry dropped on his knee, and bathed his mother's hand with tears.—My son, my son! was all that she could utter.

To attempt the recapitulation of this tender dialogue would be in vain, for words can ill describe a scene like this; and he must be an actor rather than author, that can give life to representatives of son and mother in such touching situations. The matter, not the manner, lies within my powers. Henry imparted to her his plan of meeting her at Lisbon, by the favour of Captain Cary, now upon the point of sailing.—Did she approve of his so doing?

She most highly approved of it, and warmly recommended it, for reasons interesting to him, no less than to herself: she had received a verbal intimation, through a confidential channel, from his father, Mr Delapoer, avowing himself the person who had sent her the ring as a token of his affectionate remembrance of her, and faithful adherence to his first vows, through many years of absence, and a long course of various adventures; that he still considered himself as her husband in heart; and hearing, with the deepest concern, that her case was such as made it necessary for her to resort to Lisbon, he had determined to hasten thither himself, in the hope that he might be permitted there to devote his honourable attentions to her service, and approve himself still gratefully impressed with that pure but ardent attachment, which no absence had been able to abate, and which, to the last hour of life, he should unalterably retain.

This intelligence was in all respects most satisfactory to Henry, who had now a certainty of his father being living, and a fair prospect of retrieving his late disappointment by a speedy meeting. We shall not be minute in detailing all that was said by the respective parties upon this interesting topic, nor shall we be more particular in stating what passed between them on the subject of Blachford's will; it may suffice to say, that Henry's disinterested renunciation of the bequest, in favour of a natural heir, met with full approbation and applause from his generous mother; who concluded her remarks upon the transaction by declaring, that, from the first moment she had heard of it, she had never cordially reconciled herself to the circumstance of her son's being made heir to a fortune so amassed and so devised, which not only robbed him of the credit of forgiving a repentant enemy freely and unconditionally, but which would probably involve him in trouble and perplexity, and set him forth to the world under a suspicion of foul dealing, which she could not

bear to have his character exposed to, and he made a topic for detraction, for the mere worldly advantages of stepping into a man's fortune, who bore no other relation or alliance to him, than as one who, having been his enemy and intentional assassin, had, by a death-bed repentance, been converted to a friend and unexpected benefactor. It was, therefore, with the most heartfelt satisfaction she saw him endowed with spirit to judge and act so consonantly to her feelings, without any advice on her part, or any knowledge on his of the extent of her intentions towards him, which, she would now inform him, were no less than to bequeathe him the whole and entire estate of her father, which, by will, she was invested with—a property so ample, that the superfluous bequest of Mr Blachford was no longer worth a thought.

This led her to speak of Sir Roger, in whose hands she had lodged her will; and after inquiring of her son how he had passed his time at Manstock-house, with a view to discover what the state of his heart was towards the fair Isabella, turning to him with a look of maternal affection, she said,—Ah! my beloved Henry, would you know the first and warmest wish of your fond mother's heart, it is that you may gain an interest with that lovely girl, so formed to make you happy. I know her to be so devoted to her father, as to have professed certain resolutions which I hold to be romantic; and I can well believe, it must be a lover of no common qualities that can induce her to forego them; but as you cannot, in your present unacknowledged character, hope to engage the consent of my uncle, nor honourably make known your real pretensions to Isabella herself, I have that perfect trust in her honour, that I am ready to confide to her alone the secret of your being my son, if you can give me hope there is that disposition in her, which, upon this discovery, might be improved to your advantage. Tell me, therefore, with sincerity, how you stand in her good graces, and to-morrow, when she and I are alone at Manstock, I will be your advocate, and throw myself upon her candour for your sake.

Heaven bless you for your goodness! cried Henry; how can I ever thank you as I ought? What can I say, or do, or undertake, for your sake, that may but in the least degree demonstrate to you my gratitude for all your bounties? Let me attempt some act of duty which no son has ever yet aspired to! Let me forbear to think of love and Isabella, whilst your life, so dear to me above all earthly blessings, hangs in this dangerous suspense. I will not suffer any other thought to lodge within my heart. Oh! my beloved, honoured mother, let me devote myself to you alone.

Here he again cast himself at her feet, whilst she threw her arms about his neck, and pressed him to her bosom.

My son! my soul! she cried, this transport of affection is a cordial to your sick mother that gives her a new life; your love revives me, my dear child, and seems to animate my languid frame with health and strength. Is it not fit that I should live for him that gives me life? And now, my son, without more questioning, I have found you out; your heart is in my sight; I see the lovely Isabella has possession of it. How should it be otherwise? How should such beauty, modesty, good sense, and sweetness, fail to gain the affections of a soul congenial to her own? You love her, Henry; and as it is not in your nature to prevaricate, it is not in your nature to deny it.

At this moment Zachary Cawdle entered the apartment, bearing in his hand a phial, which, although its contents were of a restorative quality, we doubt if his patient was not more annoyed by his interruption than profited by his cordial.

CHAP. VI.

The Conference is interrupted, resumed, and concluded.

THOUGH Zachary was informed that Henry was with his patient, and knew, without being informed, that the minutes of their privacy were extremely precious, yet as he was fixed in the opinion, that all things ought to give way to medicine and method, he did not permit any scruples to stop him, as soon as ever the clock gave notice that the four hours' draught was in turn to be repeated. In this instance, however, the feelings of the son did not entirely correspond with those of the mother; and the interruption that gave pain to her, was to him a sensible relief, for in this interval of time he had so far recollected himself, as to be prepared against the dilemma to which he was now driven with respect to Isabella.

The first caution that occurred to his thoughts, was to divert Lady Crowbery from her proposal of divulging the secret of his birth to Miss Manstock, or taking any measures with that young lady for interesting her in his favour; esteeming it unfair that any attempt should be made on her affections on his behalf, circumstanced as he was with respect to Fanny Claypole. The next thing that struck him was, the propriety of holding back from his mother the vexatious embarrassment he was involved in with the lady last mentioned, at least till the result of her uncle's report, and her resolutions thereupon, were made known to him. From the language lately held by Mr Claypole, he still nourished a faint hope, that it was possible he might be set loose from his unfortunate engagement,—an emancipation that he would have thought cheap-

ly purchased by the sacrifice of Blachford's legacy; and, in this interim, why was he to be the first to publish an affair not over delicate in the recital, and certainly not very reputable to the lady in question? If he was dismissed, the least he could do was to keep his own secret; if not, it became his interest to uphold her reputation by all the means in his power. He therefore prudently determined not to open himself on this painful and afflicting subject.

No sooner had the punctual man of medicine left them at liberty to resume their conversation, than Henry, taking up the subject where Lady Crowbery had left it, addressed himself to her as follows:—

I should be ashamed of prevarication in your presence, more especially as you declare that my heart is in your sight; which that it may deserve to be both now and ever, it behoves me to keep it clear from dissimulation and hypocrisy. I am flattered, therefore, when you say, that you discern in it affection and esteem for the loveliest and most amiable of her sex; as I must own you would have reason to turn away your eyes with loathing and aversion had you found it unimpassioned by her charms, or insensible to her perfections. Blest, indeed, must be the man who could boast of the possession of a heart like hers, and whose pretensions might be sanctioned by her father's free consent; but as I hold myself excluded from all chance of such a blessing, and am persuaded that my destiny is otherwise directed, I do most earnestly implore my kind and generous mother, not only not to let the secret of my birth, and the too liberal disposition of her fortune, pass her lips, but also to refrain from moving the soft heart of Isabella in my favour. Let that sweet nature be at peace, nor stir her any farther to a thought of me, than as of one who knows himself unworthy her regards, and hopelessly admires and honours her. If I had ever any place in her affections, let it wear out by absence. Let me, like her, devote myself to filial duty; and then, although our objects are alike, our destinations will be widely apart. Lisbon and Manstock-house will make a chasm between us, over which I hope no sigh of hers will ever pass. That you believe me worthy such a blessing, is an honour above all merit; that you would risk your secret, and engage yourself to plead for me to Isabella, is a mark of your benevolence, for which I am ever bound to you; but I most solemnly implore you for the present to withhold it.

Well, my dear Henry, the tender mother replied, I'll not go counter to your wishes, but give you credit for the principle on which you act, though I confess you puzzle and surprise me. Reasons I must suppose you have, more than you think it needful to display; and as I have firm reliance on your rectitude of thought and conduct, I will not embarrass you with any

questions on this point. Are we to meet at Manstock-house?

With your permission, no : I look to join the ship to-morrow.

I hope you have no farther differences to adjust with Captain Crowbery?

None, replied Henry ; absolutely none, upon my honour : I am in perfect reconciliation with that gentleman, and hold myself for ever bound to testify to his most honourable and manly behaviour in an affair where I was much too warm.

Have you anything in commission for me to say to my uncle?

Nothing, but my most grateful thanks for all his goodness.

And what to Isabella?

Oh ! my dear madam, exclaimed Henry, why that question ? Let me conceive in silence, but not vent those wishes even in a whisper. Ask me not what to Isabella ; my whole soul is hers, yet would my tongue be the veriest traitor to the cause of honour and humanity, were it to tell her how I doat upon her. By the love you bear me, I conjure you do not let her know the insolent confession, which your sudden question has drawn from me : 'twill ruin me for ever in her thoughts, if she should hear that I presume so much as but to name her, though it were in my prayers.

What is this you tell me ? she cried. Now, Henry, now I own you rouse my curiosity to know what thought so dreadful harbours in your heart. What have you done to ruin yourself with Isabella ? Confess, for the alarm is terrible ; surely, my son, surely your passion has not mastered your respect ?

Just Heaven renounce me, if in thought I could offend against such purity ! No, madam, he cried, no, your son is not a savage ; and if I were, her virtue would restrain and awe the wildest and the worst of natures.

What then, said she, reduces you to hold this language ? 'Tis not mere respect that dictates to you words like those you uttered ; the most humble supplicant, nay, Henry, the most abject self-convicted offender, would not so address himself to any human being.

What have I said ? resumed he : Oh ! that I could recall my words ! but you will not release them. What can I say ? Must I confess to you I have offended Isabella past redemption ? Shocked her chaste eyes, revolted her pure nature ; not, indeed, in her own person ; that were to sin as it were against Heaven ; but in the person of another, far, far different, alas ! from her. There let me stop ; press me no farther, I conjure you ; let her divulge the rest ; and if she does, defend me not, dear mother, but tell her I am conscience-smitten, self-condemned, and punished more than ever wretch was punished, in the loss of her esteem.

If I did not persuade myself, she replied, that

you are incapable of anything that's grossly wrong, I should be truly wretched ; but as I am firm in that persuasion, and satisfied by your assurance that the offence does not personally affect my cousin Isabella, I will not believe that you need absolutely to despair of pardon : I guess it is some giddy boyish scrape, which you have fallen into, and I can also guess with whom ; but lovers use strong language when they speak of their quarrels, and I can allow a great deal for your extraordinary sensibility ; a frown, a pout, a pettish word, can make strange havoc with a heart feeling and fond as yours. But Isabella will forgive you ; take my word for it, Henry, I shall find a soft moment to make your peace, and send you a full pardon, upon proper submission and atonement.

Henry had by this time collected his thoughts sufficiently to see the danger into which he had been surprised, and how far he had outstepped discretion in this unguarded declaration of his passion ; he was therefore eager to avail himself of the opening, which his mother's temperate answer gave him, for drawing back in time to save himself, without committing Fanny Claypole ; and though it was pretty clear that Lady Crowbery's suspicion pointed at Susan May, yet as she was not directly named, and time would quickly serve for him to clear her character, he acquiesced in the deception, and was silent.

It was now time to put an end to their conference ; but before this took place, he was fain to compound for a release from all farther inquiries, by promising to remain where he was during the whole of the next day, when he was to hold himself amenable to any summons that his mother, after her arrival at Manstock-house, might think fit to send him. This compromise being acceded to on his part, and sealed with a maternal embrace on that of Lady Crowbery, they tenderly took leave of each other, and parted.

CHAP. VII.

The Penitent, on his Death-bed, atones to Justice.

WHEN Henry arrived at the cottage, he found the nurse with Susan May's child waiting his return : in a few minutes after, the chaise with the mother herself drove to the door. Ezekiel Daw was at this time in attendance upon his penitent. Henry put the nurse and child into the inner chamber, and no third person being present at his meeting with Susan, he proceeded without interruption to explain to her the purposes for which he had called her from Manstock-house, and in speaking of her connexion with Blachford, treated her feelings with such delicacy, (assuring her, that by the confession

of her seducer, she would stand acquitted to all that heard the story,) that his consideration for her character, no less than the very extraordinary sacrifice he had made to her interest, so affected her, as to leave her no other powers of expressing her gratitude, except what her tears, which flowed in plenty, could supply.

Wonder not, he cried, at what I have done, as if it was a case uncommon for a man to be just and honest. What have I to do with Blachford and his money? If he had bequeathed it to me, and died before I had made this discovery of the claim you have upon him, I should have held myself obliged in conscience to make over what he left me to your son and you. Now I do not wish to make a parade of my disinterestedness, and should hold it rather as an affront to be complimented for an act of justice, regarding it as a hint, that they suspected me to be a knave; I therefore think myself very happy to have found your secret out in time, to make that an act of atonement on his part, which, had it devolved upon me, would have put me to the trouble of a conveyance, and annoyed me very probably with a great deal of that popularity and applause, which some people are flattered with, but which I have no taste for.

When Henry, by this and other representations like this, perceived that he had in some degree quieted the agitation of Susan's spirits, he put her in mind to make ready for an interview with the father of her child, and having stepped into the inner room, he presented to her sight the child itself, giving it into her arms, and declaring it to be his ward, and the infant heir of Blachford. The beauty of the child, the ecstacy of the mother, the astonishment of the nurse, and the benevolence depicted in the features of our blooming hero, composed a group of characters not totally unworthy the historic pencil of the painter of the passions.

The generous heart of Henry, in the contemplation of this scene, enjoyed a more luxurious banquet than the wealth of Blachford could have purchased. True gratitude, like deep-felt woe, is not to be discharged by words; Susan was mute, and once, if Henry had not stopped her, she was falling at his feet. What are you about to do? he cried. Remember, you once tendered me your all; I'm only paying you with what is not my own. And now, bidding her take heart and follow him, he proceeded with her, the infant, and the nurse, to the sick man's house: they were admitted without delay; Blachford was impatiently expecting them, and Ezekiel Daw was in the chamber with him. Henry took the child in his arms, and advancing to the couch, presented it to its father.—I have brought, he cried, two comforters to visit you; the one, in the person of this smiling cherub, seems the very emblem of peace; the other, (pointing to Susan as he spoke,) by your justice reinstated in her innocence, and indemnified for her in-

juries, will heal those inward pains that agonize us more than all our fleshly wounds; accept them, cherish them, embrace them; they will brighten every moment of your life, and the last moment more than all; in this life, they will be the witnesses and recorders of your penitence; in the life to come, your advocates and intercessors at the throne of Mercy.

Blachford took the child in his arms, and lifting up his eyes, exclaimed—The Lord of mercy grant their intercessions may avail!

Amen! echoed the pious Ezekiel, from a corner of the room, to which he had retreated, and where, dropping on his knees, he silently put up a fervent, and (let us hope) not ineffectual prayer.

Blachford, whose mind was now prepared for death, and felt the awful coming on, was instant in his wishes to complete the last remaining task he had to do on earth, whilst yet his senses were entire. The lawyer was in waiting, and Zachary, with his sub-surgeon Kinloch, coming in most opportunely at the instant, all things seemed to favour the important work, and nothing now was wanting but the concluding forms to make it perfect. Blachford was raised upon his couch to sign and seal; the materials were set before him, the witnesses stood round him, when, turning his eyes on Zachary first, and next on Kinloch, he said,—I call upon you, gentlemen, to attest upon the faith of honest men, and able judges of my situation, that I am now in mental faculties sound and competent to execute this deed, declaring it my will and testament, by which I make this infant, born of Susan May, here present, and my son, of her begotten out of wedlock, sole heir of all my property, save what is herein given and bequeathed to her, the mother, by annuity charged on the estate; also one small acknowledgment of five hundred pounds to this my executor, and guardian of my son, Henry Fitzhenry, so called, at whose solicitation, voluntarily and generously made, I have revoked the former disposition of my affairs in his behalf. A most disinterested and conscientious act it was, and I do pray him to accept this small bequest in token of my love and his forgiveness, conscious as I am of his unequalled worth, and deeply penitent for all that I have said, or done, or meditated in his wrong: and farther, I enjoin and strictly charge the mother of my child to be observant of his counsel and advice, and firmly to impress upon the mind of this her infant, as he grows to years of reason and reflection, what he owes to this his benefactor, by whose special bounty he is now endowed with affluence, that else it never could have been his fortune to enjoy.

Having said this, and the appeal he had made to Zachary and his attendant being answered with assurances of their entire conviction of his being in perfect possession of his senses, (a point, indeed, which no one of his hearers could be de-

ceived in,) he signed and sealed his will, and, after it was witnessed, delivered it to Henry. Exhausted by these efforts, he began so evidently to droop, that Doctor Cawdle, in virtue of his medical authority, dismissed the whole company. The mother, child, and nurse, were by Blachford's desire accommodated with beds in his house; Henry contented himself with his quarters at the cottage; but having hitherto abstained from asking any questions about a matter that was nearest to his heart, and the business to which he had devoted his first attention being so happily concluded, he became impatient for a few minutes in private with his friend Susan. Of this wished-for opportunity he was soon put in possession; for Ezekiel, on whose mind these events had made a powerful impression, had walked home in deep meditation, without saying a word to anybody; whereupon Susan, having given her boy in charge to the nurse, retired with Henry into Blachford's parlour. It was the very room where the one party had been arraigned for his life, and the other despoiled of her innocence. What mighty revolutions can a few short days effect! the offender at the point of death, the sufferers restored to their character, and the property of the guilty, including the very scene of his criminality, actually made over as an atonement to the guiltless.

Henry, to prevent interruption, made fast the door, and taking Susan by the hand, led her to a chair: she was still trembling with agitation; tremours of another sort would have possessed her, had Henry so done a while ago: she now looked up to him with awful admiration; love, tempered with respect, gave that chaste expression to her eyes, which on some past occasions had exhibited affections not so pure: passions as irresistible as that which now had command of her more than once, had impelled her to embrace him wantonly in her arms; pure gratitude, unmixed with any grosser impulse, now threw her, bathed in tears, upon his neck: he pressed her tenderly to his bosom, spoke of the kindnesses she had so often shewn him, and asserted obligations received on his part, prior and superior to those conferred on her; when, having soothed her in this generous manner for some minutes—Now tell me, I conjure you, he cried, and tell me truly, am I totally undone in the opinion of your lovely mistress?

Alas! she replied, what can I tell you, my dear friend and benefactor? certain it is, that gentle heart is wounded through and through; but whether more by displeasure than by sorrow, I am yet to learn. She is very silent on the subject, and it is not from her lips that the story has escaped; it is Miss Claypole herself and her politic uncle, (pardon me, if I cannot speak of them with the respect that becomes me,) who have made public what my young lady's delicacy never would have spoken of, and what

theirs, one should have thought, would have been interested to conceal. But when Miss thought fit to blazon her own shame, by bounding out of the house, and betaking herself to the parsonage, as if she had been flying from her persecutors, the whole family were up in arms, as I may say, and every mouth was opened to cry shame upon her. 'Tis not to be told with what a confidence she has carried it off, venting herself against my meek young lady in a manner that I am sure you would detest her for. Ah! my beloved friend, where were your eyes, your heart, your understanding, during that fatal gallery-adventure? I can no otherwise account for it, than by supposing you was not in your senses at the moment; knowing how temperate you are, and unaccustomed to excess, I must impute it to the effects of the wine you drank upon the election meeting, and so I told my lady.

You told her true, said Henry; but what then? One gross excess cannot excuse another.

Pardon me, rejoined Susan, her candour found a motive for excusing it; but no candour can justify the sacrifice you are making of your happiness, if the report be true, which that young madam circulates, that you are pledged to her for marriage. Heaven forbid that I should see that day! Surely, surely you have not madly made that promise? why, tis ruin, misery, disgrace inevitable! Stop me, if I proceed too far; I should be sorry to offend you; but, indeed, my dear sir, everybody knows, and everybody says, without scruple, what Miss Claypole is.

What is she? I am not offended—speak.

What is she! A coquette, a flirt, a wanton: one that would go great lengths, if not all; but that perhaps you can best tell: be that, however, as it may, you are not the only favoured lover; others, and not a few, have been as kindly treated as yourself: her uncle knows that well enough, and is indeed a generous man to part with what he is tired of, and knows to be a property that hangs upon his hands, and keeps him in alarm for every day that passes till he is rid of her. Believe me, my dear sir, that uncle is a deep one; not a servant in the family but laments the influence he has over their good master; and though Miss Manstock is too delicate to speak out, I can discover to a certainty that she is not mistaken in his character; no, nor my Lady Crowbery neither, though it is given out in the house that he is to succeed to your Mr Ratcliffe's living.

Indeed! cried Henry; is that said? 'Tis time for me to counteract him in those hopes. Claypole succeed my friend! my honoured friend! Impossible! that shall never take place.

Observing Susan look at him with surprise, he recollected himself, and in a humble tone, added,—At least, if I have any interest with the lady patroness.

Susan resumed her discourse.

And now, said she, Miss Claypole gives it out that she was frightened by the thunder-storm, and fainted in your arms : if it were so, what then ? I hope you are not bound to marry the first lady that faints in your arms : but who believes that she was frightened ? Nobody ; she is not of the sort to be so easily frightened : you must have known, if you had been yourself, that it was all put on to win you to her ways. The servants all declare that she was fit to eat you up, as they describe it ; every one saw that, and knew what she was driving at : she dogged you to the gallery, and there the lucky storm helped forward her determined scheme to take you in the very cue for mischief, heated with wine, half tipsy, and less than half yourself. Oh, Henry, Henry ! (suffer me this once to address you thus familiarly,) can I not speak in proof of your forbearance ; of your self-command ? Have I not a right to say, though, saying it, I ought to blush at the recollection, that I have found you master of yourself, when I have lost all government of reason in the excess of my love to you ? How often, and how impetuously, has passion hurried me into your arms, although no lucky storm was there commodiously to favour my fond wishes ? yet you have withstood all trials. But perhaps nature has given her charms and powers to tempt, which I am not possessed of ; but this is true, as truth itself can witness, that no concessions on my part, no promise on yours, should have prevailed with me, even when your fortune was at the lowest ebb, to have trepanned you into marriage, conscious as I was that I had not that maiden purity to give, which you had so much right to expect. You know, full well you know, dearest and best of friends, there was a time, when in our sports and frolics by the way, as we returned from making our purchases, that when you glanced at marriage, I drew back at once, and oftentimes I've been upon the point of telling you this tale of my seduction, had you not always seized those dangerous moments to cut short our conversation, and preserve my virtue and your own : and now, what mighty obligation can you have to this seducing wanton, though we'll suppose you have gone beyond that limit where discretion should have stopped ? Grant that you have ; whose virtue suffered most by the surprise ? yours or the lady's ? Because she throws away her reputation, must you marry her ?

Before I answer to that question, replied Henry, let me clear up one error. If Miss Claypole was inviolate before our meeting in that odious gallery, I promise you she left it as she entered it for me ; her favours did not go the length you hint at. The vision of an angel scared me from her embrace ; the frown of purity itself subdued my guilty passions, and I fled from her allurements. But as I hold it due from every man of honour to make atonement

for even the slightest stain he casts upon the fame of a woman of character, I tendered her the only reparation in my power, my hand, if that could heal the injury. She took my hand, alas ! and broke my heart.

Thank Heaven ! cried Susan, you have taken one weight from my mind ; the main point was not carried ; she has felt one disappointment, and I'll engage it was a cutting one. Now I can understand the reason for her shifting to the vicarage ; 'tis all a trap to catch you, and make sure of you ; she thinks your honour then would seal the bargain, and surrender you for life the dupe of her contrivances ; but go not near her, I conjure you ; let not that uncle, who is her setter, draw you in to visit her alone ; you are ruined if you do. As for a word dropped in an unguarded moment, when you was not in clear possession of your reason, that I persuade myself you will not think yourself obliged to abide by, nor sacrifice the happiness of your whole life for a romantic punctilio.

Henry shook his head. She proceeded—Now I begin to have more than a dawn of hope. Oh ! let me once come to the ear of my dear young lady, and I'll pledge myself that all will be set straight. She loves you at her heart ; I know she does ; nay, she has owned it to me in so many words. Vexed as she was, and mortified to the very soul, at your proceeding, still, when she surprised me reading your kind note on the morning of your leaving us, and saw the generous gift that it inclosed, understanding it was a farewell token to my mother before you left us and went out to sea, the colour fled her cheeks, her eyes quivered in their lids, and she dropped, sweet afflicted soul, like a blossom from the stalk, lifeless into my arms. If this is not the very test of love, what is it ? Ah ! my dear, dear friend, do but once shake off this flirting damsel, and Miss Manstock is your own.

And what can be so cutting as that thought ? said Henry. What can afflict me deeper than to reflect I had a chance of happiness, and threw it wantonly away ?

Who says that it is thrown away ? replied Susan ; I have conviction to the contrary. (Here she drew a letter from her pocket.) Does this appear like anger ? she demanded. Here is a note penned with her own fair hand ; it is entrusted to me on this condition, only to be delivered to you, if you are disengaged from Fanny Claypole.

Stop then, cried Henry ; on these terms I must not take it, blessed as I should be.

What am I to infer from this ? said she.

That I will not permit you to break through conditions, which Miss Manstock has imposed.

But what if I am privy to the contents ?

Let them be sacred, he rejoined ; breathe not a syllable, however delightful, to my ears ; I am not disengaged from Miss Claypole, and therefore must not violate the seal, nor secretly

purloin the purport of that letter, entrusted to you under those restrictions. Remember, Susan, the same principle which led me to decline the bequest of Mr Blachford, now obliges me to deny myself the transport which the perusal of that angel's favour would bestow.

What do I hear? cried Susan. Are you then—

Undone! said Henry, and departed.

CHAP. VIII.

An Incident of the Tragic Cast.

If there is not a secret joy in being strictly faithful to the rigid laws of honour, our hero must have been at this moment of all men most miserable; for he might well presume that Isabella's letter was a kind one; and what had this world to give him comparable to a testimony of her kindness? Nothing but the consciousness of acting right. Educated in the most correct adherence to truth and rectitude, he had no sophistry to palliate the slightest deviation from them, and shuddered at deceit, however qualified. Stung to the quick by his remorse for having been a party in the cause, if not the cause itself, of Fanny Claypole's misbehaviour, he took her shame upon himself; and vexed at the recollection of his own weak facility in falling in with her advances, he determined to meet the consequences he had drawn upon himself, unless rescued either by her voluntary release, or some such unequivocal proofs of her misconduct as might justify him in renouncing the connexion. Upon his return to the cottage, he found Ezekiel in the act of consoling himself with his afternoon's pipe, whilst his Bible lay open on the table before him. The pious creature was in profound meditation upon the book of Proverbs, on which he was founding an admonitory discourse for the edification of Susan May, whom though he had exculpated in the face of her reverend accuser, yet it must be owned to have been a slight stretch upon the truth of his opinion, extorted from him in his zeal for saying the best of a friend, and for opposing any sentiment of Claypole, who was just then in no high favour with him, or, more properly speaking, in sovereign contempt. Occupied in this manner, he took so little notice of Henry, on his coming into the room, that it might be doubted if he saw him; and Henry, on his part, had his thoughts too much employed to solicit his attention.

A messenger now rode up to the door, and being accosted by Henry, put a letter into his hands, the contents of which were as follows:—

“My uncle, who sees most things in a false light, thinks you have done very unwisely in

declining Blachford's fortune; but money is his god, and love is mine. I build my happiness upon better things than riches, and admire your spirit; though I must own it would not have been amiss had you taken the fellow's dirty pelf, rather than it should fall into the hands of those low creatures, who are in the way now to profit by it. I should like to live at Crowbery, and have particular reasons for wishing you to reserve that place at least to yourself, whatever becomes of the rest of the property. I have quitted the old mansion and its formal inhabitants, and am now entirely alone in my uncle's house; if you have any pity for a solitary damsel, you will come to me without delay; here are no spirits to haunt us, nor any galleries in which they walk by night. My house, my heart, my arms, are open to receive you. What can my teasing uncle mean by telling me you are going out of England without seeing me? that I am sure is impossible; that I will not believe; the man of my choice will never treat me so; he has too much honour, too much love, too much pity, for a fond doating heart, which such neglect would break. I shall look for you this night, this happy night; if not, with the first dawn of day at farthest; longer than till then I cannot live without you; think what I am suffering till I see you; lost to all the world but you, I have nothing to regret so you are faithful, and delay not to bless

“Your fond expecting

“FRANCES CLAYPOLE.”

This was a puzzling dilemma; Henry had promised his mother to obey her summons if she called him to her at Manstock-house; he could not therefore tell Miss Claypole he was going to his ship the next day, neither could he with any face come to Manstock without visiting her; if therefore he was ever to see her, better he should go before Lady Crowbery arrived at her uncle's; and whatever was to be the result of his meeting, better he should bring it to a definitive conclusion before he put himself in the way of Isabella, whose attentions to him, whilst his fate was in suspense, would embarrass him beyond measure, as not knowing how far he might be warranted in honour to receive them.

It was now about seven o'clock in an autumnal evening, the distance twelve miles, and the messenger was well mounted; he was a country fellow, and no domestic of Claypole's. Henry asked him if he would lend him his horse, and take money for hiring another at the post town two miles off. This proposal, backed with a piece of gold, was perfectly acceptable to the messenger, and Henry stepped into the cottage to apprise his friend Ezekiel of his motions, and to equip himself for the saddle. A very short apology satisfied Ezekiel, whose thoughts were farther from home than Henry would be at the

end of his stage ; as soon, therefore, as he had drawn on his boots, and signified his intentions of sleeping at Dame May's, he set off at a smart rate, and within the hour arrived safely at the vicarage gate.

Great was the transport of Fanny Claypole when the object of her anxious expectation presented himself to her sight ; she flung the book she was reading from her, and ran with open arms, in an ecstasy, to embrace him : wild with surprise and joy, she scarce knew what she did ; with her hair loose and flowing, she seemed a perfect sibyl in her frenzy ; her dress (if dress it might be called, that totally obscured no charms which nature had endowed her with) was so invitingly disposed, as shewed the effects of study and design, rather than of chance or negligence ; for little was concealed that could allure, yet not so much exposed as to leave nothing for imagination to supply ; and a fairer field for excursions of that sort could hardly be found than in the form of Fanny.

When her flutter had in part subsided, she threw herself on the couch in a careless attitude, and observing that Henry kept himself aloof, and did not take her hint for seating himself by her, she demanded what was the matter with him ? had not he recovered his alarm in the gallery ; or was he waiting for another thunder-storm, before he could find in his heart any pity for a poor disconsolate damsel, who had no soul in the house to protect her but one old woman, who had neither eyes, ears, nor understanding ? Here we are, said she, without one soul that will come near us for the live-long night ; and what will become of me, Heaven only knows, in this desolate mansion, unless you will manfully undertake to guard me, and turn into the vicar's bed for the night.

Henry smiled, and shook his head.

Positively, resumed she, I cannot part from you ; I would as soon sleep amongst the tombs as in this dreary solitude, with no other sentinel than the snoring old dame in the garret. Now, I know as well as can be, by your looks, what is passing in your mind : my uncle has been preaching to you in his canting strain ; but I take no account of what he thinks or what he says ; I am independent of him and the whole world ; and if you suppose my peace of mind can be disturbed by their talk, you are mistaken ; where I have bestowed my heart, I am not afraid to entrust my reputation : surely, if I ask protection of you, you will not refuse it to me ?

Certainly I will not, said Henry ; but as no danger can accrue to your person though I should leave you, and much to your reputation if I should remain with you, can there be a doubt what I ought to do ?

Ridiculous ! resumed she ; this over-care of what the world may say, if you persist in it, will make me doubt if I have formed a right opinion of your character. When you rejected the temp-

tations that fortune threw before you, it was a gallant resolution ; but it is no proof of spirit to decline the favours of a lady. What care I if the whole world knew that you slept in this house ? The thing speaks for itself ; I am mistress of my choice, and you the man I have chosen : let the world comment upon that as it likes. I have quitted society, and put myself into solitude for your sake ; to whom, then, but to you, am I to resort for protection, for consolation, nay, for justification ? Where else shall I go ? To my uncle ? Never : I have done with him ; I renounce him ; I am yours and only yours. We have interchanged our hearts : what witnesses do we need of that ? Not all the parsons in the kingdom can do more, and without this their ceremonies are but mockeries ; therefore let's hear no more of this affected tenderness for reputation, this hypocrisy of sentiment, which would refine away the noblest passions of the soul ; let our love be without canting, our confidence without restraint ; and to convince you of my sincerity in both respects, I am free to confess that it is not to any real terrors I experienced in the storm, that you are indebted for the endearments I bestowed on you last night : they were the free effusions of my heart, and you may tell your conscience to be quiet on that score ; for it was love, my Henry, not the elements, that threw me in your power, and the same love now courts you to the same endearments, secret and secure from all disturbers of hours so precious. Come, then, throw off that cold reserve, those distant looks, that have no sympathy with mine. My eyes are honest and sincere ; they speak a plain intelligible language ; what ails yours, that they cannot or will not understand it, without compelling me, against the practice of my sex, to help you to a comment ?

It is because I do understand their language, and feel their power, replied Henry, that I avoid them. Either you think yourself less dangerous than you are, or me more firm than I pretend to be, when you beckon me to that couch.

He was proceeding, when she stopped him, crying out—Come, come, there is enough of this trifling ; more than enough of this ridiculous, this unmanly affectation. Beware how you provoke me ; I shall become desperate if I am insulted.—Regardless of these menaces, Henry kept his post, and advanced not a step towards her. She kept her eyes fixed upon him, and exclaimed—By all the loves and graces, Henry, you have the form of an Apollo ! would to Heaven you had his fire ! Well, keep your pedestal, cold lifeless image, and let me gaze upon you till my admiration warms into idolatry ; 'twill gratify your pride, perhaps, to see me kneeling at your feet and worshipping you : mark, how naturally I'll act Pygmalion's part, and make love to a statue.

This said, she started from the couch, and was advancing towards him, when, preventing

her as she was in the act of dropping on her knees, he cried, Pray, do not laugh at me; I cannot stand your ridicule.

Vittoria! she cried, I've made the statue move and speak. Now, since your marble majesty can bend, be pleased to sit beside me. Oh! all ye gods! it smiles, it animates, it yields, it softens with the touch! happy change! it lives! If the mere pressure of the hand does this, my arms, perhaps, may warm it into love: I'll clasp it to my heart, I'll breathe my life into its lips, and share my soul between us.

Stop, siren! Henry exclaimed; I'm not responsible for consequences thus urged upon me, nor am I bound in honour to repair them: whilst I believed your terrors in the storm had thrown you from your natural guard, and subjected you to weaknesses, which in a more collected moment your virtue would have spurned at, I felt myself a party in the treason, and tendered you the only reparation in my power, ('twas all I had to offer,) my unworthy self; but when you openly declare those fears were feigned, and freely take the blame upon yourself, you quit me of the atonement; and now, again, when you return to the attack, and with such exquisite allurements tempt a man, who visits you with none but honourable purposes, and combats against nature to preserve you in that purity of character, which is your sex's ornament, I think it fair to warn you, that my sentiments respecting favours in anticipation differ so essentially from yours, that she who has been mistress to me with her own consent, shall never be my wife. Beauty, and wit, and fortune, you possess more than my hopes aspire to; but permit me to observe, that, flattered as I am by your attachment, chastity is a virtue indispensable in the female character, and without that, I should consider marriage as a certain sacrifice of happiness.

Marriage! I laugh at it! Marriage was never made for souls like mine: my love can never wait upon the lazy forms of plodding mercenary law; I scorn them all! Nor are you fit for the dull drudgery of that slavish state; too young, too inexperienced, and too choice to be made daily use of, your beauty, like a precious garment, should be reserved for feasts and holidays; 'twas never made for the coarse wear-and-tear of wedlock; if you had thought of marriage, you would never have refused the fortune Blachford had bequeathed you: I see it hangs upon you like a debt of honour, therefore I set you free; I'll not exact it of you; marry ten years hence, and marry whom you will: of this, and every other obligation honour can impose, I perfectly acquit you; only for this I stipulate, I'll not be treated with contempt; of all engagements I acquit you, but not of gratitude: Oh, Henry! have a care how you insult a woman who has broke through all reserve, and laid her heart be-

fore you: after this night you are free; I resign you—even to Isabella.

How quick and sudden are the shifts of passion! a word sometimes will call up a new train of thoughts, and change our resolutions in an instant. It was not virtue's self, but virtue's substitute, that saved our hero. Sunk into the arms of the seducer, and resigned to the temptation, the name of Isabella roused him like a spell; he started, sprung with horror from the couch, and cried, You have redeemed yourself and me: I leave you to your better recollection.

Stop, she exclaimed, unless you are resolved to be my murderer! Then, snatching up a sharp-pointed knife, with which she had been cutting open the leaves of her book, By the eternal truth, she cried, I'll plunge this weapon in my heart, if you desert me!—Here she put herself into a menacing attitude, with a look of so much desperation, that Henry on the instant sprung forward, and seized her uplifted hand, to wrench the knife from her grasp: furious with rage, she struggled to keep hold of it; and in the struggle, whether purposely or accidentally, we pretend not to say, lodged the point of it in his left arm, below the elbow: in the same moment he got possession of the knife, and secured it in his pocket: she probably perceived what she had done, for she stood torpid with astonishment and terror: he rang the bell with violence; an elderly woman came running to the call. I charge you be attentive to your lady, he cried; for she is suddenly taken ill. Then, finding that the blood was flowing apace from the wound, and would soon discover itself if he staid any longer, he hastened out of doors, and stuffing his handkerchief up his sleeve, ran as quick as he could to the house of Goody May, which luckily was near at hand.

CHAP. IX.

Surgeon's Work.

IT was well for our hero that he had not many paces to measure before he found an house to take shelter in; for though he held his hand close pressed upon the wound, the sluice kept running apace, and his waste of blood would not have suited a much longer march. The widow was at home, and her hospitable door stood open.—Come, mother, cried Henry, as he entered, I have another case for you—more work for the good Samaritan.—This said, he began to strip off his coat, which had no sooner displayed to her sight an arm covered with blood, than she gave a loud shriek, started back with horror, and fell a-trembling from head to foot.—Courage! my good friend, cried the undaunted youth, with a cheering smile; a

good surgeon does not shrink at the sight of a wound.

Would to Heaven I was a good surgeon, for your sake, replied she, or any way more able to assist you than I am.

Take heart, he cried, give me a chair to rest my arm upon in an horizontal posture, and fetch some lint to stanch the blood ; then, I warrant, all will be well in a few minutes.

Cheered with these words, the good dame bestirred herself, and presently returned from her repository with a large pledget of lint steeped in friar's balsam, which she laid over the wound, and bound it up with a swathe of linen in several folds. Here's a piece of work ! she cried ;— Oh, that Mr L—— was here to dress you ! but let me send post-haste for Dr Cawdle. As for myself, God help me, it pities me to the heart to see your fair flesh hacked and hewed in such a barbarous manner. Oh, the villain that has done this ! I would I had him safe in fetters of iron ! Some murderous wretch has stabbed you in the dark. As sure as can be, 'tis that bloody captain you fought with in the morning ; he has way-laid you on the road at night ; but we'll raise the neighbours, and have a hue-and-cry after him, please God ! Is there to be no end to the malice of these accursed Crowberies ?

There are no Crowberies in the case, replied Henry, nor any malice, so put yourself at peace, and say no more about it ; 'tis an accident, and nothing more—a mere casualty, owing to my own awkwardness.

But how did it happen ? she still demanded. I'm positive it has been the stab of a sword, or a dagger, or a knife, or some wicked weapon or other, for it has gone in the Lord knows how far. In this manner she persisted in pressing him with inquiries, till he found no escape but by taking a little more liberty with the truth than was his custom to do, and making up as plausible a story as he could invent, to account for the accident. However, she still remained incredulous, crying out,—You are too forgiving. Indeed, my dear young sir, you are much too forgiving, in all conscience ; and though, to be sure, humanity is very amiable, yet, after all, it is an act of justice to bring the guilty to punishment ; and, you may depend upon it, they will be the death of you some time or other, though, I hope, with God's blessing, they have missed their aim for this turn.

If you will go on in a mistake, my good friend, said Henry, you must ; so there let us leave it. I have news to tell you of your daughter, whom you seem to have forgotten.

He then related to her briefly what had been passing at Blachford's, and how he had diverted that dying man's great bequest from himself to those whom he considered as having a better claim to it. When this was disclosed to her, with the circumstance of her daughter's being a mother, (of which, strange as it may seem, she

had hitherto been kept in ignorance,) the variety of sensations which the discovery of facts so affecting at once excited, seemed to deprive her of speech and recollection. Henry saw the conflict of her thoughts, and perceiving that, in speaking of her grandchild, he had opened an affair which, till then, he had no notion she could be uninformed of, instantly began to explain to her, in the most consoling manner, the whole plot which Blachford and his accomplice had put in practice to obtain their wicked purposes, and entrap their innocent victim.

Here the good mother's passion broke in upon his narrative.—Monster ! villain ! she exclaimed. Oh ! that I had known his goings on, that I might have brought him to the gallows, as he deserved ! What could possess my child to screen so vile a wretch ?

Be content, replied Henry ; he has met his doom at last, and you have now the comfort to reflect, that by escaping the punishment of the law, he has lived to repent, and, as far as human circumstances will admit, to atone for, the crime he has perpetrated. The son, which that dark transaction brought into the world, now survives to inherit the fortune of the father, and the injured mother is enabled to live easy and independent for the rest of her days. And who shall arraign her character ? He then concluded with what he knew would be the most healing reflection he could suggest to her, assuring her that even Ezekiel Daw, with all his purity and preciseness, absolutely and entirely acquitted Susan May, and had asserted her innocence in the strongest terms to the Rev. Mr Claypole, in a conversation on the subject.

As he was thus discoursing, the cloud that had gathered upon her countenance cleared away, and the shower it had been collecting began to vent itself at her eyes. Words were no longer wanting, but, like a spring repressed, burst out with increased volubility. They were the unpremeditated effusions of a heart overcharged with its own feelings. Gratitude, astonishment, joy, transported her by turns from one to the other, yet she found expressions for them all, in broken sentences, after her manner, so that it was some length of time, whilst Henry was fain to give patient hearing to her rhapsodies, before he could perceive her spirits to subside into any tolerable degree of calmness ; and perhaps it was more owing to her being exhausted, than to any efforts on his part, when at last she became quiet and composed.

This interval, however, was but short ; for soon the recollection of his wound seized her afresh, and she began to moan and lament over him more piteously than at first. Her imagination painted him expiring under the stab of an assassin—all his noble generous acts rose in review—accumulated obligations pressed upon her memory with such overwhelming weight, that her grateful soul sunk under it, and she cast

herself prostrate at his feet, embracing them, and crying out, in broken accents, The Lord of mercy save you ! The widow's prayers protect and draw a blessing on you, in return for all your bounteous goodness, and for this your unspeakable tenderness in softening to my poor heart an event that would else have broken it, had any other tongue but yours revealed this dreadful secret to me !

Here she was called off by a messenger sent in great haste from the vicarage to claim her instant assistance to Miss Claypole, who had been in strong hysterics since Henry had left her, and so terrified the old woman, her only attendant, that, after rousing the cottagers at next door, she had dispatched one of them to Dame May, as a person of skill in such cases, and stocked with medicines to relieve them. The dame had great scruples about leaving her wounded friend ; but Henry insisting upon it, she obeyed the summons, and departed, taking with her a competent provision of such nostrums as she judged proper for the occasion.

In less than an hour she returned, having left her patient in a convalescent state ; but in this period the hysterical lady had, in her ramblings, been so communicative, that the good dame, who had at least as much curiosity as came to the share of any one individual, had perfectly informed herself of every particular that could elucidate the mystery of our hero's pretended accident. Fraught with this information, she soon gave him to understand that she was no longer imposed upon ; though he still persisted in taking it upon himself as a chance blow in the struggle, and that he was positive the lady had no serious intention of doing any injury either to him or herself. As the dame, however, was strenuous in unbelief, and he found himself rather faint and exhausted by loss of blood, he cut short the argument, by desiring her to prepare Ezekiel's bed for his repose ; but, as he well knew her passion for telling news was not a whit inferior to her pleasure in hearing it, he was very earnest with her to keep secret what she had heard from Fanny Claypole, or rather what she herself suggested from the ramblings of a disordered imagination, stating to her how extremely dishonourable it would be in her, who acted in a medical capacity, to disclose the secrets of a patient ; which, he observed, would be a heinous sin against the inviolable free-masonry of the faculty.

Henry retired to his repose with the pleasing reflection that he had compounded a very heavy penalty with a slight fine, for such he now considered his wound to be ; and, indeed, the pure habit of his body would have accommodated itself to a demand of a more serious nature than this was likely to prove ; for the knife had only pierced the fleshy part of his arm, without any material injury. Neither was he the less happy in his present quarters, for the testimony which

everything about him bore to the taste and benignity of the beloved person who had provided them. Every object he now looked upon, every comfort he enjoyed, was of Isabella's bestowing ; and whilst he fed on that delightful recollection, no wonder if the grateful approaches of sleep, so sweetly recommended, stole upon his senses with peculiar softness, till, by the magic of his dream, the air-drawn image of his beautiful Isabella rose to view, graced with ten thousand charms, and pictured to the height of fancy's warmest colouring, kind, happy, greeting him with smiles of love, consenting, melting into soft desires, and self-surrendered to his fond embrace.

CHAP. X.

Our wounded Hero bleeds afresh.

THE next morning Henry rose with recruited strength. The air was so fresh, and the sun so gay, that if we had any ambition to emulate our brother novelists in description, here is the very moment for it ; but we decline the opportunity.

Dame May examined his wound, and, perceiving that Dame Nature was in the humour to take the cure out of her hands, humbly resigned the task into her care, and contented herself with the simple application of a fresh pledget of dry lint, and swathed it as before. She now set out her tea-table in its holiday trim, and administered the ceremonies of breakfast in her very best style. When this service was dispatched, she left her guest in possession of her parlour, and addressed herself to her own domestic affairs in another quarter.

She had not left him many minutes, when her lovely patroness stepped into the house, unseen by Henry.—It occurs to me, said Isabella to the dame, that something may be wanting in your friend Mr Daw's apartment, and therefore I should be glad to look it over before he arrives. Without stopping for an answer, she nimbly ascended the stairs. The good dame's thoughts were rather from home at that moment, and not present to the recollection that Henry's bed-chamber was not exactly in a state fit to receive the visit of a young lady ; instead, therefore, of stopping her on the stairs, she hobbled after her into the room.—Hey-day, cried Isabella, upon looking about her, what is this ? Somebody has slept here, I perceive.

Lackaday ! exclaimed the dame, I humbly ask your pardon for not stopping you in time. Dear good young lady, be not offended with me ; but indeed you was so nimble, and took me, as I may say, at such a nonplus, that I never thought to tell you that the chamber was not fit for you to come into. Sure enough, though, it was my

sweet dear young friend, Mr Henry himself, who reposed himself in that bed last night—Heaven bless him !—and I have not had leisure yet to set the room to rights.

Did he sleep here ? said the lovely intruder, as she was quitting the chamber ; and just then recollecting that she was leaving the survey unfinished which she came to make, stopped and cast her eyes deliberately round the room, observing, that she wished it was more worthy of her guest.—But I hope, at least, added she, with an encouraging smile, you took care to air it well for your friend and benefactor.

Heaven forbid ! cried Goody May, that I should bring his precious life into danger ; there are wretches enough in this world too ready to do that, the more shame theirs. But I say nothing. The Lord he knows their hearts and mine also, how it bleeds for him at this moment, and that's the reason I was so absent in my duty to you. Well, to be sure, the wickedness of some folks is surprising ; I am sure it will be more God's mercy than my skill, if my dear Mr Henry escapes out of their murderous hands alive.

Bless me ! cried Isabella, I protest you startle me. Is Mr Henry now in the house ?

Goody May answering in the affirmative, Isabella came silently down the stairs, and understanding he was in the parlour, turned into the common room which was opposite to it, making a sign to her follower to do the same. Here she immediately began a course of questions which soon betrayed the communicative dame into so complete a recital of every circumstance respecting Henry's wound, that nothing she had collected from Miss Claypole in her fit, and which Henry had conjured her to keep secret, was untold. There is reason to believe this poor woman would have gone to death for Henry's sake, whilst she was thus running counter to his injunctions ; but to deny herself the pleasure of broaching a piece of news, particularly one so honourable to Henry, and so interesting to the hearer, was a virtue which her nature could not reach ; a sacrifice her resolution was not equal to.

Henry, in the meanwhile, unconscious of what was passing so near him, sat in the little parlour with his eyes fixed upon the print of Isabella's father, that hung opposite to him, pondering in his mind the lovely vision of the preceding night, his imagination fascinated with the contemplation of her matchless beauty, her engaging manners, and attractive graces, when, behold, the sound of the lock drew his eyes to the door, which, gently opening, disclosed to his sight the very object of his meditations in her existing and substantial form, more exquisitely beautiful than any shade that fancy ever pictured in the poet's brain. Surprised, enraptured, he started from his chair, and in the momentary transport that deprived him of reflection, ran and caught her in his arms. Instantly un-

deceived, and convinced it was no shadow he embraced, terrified at what he had done, he dropped upon his knee, and begged for pardon.—I was deceived, he cried ; my mind had left me, and was strayed beyond realities. I saw you in my meditations, and, like a man delirious, seized what in my better senses I would not offend for worlds, and know myself unworthy to approach.

What passed in Isabella's mind, whilst Henry was thus pleading for pardon at her feet, words will not describe, for she made use of none ; it was not anger, for her looks were melting soft ; it could not but be modesty, for blushes spread all over her fair face ; no doubt but sensibility had a share in it, for tears bedewed her cheeks.

He was preparing to proceed with his apology, when a shriek from Isabella stopped his speech, and instantly he perceived the blood streaming from his wound.—Behold, he cried, how justly I am brought to recollection of my offence !—Isabella, in the meantime, frightened past the power of motion, kept calling out for Goody May. It was obvious that her sudden appearance had surprised him into an exertion, that had opened his wound afresh, when he inconsiderately threw his arms about her waist. The poor woman, terrified with what she heard and saw, in her confusion scarce knew what to do first ; but recollecting, after a few moments, the process she had before observed, begged Isabella to assist in opening his coat sleeve, whilst she hastened to her repository for means to stop the blood. Isabella, pale and trembling as she was, summoned spirits to assist in supporting his arm, as well as in the operation of untying the tapes Goody May had sewed upon his sleeve, which she had ripped open over the wounded part. The business most immediately necessary was soon effected by the application of fresh lint, and the former styptic ; but Isabella's horrors, at the glimpse she had of his wound, were not so soon dismissed. Henry's attention was so totally absorbed in his care for his fair assistant, that he seemed to have no sense of what was doing to himself, and he would fain have dismissed the operatrix for hartshorn and water, before she had secured the bandage ; but when he felt the gentle touch of Isabella, engaged in the work jointly with the old woman,—Who would not gladly shed his blood, he cried, for such an honour ? And now a certain tender glance from Isabella's eyes made answer in so flattering a language, that the heart of our hero, so far from sinking under its loss, seemed to beat with double energy and spirit.

The hartshorn and water was now brought, Isabella recovered, and her alarm having subsided, the prudent dame thought her presence was no longer necessary, and retired.

We looked for you last night, said Isabella ; my father charged Susan with a message to that

purpose, and, to prevent mistakes, I wrote you a short note ; but I understand from Susan that you did not receive it.

I hope, replied he, fixing his eyes upon the floor, she told you at the same time upon what motive I denied myself that happiness ?

She did, rejoined Isabella ; the letter I received from her this morning, does credit to her heart, and justice to your honour, not only in the trifling matter of my note, but in a circumstance of real self-denial, in which, permit me to say, you have given the noblest proof of an exalted generosity.

If I merit your praise, said Henry, in either instance, it is in that which you term the more trifling instance of the two ; it is no hard task, for a man not mercenary, to act as I did in the affair of Blachford, for it is a victory over a mean and abject passion ; but there is some struggle to obey the dictates of honour, when it calls upon us to oppose the strongest impulse and affection that the heart can feel ; but your commands to Susan May were positive, and I obeyed them.

They were calculated, she rejoined, for your accommodation ; you had another engagement, and solicitation is in that case an embarrassment to a well-bred man.

There, said he, you lead me to look back upon a transaction that covers me with confusion and self-reproach ; yet, if it were a plea your purity might listen to, I have enough to say that would acquit my conscience towards the engagement you allude to, though nothing can totally exculpate me from folly and infirmity. A fortunate explanation with Miss Claypole, yesterday evening, has set me free from all conditions of atonement, and I am happy it is in my power to assert with truth, that the promise I held myself bound to make, was not a composition for the loss of innocence on her part, but simply for the risk of reputation.

Whatever you seriously assert, Isabella replied, I implicitly believe ; but when you call your explanation with that lady a fortunate one, I should suspect you are once more guilty of forgetting you have a wound, that demands more care and attention than you seem disposed to afford it. If you are to shed your blood with such repeated profusion in every lady's company you chance upon, and one is to give, another to renew your wounds, I think you are in a likely way to become a victim to the sex.

I see, said Henry, smiling, that my old prattling dame has broke faith with me, and let out all she knows, with more, perhaps, than her information warrants ; but, in your heavenly nature, I well know there will be found a principle of candour, that can look with pity on the extravagancies of an uncorrected temper, and consign them to oblivion. If the tongue of this gossip can be stopped in time, we may yet suppress a story, that would do no credit to Miss

Claypole ; and in this I flatter myself your good nature will assist me. For my own part, I propose to wait here no longer than till Lady Crowbery arrives, who must pass this door in her way, and whom I am bound to see once more before I leave England.

What are you talking of ? said Isabella, fixing her expressive eyes despondingly upon him. Can you think of leaving us at this moment, and trusting yourself in this condition on board a ship ? Can there be any such cruel necessity to make so rash a sacrifice of yourself ? Can my gentle Lady Crowbery require it of you ? Will her humanity permit it ? Nay, when you consider how disconsolate she will leave us, will your own ?

Oh, thou angelic sweetness ! he exclaimed, gently taking her hand in his, my gratitude, my duty, my destiny demand this effort, for which, if I might now expose to you all the motives, you would confess them such as I must be a monster if I shrunk from, how severe soever the separation they compel me to. And can I look upon those eyes, and see them beaming with such compassion on me, yet forbear to tell you what I suffer by this painful effort ? No, loveliest of your sex, whom, present or absent, my poor heart devotedly adores, it is in vain to counterfeit ; you see, you know the violence I commit against my nature, when I suppress its feelings ; you perceive I love you. What shall I say ? How shall I palliate my presumption ? Yet reflect with pity on my case ; remember I have lived by sufferance in your sight ; (could I see and not admire you ?) I have, by your condescension, been indulged, beyond my humble merit, with some moments of your privacy ; (could I converse with you, and not be charmed ?) in short, I have contemplated perfection in your mind and person, and fixed your image on my heart so deep and so indelible, that if to love you be a crime, I am unpardonably guilty.

You are not guilty, said Isabella, looking down, and blushing as she spoke ; to me, at least, not guilty.

I know, resumed Henry, who it is that print which faces me reflects—your excellent father ; I know your love, your piety, to that best of parents, and can well believe the patience you now hear me with springs from pity ; on that, therefore, I build no false presumptuous hopes ; for I know the difficulties of my present situation, the distance to which it throws me, and I would scorn to take advantage of your private moments, for saying anything in a whisper, which I dared not openly to repeat in the presence of Sir Roger Manstock himself. If then, at this instant, the fatherly eye within that frame had sight, though I might shrink from it awhile, mysterious as I am compelled to be, yet in my conscience I should stand acquitted, because I know myself.

A start of surprise from Isabella, and a look

betokening curiosity, at this moment directed towards him, checked him from proceeding; after a pause, he repeated—Yes, loveliest Isabella, I know myself, and I hope I shall in time be known.

Here Henry stopped; it seemed as if the most important secret of his life was upon the verge of discovery. Isabella too was silent; she was debating in her thoughts whether she should urge him to explain, or repress her curiosity; the latter seemed most honourable, and she decided for it. At last, turning towards him with a look of inexpressible sweetness, she thus addressed him:—Henry, (so let me call you, till I know by what addition else to accost you,) I would not wish to have the keeping of a secret, that might cause regret to you for having parted with it; neither is there any information wanting, to convince me you are nobly born; I am certified of that by my own observation, and have long been so. Honour, and worth, and genius, may emerge from low originals, but elegance and delicacy of manners are rarely natives of a coarse and rustic soil. A strange idea haunts me; shall I confide it to you? I have really thought at times, or fancy may have feigned it, that you have a marked resemblance in your air and features to my beloved Lady Crowbery, as I remember her some few years ago: this may be mere imagination; but I have humoured myself in it, the rather because it helps me naturally to account for certain situations I have seen her in with you, which else might seem at variance with her strict reserve and delicacy of conduct: I can almost persuade myself you are, after some manner, related to her; at least, these have been my idle reveries; but never did one syllable to that effect escape my lips till now; I am not quite so fond of tattling as our good dame. And now, moreover, I recollect amongst the motives you enumerated for leaving us, you mentioned duty: be it so; we must conform ourselves to duty; but let me hope that we shall meet again.

And do you wish it? said he, looking tenderly upon her.

Do I wish it? she repeated. Oh, Henry!

Henry! if that's a question with you, where is your intelligence?—Here the tears stopped her and she leant her forehead on his shoulder, covering her face with her handkerchief.—Heaven guard your life! she cried; may no female demon ever more attempt it! Horrid creature! shameless, abandoned being! what frenzy could possess her! Come not in her way; oh, Henry, I conjure you, never look upon her more! I could not bear the sight of her; I blush to think that I have ever conversed with such a woman! But you, thank Heaven, had virtue to resist her, and virtue sure, without a blush, may give the hand to virtue.

This said, she took his hand. The manner of the action stamped it with the seal of modesty, and modestly it was received, though love was the inspirer: it was the silent contract of their hearts, pledged with the tender interchange of sighs and looks, that bade farewell, and vowed unalterable constancy: again she pressed his hand—And are you now convinced, she asked, how anxiously I shall wish for your return? Yes, Henry, I'm free to own, my hopes, my happiness, my heart goes with you.

Oh! ecstasies how pure! moments how precious! 'tis now, O love, that virtue's self may welcome thee without reserve or coyness; composed of these chaste qualities, honour may lodge thee in his heart's best core; *yea, in his heart of heart*; the moral hand may paint, the modest eye peruse thee in this attitude; come ever thus, thou best and worst of deities, or dwell not with us long upon the scene! this will not raise a blush; Heaven warrants these endearments, and nature, in this instance, borrows no excuse from sophistry, to palliate her propensities.

And now the tender conference closed: a servant of Lady Crowbery galloped past the window, to announce her approach: Isabella saw the signal, and slowly rose from her seat; she paused awhile, and it seemed as if something was in her mind to say, which she could wish to give utterance to, but it died away in a sigh. Henry pressed her hand to his lips in silence, and they parted.

BOOK THE EIGHTH.

CHAP. I.

An Old Man's Prattle in a Wintry Night.

As the state of society becomes more refined, eccentricity of character wears away ; a writer, therefore, of the present age, who aims to give amusing pictures of the humours of the times, finds nature less favourable to him in that respect than she was to those who resorted to her for the like purposes a century or two ago. This cannot be denied ; but nature still is inexhaustible, and there is no need to emigrate from her domain in search of novelty and entertainment.

Originality of humour, or, as it is more commonly called, a new character, in play or novel, is the writer's first aim, as it is sure to be the first in request by every spectator and critic, and the chief test by which his genius will be tried ; but when we use the term originality, as applied to the human character, we cannot be understood to mean a new creature, a being formed by fancy, and not to be found in nature, but simply a close copy, a happy likeness, of some striking character, whose peculiarities have a strong effect, either in the moral or the humour of our composition. The old drama abounds with personages of this sort, and as the moulds in which they were cast are now destroyed by time, we gaze upon them with surprise and delight, regarding them as non-descripts, or creatures of a separate species, though, at the time of their production, they were doubtless sketched from nature ; and it is possible that the authors of that era were not more applauded for their originality, than we of the present time are by our contemporaries. When the critics, therefore, cry against the stage as fallen off in its spirit from the old masters, and seem to think we ought to exhibit as much novelty, and produce as much surprise, by living characters, as they do by raising the dead, who are out of memory, and forgotten, they require of us a power, which, though the Witch of Endor had, no modern poet now can boast ; hence it follows, that some amongst us, who are indignant of reproach, however unreasonable, being hurried upon rash attempts, either spend their talents in copying after copies, whilst they aim to paint the manners as they were in times past, or, endeavouring to create the same surprise by modern novelties, find themselves carried out of nature and

probability into the visions of extravagance and romance. This in its consequence brings disgrace upon the stage, by reducing comedy into farce, and farce into puppet-show and pantomime : the novelist, in the meantime, breaking loose from society, runs wild into forests and deserts, in search of caves and uninhabited castles, where, forgetting every law of nature, and even every feature of the human countenance, he paints men and women such as never were in existence, and then, amidst the shades of night and horror, rattles his chains, and conjures up his ghosts, till, having frightened his readers out of their senses, he vainly supposes he has charmed them into applause.

But the evil does not stop here ; for, as a man who runs mad about the streets, will be followed by a mob, in like manner the rhodomontade of the novel is copied by the nonsense of the opera ; and whilst ghosts glide over the stage, thunders roll, and towers tumble, to the amusement of the galleries, the carpenter plays off his machinery to the roar of applauding crowds, and the author, if he has any feeling for the dignity of his profession, blushes at his triumphs, when he reflects that they are founded on the disgrace of the theatre.

Let the author then beware how he is piqued into absurdities by his own vanity, or the false taste of the public : if the genius that God has given him, and the matter that nature supplies him with, will not serve the purpose, let him drop the undertaking. If his imagination can frame incidents, combine them well, and weave them naturally into a pleasing fable, he has gained his point ; but an over-anxiety to produce some striking novelty will most likely end in producing some striking absurdity. All ranks of life are open to his choice, and he has a right to select the strongest humours he can find ; but if he does not find what suits his purpose in nature, he has no excuse for going out of it, whilst he professes to be a delineator of the living manners : fancy may ramble as she likes, if she avowedly beats about for imaginary beings ; but if she produces her own creations, and calls them men and women, or paints characters out of date, and passes them upon us for contemporaries, she does more than she has fair warrant and authority to do.

What I have here said of character is applicable to incident : the writers of fiction are generally actuated by so strong a passion for the marvellous, that they seem to throw everything off the hinges, merely to alarm us with the din

and clatter they make. Of all wretched expedients which barren genius can resort to, the abrupt introduction of casualties is one of the meanest. In the novels of the present day, we encounter them at every turn, yet they never impose upon credulity; for when the sick heroine at death's door, threatens us with an exit, we are convinced she does not mean to favour us with the performance of it. Surely there is no occasion for all this; neither is the impression very pleasing which it conveys.

If that originality of character, which we have been speaking of, is now become hardly attainable, discrimination is yet within reach; and by a happy contrast of leading characters, although they shall not be really new, yet all the best effects of novelty may be obtained by an alternate play on each other's humours, by the means of which very comic and amusing situations may be struck out. Amongst our countrymen, the great masters of contrast in our own day are Fielding and Sterne: Square and Thwackum, Western and his sister, the father and the uncle of Tristram Shandy, are admirable instances: Shakespeare had it from nature, Johnson caught it from Aristophanes; Socrates and the Clown Strepsiadés, in the comedy of "The Clouds," is, perhaps, the most brilliant contrast of comic humour in the now-existing records of the stage, ancient or modern.

Let me suppose I am now speaking to a young author, sitting down for the first time to his maiden work. The first thing necessary is to understand himself; the next, to know the age in which he writes: when his nerves are fortified with a proper confidence in his own powers, let that confidence be tempered with all the respect which is due to people of an enlightened understanding, who are to be his examiners and judges. It is a very sacred correspondence that takes place between the mind of the author and the mind of the reader; it is not like the slight and casual intercourse we hold with our familiars and acquaintance, where any prattle serves to fill up a few social minutes, and set the table in a roar; what we commit to our readers has no apology from hurry and inattention; it is the result of thought well digested, of sentiments by which we must stand or fall in reputation, of principles for which we must be responsible to our contemporaries and to posterity.

In the degree of entertainment our productions may have the fortune to afford, our expectations may be pardonably mistaken; but in what offends good morals, or sins against the truth of nature, we err without excuse; self-love cannot blind us in these respects, because it is not a matter of talents, but of rectitude and common sense. We talk of critics as of men set apart on purpose to annoy and censure us; whereas every reader is a critic, and publishes his opinion of us wherever he goes; we ourselves are critics in our turn, and what we complain of in our own

persons we do to others; and though few think it worth their while to publish their criticisms, let it be remembered, that some men's voices circulate farther than other men's publications.

Let us, therefore, who write, weigh well the duty of the task we engage in, and let the puerile practice of invoking the mercy of our readers be no more thought of; for, generally speaking, we are entitled to no more mercy than liberal-minded men will give us without our begging for it: I am aware of some exceptions, and am, I hope, as sensitive towards such cases as I ought to be; but I am now speaking generally of authors, who write for fame and not for bread. If these had all the diffidence they affect to have, how came it not to stand in their way when they resorted to the press? And why this terror of the critics? An author cannot be harmed by a bad critic; and why should he be afraid of being benefited by a good one?

CHAP. II.

The best Friends must part.

WE closed our last book with the parting of Henry and Isabella, in one of those situations which we would rather refer to the reader's imagination than aim to describe. Happily for him, his friendly hostess gave no interruption to his meditations, nor did they wander from their beloved object, till the sound of Lady Crowbery's wheels called him out to meet her. The chaise was stopped at the gate of the cottage-garden, and her attendant got out by her lady's order, and stepped aside, whilst Zachary and the nurse, who occupied a hackney carriage, halted in the rear. When Henry's conversation with his mother was over, and they had parted, he engaged the driver of Zachary's chaise to take him back to Crowbery on his return, which was accordingly done, and he once more found himself in the hospitable cottage with his friend Ezekiel.

To him he purposed to dedicate the remainder of that day, and the next morning to join the ship, according to the notice he had received from Captain Cary. Upon his arrival, he found that Blachford had breathed his last, and Susan May, with her infant, had taken possession of his quarters at the cottage; he, therefore, determined upon going on that evening to the port, and to wait no longer than till a chaise could be brought from the neighbouring post town. When he had past some time with Susan and honest Daw, in discoursing on their affairs, and had contrived to satisfy their anxiety about his wound, with as little violence to truth as the suppression of Miss Claypole's name would admit of, a tap at the door announced a visitor, when young Tom Weevil presented himself, clad in his best apparel, carrying a wallet or

knapsack, at the end of a crooked stick, upon his shoulder, with a cutlass slung in a buff belt round his waist.

The preacher, seeing an armed man enter his house, started from his seat, and marching up to him with an intrepid air, cried out, What ailest thou, Thomas Weevil, that thou hast armed thyself in this fashion? Speak, is it peace, Jehu?

With your leave, Doctor Daw, replied the young miller, my business is with the gentleman there, and not with you.

Render up your purpose to my ears, Thomas Weevil, repeated Ezekiel, for thou shalt not pass me to approach my guest, until thou hast answered to my question;—Is it peace?

I know not what you mean by your question, quoth Tom; for be it peace or be it war, all's one to me, seeing that I am come to tender my services to Master Henry, who, I understand, is going over sea to foreign countries; and as I bear, do you see, in grateful mind, that he has saved my life, I think it but just and right to risk it in his service; and so I am here ready to follow him to the world's end; that's all, Master Ezekiel, I have to say.

And thou hast said well, friend Thomas, quoth Ezekiel; therefore pass in peace, and make thyself welcome with a cup of my best ale, which I will forthwith administer unto thee. So saying, the good man went out, on *hospitable thoughts intent*.

At the same time old Weevil made his appearance, and repeated to Henry the same tender, in nearly the same terms, adding, that he had given his free consent to Tom's departure, for, God be thanked, he had sons enow left to keep the mill going the whilst.—Tom, said he, has played a little loose to be sure, but he has seen his error, and that is everything. He is a good lad in the main, and has a grateful heart.—Here Ezekiel came to them, bearing in his hand a lusty pitcher, and, saluting the miller with a friendly nod, set it down on the tressel-board, invitingly full and frothing.

Henry now, having given his hand to the father first, and afterwards to the son, expressed himself very sensibly affected by the offer they had made him. He was going out, he told them, with a gallant captain, in a ship of war, who might possibly fall in with an enemy before he found his port—And who can tell, said he, where an unlucky shot may glance? I should be sorry, therefore, to expose my friend Tom to broken bones, though I know him to be a brave fellow.

To this Tom replied, that he despised danger in his service; that he was ready to share his fortune by sea and by land; that he had got his father's leave, and had a longing desire to see the world; in short, that it would break his heart if Henry would not permit him to go with

him. This was again seconded by old Weevil, when Ezekiel, rising up, and putting himself into his accustomed posture, took up his parable as follows:—Thy zeal, young man, to share the fortune of him, who, under Providence, was the preserver of thy life, indicates a grateful mind, and I commend thee therefore; and thou, son Henry, must no longer oppose the laudable desire, which this youth hath expressed, of devoting himself to thy service, seeing it is no less a part of generosity, in some cases, to receive an obligation, than to bestow one; it sufficeth that thou hast ingenuously forewarned Thomas Weevil of the dangers he may chance to incur in the course of thy peregrination. And, verily, I am myself at this moment in no small strait, having fully purposed not to suffer thee to depart alone, but to bear thee company in thy travels, in pure affection of heart, knowing thee to be of a bold adventurous spirit, which pusheth thee into dangers; these, if by counsel and experience I could not avert, I might at least have shared, being resolute to go with thee, if need required, even unto death. But now, behold the corpse of Mr Blachford lieth yet unburied, and having been the happy means of turning him from the error of his ways, can I fail to attend his body to the grave, and not be present to put up a prayer for the repose of his soul? And lo! here is the damsel also, who hath suffered violence by him, and whose heart now faileth her through fear of slander, needeth one to console her and support; who then, but myself, the friend of her mother, the widow, and witness to the confession of her seducer, who was once a son of Belial, excusing her, and accusing himself, is so fitted to that labour of love? These, not to mention the care of her worldly affairs, which lieth on me, are amongst the calls by which the trouble of my heart is enlarged, when I reflect that I must suffer thee, son Henry, to depart alone; yet not alone, if so be this friendly youth, whose grateful tender of himself I do exhort thee to accept, shall be thy companion by the way. And now, seeing the hour of thy departure approacheth, and the evening draweth on, I must be brief, as is my manner of speech, saying only those things which it were a shame to omit, and praying the Lord of all mercy to preserve thee in all thy goings, beseeching him to dispose thy heart to continue steadfast in his fear and love, amidst all the temptations of this sinful world, and in his good time to return thee and this thy companion safe and unhurt to your rejoicing friends.

The good man having concluded his harangue, lifted the pitcher to his lips, and drank a farewell to his parting guests, for Henry's chaise had now come up to the door. Tom Weevil, whose offer was accepted joyfully, bestirred himself in stowing Henry's baggage and his own upon the carriage; and now the mo-

ment came when our hero, taking Ezekiel's hands in his, tenderly addressed him in these words:—Farewell, my worthy friend; wherever Providence disposes of me, and whatever may befall me, whilst I retain life and memory, your kindness, benevolence, charities, and virtues, will be registered in my heart.—Then turning to Susan, who stood mute with sorrow at seeing him prepare to depart, her cheeks bathed with tears, he took her in his arms, and, after a tender embrace, recommended her to the protection of Ezekiel, saying, I leave you to the care of this good man, who will also stand in my place as guardian of your infant, till I return to you again: he knows the purport of Mr Blachford's will, and will take the measures on my part as executor, which a prudent care of your interest will prescribe: I need not caution you to observe a proper attachment to the amiable young lady, in whose service you will now no longer remain. To this, your best of benefactors, you owe the duty of a daughter, and you will not fail to pay it; for to his pious exhortations it is owing, that the father of your child was brought to a sense of the injuries he had done you, and induced to atone for them; at the same time, take notice, that this excellent creature suffered not one shilling of the deceased to adhere to his fingers, notwithstanding every offer, which, to my knowledge, was repeatedly pressed upon him by that penitent on his death-bed. This, said he, addressing himself to old Weevil, who was standing by, is a noble instance of disinterestedness, and merits the applause of every honest man.—Then giving his hand to Weevil, he bade him farewell, promising him to take care of his son; and hastening out of doors, stepped into his chaise, followed by Tom, and was off as fast as four nimble horses, and two dashing drivers, could transport him.

In the meantime, silence reigned in the cottage: Ezekiel committed himself to his wicker-chair, and remained in pensive meditation: Susan seated herself by his side, and as he rested his hand upon the arm of his chair, pressed her lips upon it, and bathed it in her tears; old Weevil felt an aching in his throat, and applied himself to the pitcher without uttering a word. Ezekiel, seeing this, roused himself in his seat, and cried, though in a faltering voice, Courage, neighbour, we have only parted from our friends, we have not lost them.

No, no, cried the miller, as he took the pitcher from his lips; to be sure, as you say, we have not to mourn over the loss of them, but somehow or other it makes one feel a little queer; for, as nobody can be sure of life for an hour to come, parting, methinks, is, as I may say, like taking leave for ever.

Heaven, in its mercy, forbid that! cried Susan, and burst aloud into an agony of grief.

Child, child, said Ezekiel, moderate thy wailing; it becometh not us to give way to inordinate grief; what hast thou lost which I have not lost, and dost thou see me give way to this unseemly weakness? Why dost thou not take example by me? thou seest, damsel, that I am firm and unshaken.—Here his voice began to quiver, and he seemed fighting against something that rose in his throat, and would not suffer him to proceed.

I know, cried Susan, we should not anticipate affliction; but when a dreadful image is presented to my imagination, how can I forbear to feel a horror at the thoughts of losing such a friend for ever? Think only what he has been to me; think what he is, how kind, how gentle, how benevolent! Call to mind his virtues, his sufferings, his humility.—Ezekiel groaned.—What poverty, what persecution he has endured.—Ezekiel marked his assent with a motion of his head, muttering to himself, with a sigh, that it was true.—You, I am sure, said Susan, turning to Weevil, have cause to bless him; you can witness to his good deeds, and you can also tell how he was rewarded for them: But let the dead sleep in peace; there are some still living whose malice never sleeps, there is no end to their attempts against his life, wicked wretches! it is to some of them he owes that wound, which he would make us believe is accident, because he's all forgiveness; but I believe some villain has beset him: Heavens! what must that man's heart be made of!

Mill-stones, said Ezekiel.

I wish I had them between mine, quoth Weevil; by the Lord Harry, I would squeeze them!

I know whereabouts they are, rejoined Susan, and what their spite springs from; and now, my dear Mr Daw, can you wonder I am afflicted, when such is their diabolical malice, that perhaps even now they have a plot upon his life, and are lying in wait to destroy him?—These words seizing the brain of Ezekiel, he sprung upon his legs, and, with an asseveration not far short of an oath, declared he would that instant go forth and defend him. Susan, who saw the frenzy, cried out to Weevil to stop him.

Are you beside yourself, friend Daw, said the miller, to think of overtaking four post-horses with one pair of legs? What the plague, is not my son Tom there to guard him, and didn't they set off helter skelter as if the devil drove them? why, by this time, they are half-way to the seaside, and who should stop them? Our friend Susan does but speak as all women do when they are in a fright; and I thought you was too much a man to be startled by what they say.

I believe, replied Daw, resuming his dignity, I am as much of a man as my neighbours, and not less of a friend to my fellow-creatures than I ought to be. I am not apt to be idle when the wicked are a-foot, and innocence is in danger.

However, I do recollect that they went off with speed, and that there is little likelihood I can, with all my exertions, overtake them, though I hold myself no mean pedestrian, and yield to no one in the race on foot. Howbeit, I decline the contest against such odds; but no sooner shall to-morrow's sun rise, than I will rise with him, and step over to the port to see if all be well; and, if aught be wanting, to stand forth in their service and defence.

Wilt thou? cried Weevil; then I am with thee, and will whip thee over in my jockey-cart in a trice; you'll go as easy as if you was in your own wicker-chair. I will be here at thy door by the first peep of day. What say'st thou, is't agreed?

Agreed! cried Ezekiel;—but hold, what day in the week will to-morrow be?

Thursday, said the miller.

I protest that is lucky, replied the preacher; for had it been the Lord's day, I could not have gone with thee.

Then give me hold of your hand, quoth Weevil; for, damn me, if thou art not as good a heart as lives, and if ever I have slept out anything in the way of joke to offend thee, I am heartily sorry for it, and I ask thy pardon.

Enough, quoth Daw, and more than enough, friend Thomas; for I could have credited thy goodwill without an oath; however, drink, and let us empty the pitcher.

CHAP. III.

Our Hero goes out to Sea.

PUNCTUAL to his appointment, Miller Weevil presented himself, by break of day, at the door of Ezekiel's castle, where, having seated the apostle by his side, directly over the axle-tree of a vehicle, which, if it had been constructed professedly as an instrument of torture, might have done credit to the ingenious cruelty of its inventor, he set forward on a round trot, jolting him over ruts and rocks with a merciless indifference, the straightest way to his point, till they came in view of the sea, with the frigate riding at anchor. Ezekiel, who now saw a period to the persecution he had endured for two long hours, took courage, and being just then in a sandy pass, availed himself of the first moment he could venture to put his tongue to any use, having wisely kept it still whilst his teeth were in motion. The scene was magnificent—the sun, which was flaming in their rear, threw a gleam of splendour over the shore, the ship, and the expanse of waters that terminated the prospect. Objects like these could not fail to carry up Ezekiel's thoughts to the Creator of all things. In his soul, Devotion, eagle-winged, sat ever ready to catch the signal for soaring in

its flight towards Heaven; accordingly, he began in a lofty cadence to rehearse that portion of the 107th Psalm, which begins, "They that go down to the sea in ships." His charioteer, in the meanwhile, struck with the awful strain, respectfully slackened his pace, and listened in silence, pondering the fate of his son, then floating on the surface of that tremendous ocean, in the mercy of Him, "at whose word the stormy wind ariseth."

When Ezekiel ceased his recitation, Weevil observed that the words were very fine, though he was pretty sure he had heard them before.

I believe thou hast, quoth Ezekiel, if thou didst ever hear the Psalms.

If so, said he, I wish you would double down the leaf for son Thomas, for I think every man who goes to sea should have the fear of God before his eyes.

And whither should any man go without it? said Ezekiel, and immediately struck into that enraptured passage of the same sublime minstrel, "Whither shall I go then from thy spirit," &c.

This again drew the profoundest attention from Weevil, who, at the conclusion, expressed himself very highly delighted with what he had heard, observing, that he firmly believed it all, and that no man could commit a bad action safely, for that God's eyes were everywhere; and I make no doubt, added he, but that villain Bowsey, though he has got out of our reach, will fall into the hands of justice sooner or later, and pay sauce for his wickedness in the end; and as I hold him to be a murderer all one as if Tom had died under his hand, I don't despair of seeing him brought to the gallows in God's good time.

Neighbour Weevil, replied Ezekiel, it is not in the death, but in the conversion of a sinner, that our God delighteth, and thou, taking pattern from his mercy, should'st abstain from vengeance, seeing it belongeth not to thee, but to him alone. Forbear, therefore, to wish for the punishment of that runaway; wish rather for his repentance. Do all things, my friend, in love and charity to all men; give thy heart to him that deserves it, thy help to all that stand in need of it. Remember that the law tries our actions, but God judges our thoughts. There is a rule, short, easy, equitable, "Do as you would be done by," and you cannot do wrong.

Why, that's exactly the rule I follow, said the miller. If a man does me a good turn, I requite him with one as good. If he does me an ill one, I pay him in his own coin; and if he robs and plunders me, like that villain Bowsey, I wish to see him hanged; that's my way, and I believe it's very natural.

Weevil was not famous for drawing right conclusions, and Ezekiel would hardly have failed to convince him of it, had not he just then turned into his inn-yard, under the sign of the Ship,

where he was instantly accosted by his son Thomas, who had just come off from the ship to procure some things that Henry had occasion for. One of the frigate's boats was waiting for him, and his job would be dispatched in half an hour, when he would go with them on board, where Henry was. This interval Weevil proposed to fill up with a good breakfast; for whatever his companion might think of the matter, he, at least, recollected, that he had come away from home fasting.

There was a fellow in the kitchen, belonging to the boat, who called himself the captain's cockswain, who made himself known to our travellers upon hearing them say they were going on board; he had been taking leave of a nymph of the shore, who went by the dubious title of his wife, and indeed it may well be questioned if that honourable and happy title was more than nominal. She was, however, in tears, and Jack was comforting her and himself with a glass of brandy, whilst he repeated to her, in a lamentable tone, his parting vows, interlarding them with a continual repetition of, "Only be true to me, Poll;" and clenching his promises of reciprocal fidelity with oaths of so peculiar a sort, as made Ezekiel stare with astonishment, though he hardly knew what interpretation to put upon them. At last, when the fellow had pretty well disposed of every particle about himself to some devil or other, to hold in pledge for his constancy to his beloved mate, Ezekiel, though in close action at that moment with the salted buttock of an ox, laid down his knife and fork, and began to take the swearer to task.—Friend, said Ezekiel, thou hast talked in so loud a tone, that thou hast made us hearers of thy conversation whether we would or not. I perceive, with regret, that in the midst of thy affliction at parting from thy spouse, thou hast exhorted her to constancy frequently, and in such a manner as argues a suspicion of her fidelity to thee in thine absence. What cause thou hast to hold in doubt the virtue of the wife of thy bosom, I cannot tell, as thou hast stated no actual charge against her; but I should hope the young woman hath not entered into the holy state of wedlock without weighing and perpend-ing the duties of a wife, and also what a heinous sin it is to violate the nuptial bed. If she knoweth this, what need is there for thy so frequent repetitions on a case so clear? If she knoweth it not, I am here ready to instruct her in her matrimonial offices, to the best of my abilities.

Are you so? You be damned, cried the sailor, eyeing him from head to foot with the most sovereign contempt. I'll tell you what, brother, 'twill be the worst job you ever took in hand in your life. You, indeed! You, with those lantern jaws, pretend to talk to my Poll; you, with that lank carcase, for all the world like the purser's shirt upon a hand-spike!

And now, the lady, no less irritated than her

spokesman, joined her treble to the bass, overwhelming poor Ezekiel with a torrent of words not the most courtly, in a key not the most harmonious, whilst he stood staring with astonishment on them both, yielding, however, no inch of ground from the post he had taken, nor from the upright attitude in which he stood, conscious of having given no offence, save that his zeal had innocently intruded a kind offer where it was not called for. But soon the din became general; for Weevil, the miller, had now turned out on the part of his friend, whilst the landlady, who exerted her voice for peace and silence, roared louder, and with more fury, than the parties themselves, who were vociferous enough in the controversy without her help. When this confusion was at the height, and the sailor, now roused like the lion with his own roar, was become ferocious, thundering out his oaths by whole broadsides at a volley, a stripping youth, or rather boy, in the uniform of a midshipman, stepping up to him, and catching hold of a button of his jacket, cried out, in a shrill emasculate voice, What's here to do with you, rascal? Hold your jaw and jump aboard, you lubber, or I'll make you change your doxy for the gunner's daughter.

Silence instantly ensued.—Ay, ay, sir! cried the sailor, gave a shrug, pulled up his trowsers, and was off like a shot.

The youngster asked the landlady if the fellow had left anything unpaid; and being told there was nothing on the score but a shilling for the brandy he and the lady had been drinking, he immediately discharged it, intimating to the aforesaid lady, that no more women would be admitted on board, as the frigate would weigh with the next tide.

Ezekiel contemplated this instance of discipline with surprise and admiration; the boyish age and person of the officer carried so little authority in appearance, that he could scarce account for the immediate effect it took upon the boisterous spirit of the sailor, and the obedience it produced.—Truly, young gentleman, he said, there must be admirable order on board your ship, when an unruly nature can be so readily controlled by a gentle one.

I believe, sir, said the boy, we are as well off in that respect as our neighbours; Captain Cary supports his officers, and I fancy that's the surest way to keep the men in order.—Ezekiel then inquired after his friend on board, said that he had come for the purpose of paying him a short visit before he sailed, and civilly requested permission to be passed to the ship in his boat.

Most readily, said this young commander; I am only waiting for a man who is on shore on that gentleman's business, and I shall be off directly. At that instant Tom Weevil entered the kitchen, and the miller having paid the reckoning, Ezekiel, with the father and son, under conduct of their warlike leader, proceeded to the

beach, where the boat was manned and waiting. There was a heavy swell set in by the opposition of wind and tide, and farther out a bar, on which the sea broke in a manner not a little formidable to a landsman's eyes: the frigate was at anchor about two miles without this bar; Ezekiel and old Weevil were placed in the stern-sheets, Tom took his post at the bow, and the neisy fellow, now in office as cockswain, took his seat in the steerage, as perfectly under command of his beardless officer, as if the admiral of the fleet had been on board the boat. If Ezekiel was struck with surprise at the authority of the youngster on shore, he was still more so with his address and skill in manœuvring the boat through a sea, which he conceived was every instant about to overwhelm them in the waves. The miller, who was as much a novice in navigation as the preacher, exhibited strong symptoms of alarm, jumping up once or twice in the boat, for which he was very properly reprimanded by the youngster, who ridiculed his fears, telling him, if he was afraid of being swamped, he went the very way to bring it about. Ezekiel, on the contrary, sat still and kept a steady countenance; not that he did not think he was at the last crisis of his fate, but because he possessed a mind tranquillized by religion, and perfectly resigned to that all-directing Being, to whom his mental ejaculations were then silently addressed. When they had struggled for some time on the bar, with lusty sinews and *hearts of controversy*, the young officer giving his orders with perfect firmness and precision, and all voices were hushed but the shrill small pipe of a child, he cried to the cockswain—Mind your helm, and be damn'd to you! Steer steady; now, lads, give way all, and we are clear.—The energy was instantaneous; what cannot British sailors do? the boat was driven through the waves, the bar was passed, and they found themselves at once in deep water and a smoother sea: the little midshipman now bade them step the mast and hoist the sail; they shot before the wind, and quickly were along-side of the frigate. The humanity of this youngster gave orders for taking care of Ezekiel and old Weevil, as they awkwardly scrambled up the side; a lieutenant stood upon the gunwale, giving orders about some fresh beef and other stores they had brought off in the cutter; and Ezekiel had another call upon his wonder and surprise, when he heard this lieutenant say to the young officer of the boat—You have had a good tuzzle on the bar, Lord Frederick.

So, so, replied Lord Frederick; and immediately taking off his hat, whilst he addressed his superior officer, informed him that these two gentlemen wished to speak to Mr Fitzhenry. The answer was, that he was then in the cabin under the surgeon's hands; but if the gentlemen's business was urgent, he would direct them to be shewn the way to him. Ezekiel express-

ing a desire to be instantly admitted to his friend, was put under the guidance of a marine, whilst old Weevil went aside with Tom to his quarters.

When Ezekiel entered the cabin, he found Henry with his arm stripped, and the surgeon cleaning his wound; a kind salutation was all these friends could interchange in their present circumstances.—This gentleman, said Henry, who is the surgeon of the ship, is so kind to take in hand this paltry scratch, and I assure you, he gives a very handsome testimony to our good dame's performances.

A scratch, do you call it? cried Ezekiel, knitting his brow; it is a perilous stab! I protest I did not think by your account it had been anything like this.—Then addressing himself to the surgeon, he added,—I pray you, learned sir, what is your opinion of this ugly gash?

My opinion is, cried the surgeon, that had it not been in the direction where fortunately it is, it might have been an ugly gash indeed; but as it is, I think it will be well in a few more dressings.—This he said without looking at Ezekiel, being then employed in applying a compress to the wound before he bound it up: having done this, he looked round for the speaker, whom he no sooner set eyes on, than he said, Is it you, Mr Daw? I am very glad to see you.

Ezekiel stared upon him for a moment, then marching up to him, and taking him cordially by the hand, exclaimed,—As I live, it is my old friend and favourite, Billy Williams! never trust me, but I rejoice to see thee in the land of the living, Mr Williams; heartily I rejoice at thy well-doing, for I have much bewailed thy sudden disappearance from amongst us, esteeming thee very truly for thy towardly disposition and good qualities, no less than for thy talents. If I mistake not, it is now going on two years since you quitted neighbour Cawdle, and we knew not whither you went?—This satisfied Henry's curiosity so far, and as they proceeded in their conversation, Williams filled up the interval with an account of himself in various ships, to the present time, when, having done his business with Henry, and answered all Ezekiel's inquiries, he respectfully took his leave and retired.

And now our hero and his friend being left to themselves, had a conference of at least half an hour without interruption, when Captain Cary entered the cabin, who very kindly welcomed Ezekiel upon Henry's introduction of him: he lamented he could not ask him to dinner, as they were then weighing anchor, and should be out to sea. We must think, therefore, said he, how to get you on shore: and the first lieutenant then entering the cabin, he desired him to hail the tender along-side of them, and ask the loan of their boat to set Ezekiel and his friend Weevil on shore. They now adjourned to the quarter-deck, whilst Ezekiel's attention was deeply engaged with the exertions of the men at the

capstan, where, for the time they are at work, they enjoy a kind of temporary saturnalia, venting their sea-jokes without restraint, in a most ridiculous style. All was new to Ezekiel, but the heavy moment of parting from Henry hung upon his heart. And now the tender's boat was hauled along-side, the frigate swung with the tide, the sails were hoisting, the boatswain plied his whistle, the men swarmed upon the yards, the officers roared through their trumpets. Weevil was already in the boat, Ezekiel cast a parting look at Henry, threw his arms about his neck, sighed out a farewell, recommended him to Providence, and committed himself to the boat.

CHAP. IV.

A certain interested Gentleman meets with a Rebuff.

THE tender's boatmen hauled off from the ship a few lengths, and then lay on their oars, and cheered the frigate, who now began to feel her sails and make way through the water: this roused Ezekiel from his torpor, and instantly his ears were assailed by three repeated cheers, in a much louder key, from the whole crew of the tender, who had manned ship in compliment to Captain Cary: the frigate's crew returned the inspiring compliment, and then presenting her stern to the earful eyes of Ezekiel, she glided majestically over the waves, scarce deigning them a curtesy as they sunk beneath her keel, conscious, as it should seem, that she was worthy to assert the empire of the flag which she displayed.

Hurrah! my hearts, cried the man in the steerage: the boat cut through the water.

There she goes, looking at the frigate, said one of the fellows at his oar.

Damn me, but I wish I was in her, repeated a second.

Have you then a friend, said Ezekiel, on board that ship, whom you regret to part from? and is your heart agonized with grief like mine?

Grief, indeed! cried the fellow, in a surly tone; grief never came near my heart since I had one: I wish myself in her, because I think she has a fighting captain on board, and there'll be something to be got to make merry with on shore: but belike you are tender-hearted, and take on because your friend is gone to sea; if that be the case, do you mind me, do as I do, when I part from my wife, swab the spray out of your glims, and think no more about it.

I cannot be sure that I clearly understand thee, friend, replied Ezekiel, but I presume it makes to the benefit of thy country, that thou art void of feeling.

As this did not reach the understanding of the

tar, it produced no answer, and whatever want of feeling in Ezekiel's sense of it there might be in those he had embarked with, there was such strength and alacrity, that our passengers soon found themselves safely landed on their native soil. A can of grog to the crew, and a slight refreshment for Weevil and Ezekiel, to revive languid nature, filled up the time, whilst the miller's cart was getting ready, which at length safely landed our travellers at Ezekiel's door, and not without many of those jars and jumbles emblematic of the troubles inseparably attendant on our passage through life.

Whilst Henry was now wafted into the ocean, and whilst the land he had left was sinking in the horizon of his prospect, the tender heart of his beloved Isabella had directed many a sigh to attend him over the watery waste. Lady Crowbery had arrived at Manstock-house, less exhausted with her first stage than could reasonably be expected: Sir Roger, Isabella, Zachary Cawdle, every soul, male and female, in the family, were in motion to attend upon her; nor did the Reverend Mr Claypole fail to be amongst the forwardest to exhibit his devoirs: Fanny, meanwhile, remained in sullen solitude at the vicarage, her mind experiencing the various torments slighted passion is exposed to. Her secret was entombed in Isabella's breast; in that of Goody May it had a more precarious tenure; yet for the present she adhered to the injunctions she had received, and held her tongue. Lady Crowbery had remarked the condition of Henry's arm, but had taken up with the slight account he had given of it, the rather because she perceived he had a ready use of it. Little, however, was said upon the subject whilst the family were about her, and Isabella did not think it necessary to speak of the interview she had had at the dame's.

When dinner was over, and Lady Crowbery's spirits seemed recruited by her repast and the company of her friends, an opportunity was taken by Sir Roger to introduce a subject, which he knew his friend Mr Claypole to have much at heart, and which he opened, by inquiring if she had filled up Mr Ratcliffe's vacancy. Upon her replying, that it was yet open, Sir Roger expressed his wishes in favour of his friend then present; for Claypole's delicacy had not prevailed with him to retire from the hearing of his own success at first hand, of which he very naturally entertained the most sanguine expectation.—Are you a party in these wishes of your worthy friend? said the lady, addressing herself to Claypole.

I confess to your ladyship I am, replied he, and should hold myself infinitely bound to you for putting me in possession of those wishes.

Mr Ratcliffe was a constant resident, resumed she, and, perhaps, you are not aware that I should stipulate with his successor to tread as nearly as possible in his steps.

I hope, madam, replied the divine, somewhat piqued at the expression, I should not fall short of my predecessor in any part of his practice.

In some of his doctrines, I believe, you differ, Mr Claypole, if I have been rightly informed.

As how, madam, I beseech you? reiterated the reverend gentleman, with eagerness; in what one doctrine, fitting for Mr Ratcliffe to hold, have I been found to differ from him, or fall short? I never had my orthodoxy questioned.—Sir Roger looked at his niece with marks of surprise, but being a man of few words, waited silently for a farther explanation of this mystery.

In this respect, said the lady, I conceive you differ: Mr Ratcliffe put a value on a just and generous act, that would have led him to despise the man who gave him sordid counsel, or condemned him for a sacrifice of interest to conscience. This, I dare say, is your doctrine in the pulpit, Mr Claypole, for I don't doubt your orthodoxy; but, allow me to say, it was his also in the closet; this he inculcated to Henry, whom he fathered, and who has nobly practised what he taught, by giving up the whole of Blachford's fortune to the son of Blachford: this you condemned; but this my departed friend would have so decidedly approved of, that I take upon me to say, you differ in your doctrine; and being employed in seeking out some successor, who shall, as I before said, tread as nearly as possible in the steps of that excellent and ever-lamented friend, I can only tell you, that I have not yet discovered the person that answers to my search.

Here the lady ceased from speaking. The persons present were Sir Roger Manstock, Isabella, and the gentleman himself, to whom the words were addressed; of these not one seemed disposed at that time to renew the subject; various motives kept them silent; when Claypole, who had probably better dispositions for taking up the conversation, but less matter to support it with than any present, sullenly retired, and left the uncle, niece, and Isabella, to comment upon it as they saw fit.

Sir Roger, who was not yet informed of the transaction alluded to by Lady Crowbery, and, to his great surprise, had heard his application answered in so different a manner from what he looked for, saw Claypole leave the room without offering a word, either in support of his suit, or which might lead to an explanation of what he did not yet comprehend. Isabella alone knew the real motives of the absent gentleman for the proceeding, which Lady Crowbery resented in this manner, and, at the same time, foresaw the farther disappointment that was in reserve for him, when he should next have a meeting with his niece. Sir Roger, in the meantime, after some pause, requested to be informed by Lady Crowbery, how it was Mr Claypole had been so unfortunate as to lose her good opinion? This drew from her an account of Henry's generous

behaviour in the matter of Blachford's will, and of the sentiments Mr Claypole had expressed upon that transaction, when he called upon Henry at Crowbery. Every circumstance of this was new to the worthy Baronet, who, without hesitation, concurred in passing the highest encomiums on our hero, and concluded by saying, that he always suspected his friend Claypole to have a little more attention to the main chance, than was strictly consistent with his own way of thinking.—Witness, said he, his readiness to give up me and my parish, for an exchange, which, upon calculation, could not have benefited him in more than a hundred a-year at most; so that, I confess to you, it put me upon computing the price at which he valued the society of an old friend, whose house and heart were ever open to him. After all, perhaps, it may be too much to require of any man, that he should love me better than his money; and as for his advice to our friend Henry, which appears to you so reprehensible, recollecting, as I do, how much it was the wish of his heart to marry him to his niece Fanny, I can account for his regret at seeing such a fortune as Mr Blachford's slip out of his fingers.

Heavens! exclaimed Lady Crowbery, forgetting herself in the moment of surprise, had he the assurance to suppose that my Henry would throw himself away upon that flippant, flirting thing, Fanny Claypole? I'll venture to pronounce, his heart was never that way disposed; no, no, he has better notions, better taste, and better pretensions.

The Baronet, though too much a man of honour to expose what had been passing in his house, was yet unwilling to hear his intelligence so totally decried, and turning to his daughter, said, he fancied she could testify there was some truth in what he said. This appeal came rather unseasonably upon Isabella, who had taken to herself the application of some words, which Lady Crowbery had concluded with, and she simply replied, that Miss Claypole, she believed, would not have been adverse to such a proposal; but she added, incautiously enough, that she was sure no such thing could ever take place.

Indeed! cried her father; are you sure of that? Upon what grounds, I beg to know, do you speak so confidently about Henry's resolutions?

Because, replied Isabella, and here she faltered; but truth was too familiar with her lips to be held back—because he told me so himself.

CHAP. V.

Let Innocence beware! Spring-guns and Man-traps are laid in these Premises!

WHEN Isabella gave this honest answer to her father's question, a light struck upon his

mind, which some of our readers may think might have reached him before. Accustomed ever to behold her open brow without a cloud, and to hear her speak to him without faltering, the embarrassment that now he could not fail to discover, opened a new train of thoughts, and he instantly pressed fresh questions upon Isabella, which she had too much candour to evade. She told him how she had accidentally dropped in at Dame May's that very morning, where she found Henry.—And how came he there? Sir Roger demanded.

He had hurt his arm, and the good woman was dressing it.

And did he tell you of Mr Claypole's proposal for his niece, and of his own rejection of her?

I understood, replied Isabella, he had an interview with Miss Claypole, which had been conclusive against any farther correspondence or connexion.

And how was you interested, demanded he, to be informed of that?

I should hope, replied Isabella, that my father does not want to search into my thoughts, as suspecting they conceal what ought not to be there.—This apostrophe, and perhaps the presence of Lady Crowbery, checked for a time the curiosity of Sir Roger; Zachary also helped to turn the subject, by coming in with a medicine he had been preparing for his patient.

The Reverend Mr Claypole, who had left the room upon his rebuff from the lady patroness of Ratcliffe's living, had gone straight to the vicarage in quest of his niece: here he was greeted, not with the sight of Fanny, but of Fanny's letter, put into his hands by the old woman of the house, who informed him, that the young lady had taken her departure early in the morning. This letter briefly told him, that she had for ever taken leave of a place that was rendered odious to her by the treatment she had met in it; that she made no doubt stories would be circulated disreputable to her character, but they could be nothing but the basest forgeries, which she conjured him to treat with the contempt they merited; that she had discovered the young man, he thought so well of, to be half knave half fool, and, for her part, she had done with him. She added, that he had frightened her into fits by his awkwardness, in letting a knife, which she had used for cutting open the leaves of a book, run into his arm, and wound him. In conclusion, she apologized for the early hour of her departure, which prevented her from taking leave of him; but he should hear from her when she arrived in London.

Claypole's breast now boiled with indignation against Henry; he had disgraced his niece, and, which was worse, disappointed him of a valuable living; for he was too well informed, not to know that Ratcliffe had left it in a state that would bear a deal of stretching. In this temper

of mind he sauntered slowly towards Sir Roger's, deeply meditating by the way: the Baronet was no less eager for the meeting than he was, and, having stepped out of the room when Zachary entered it, encountered him in the hall. Claypole was full charged with venom he had brooded upon by the way.—I thank you, dear and worthy sir, said he, with counterfeited humility, for your kind, though ineffectual, intercession in my favour. Having heard a character of myself so contrary to what I expected or deserved, I hope you will not think me petulant, if I beg leave to retire to my chamber for this evening, rather than meet the eyes of a lady, which had not used to look so unfavourably upon me, and for whom I entertain too high a reverence and esteem, to be indifferent to her contempt of me. Perhaps, sir, you may have thought, as Lady Crowbery does, that this young man's conduct in Blachford's business is an act of high honour, and that I was a very shabby fellow to advise him otherwise?

I don't quite say that, replied Sir Roger, gravely; because I believe you thought of him as likely to be a part of your family; but I confess to you the transaction, as represented to me, appears a very honourable one on his part.

His motives must determine that, said Claypole; it is a cheap way of doing a seemingly disinterested action, when he gains the favour of Lady Crowbery, and the good opinion of Miss Manstock.—Sir Roger started.—I own, continued he, that I did zealously press forward a marriage, in which I did not altogether wish to make so total a sacrifice of my niece, as to marry her to absolute beggary, but recommended him to reserve some portion of Mr Blachford's property as a maintenance: this is the mercenary advice for which I am condemned; but, with humble submission to Lady Crowbery, I am of opinion I was sufficiently disinterested, when I promoted a marriage even upon these terms, and which I should not have listened to for a moment upon any, had I not been persuaded, that, by taking the danger of an obscure unpromising connexion on myself, I was fulfilling the duties of gratitude and friendship, by consulting the interests of my patron and benefactor, in the most essential object of his life.—Here Sir Roger again made a motion expressive of agitation and surprise.—And now, sir, added he, if I, who have been so long honoured with your friendship, and so much profited by your hospitality, have appeared to you as a man insensible to your bounty and my own happiness, and one who, upon mercenary motives, was reaching after a better benefice in a distant place, I hope you will now discern my motives, and acquit me of such folly, and such ingratitude, as would stamp my conduct, upon any other principles than the real ones; for, in the first place, what could I profit by the exchange, granting that Mr Ratcliffe's living were somewhat

better than my own, a fact which I have not been curious to inquire into : but be the advantage what it may, surely it would not balance the difference between living upon my own establishment, and appertaining to yours ; but when I foresaw, with grief of heart, that whether this young nameless fellow married, or married not, my Fanny Claypole, my station in this family had no lasting tenure, consistently with your repose or my own, can you wonder that I caught at any hope that offered me an opportunity of retreating in good time, without disturbing your peace at my departure, content that you should even condemn me for the measure, rather than be driven, as I now am, to open your eyes upon the real motives for it ?

Mr Claypole, said Sir Roger, no longer able to restrain himself, you do indeed open my eyes, which have been in darkness ; but I must desire you will also enable them to see clearly all the danger that is before them, else, permit me to observe, that your friendship only goes the length of alarming me, but stops short where it should inform me.

Sir Roger Manstock, replied Claypole, in a tone of much solemnity, after the proof I have given how far my attachment has already carried me, I should hope you will not suppose it likely to stop short, or shrink from any duties friendship can require of me. If this young adventurer had carried off my niece, I should have held myself justified in serving you so far, and should have seceded from your family in silence ; for where would have been the kindness or use in opening your eyes upon dangers, after you had escaped them ? You would then, perhaps, have set me down in your thoughts for a capricious, fickle-minded man ; but my conscience would have witnessed better things. But now that this Mr Henry Fitzhenry, or whatever name he chooses to be called by, has thought fit to reject Miss Claypole, with fifteen thousand pounds to her fortune, and my honest attempt is defeated, with the sacrifice of my niece's peace and reputation, whilst he is extolled to the skies for his rejection both of her generous offer and Blachford's liberal bequest, what am I to think, but that he has friends in those who so highly praise him, who are too well disposed to reward him for sacrificing my connexion, and to ruin me in your esteem, (of which design I think you have already had some proof,) for my attempt to take upon myself your danger, and defeat their wishes ! And now, Sir Roger, let me make one serious condition with you in this place. Consent to drop this matter for the present ; Lady Crowbery is your guest for this night ; separate not yourself any longer from her, I beseech you ; change not, if possible, your countenance, nor abate of your good humour to either of those amiable ladies, who will wonder at your absence, if you do not suffer me to retire immediately. If any

question is asked, why I do not attend at supper, be pleased to let my apology be a slight indisposition ; the plea will not offend against the truth, for I am far from well.—This said, he took Sir Roger's hand, tenderly pressed it in his, and hastened away.

When he found himself in his chamber, he again took out his niece's letter, and then, for the first time, discovered that there was a postscript over leaf, which he had overlooked in his first reading, there being no reference to it. The purport was as follows :—

"The gentleman took up his abode last night with Mother May, a good cominodious body, as you will confess, if you find, upon inquiry, that the immaculate Isabella shall have given him the meeting there, (if she did, let Sir Roger look about him) : I can take upon me to assure you she is fond of him ; and it is my opinion, that in spite of all her sanctified airs, she is up to any act of desperation love can drive her to. Once more I repeat, let Sir Roger look about him."

This postscript, so happily coinciding with his own operations already commenced, determined Claypole to set out immediately upon discoveries. His first wish was to sift Goody May ; but of this he soon saw the impolicy, at least of undertaking it in his own person ; he therefore bent his steps to his own house, supposing he might get something from the old woman in his service, and with whom his curiosity was not likely to subject him to the same suspicion. Of her he learnt no more, than that Henry had been a pretty considerable time alone with Miss Fanny, during which she never entered the room ; but that just as he was going, he rung the bell with great vehemence, and, upon her coming to it, told her, that her young lady was taken suddenly ill, and charged her to be careful of her, and not to leave her ; that she did not then discover he was wounded, but was told it by Miss Fanny, who raved, and rambled, and took on at a piteous rate, being in strong hysterics. As for what she talked about in her fit, said the old woman——

Tell me what she said in her fit, quoth Claypole ; it is very material to me to know what she said, and 'tis your duty not to conceal it from me.—The woman then repeated, as well as she could, such of her incoherent sallies as she could call to mind ; they were made up of various passions, breaking out in confused exclamations, sometimes of violent love, at other times of hatred and contempt as violent ; some expressions she recollected full of terror for his life, and as if she had accused herself of having murdered him.—At one time, added the old woman, I was sorely afraid the poor young lady had been betrayed, and dealt dishonestly by, for she said again and again, that he had made a fool of her, and was a base deceiver ; upon that I straitly asked her, if he had taken advan-

tage of her in an unlucky moment, and had his wicked will of her. To this she answered, No, no, with great vehemence; he had deceived her in another way.

Well, well, cried Claypole, stopping her, say no more upon that subject; I am satisfied no real injury has been done to her virtue.

None, be assured, echoed the old dame; I'll stake my life upon that, and Mrs May will certify the same.

How! exclaimed he, Mrs May will certify! what knows she of the affair?

Lackaday! answered she; I was fain to call in help, for young madam was quite obstreperous; and so, as I knew neighbour May was knowing in those cases, I sent away for her, and well it was she came, for she quickly fetched her out of her fit, and quieted her.

Well, resumed Claypole, and what became of the gentleman?

Oh! cried the old woman, he took up his lodgings at Mrs May's, and did not go off next morning till he had seen my Lady Crowbery, who stopt at the door, and took him into the chaise with her, where they sat together, as some of the neighbours tell me, for I know not how long, whilst my lady's gentlewoman got out to make room for him; nay, and there's more than all that, only belike you will be angry with me for talking to you about matters.

Not I, quoth Claypole; I desire you will tell of all matters that you believe or know to be true. Did Miss Manstock come to Goody May's, while the gentleman was there?

Ay, did she, as sure as you are in that place alive, said the hag; and was all alone with him ever so long in the parlour that madam has decked out so finely for a new-comer amongst us, when, as all the neighbours say, she might have found some of her own poor parishioners to bestow it upon, instead of a stranger.

What's that to the purpose? said Claypole, peevishly; go on with your story about Henry and Miss Manstock:—are you sure they were in private together?

Certain sure, replied she; for just then I called upon Mrs May to return her some bottles of stuff which had not been used, and as I was turning into the parlour to the closet where she keeps her drugs, she laid hold of me in a great hurry, telling me I must not go into that room for my life. I seeing her in such a combustion, straight thought within myself, how that something was going on more than common, and taking no farther notice at the time, determined upon peeping in at the window when I went away, and she was out of sight: I did so; God forgive me if I did wrong! and there I saw young madam and her spark sitting lovingly together; not that I would go to say there was any harm in what they were about; but if ever I saw anything clearly with these eyes in my life, I saw Madam Isabella with her head up-

on the gentleman's shoulder, and his arm round her waist: Oho! said I to myself, well may our poor young lady weep and wail at such a rate if these be your false-hearted doings.

Well satisfied with the substance of this intelligence, and quick in discerning the advantages of it, Claypole departed.

CHAP. VI.

Cunning can hold off Detection for a while.

A NATURE like Sir Roger Manstock's was not easily wrought upon by the poison of suspicion towards a character like Isabella's: Confidence, long rooted in strong affection, was not speedily to be shaken; yet his happiness was disturbed, and his spirits depressed. When Henry was spoken of, which he frequently was by Lady Crowbery, he was either silent on the subject, or contrived to pass it off; his looks at the same time were watchfully directed towards his daughter, and the effect of them was very painfully felt. When Lady Crowbery retired for the night, he attended her himself to her chamber, and contrived to take Isabella away with him. The night passed heavily with her, and the next morning afforded no opportunity of being private with her cousin; the sad hour of departure drew near, and though there was not more than time for such friends to take a farewell, which was probably to be their last, nobody dared to speak the word; all parties sat silent; Zachary Cawdle had the consideration to keep out of the way; at last, Lady Crowbery spoke as follows:—

I had reserved many things to say to you, my dear uncle, but I perceive too late the fallacy of postponing those things to a time, when the pain of parting occupies the mind to the exclusion of all other thoughts. I shall therefore refer you for them to my letters, if my health enables me to write; if not, you will find a paper enclosed with my will, to be read by you after my death, in which my heart, and all its sorrows, is laid open to your view: be as tender to my memory when I am no more, as you have been kind and generous to me whilst living, and may Heaven reward you for it! If I have offended you in the matter of your application for Mr Claypole, or in the manner of my treating it in the presence of that gentleman, I am sorry for it; but I cannot revoke my opinion of him, though I suspect it may appear to you as a very harsh one; but this is not the moment for me to prevaricate, impressed as I am with the persuasion, that it is amongst the last I have to pass with you.

Heaven forbid! cried the venerable Baronet, and tenderly embraced her. Isabella, weeping, next presented herself, to take her melancholy

adieu. Lady Crowbery whispered a few words to her as she was in her arms, and then, with assistance, rose from her chair, and was supported to the carriage, that waited at the door, where all the domestics of Manstock House were assembled, to offer up their good wishes for her recovery : alas ! how fruitless !

Sir Roger retired to his library, Isabella to her apartment. Claypole had kept close, and did not present himself at Lady Crowbery's departure. This was not unnoticed by Sir Roger, who did not expect to meet so strong a mark of his resentment. The solemn declaration made by that lady, under the impression that they were the last words she should address to him in person, sunk deep into his mind—I *cannot revoke my opinion of him*.—He was not of a nature prone to suspicion, nor had he that gift of intuition, which can discover the real character of a man, by tracing it through the windings and involutions of artifice and cunning. Claypole, by superior acuteness of intellect, had gained a complete ascendancy over him, and preserved it long ; yet he had not a little surprised Sir Roger by his solicitation for Ratcliffe's living ; it struck him in the light of a dereliction of his friendship, upon motives merely mercenary ; but the artful interpretation afterwards given to those motives had put a very favourable gloss upon it as to Claypole's conduct ; but it fatally instilled into his mind a doubt as to the dearest object of his affections, and, for the first time, shook his confidence in his beloved Isabella. This was now the painful subject of his meditations ; and after opposing thought to thought, and weighing them calmly and impartially to the best of his judgment and understanding, he began to sum up the result of his reflections in the following manner :—

Lady Crowbery says, she cannot revoke her opinion of Mr Claypole ; neither can I, without better proof than I am yet provided with. If a small augmentation of his income could have tempted him to turn his back upon me, I should have doubted the sincerity of his friendship ; for he does not want money. But this exchange was not the way to gain it ; therefore I am the more disposed to believe the reasons he assigns for seeking it.—He says, he would have given his niece to Henry for my sake, for my repose, —and what can that imply, but that he apprehends me to be in danger ? and how in danger, but that he suspects my Isabella to be attached to the young man, whom he would have married to Miss Claypole ? This is indeed alarming ; suspicion is always so ; but I must not give way to suspicion without proofs ; hitherto he has given me none. Isabella confesses that she met him accidentally at the cottage ; what then ? her very confession of it should disarm suspicion ; and my child has ever been ingenuous and sincere. Claypole would have me think he took a dangerous connexion on himself for my

sake ; if so, he has had an escape ; why, then, this resentment against Henry for refusing to endanger him ? But he was eager enough for the connexion when I first conversed with him about it. He sought the young man, unknown to me, conferred with him at Crowbery, and strove to persuade him to avail himself of Blackford's legacy ; that could not be for my sake ; there is something here that does not seem to accord. I am puzzled how to judge.

At this moment Claypole announced himself with a gentle tap at the library-door, and was desired to enter. Sir Roger had well nigh entangled himself in his meditations, and probably was not sorry thus to cut the knot, which he could not untie.—Well, my good friend, said he, with a sigh, my niece is gone, perhaps for ever ; I think you was not present to take leave of her.

My presence, I am afraid, replied Claypole, could not have been agreeable to her, nor my respects acceptable.

To me at least they would, if not to her, said Sir Roger.

To you they never can be wanting, resumed he ; of which this tender of them is my witness, when I am fitter for my bed than to be about.

I am very sorry you are indisposed, resumed the Baronet ; for I confess to you there was part of your conversation last night which has left my thoughts in a state of great inquietude.

If that be so, replied Claypole, I am quite at leisure to satisfy you upon any points you may wish to have explained ; clear in conscience, and cordial in my zeal for your interest and content, I can never be taken unprovided with a straight answer to any questions you may choose to ask.

I cannot doubt you, quoth the Baronet ; and shall accordingly avail myself of your indulgence. I think you stated the proposed connexion with young Henry and Miss Claypole as a dangerous one, but which, nevertheless, you was resolute to encounter, upon reasons that had respect to my repose, the nature of which I can well understand.

I did so.

Did you see it in that light of danger when you first started it in our conversation together in the hall ?

I do not perfectly call to mind how I saw it, or how I started it upon that occasion ; it was a night of bustle and confusion ; we had sat long and indulged freely at table.

We had so, rejoined Sir Roger ; yet I remember you embraced it with so much seeming warmth and good liking, that if you was then projecting to make a sacrifice of your own interests to mine, you really masked your motives so effectually, that I was not aware of the concern I had in them.

That they were my motives, said Claypole, I

can truly assert ; that you did not discover them might very naturally happen, as I did not study the display of a disinterested action, and cautiously avoided alarming you with danger which I was in hopes to divert from you for ever ; but, added to this, might it not happen, that I thought better of the young man at that time than I have done since ? I am free to say, notwithstanding Lady Crowbery's decision against me for my opinion in that case, I did not approve of his romantic heroism in begging himself for Susan May's bastard ; he held a very haughty language to me upon that occasion, and I do not think it became him either to talk or to act as he did in that affair.

To this Sir Roger replied, A haughty language did not become him, and a disrespectful one towards a person of your age and character was greatly reprehensible ; but as for the act itself, I cannot but regard it as a very honourable one.

Sir, said Claypole, these are high-flown fancies ; the fellow is a beggar with a fair face and a proud stomach ; he lives upon charity.

And that charity will enable him to live, said Sir Roger, calmly.

Scantly, I should guess, replied Claypole ; some small provision Lady Crowbery may have made for him in her will, but I should hope her ladyship will not heap any great matters upon such a one as him, to the detriment of your family.

There, sir, returned the Baronet, you are much more zealous for my family than I am myself ; my estate is more than sufficient for all my occasions ; sure it will suffice to portion one daughter.

Permit me, then, replied Claypole, to say to you, sir, without offence, that I sincerely hope that daughter will never have any other interest in Lady Crowbery's property but what that lady herself may bequeath to her as Miss Manstock.

I clearly comprehend you, said Sir Roger ; and as you mean it so I receive it ; and now I call upon you as my friend, to tell me, without reserve, upon what proofs you ground your apprehensions of my daughter's attachment to this young man ; suspicion is a serious thing ; I am persuaded you would not frivolously alarm it ; be so good to tell me what you have discovered in Miss Manstock's conduct.

Pardon me, replied Claypole ; I pretend to take no other part than that of a warning friend ; I do not covet the character of an informing spy ; let the woman of the cottage be interrogated.

Not so, said Sir Roger, calmly ; let my child, with your leave, be fairly heard before I call witnesses to the charge against her. Let me at least make trial of her sincerity ; she has never yet deceived me, to my knowledge, and I should be loath to take a secret course with her ; and

now as you have, with so much friendly zeal, made my repose and the honour of my family your own concern, let me request you will be present whilst I ask a few questions of my daughter as from myself.

Claypole instantly started from his seat, and resolutely protested against such a proposal, saying that he had no desire to be made a party in family disputes, either by being set up as an umpire between father and daughter, or called to the indelicate office of deposing against a young lady : he had spoken his fears in the way of caution ; if they were investigated, he did not doubt but they would be found not to have been lightly taken up, but he confessed he had not sufficient firmness to assert them to the face of so fair a lady. This said, he left the room.

CHAP. VII.

Let a Man who suspects, resort speedily to Explanation.

CAN this be pure friendship ? said Sir Roger, within himself, as Claypole parted from him ; I am willing to hope it is, but I can hardly think it has all the characteristics of it.

He now went up stairs to his daughter's dressing-room, where he found her alone ; she had been weeping, and was sitting in a pensive posture without any employment. He approached her gently, for sorrow claims respect, and in a tender tone he said, You have been in tears, my child, but I cannot wonder at it ; 'tis an affecting trial to take leave of so dear a friend, with so little hope of ever meeting again. I feel it deeply too ; I believe my affliction is as heavy as your own.

I hope not, replied Isabella, because I am afraid I have more losses than one to aggravate my affliction.

Of what loss do you complain, besides this of Lady Crowbery ? said he, in the accent of alarm.

Of the loss of your confidence, sir, returned she, looking up in his face with conscious innocence.

The appeal was irresistible ; the most hardened tyrant would have felt it ; how could it fail to touch the tender heart of so affectionate a father !—Not so, my child, said he ; you have not lost my confidence ; you will not lose it ; you will merit an increase of it ; your candour will confirm and fix it beyond the reach of doubt for ever after.

In truth, she replied, my heart is exactly as nature and you have made it ; it is conscious of no guilt, and I have taught it no disguise ; prove it, therefore, and examine it ; tell me all that you suspect, all that has been reported to you, all that your own fears suggest, and leave no

particle unsifted ; for never can I be happy whilst any doubt remains to cloud that countenance which hitherto has smiled upon me so serenely.

'Tis spoken like yourself, said the father, his countenance brightening as he said it ; and now, my dear, I should be glad to know, provided you can tell me with honour to Lady Crowbery, what it was she said to you in a whisper when you took leave of each other ?

Readily, answered Isabella ; and the rather because it was advice that does her credit, though, in justice to myself, I must add, I did not then stand in need of it. She had observed you was startled at my meeting Henry at the cottage ; she suspected Mr Claypole had been alarming you on the subject ; and she advised me to be sincere in relating to you everything that passed between us. This was the purport of what she whispered to me, and this I am now most perfectly ready to fulfill.

Here it may be proper to inform our readers, that Isabella, in this statement, reported truly as far as she went ; but candour, it is hoped, will acquit her if she did not betray what was farther divulged to her in strict secrecy ; for in that parting moment, Lady Crowbery, impressed with a sad presentiment that she should never see her more, had imparted to her the mystery of Henry's birth, avowing him to be her son by Captain Delapoer, and informing her that she had made him her heir.

In return for this candid tender, Sir Roger observed, that it was not merely the circumstance of her meeting Henry, and conversing with him without a third person present, that gave him alarm ; that must have often happened whilst he was a visitor in his house ; but in this business there was a seeming secrecy and mysteriousness in their meeting that gave it the air of a concerted assignation ; that his sudden departure without a word said or written to him by way of farewell, favoured that appearance ; and he added, that he could not well account for his declining a connexion every way so flattering and so advantageous to a person in his circumstances, as that with Miss Claypole, any otherwise than as having an attachment elsewhere.

In answer to this, Isabella assured him, that her meeting with Henry at the cottage was purely accidental. He had a wound which broke out afresh whilst she was there, and bled profusely ; she staid with him whilst it was dressed ; it was a deep stab in the arm : she remained some time after it was stanchied, and they were left to themselves ; he then told her that his treaty with Miss Claypole was broken off ; the reasons for it he did not tell, but he certainly did not speak of it with any regret, nor did she believe he had ever considered it either as an advantageous or agreeable connexion. As to her father's observation, that he had not com-

municated with him in any manner, she said she could only ascribe that to his fear of being questioned about his wound, of which she found him very unwilling to give any other account than in general terms as an accident, and even this she observed was unpleasant to him to speak of.

Did he come wounded from his interview with Fanny Claypole ?

She believed he did.

Then he got it there ?

She understood so.

Sir Roger pondered upon this for some time in silence ; he then renewed the conversation in the following manner :—This is a dark business, Isabella. Fanny Claypole is a girl of a violent temper ; as for Henry, I should be unjust if I did not bear testimony to his good principles as far as I have had experience of them : his person, manners, and behaviour, are highly impressive ; the situation in which I found him, the unjust treatment he had suffered, and his deportment under it, prejudiced me strongly in his favour ; my niece Crowbery's protection in the first instance was natural, as considering him the cleve of Ratcliffe, and undeservedly distressed. I warmly coincided with it : it afterwards grew more ardent ; I was alarmed at it : it now is become mysterious, and I cannot understand it. When I invited him into my house, I did not forget that I possessed a beautiful daughter, the heiress of my fortune, and the darling of my soul ; but such was the distance of your conditions from each other, such my confidence in your discretion, and my opinion of his proper understanding of himself, that I own to you I foresaw no danger, and, let me hope, I have incurred none. But if my confidence has led me into error, or he, mistaking your pity for encouragement, has been rash enough to attempt your affections, it is now high time that I endeavour to repair that error by calling you to a recollection of yourself and me.

And what, she demanded, would my father prescribe to me for his future assurance and content ?

I would have you keep in mind, he replied, that I exact no other rights than nature has endowed me with, when I require you, if ever you entertained a thought of this young man, to call to mind now in good time my solemn declaration, that I never will admit of your connexion with a man so circumstanced : I never wish to force your inclinations ; have no unreasonable ambition to ally you to great rank or overgrown estate ; but to absolute obscurity, to mystery, to an unknown creature, parentless and nameless, I cannot, will not, sacrifice my child.

How just and reasonable, said she, is that denunciation ! I seal it with my promise faithfully to adhere to it.

Take notice, added the father, that Blach-

ford's whole possessions could have made no change in my resolves, nor have been of any avail to him, as he is.

I understand it perfectly, she said ; he must be known ; his history must be developed, and his parentage clearly ascertained. Should time bring that to light, and set him forth to view as unexceptionable in birth and condition as he is amiable in character and manners, may I not presume my father would relax ?

Stop there, he cried, nor cherish such delusions, which will only prove you have him more at heart than I could wish. Alas ! alas ! my child, I fear your eyes have led your understanding astray ; I doubt, Isabella, you are captivated by what the worst as well as the best, the meanest as well as the most noble, may present to you—a handsome person.

Surely, my dear sir, said Isabella, blushing, you just now spoke with approbation of his principles.

I did so, he replied, and I will not unsay it. He has done generous actions, noble ones, that would extort applause even from his enemy, which I am not.

But he has enemies, she rejoined ; at least there are some minds so hostile to merit, or so perverted by malice, as to allow him no applause.

I grant you, replied Sir Roger ; but Claypole is angry with him for refusing his niece.

Ah, sir ! returned the lovely Isabella, then Henry, I fear, will soon experience the effects of his anger.

That would be hard, Sir Roger observed, as he suspected he had received one wound from the family already.

But there are deeper and more fatal wounds than he has yet felt, said Isabella, that he has still to apprehend. I have reason to believe that a stab in your opinion would afflict him more than anything his flesh can suffer.

Come, come, said the worthy Baronet, with a parental smile ; Henry may have enemies, but I perceive he has one steady friend, and that friend has great power, for she is very near my heart.

With these words, he rose from his seat, approached her with a gentle aspect, and having impressed a kiss upon her forehead, departed.

CHAP. VIII.

She, who confesses less than the whole, may save a Blush, but will incur a Danger.

ISABELLA found the anguish of her mind allayed by the preceding conversation with her father ; it had not totally extinguished it. There were still some tender incidents belonging to her

interview with Henry, which remained untold ; yet upon reflection she could hardly be persuaded to attach any degree of self-reproach to the omission of such incidents in her narrative, as it was next to impossible to convey, by any form of words, the delicacy of those circumstances which introduced, and the purity of those sensations which admitted, these chaste and innocent endearments. How could she find expressions that would describe what was passing in the mind of Henry, when, starting from his reverie on her sudden appearance in his room, he wildly ran and caught her in his arms, unmindful of his wound, that burst instantly open ? In the like degree, language would have failed her to impress him with a just conception of those soft but guiltless emotions, occasioned by the sight of the blood flowing from his wound, by the tenderness of his looks, his language, and the mixed assemblage of enervating ideas at the touching crisis of departure, which had caused her to sink under a momentary oppression of spirits, whilst he supported her in his arms. This she despaired to paint in terms that could exemplify a scene which nothing but the manner of it could strictly justify, and none but a spectator could completely understand.

Therefore it was that her ingenuous nature found a plea in its own want of powers for letting these small incidents remain untold ; and who that has a heart, which love or pity ever touched, but will subscribe a wish that they had been unseen ?

In the next conversation that took place between Claypole and Sir Roger, the latter repeated the substance of what had passed between himself and his daughter ; expressing his entire satisfaction in the result of it, and declaring in the joy of his heart, that he was now perfectly at ease with respect to his late alarm about the interview at the cottage. Claypole affected to receive this account with pleasure, saying, he was very glad he had taken that method of investigation, which made the quickest dispatch in dismissing his uneasiness ; happiness, he observed, was worth obtaining, even by delusion, and for that reason he would recommend to him to sit down contented with the account he had received, though it was from the party concerned, and not expose himself to the risk of future inquietude by investigating the affair any farther, or seeking after witnesses whose accounts might perhaps perplex him, by differing in some particulars from that which had been so satisfactory. He then, with an air of indifference, turned the discourse to some other subject, and left his observation to work as it might, or might not, within the mind of his friend to whom he addressed it.

The next day, Ezekiel Daw walked over from Crowbery, upon a visit to his friend Dame May at the cottage, bearing a kind message from her

daughter, and inviting her to take up her abode with her at the deceased Mr Blachford's house, where, by advice of her friends, she purposed to establish herself and the infant heir. He was also encharged by Susan to apologize on her behalf, in the most respectful terms, to Miss Manstock, for her not paying her duty in person, and with other small commissions to be settled with the servants. This brought him to the great house, after halting on his way at the widow's; and his arrival was announced to Isabella, as she was in company with her father and Mr Claypole. She would fain have left the room to attend upon him, but the thought struck Sir Roger to have him introduced to the parlour, declaring that he was not only greatly taken with the oddity of his character, but that he esteemed him as a very upright, honest creature.

Ezekiel made his advances in a respectful manner to the worthy Baronet, and was by him very kindly welcomed to Manstock-house. He acquitted himself of his commission to the young lady, after his manner, properly enough, and then made an effort to take leave, but was stayed by a question from Sir Roger, relative to the amount of what Mr Blachford had bequeathed to his heir. Ezekiel said, that it consisted of property in Jamaica, which returned about two thousand pounds, one year with another, as far as he could understand, with about ten thousand pounds in money, and the small estate at Crowbery; but he desired not to be understood as speaking correctly.

Sir Roger said in an under voice to Claypole, It is not so much as I guessed he was possessed of, but it is a great deal for a poor man to give up upon principle.—He then inquired if there were any legacies.

Ezekiel informed him there were a few; upon which Claypole said, I suppose you have got a legacy, sir?

No, reverend sir, replied the good man, I have no legacy, nor did I covet one; it fits not the servant of Christ to be greedy after gain.

Then I suppose, resumed he, that it was by your advice Mr Fitzhenry declined his legacy?

Not so, sir, replied Ezekiel; the first I heard of it was just before you came into my poor cottage, when, if I mistake not, you disapproved of that act, which, in my humble opinion, was a very meritorious one. But it is not by the praise or dispraise of men that actions can be truly tried; Heaven knows, that excellent young man hath received little else but unjust judgment upon earth, and evil treatment from cruel hands. Even now he is gone forth to sea most barbarously wounded.

Do you pretend to know then, said Claypole, how he got that wound?

Yes, reverend sir, replied Ezekiel, rising in his tone, I do pretend to know.

Stop there, Mr Daw, cried Isabella, hastily interposing, I dare say your absent friend would

not wish you to speak of that affair in this company, or any other. I beseech you, say no more upon the subject.

Lady, I obey, answered Ezekiel; and verily I am beholden to you for your timely counsel.

Silence now ensuing, honest Daw made his bow and retired.

Pray, madam, said Claypole, may I ask, without offence, why you stopped that man's answer to a question, which I, who put it to him, had a right to expect, and no repugnance to meet?

Because I am persuaded, replied Isabella, he had received no account of the transaction from the person who had received the wound, and I think it was both dangerous and improper for him to speak upon any other authority.

Suffer me to observe, said he, that I do not see the justice of saving any man from the danger of a malicious story, when it is clear he has the propensity to publish it. Had he been suffered to proceed, we might have been led, through the medium of falsehood, to the investigation of truth, and I might have had a fair opportunity of vindicating the character of my niece, as well as of punishing the wickedness of her defamers. But I perceive Ezekiel Daw, the itinerant preacher, is considered by you as a sacred person; and under your shield, madam, how can it be expected that my arm can reach him, or, indeed, be raised against him? I perceive, madam, there is a design to propagate a most villainous story, and to affix a murderous intent upon a matter of mere accident. When the wounded gentleman got his hurt, nobody was present but my niece; I am at a loss, therefore, to think from whom else this evil report should originate but from him.

To this Isabella steadily replied, Whatever term you may affix to the report, I dare say it did not spring from him; if, indeed, it be an evil one, it could not.

Then, madam, replied Claypole, we must lay it at the door of some tattling gossip, who, gathering some expressions from the terrified imagination of my niece, when the sight of the accident had thrown her into fits, founded this malicious interpretation of it; and if that be all, I am sure the wisest way is to disregard it; for, in truth, their silly fables merit nothing but contempt. They pretend to hear things that were never said, and to see things that probably were never done, and then they fasten their fictions upon you, and upon Henry, and perhaps upon every one of us in our turn.

What do they fasten upon me, may I ask? demanded Isabella.

What I paid little or no attention to when I heard it; yet it serves to shew how ingenious they are in their idle devices not to let the purest character escape their tongues; what wonder, then, if their scandal is busy with my poor niece?

There is a mysteriousness in this story, said

Sir Roger ; and I think all such should be fairly produced, with their authors, especially where a lady's name is made use of.

I am clearly of that opinion, replied Claypole ; and I hold it to be a duty which I owe to you, to this amiable young lady, and to truth itself, not to let any report affecting her enter my ears without giving up both it and the author, whom I am the less inclined to screen, because she belongs to me for the present ; and as I am persuaded Miss Manstock can confute her tale, I shall instantly proceed to punish her by a dismissal from my service, and sorry I shall be that my power reaches no farther.

This is perfectly candid in you, said Sir Roger, and what I should expect from your friendship. But, without more delay, let us hear the story ; I will venture to say my daughter has no objection to hearing it.

None in life, replied she, if Mr Claypole has none to the relation of it ; but, indeed, he has now gone too far to suppress it.

It is soon told, madam, said Claypole ; and I doubt not as soon confuted. But my foolish old woman at the vicarage pretends to say, that calling upon the Widow May, whilst you and Mr Fitzhenry were together, she was prevented from entering the room where you were, with so much appearance of alarm on the part of the good woman who guarded the door, that, suspecting there was a secret, and naturally curious, as such silly old gossips are apt to be, she took her opportunity of peeping in at the window, and discovered you in an attitude,—impossible upon the face of it,—for the impudent hussy says, she saw him with his arm round your waist, and your head reclining upon his shoulder.

How's that ? cried Sir Roger, with vehemence, starting at the same moment on his legs ; does the infamous trollop say that ? I'll have her taken up, and committed to the house of correction.

No, sir, said Isabella ; sinking as I was under my alarm at the bloody spectacle I had been surveying, I can still recollect too much of my situation at that moment not to remember, that there was a person came up to the window whilst Henry was supporting me ; and if this is the person, she says no more than the truth, which Mr Claypole has very faithfully reported, with what intent he best knows ; but justice compels me to say, that correction is not due to the woman.

There was an air of so much conscious innocence in Isabella's ready explanation and confession, that Claypole instantly perceived he had missed his aim in her particular at least, but in Sir Roger he had lodged his shaft. A strict observer of decorum in all its antiquated rigour, he only looked to consequences, not to causes ; it was enough for him to know his daughter had submitted to the embrace of this young man, and that she had been a spectacle for vulgar

eyes in that degrading situation. It struck him with a painful recollection, that she had suppressed this circumstance in the account she had given him at first ; and, turning a severe look to his daughter, he said,—Isabella, you never see that young man again whilst you live ; at least within my doors, never. You have deceived me, child, for the first time. You have concealed from me a fact, whilst you made me believe you had ingenuously related the whole of what passed between you. You have been discovered in a situation unfit for you to be seen in, by a peasant in the parish ; who, having gratified her own curiosity, will not spare to gratify the curiosity of others, and the tale will be circulated through the neighbourhood, to your shame and to mine.

To this our heroine instantly replied as follows :—When I assure my father, that such was the state of my nerves at the time I was discovered in the situation Mr Claypole has been describing, that I must have sunk upon the floor had not Henry prevented it, I flatter myself I shall not be thought guilty of any great offence against propriety in accepting of his support ; neither, perhaps, can he be justly condemned for giving it. I hope I have not hitherto been found so disingenuous as not to deserve credit for what I assert, nor so flippant as to be thought capable of throwing myself voluntarily into any man's arms. The sight of a deep and terrible wound, streaming with blood upon the floor ; and the assistance that humanity compelled me to give in stanching the wound, was a scene so new and alarming to me that my spirits could not stand against it. I confess to you, I suppressed this circumstance in my discourse with you ; but I had motives for so doing which did not spring from any consciousness of guilt, or dread of explanation on my own part. My silence had respect to others, not to myself ; and the same motives that led me to stop Ezekiel Daw just now from speaking on this subject, operated with me, and will operate, for avoiding, as far as it is in my power, any mention of that affair.

She then turned to Mr Claypole, and in a calm, unembarrassed accent, said,—You will now perceive, that your foolish old woman, as you call her, has done nothing to incur your displeasure, or to merit the punishment you threaten her with. She had only the curiosity to peep in at a window, and seems to have related to you, very faithfully, what she discovered ; which you, sir, as faithfully have related to my father. This, no doubt, you did in the pure spirit of friendship to my father ; and I have only to say, for his sake, that I hope this will be the last proof of your friendship accompanied with pain to him, and that every subsequent one will communicate nothing but pleasure. You have, however, told him something which I had not told him, and so far I am made to appear evasive and

disingenuous ; but I have given you the clew to my exculpation, and, if you have a mind to pursue it, you will be led to the clear understanding of my motives. I am willing to interpret the part you have taken as meant for my good ; and indeed, if I have been guilty of thinking more favourably of this mysterious young man than you conceive I ought to think, your measures have been so far crowned with success, that you have had the satisfaction to hear my father declare, that I am never again to see that person whilst I live, at least within his doors. To this I answer, I have never yet disobeyed my father's commands, nor ever will ; let him, therefore, repeat that solemn denunciation again, and here I am, ready as solemnly to pledge myself to the observance of it, let it cost me what it will. I desire to live but to please him, and only whilst I please him ; and though I don't wish to hold back the very high opinion I entertain of this proscribed young man, (or if you please to give it any other name that purity may acknowledge, I will confess to that,) yet I now declare, I will never hereafter hold correspondence, direct or indirect, with him, unless it shall be with the privity and consent, nay, even by the requisition and desire, of my father himself. This, sir, I presume, will satisfy you, if you are sincerely bent to oppose my attachment ; and if my dear father is truly desirous to interdict it, he will, I dare say, confide in what I have promised.

CHAP. IX.

A tempting Offer honourably withstood.

To this defence Claypole made no reply, neither did Sir Roger seem in haste to speak ; for the gust of anger, which artifice had raised, innocence and truth had now dispelled. He turned his eyes upon the accuser first, and then upon his daughter ; each look was decisive to the party it was addressed to ; neither of them stood in need of any farther explanation of the opinion he entertained ; at last, turning to Claypole, he said—I think, sir, it had been better for us both, if you had not listened to this eavesdropper ; for it appears to me, that you have gathered nothing from her information, but what my Isabella has very naturally accounted for.

It is very well, replied Claypole ; I know the consequences of over-zealous friendship, and none can accrue to me, which I am not prepared for. With these words he left the room.

He is very angry, said Sir Roger ; but his disappointments vex him : rebuffed by Lady Crowbery, rebuffed by Henry, and tormented with his niece, his vexations have followed close upon one another ; we must make allowances for men's tempers, and Claypole's is not the most patient, therefore let it pass ; we will say

no more of him : and now, my child, a word or two with you upon what is nearest to my heart—your happiness, and a right understanding betwixt us. It is clear to me, Isabella, that you are attached to this young unknown ; that is a very serious thing, truly ; for who is he, and what is he ? If you can answer to these points, explain to me, satisfy me. I am not greedy of wealth, I am not ambitious of titles for you ; but the character and condition of a gentleman is an indispensable requisite in the person of my son-in-law ; I cannot away with obscurity or meanness ; therefore, if you know anything of Henry, tell it to me ; 'tis your own concern, and, if a secret, I will not reveal it.

I am sure you would not, replied she ; and were a secret imparted to me, under strict injunctions to keep it inviolable, I am no less sure, you would hold me base, should I reveal it ; I hope, therefore, you will not regard it as a breach of duty, if I decline an answer to your question.

Hold there, replied the father ; I am apt to think it is a part of your duty to take no secrets into your trust in which I am not to share, especially when they are committed to you by a young man like Henry.

But if I have it not from him, said she, the case does not apply.

No matter, rejoined he ; it is of him, it relates to him, and that's reason enough why I should know it. In one word, Isabella, give me up the matter of your information without the author of it, and if it appears, to my satisfaction, that this young man is by birth a gentleman, and such as I can with propriety adopt into my family, I pass my word to you, that I will no longer oppose myself to your inclinations, for his character and manners please me, and I can well believe his person not less engaging ; but if you will not confide to me what you know of this young man, I shall take for granted it is not fit to be known, and, in that persuasion, exert the authority of a father for laying my injunctions upon you, never to let me see his face, or hear his name again ; neither shall I forgive you, if I discover that you carry on any correspondence with him, or about him. This, Isabella, is your alternative ; now take your choice, and the consequences of your choice.

A stronger temptation than was now offered to Isabella could hardly present itself ; but her steady nature rejected it without scruple, and, by persisting in her good faith to Lady Crowbery, she incurred, to her infinite regret, the displeasure of her father, most tenderly beloved : the conference, therefore, concluded in anger on his part, and in a solemn promise on hers, to hold no correspondence with Henry, nor, even through her cousin Lady Crowbery, about him in future. Time, it is true, might probably develop the mystery which her honour would not suffer her to do, and to that alone she trusted

for a justification of her silence, both towards her father and her lover.

The Reverend Mr Claypole, meanwhile, betook himself in sullen discontent to his chamber; there to meditate upon future measures: in the interim, a letter was delivered to him, which had come by special messenger from Crowbery Castle, the contents of which were as follows:—

“MY DEAR UNCLE,

“IN consequence of a most polite invitation from the worthy lord of this castle, I have been prevailed upon to take up my abode here for a few days. The chief inducement with me for accepting this solicitation, was, the opportunity it affords me of being within reach of my dear uncle, without the pain of taking up my residence in the same place with a family from whom I have received the most unhandsome treatment. Nothing can exceed the kindness and attention of Lord Crowbery, and I am charged by him, in the most earnest manner, to request the favour of your company at the castle: I am sure you will not regret the change from Manstock-house; and, if I have any interest with you, his request will be complied with, the rather as I find myself, in Lady Crowbery’s absence, in a situation to stand in need of your cover and protection, being at present the only female visitor in the house.

“I am, ever yours,

“FRANCES CLAYPOLE.”

Nothing could be more acceptable to Mr Claypole, in his present state of mind, than the invitation which this letter conveyed; it relieved him from a situation, of which he was heartily sick, and offered him the gratification of putting a slight upon Lady Crowbery, of the most pointed sort: he well knew how it would be felt by Sir Roger Manstock, and on that very account he embraced it the more readily; for there was no longer any trace of past favours in his memory, and of favours to come all expectation was at an end. He had, however, views upon futurity in Lord Crowbery’s particular; for he had seen enough of Lady Crowbery, to set her down, in his account, as a dead woman, and his niece Fanny was a very lively one. He had more than once taken her with him to the castle, in times when better harmony subsisted between the families, and on those visits Fanny had made her way much better with the lord than with the lady of the house, with the latter of whom, to say the truth, she was in no great favour. The fact was, that Lady Crowbery regarded her character with contempt, and Fanny imputed it to jealousy; to rouse this passion was a gratification too agreeable to be resisted, and therefore, though his lordship was nothing less than an Adonis, there was amusement at least in the experiment, and she considered it as no small triumph to engage the attention of a

man, who was capable of neglecting a most lovely woman, and devoting himself to her. Her purpose in hastening from the vicarage, in the manner we have related, was with the view of obtaining one more interview with Henry, or, at least, of gaining such intelligence as might satisfy her as to the consequences of his wound; she therefore boldly shaped her course towards the port he was to embark at, but in passing through the village of Crowbery, luckily fell in with the noble proprietor, who was cheering his spirits with a morning ride, in his lady’s absence, and, after some importunity, prevailed upon her to stop short in her progress, and repose herself in the castle. Here she remained some time, till propriety, or something else, dictated to her the expedient of writing to her uncle in manner above related, to which his lordship, with equal propriety, very courteously acceded.

Sir Roger Manstock, who perceived that his daughter was in possession of a secret that he could not extort from her, concluded, very naturally, that it came from Lady Crowbery; and this brought to his recollection, what she had said to him upon their parting, relative to the paper she had enclosed under the same cover with her will, to be opened after her death. This packet he had deposited in his strong box; it was under four seals, and evidently enveloped more papers than one: he had no doubt from Isabella’s answers, that the secret she had in charge from Lady Crowbery related to Henry’s birth, and that it would be discovered upon the opening of this packet. He could not reconcile to himself the being excluded from a confidence which had been reposed in his daughter, and was not a little discontented to find, that his niece had referred him to her death for a discovery that she had already made to Isabella.

He now summoned Isabella to him, and holding Lady Crowbery’s packet in his hand, addressed himself to her as follows:—I am here encharged with a paper, sealed as you see, containing your cousin’s will, and other private matters, which are only to be opened by me upon the event of her death: I have no doubt but it encloses a discovery of that very secret, which she has already imparted to you, and that it refers to the mystery of this young man’s birth, who has caused so much unhappiness to me and my family. I understand withal, that I am to be the executor of this will, and, most probably, of certain instructions and trusts relative to the gentleman, who is then, for the first time, to be made known to me. Now these are terms that I will not agree to; I am no dealer in obscure matters, and it is therefore become my fixed resolution peremptorily to decline the commission, and so to inform Lady Crowbery by special express, unless you are prepared to tell me what it is you know of these secret contents, so far as they relate to the person called Henry Fitzheury; for I do not hold it be-

coming me, in any respect, to be surprised into a trust that may involve me with a person, whom at present I have every reason to hold at distance, and for whom, perhaps, I may never choose to be concerned, even in the most trifling degree. Now, then, Isabella, let me ask you, if what I have been saying seems reasonable, and whether you rightly comprehend it?—To this she replied in the affirmative; upon which he thus proceeded:—If it is reasonable then, that I should not be blindly committed in a business I am ignorant of, and if you are interested to retain these papers in my hands, rather than to have them sent back to her from whom they came, you have the alternative at your choice; tell me what you know of them, or take the consequences, and abide by the promise you have made me: never let me hear the name of Henry Fitzhenry from your lips any more.

If that be the alternative, replied the lovely Isabella, whilst the tears started in her eyes, necessity imposes the hard task upon me of abiding by the painful consequences you have stated. Can I violate my promise? Ought not every trust to be held sacred? This is of all most sacred, and I dare not betray it. Let me then, for the last time in your hearing, declare, that wherever this discarded person, whose name I will not utter in your ears, shall betake himself, he carries with him, to the end of life, my prayers, my blessings, my unalienable affections, and my heart for ever; but let not this ingenuous confession of my love shake your confidence in my honour, for upon my knees I take to witness truth, and Heaven itself, that I will faithfully perform the promise I have made you, and, renouncing him, devote myself to your commands and to my duty.

CHAP. X.

Where is the Daughter, that may not take a Lesson from our Heroine?

THE definitive answer, which our last chapter concludes with, put a period to any farther conference between the respective parties, and determined Sir Roger Manstock to take the very measure he had threatened to pursue. He immediately wrote a letter to his niece, explanatory of his sensations with respect to Henry, and beseeching her to excuse him from any trust that had relation to a person, who had caused him such uneasiness, and whom he was determined never to be connected with: he also informed her of the promise made to him by his daughter, and prayed her to send down a trusty person, properly authorized, into whose hands he might safely render back the packet she had intrusted to him: he then concluded, in the most conciliating terms that his tenderness could

suggest, wishing her a return of health, and assuring her of his unalterable affection.

A servant was ordered to set off express with this letter, who had directions where to find the lady in town, if he did not overtake her on the road, of which, however, there was the greatest probability, as her daily stages were very short.

In the meantime, our amiable heroine did not, like some others, dedicate every hour to sullen silence and continual melancholy; for though her private moments were sad enough, she had yet a smile for her father when they met, and the same eyes that showered tears in secret, reassumed their native cheerful lustre when her parent was in sight.

Not so the Reverend Mr Claypole; there was something in his breast resembling those goads and stings which disappointed malice or ambition sometimes entertain themselves with in secret, in the way of penance for attempts which conscience does not quite approve of. He was, indeed, superior to that tergiversation and incertitude of purpose, which consciences over-nice sometimes impose upon resolutions not over-strong; for he was firmly resolved to turn his back upon his old friend, and his face towards his new one; but he could not quite persuade himself that such a resolve had all the qualities of a virtuous purpose; for he could not but feel that he ought to be grateful to the one, and suspicious of the other. He had motives, however, and principles of action in his mind, which some soft souls in the world seem to know nothing of; amongst these, the gratification that his visit to Lord Crowbery would administer to his mind, as an insult to the patroness of Ratcliffe's living, was to him very pleasing on reflection. That his visit would be highly offensive to Sir Roger, and cut off his return for ever after to the house of Manstock, he clearly saw; but there was no loss could accrue from an exclusion, where he never wished more to be admitted. In fact, he saw how totally he was ruined in this family; and having no doubt that his niece had dealt the stab to Henry, he was not sorry to avail himself of the protection of Lord Crowbery, and the countenance, which his reception of her would give to her story, in opposition to all others; but what above all weighed with him for accepting the invitation, was, the hope it held out to his ambition, upon the event of Lady Crowbery's death, if his niece would consent to govern herself by his advice.

Reasoning in this manner, he prepared for his departure from the house of his friend; and this he did so secretly and expeditiously, that he stole his march, unknown to Sir Roger, leaving only the few following lines as his apology and adieu:—

“Mr Claypole leaves his respectful compliments to Sir Roger Manstock, with thanks for all favours: the duty which he owes to a much-

injured orphan niece compels him to so hasty a departure, that time, conspiring with his own feelings, prevents him from taking leave in person of a friend, whom he has so long and justly held in honour."

An order was now dispatched from Sir Roger, directing Dame May to come to him at the Great House. This was instantly obeyed by the good woman, who was given to understand, in a few words, that her longer residence in the house which Isabella had provided for her, would be very readily dispensed with. To this she immediately answered, that she would, without delay, prepare for her removal, having received an invitation from her daughter, who, by the blessing of Providence, was now in a condition to support her; she therefore begged leave to return her humble thanks for the favours she had received, and would no longer be a burthen to his charity; she would be gone that very night, if Sir Roger wished it, and leave the few things she had in the house to follow her the next day. To this the Baronet shortly answered, that it was very well; and there the business would have closed, but that it occurred to him, as she was leaving the room, to put a question to her for curiosity's sake, respecting Fanny Claypole, which was simply this,—If she understood or believed, that the stab in Henry's arm was given by her hand purposely and revengefully?—The poor woman was staggered with the abruptness of the question, and the stern manner in which it was put. She hesitated through fear and confusion; upon which, in an angry tone, Sir Roger told her, he had no wish to hear her answer, for he should put little faith in what anybody said, who was not always ready with a plain reply to a plain question, and with this rebuke waved his hand and dismissed her.

In relating this short scene, as it passed, we are sensible that we must represent the character of the worthy Baronet in a harsher light than it has hitherto been seen; but, in extenuation, we have to say, that he had impressions on his mind not favourable to this poor woman, and was also disturbed in temper at the present moment, by the valedictory note of his seceding friend, Mr Claypole, just before delivered into his hands. Under the same impression, he was meditating to give orders for dismantling the cottage of its furniture, when Isabella entered the room, upon which he thought proper to apprise her of his design, qualifying it with some introductory observations upon the jealousy which such favours created in the parish, and the unsuitable elegance with which she had fitted the apartment. With your leave, therefore, added he, I shall give orders to have the furniture removed, and the cottage reduced to a condition better fitted to the poverty of the next inhabitants, whom charity may recommend to it.

Isabella bowed her head in token of obedience, but felt the unkindness of this order in the most poignant manner; she recollected that she had been allowed to consider this little tenement as her own, and to carry on her works, both within doors and without, after her own simple, but elegant, fancy: the resumption of a fond gift, and the reversal of all her little amusing operations, by a decree so peremptory and unexpected, struck deep into her heart; yet she commanded herself so far, when asked if she had any farther use for the furniture, as to make answer with great mildness and submission, that there was nothing there she particularly wished to preserve, but a certain print, which she had hung up in the parlour, as a memorial of the donor, and the similitude of a face, which had ever been accustomed to look upon her with the tenderest affection.

Pooh! pooh! replied Sir Roger, you have copies enough of that unhappy countenance; and I would advise you to put this out of the way as speedily as you can, lest it should some time or other tell tales of what it has been a spectator of.

I am answered, sir, replied Isabella, and with a reproach, which if I am capable of deserving from you, I must be unfit any longer to remain in your presence.

So saying, she hid her face in her handkerchief, and hastened out of the room to give vent to her agony.

CHAP. XI.

A pious Mind resorts to Providence for its Support.

FEW moments had passed after Isabella left her father, before he felt as much pain from the asperity of the retort he had given, as she had experienced in receiving it. Nature could not be long expelled from his heart, nor could ill-humour take any lasting possession of it. He wished he had not said it; he felt the cruelty, the injustice, of wreaking vengeance on the harmless works of her fancy; and, perhaps, he would at this moment have not been sorry, could he have recalled the messenger he had dispatched to Lady Crowbery. Those sensations of regret, which a good mind is capable of, Sir Roger felt; but to confess and atone is the effort of a great mind, as well as good, and that was not bestowed by nature upon him. Men who affect the reputation of a decided character, are too apt to mistake obstinacy in error for consistency of opinion; and this was Sir Roger's misfortune. Few things could have galled him more than Claypole's conduct, yet his whole life did not furnish so great an instance of weakness, as his pertinacious attachment to that unworthy friend.

No hypocrisy is sooner discovered than the pretended generosity of a self-interested man, and opportunities enough had offered themselves to Sir Roger Manstock, for developing the real character of Claypole; but the stronger the light was that struck upon him, so much the closer he shut his eyes against it. The veil was now drawn off at once, and prejudice could no longer save him from the conviction of his own mistake. This vexatious discovery was just rankling in his mind, when innocence, unfortunately falling in his way, was made to suffer, as too often happens, for the guilty, who had escaped his resentment.

The next morning brought over Susan May to Manstock-house, who was admitted to her lovely mistress to pay her last duty, and take leave. On this occasion, she was led into a diffusive recital of all particulars respecting Henry's late generous proceeding, to which Isabella lent a willing ear. As the one recounted the noble acts of her benefactor, the heart of the other glowed with delight; his virtues, his sufferings, his magnanimity, his self-denials, were enumerated and acknowledged; when the subject of his mental perfections was exhausted, his person, his graceful form, the beauty of his countenance, became the topic of their praise, and on this subject Susan's eloquence seemed animated into warmer phrase and diction than on the former. Whilst this was going on, Isabella's blushes witnessed to the sensibility of soul, which this recital inspired; at last, no longer able to refrain from joining in the praise of one so dear to her, she said, I perfectly agree with you in everything you have said, or can say, in commendation of your amiable benefactor. I do not think it is in nature for any human being to be more noble in mind, more charming in person; and I feel no shame in confessing to you, what I have avowed to my father, that, in purity of soul, I love him. But, alas! alas! I have difficulties to encounter, objections to overcome, and sorrows to endure, that will probably make that a condition of necessity, which you may remember was once my choice, and devote me to a single life.

Heaven, in its mercy, forbid, cried Susan, that so much beauty and love should be left to pine away in solitariness and disappointment! fathers must have hearts of marble, that can so control and thwart the virtuous affections of their children.

Hold! cried Isabella; you must not talk in that style, Susan, if you have any value for my friendship; my father must always be spoken of with respect in my hearing; we will therefore change the subject to what we cannot differ about, and you will tell me what you think of Henry's wound: Did he tell you how he came by it?

To this Susan replied, that he had been very

reserved upon the subject; but, for her own part, she was certain it had been given him by that desperate creature, Fanny Claypole, in the rage of disappointment; which, indeed, added she, her own confession puts out of doubt; for my mother told me in secrecy, that, when she attended her in her fits and ravings, that and many other things came out, which are almost too bad to relate.

I don't wish to hear them, replied Isabella, for things of that sort are perfectly disgusting to me; and, I dare say, if anything improper passed, she herself was in the fault of it.

So much I will venture to inform you of, said Susan, that she was not in the fault that it did not pass; but the truth of the fact is, that the rage of the lady was roused by the virtue of the man, and the stab was given him in the fury of revenge and disappointment.

That I can well believe, replied the blushing fair; and I own to you, I am glad at my heart that Henry did not demean himself by stooping to her arts; but I wonder what is become of her.

To this Susan answered, that she was now with the Lord of Crowbery Castle, where she was treated with great attention, and where she did not doubt but she was playing a very deep and cunning game, and the rather, as she understood that her reverend uncle had made one of the party, and was now upon a visit at the castle.

So soon after the departure of my cousin! cried Isabella, sighing; that is, indeed, extraordinary on his part. I understood he had left us, but I did not guess he was gone thither, of all places; I am sure my father must have felt that affront very severely.

I hope it will open his eyes, replied Susan, for all the neighbours cry out upon Mr Claypole already.—Isabella made some slight observation upon this, and here the conference ended.

Isabella, now alone, resigned herself to meditation, and, after a few minutes so employed, broke out into the following soliloquy:—Oh, Henry! mysterious son of an unhappy mother, little does my father think how nearly thou art allied to him; and though I am now interdicted from all communication with thee, I will still nourish one spark of hope, that thy affection may prevail against appearances, and thou persist to love me, till time shall develop the secret which honour now forbids me to divulge, in spite of all temptations. May Providence protect thee in all dangers, and by restoring thy beloved parent to health, crown thy filial undertaking with a happy event! Meanwhile, though I will pray for thee in secret, I must remember the promise I have given to my father, and sacredly fulfil it in its strictest sense, without prevarication: this is my duty; but when I reflect what circumstances may occur to shake my con-

stancy, and overpower my nature, I tremble at the task I have engaged in. Where then shall I find fortitude in the hour of trial, and whither shall I resort, but to thee, O thou, who art the Father of all those that faithfully refer themselves

to thy protection? Take then, I pray thee, into thy most gracious disposal, my heart and its purposes, too weak without thy strengthening providence, too fallible without thy merciful support!

BOOK THE NINTH.

CHAP. I.

A short Interlude between the Acts.

WHILST the dramatic author cheers his audience with a tune between the acts, I am forced to fill up my intervals with a treatise, and, what is still worse, with a treatise of my own making, which is not quite the case with his tune. His spectators are regaled with harmony in a brilliant theatre, amidst a blaze of lights; my reader, in his solitary chair, sits moping over the dull strain of an uninteresting dissertation, which probably has little other merit but of putting him to sleep; what inspires his critics with good humour, only stupifies mine.

But if these are his advantages in the periods of suspension, many more, and much greater are they, when he returns to the stage, and I to my history. The actor before the curtain, and the scenist behind it, conspire to lift him into fame, almost without any effort of his own; he is upheld by the charms of spectacle, I am loaded with the drudgery of detail; he has castles in the clouds, that drop down at the word of command, we are forced to labour late and early, till our brains are well nigh beaten into brick and mortar, with the slavery of building them. A nimble scene-painter will dash off a cataract in full froth and foam, that will cost us twenty pages of hard pumping, before we can get a single drop to flow; how many pens do we split in conjuring up a storm of thunder and lightning, whilst he, by one mark in the margin of his manuscript, sets all the elements in a roar; we find it a very troublesome job to furnish horses and carriages for the conveyance of our company, his characters are wafted from scene to scene by a whistle; when his heroine is in a crisis, some one cries,—*Hah! she faints!*—and the inimitable Siddons dies away; another cries,—*Hah! she revives!*—the inimitable Siddons is alive again. We cannot do this without salts

and hartshorn, at the least, and in an obstinate fit, hardly with the help of burnt feathers, an unsavoury experiment he is never driven to.

Let us put the case, that the author of a novel shall lay his scene in the house of some abandoned strumpet, where a set of cut-throats resort for the plotting of some murderous conspiracy, and let the hero of his story, for whom our pity is to be interested, enlist himself in this gang, and let him introduce a virtuous wife, the darling of his heart, and the faithful partner of his bed, into this house of ill-fame, and assembly of villains, there to be left in the hands of these miscreants as a hostage for his good faith, telling her withal, that he is sworn to assassinate her father that very night,—who but would cry out against the conduct of such a fable? but let Otway's fascinating muse put this into melodious metre, let the bell toll for execution, bring forth the rack, send the actress on the stage with hair dishevelled, cheeks of chalk, and eyes wildly staring—no matter why so mad at once, nor what she talks of, (be it of *seas of milk*, or *ships of amber*,)—all hearts bow down to her resistless energy; she takes her poet on her wings, and soars to fame.

Wonderful in all ages, and honoured by all enlightened nations, hath been the actor's magic art; the theatres and forums of Greece were embellished with his statues; they gazed upon him *like a descended god*; their greatest poets, down to Æschylus and Aristophanes, trod the stage in person: Rome also honoured her actors, and they, in return, were the grace and ornament of all societies; their sayings were recorded, and collections of their apothegms have come down to our times; Cæsar, in all his power, made suit to them, and even knights of Rome did not revolt from the profession. It remained for modern times to complete their triumphs, by admitting female candidates into the lists; from that moment Nature took possession of her rights; the finest feelings were consigned to the fairest forms; the very Muse herself appeared in her own sex and person; beauty, that gives being to the poet's rapturous

vision, a voice that guides his language to the heart, smiles that enchant, tears that dissolve us, with looks that fascinate, and dying plaintive tones that sink into the soul, are now the appropriate and exclusive attributes of that all-conquering sex ; in short, they bind our nobles in chains, and our princes in links—of love.

CHAP. II.

An Adventure on board a Frigate.

WE now return to our hero, who, with fair weather and favouring gales, was far advanced upon his voyage. A few, and but slight sensations of uneasiness had attended his initiation on ship-board. Cary's gay and gallant spirits cheered him at all moments ; the novelty of the scene, the succession of adventures which occurred to him in passing through the Channel, and the striking characters of British seamen, for ever in his view, were to a mind like his most interesting contemplations. The cleanliness, good order, and discipline of Cary's frigate were exemplary ; and as she had cleared the Channel, and was upon the sharp look-out for an enemy, expectation kept everybody alert, and in a state of warlike preparation.

Tom Weevil was a lively thoughtless fellow, and had passed through all the discipline of being seized up to the shrouds, and every other species of sea-jokes practised upon fresh-water novices, with perfect good humour. He had made acquaintance with several gentlemen of easy address, particularly in the foretop, with the captain of which, Jack Jones by name, he had established a sworn friendship ; and as Tom was very fond of taking the air on that elevated station where Jack presided, he was mostly to be found in the aforesaid top, where, in leisure hours, he edified his company with reading (a gift which he alone possessed) the illustrious history of Robinson Crusoe, to which all ears were open, and universal faith from all parties subscribed without reserve. Happy would it be for congregations in general, were they so attentive to their preacher as Tom's audience were to him : they were also able commentators upon many parts of the work ; but as they did not always concur in the same explanations and remarks, the progress of the history was liable to considerable interruptions and chasms, whilst the interlocutory parts were filled up with oaths and lies, given and taken very liberally in the true spirit of controversy.

Mr William Williams, the surgeon, (or, in the sea phrase, the doctor,) had so ably conducted the cure of Henry's wound, by adding nothing to nature's operations but cleanliness and fresh lint, that his arm was come to its perfect use, and, it may be presumed, his spirit was not

unwilling to try its strength upon the enemies of his country, if they came in his way. It was now early morning, and that wished-for opportunity was in near approach : Henry was on deck, enjoying that most magnificent of all spectacles, the sun rising over the waters, a rayless globe of fire ; his heart expanded at the sight, and his thoughts ascended towards the Creator of those wonders he contemplated. Captain Cary was at present under easy sail, and the weather fine, when the man at the mast-head descried a sail a-head ; instantly the officer on watch informed the captain, who, leaping out of his cot, huddled on his clothes, and in little more time than a lion would bestow upon his toilet, presented himself on the quarter-deck, having ordered all hands up, and sail to be made. A very little time discovered her to be a square-rigged vessel, and as she kept her course towards Cary, with the wind in her favour, she was soon visible from the deck, where every glass in the ship was directed towards her, and every voice pronounced her to be a frigate of equal or superior force to their own ; and, upon a nearer view, from certain marks, which experienced seamen are quick in discerning, she was adjudged, without one dissenting voice, to be an enemy, and an enemy, it should seem, that did not decline an action.

Now began that awful arrangement, in which silence, still as death, prevailed, and everything moved at the word of one man, whose voice, and none other, was heard, and to whose command absolute obedience followed on the instant. Henry surveyed the whole with silent awe, and reverence for a service so conducted : his heart glowed with love and pride for his friend, whom situation seemed now to have transformed into a new creature ; that countenance, which hitherto he had only seen characterized with the mirthful smile of raillery and frolic, was now terrible and frowning, as he bent his eye upon the enemy, in the same act of preparation with himself. He was a perfect hero arming for battle ; courage, tempered with deliberate circumspection, marked every word he said, which were distinctly and precisely given out in orders to every officer in the ship ; the lieutenants repaired to their quarters, the men assembled in the tops, and honest Weevil was honoured with a post at one of the cabin-guns, in company with eight other brave fellows. Cary, having hoisted his colours, addressed himself to his men in a short but animating speech, that in language suited to their habits and apprehensions gave them to understand, that whilst he had breath in his body those colours were never to come down ; that the advantage of the few guns the enemy had over them was to be compensated by superior skill and courage, and he was resolved that republican frigate should either follow him into a British port, or sink alongside of him. This was

followed by three cheers ; when, turning to Henry, he said, Now, my brave Henry, if you like the sport, we will give you a taste of it ; this fellow seems to have some stomach for fighting, but no great management in bringing it to bear : I see he means to fight us on the starboard side, and has armed himself accordingly ; but I shall baulk his fancy, and take him where he is not prepared.—This said, he gave the word, Helm-a-weather, and by a rapid manœuvre well executed, brought his frigate on the other side, pouring in a raking fire as he sheered across him. This manœuvre produced much confusion and some loss to the enemy, who are in the practice of arming only on one side. The position Cary had taken, and the rapidity of his fire, had great effect, as the action was close. When the enemy had recovered from his surprise, his behaviour was perfectly gallant ; and, by something giving way on board the British frigate, she became unmanageable, and fell broadside-to upon the Frenchman ; part of the crew being occupied in repairing this accident, the enemy seized the opportunity for boarding, being full of men. Henry now felt his spirits called upon in a manner not to be resisted ; a confused and scrambling fight took place upon the gang-way, where the French had lodged themselves in some numbers, under conduct of a spirited officer, whom Henry immediately singled out as his man ; he flew to the scene of action sword in hand, shouting to the people as he advanced, and at the very first stroke brought down the leader of the boarding crew, who fell dead into the waste. Animated by his example, the defendants became invincible, and repulse and slaughter ensued : the few that escaped back to their ship were instantly followed by the victorious party, Henry being one of the first, if not the very first, that leapt on board the national frigate : there was no leader like him to rally the fugitives ; in the first fury of the onset the carnage was indiscriminate, till a general cry for quarter recalled that mercy which is never long absent from the hearts of our countrymen, and stopped the hand of death. The colours were hauled down, and three cheers from the conquerors gave notice to their gallant captain and comrades alongside of them, that they were in possession of their prize. A crowd gathered round Henry, who, like Achilles bathed in the blood of Hector, stood in the midst of them tremendously beautiful ; he had thrown off his coat before he entered into action, his hat had been beaten off, and his hair, Medusa-like, fell in wild disorder on his forehead ; his eyes seemed on fire, the frown yet dwelt upon his brow, and the angry spot of crimson hue still burnt upon his cheek. A confusion of voices now arose, all applauding their young volunteer, with many huggings, and squeezings, and slappings on the back, gar-

nished with oaths of the most unaccountable variety, which, through an excess of good will, blasted every limb in the company, and sent our hero himself to the devil by a thousand different conveyances. Amongst these vociferous admirers his eye singled out a figure in the outward row, whom he discovered to be his friend Tom Weevil, in spite of a small alteration in his countenance, occasioned by the removal of one ear and part of a cheek out of their place, and dangling upon his shoulder by the help of certain fibres which still restrained them from total separation. Henry flew to his wounded friend, compressed the fleshy fragments into their place as well as he could, and taking off his neckcloth, bound them up, and hurried him away to Doctor Williams, whom he found in the cockpit stripped to his shirt, with his sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, and bathed in a mingled stream of blood and sweat.—When you can turn your hand, cried Henry, to a brave lad, who wants a little of your art, I shall be obliged to you.—A foretop man, one of Weevil's audience, was then under Williams's hands, who seemed in a most hopeless case. It's all up with me, cried the dying sailor ; death has stopped my grog for everlasting ; therefore, do you see, Doctor, never break your head about me, but turn your hand to the lad, splice his chops, and send him going.—The heroism of this expiring warrior, the scene of human misery which the cockpit presented, and the gory figure of Williams himself, were too much for the unhardened nerves of Henry—the tears started from his eyes. The dying man was still anxious for the glory of his country, and demanded to know what had been the event of the fight. When Henry had informed him of this, life seemed to reinspire his half-closed eyes, a gleam of joy fleet over his distorted visage ; Oh ! that I could have one peep at the prize, he exclaimed, before my daylight is out !

So thou shalt, exclaimed Jack Jones, who was standing over him, if the brave volunteer will condescend to bear a hand.

If I was an admiral, replied our hero, I should be honoured by the office ; and having so said, taking up one end of the hammock on which the dying man was stretched, and Jones taking the other, they carried him up the ladder, and placed him where, with the prize in his view, he breathed out his gallant spirit in the arms of victory.

CHAP. III.

Our Hero makes an interesting Discovery.

WHEN our hero had performed the last offices to the dying sailor, he went upon the quarter-

deck, where Captain Cary was busily occupied in giving orders upon various matters. The first moment he could detach himself from business, he ran to Henry, and throwing his arms about him, overwhelmed him with applauses: great was their mutual joy to find that neither had received the slightest hurt; but what a change did it appear to Henry, as he cast his eyes about the frigate, late in such beautiful and perfect trim, now exhibiting nothing but a pent-house of dangling rags and mangled rigging over-head, and below, a chaos of broken booms, shattered boats, and decks floated with water black as Styx with the scattering of the powder. When Cary had devoted a few moments to his gallant friend, he called the first lieutenant to him, and shaking him cordially by the hand, gave him joy of his prize; Go, my brave fellow, he cried, and take possession of that noble frigate, which your valour and good conduct has contributed to conquer; and you, volunteer, added he, addressing himself to Henry, go with your officer, and board her for the second time: but here, pointing to his coat, that lay under the barricade, slip on your clothes, and get a hat. He then gave directions for shifting the prisoners, and that proper care should be had of the wounded men, by superintending the treatment they received from their own surgeons; and now began the carpenter's and boatswain's reports, with a long train of various duties, that fall to the share of every one in Cary's situation, and which none were better qualified to execute than he was.

When the first lieutenant, accompanied by our hero, came on board the prize, he found the crew and passengers of a Lisbon packet, which she had captured in her cruise, and of these he bade Henry take charge, whilst he gave attention to more pressing matters. Henry, now acting under orders, immediately began to exert his delegated authority, by assembling his countrymen from all parts of the vessel, for the joyful purpose of restoring them to their liberty. When he was about to embark them in the boat that waited to receive them, under the command of Lord Frederick, our young midshipman heretofore described, one of the company informed him, there was a sick gentleman in his hammock below, whose state of health required instant attention. To this person Henry immediately went, with one of the party for a guide, who brought him to the cable-tier, where the sick gentleman was lying in his hammock, attended by two servants. When our hero had imparted to him the cheering purpose of his visit, and recommended a speedy removal on board the British frigate, where he would be better accommodated, he answered, in a faint tone, that it would be a most welcome release; he had been tortured with noise and clamour, and, at the same time, nearly suffocated with heat and stench; But surely, added he, I have heard that

voice before, though I cannot discern your countenance in this dark place. Is it possible, sir, that you and I can have met at Crowbery?—A short explanation now took place, which, to Henry's great and joyful surprise, convinced him that Providence had directed him to the rescue of his father! Difficult though it was to suppress his emotion on such a discovery, yet he had command enough over himself to check his tongue, and immediately began his operations for removing him from his loathsome abode, all which he planned and executed with the tenderest care and attention. The refreshing sensation of air and motion revived the spirits of the redeemed prisoner; he was lifted into the boat in his bedding; Henry's eye watched every movement that could annoy him, Henry's arm supported him through every moment of the passage, and his care superintended the operation of getting him on board, where he instantly assigned him his own cot, and recommended him, in the strongest terms, to his friend Williams.

So reformed was the appearance of Cary's frigate, that it appeared to Henry as the work of magic; but what cannot British seamen, well commanded, perform? She was now once more in sailing trim, her decks washed, and her lumber stowed away. Henry delivered up his redeemed prisoners, with a list of their names, to the captain; and, having executed these instructions, demanded if there were any farther commands for him?—Nothing, at present, but to refresh yourself in the cabin, replied Cary, where you will find cold meat and wine, and some of the national officers at work upon it.—Thither our exhausted hero eagerly repaired; and, as he was mixing with the prisoners, he heard one of them relating a circumstance of an English deserter, who, being mutinous at his gun in the time of action, and refusing to serve it against his countrymen, had been run through the back by one of the officers on the spot. This was told in French, which Henry had enough of the language to understand, and, in the same language, made shift to inquire the name of the renegade. This the Frenchman did not know; but he learnt enough of his description and station in the ship to guide him in the inquiries which his humanity towards a fellow-creature, under such circumstances, inspired him to make. He therefore snatched a hasty morsel, took a refreshing draught of wine, and jumped into the boat, that was just then going off to the prize. Here he soon traced his inquiries to the wretched object he was in search of, and in whom there appeared so much to pity and condemn. He found him stretched at his length upon the bare deck, beside the gun he had been posted at, incapable of raising himself up, floated with his own blood, and at the point of death. Judge, reader, what was Henry's sensation, when, in this expiring wretch, he recognized the features of his acquaintance Bowsey.—Ah! miserable

man, he cried, is this your fate at last? Do you not know me? Speak to me, if you have strength to utter; look on me, if you can lift your eyes, and I will yet give you the last comfort of knowing, that your victim, Thomas Weevil, survives the blow you dealt him.

Good Lord! good Lord! murmured the expiring man; Weevil is alive, then I am no murderer: I know you, Mr Henry; you are a good man; I wish I had taken your good counsel, then I had never been in these damn'd fellows' hands: I am dying, I am dying; I would not fight against my country; though bad enough in all reason, I was not such a shabby rascal as that came to, so a scoundrel thrust his sword into my back, (the devil reward him for it!) and here I've lain ever since.—Henry saw the agonies of death upon him; he grew convulsed at times, then brought out a few words, and seemed struggling to reach out his hand, which Henry no sooner perceived, than, stooping down, he took him by the hand, saying,—Farewell, the Lord have mercy upon you and forgive you! This was understood by Bowsey, who, deeply groaning, muttered something, of which Henry could make out no more than, *Sleep, sleep—they say it is all sleep.*

They are liars and blasphemers! exclaimed Henry, and was proceeding, when he perceived the senses he addressed were closed; the last breath was spent, and the soul had taken flight to those unknown regions, where all who credit or inculcate these impious doctrines, will be destined to experience a terrible confutation of their *eternal sleep.*

CHAP. IV.

First Love strikes deep.

WHEN Captain Cary had taken into consideration the state of his prize, (a large forty-gun frigate,) the number of his prisoners, and various other circumstances, which made a separation inadvisable, he determined to avail himself of a fair wind, and his proximity to the coast, for conveying her into the first English port he could make, though his own destination was for the Tagus; he therefore made known this his resolution to his officers in each ship, and steered for the Channel; the wind continued to serve, and he pushed into Falmouth, as the first port that was favourable to the purpose.

Here Henry landed with his father, who still concealed himself under the name of Smith. The ships took the first occasion for proceeding to Plymouth, where they could receive the necessary repair, whilst Henry staid with his two convalescents at Falmouth, for Tom Weevil's wound was now, by Williams's skill, far advanced

towards a cure. The last conversation that Henry held with Williams, was on the evening preceding the departure of the ships, when, with some difficulty, he prevailed upon him to accept a suitable present for his great attention to his own and Weevil's wounds: Mr Smith, so called, had rewarded him in a more magnificent style, according to the customs of the East. In this conversation, Williams, whose modesty had seldom permitted him to speak of himself and his own adventures, was enticed into a more circumstantial detail of past occurrences, which it imports not this history to record in any other period, than that in which he was employed as an assistant to our acquaintance Zachary Cawdle, at Crowbery, where the youthful charms of Susan May, then in the first blossom, made sad havoc with Williams's susceptible heart. It did not appear, even from his own modest account, that Susan was altogether inexorable, for Williams was a very handsome fellow, with a thousand good qualities, and, over all, one of the sweetest tempers man ever possessed; but there were rubs innumerable, which fortune perversely threw in the way of his passion, that Williams had not skill or confidence to struggle with: the chief of these had root in Jemima's jealousy and spite, some sprung from honest Zachary himself, who thought love no great recommendation in a compounder of medicines; and others were thrown in his way by the collusion of Blachford with Dame Jemima, the bright eyes of the damsel having set fire to the bilious particles of the Justice's blood in no less degree than to the milky ones of Williams. To extricate himself from this dilemma by deliberate means, required more nerves than Williams had to spare, he therefore took quicker but less regular measures, and fairly escaped by flight, taking nothing away with him but an aching heart, and defrauding his master of no one tithe of his right, save only of the pleasure of paying him certain running arrears of wages, which Williams probably had neither time nor inclination to demand.

When Williams had concluded his narrative, Henry resolved first to try the pulse of his affection, before he threw the lure of Susan's fortune in his way, and this he rightly conceived to be the most honourable proceeding to both parties. He therefore began to discourse with him in such a way as might best discover how far Susan still kept any hold upon the heart of her first lover, and when this was made clear to him, he proceeded to unfold the dark transaction which Blachford had been concerned in, and the consequences it had produced. Here Williams, no longer able to restrain himself, broke out into violent denunciations against her betrayer, taking Heaven to witness, that whenever opportunity should serve, he would have his revenge upon him for what he had done; but this Henry soon put a stop to, by informing

him how completely the offender was now out of his reach.—It is an exit too good for such a villain, cried Williams ; he should have died by the halter, or, if the law could not have reached him, my arm should ; but though his life is out of my reach, his memory is not, and I will vindicate the innocent against the guilty, by making public the truth, and sharing my last shilling in support of my poor girl, wherever she can be found, and to whatever situation she may be reduced.

That is a resolution, said Henry, every way worthy of you, and bespeaks a generous soul ; it also convinces me that you loved her honourably, and esteemed her worthy of your love.

And she is worthy still, rejoined he. Can I love her less because she has suffered wrong and violence from the blackest wretch that ever breathed ? No, I should be base as he is if I could ; but I am impatient to know what has been her fate, and how she has struggled under misery so complicated.—This drew out that account, which no relater but one of Henry's delicacy of sentiment would have reserved for the conclusion of his story ; and though it may be well believed the facts now recounted were not embellished with any self-encomiums, yet the coldest colour he could give to truth could not prevent his hearer from receiving it with transports of admiration and gratitude.—Oh Heavens ! cried Williams, what a soul is yours ! And have you risked a life so precious in a voluntary combat with those madmen ? God be praised, the villains have not drawn one drop of blood from your veins ! Well might we conquer, who were headed by an angel.

Stop, cried Henry ; we will talk common sense, if you please, and treat each other like rational creatures. I have been telling you mere matter of fact, and as you seem to take a warm share in our friend Susan's interest, so far my story has repaid you for the pains it gave you in some parts, by the pleasure you receive in the conclusion of it. When your duty permits, and your inclination disposes you, to make a trip to Crowbery, you will find your old acquaintance respectfully established ; and if you see her with my eyes, and judge of her as I think you must, I persuade myself you will find no one charm of person, or good quality of heart, impaired by what has passed since you lost sight of her : and now a thought strikes me, Mr Williams, as a hint for you to turn in your mind, which is simply this ; your old friend Zachary Cawdle is now from home upon a service, which, I have reason to believe, will set him free from business for the rest of his days ; should this be the case, and if you prefer a stationary employ to a roving one like your present, it is not improbable but means may be taken for settling you in his business, if the spot is agreeable to you, and the object worth your thoughts.—To this Williams answered, that the situation indeed would

be very desirable ; but he doubted his capacity of obtaining it, for he had no money, nor was in the way of getting any.—Then I perceive, quoth Henry, my good friend, you have no present thoughts of marrying.—Williams blushed and was silent. Henry smiled, and shaking him by the hand, bade him be of good courage, telling him that it was probable he should have an opportunity of talking with Zachary before long, and that he would find means to inform him of the result of their conversation.

CHAP. V.

Our Hero quits the Sea.

THE next day Captain Cary took his departure for Plymouth, carrying his prize with him. Some time would be necessary for repairing the damages his frigate had received in the action, and this determined Henry to stay at Falmouth, not only for the purpose of attending upon his father, but in the hope of hearing some tidings of Lady Crowbery, whose arrival might now be looked for from day to day. Mr Smith had taken lodgings in a private house, and was recovering his strength apace : to him Henry repaired, after his conversation with Williams above related, and found a chaise waiting at his door for a morning airing. His tender attentions had so won the heart of his unconscious father, that he seemed to live only in his company ; and, as this airing was a first effort, Henry offered to attend upon him in the carriage, which was most thankfully accepted. The driver was directed to choose the smoothest road, and go gently along ; the sick man's spirits were revived by the air and motion, and now, for the first time, he found strength to converse more at large, than as yet he had been able to do.—Your goodness to me, dear sir, said he, has been such as I can never find words to express my sense of : I have hitherto been silent, not through want of gratitude, but want of powers to give utterance to it ; yet I have much to say to you, some things to explain, and others to apologize for. In the first place, I should tell you, that in all our casual encounters, since the first time we met, when I pretended to have picked up a ring of Lady Crowbery's, I have been imposing myself upon you under a feigned name and character : I am the third son now living of the Lord Pendennis, my name Henry Delapoer. A very early attachment to the loveliest of her sex, being most unfortunately traversed by her father, decided my fate, and hurried me to the East Indies, with a broken heart, upon a desperate adventure. It was the will of Providence I should survive my loss of happiness, by turning aside from me in various ways, almost miraculous, that death which I presumptuously courted. As

my heart never varied from its first affection, I never have had a thought of marrying; and though I have been little studious of accumulating money, yet circumstances, unsought for on my part, have thrown a fortune upon me, which, though not to be compared with many, is an affluent one, and, which is better, fairly earned, without cruelty or extortion. Having now disclosed to you who I am, I shall next inform you of my purpose in setting out for Lisbon, in which undertaking, I suspect, it will be found that we have both the same object, namely, that of tendering our last melancholy offices to the much injured lady of that execrable tyrant Crowbery. Of your motives, my dear sir, I know no more than common report has given out, and they do credit to your gratitude, for I have heard she has been a beneficent and kind friend to you, and I cannot doubt but she has acted on the purest principles: how it comes to pass that I am so affected by her situation, and enraged against her oppressor, a single word will explain, when I tell you she was all but my wedded wife, when her inexorable father overtook us, in the last stage of our progress towards Gretna Green, and obstinately severed that knot which a very few hours would have made indissoluble. Merciful Heaven! what a heart-rending moment was that, which tore me from the arms of my Cecilia! Oh, sir, it was attended with such aggravating horrors! Figure to yourself the circumstance most killing to the heart of honour, and that case was ours. What might have been the result of it I can well conceive; what it was, Heaven only knows; for I was hurried out of England, and remained in ignorance of her fate; and now I find her wedded to a brute, childless, unhappy, and, alas! far gone in a decay. If Providence shall graciously permit her to survive her voyage, Lisbon gives me one last chance of meeting her on this side Heaven; if not, the short remnant of days that may be left to me shall be spent in bewailing her loss, and, if opportunity can be found, in avenging her wrongs.

Here the father ceased, exhausted not less by the agitation of his mind, than by the exertion of his discourse; a short silence took place, which Henry was too considerate of his repose to interrupt; at length, perceiving that he expected a reply, he spoke as follows:—I am greatly honoured by the confidence you repose in me, and it gives me the highest satisfaction to know, that my small services have been useful to you in any degree: I was certainly well prepared for the discovery you have been pleased to make, for it has long been out of doubt with me, that your first assumed condition was not a real one; the manners, character, and deportment of a man of birth and education cannot easily be disguised, and yours least of all. I am not totally uninformed of Lady Crowbery's early attachment to the Honourable Captain Delapoe; my life, from infancy, to a period not long passed,

having been spent under the care and tuition of a most intimate friend of hers, the Reverend Mr Ratcliffe, lately deceased. By that excellent man I was received as a deserted nameless infant, deposited at his door, and recommended to his benevolent protection by my mysterious mother. Through some secret channel, unknown to me, the charges of my maintenance were supplied; when, at his death, they stopped at once, and I was thrown friendless and helpless on the world at large. Misfortunes, which at some other time I will detail to you, fell upon me, pressing me down to the extremity of human misery and distress; in this state the charity of Lady Crowbery found me; her bounty to me drew the malice of her tyrant into open acts of oppression, loading her with calumny most gross and injurious, and racking her too sensitive feelings, till her tender frame gave way, and sunk under the attack; it is to me, therefore, belongs the punishment of that monster, for it is I who have been made the plea and apology for his abominable cruelty. Her death, which Heaven avert, would set my hands at liberty; and, as I have an auspicious impression on my mind, that time will shortly reveal the present mystery of my birth, I may then be in possession of a name cowardice cannot shrink from; and when his pride can no longer shelter itself in the obscurity of my person, his cunning will no longer be able to evade the terror of my appeal. Here, then, you see the motives of my journey to Lisbon, and rightly suggest that they are in some respects congenial with your own. Undiminished affection on your part, and ardent gratitude on mine, attract us to the same point; and this being the case, I should humbly conceive it will be our mutual wish to wait her arrival in this port, and, if she has no objection, to embark with her in the same packet, if your health serves for the undertaking.

You speak my wishes correctly, replied the father; and as for my health, it is so secondary an object, compared to hers, that I do not suffer it to occupy a single thought.

As these words were uttering, a chaise came in sight, followed by another, and by two servants on horseback. Henry started at the sight, and exclaimed, My God! here is the very lady herself.—Then calling to the postilion to stop, he hastily opened the door of the chaise, and leaping out, planted himself by the side of the road, which it was necessary for the approaching carriages to take.

Henry, though greatly agitated, was not wanting in sufficient presence of mind to be cautious in his mode of stopping Lady Crowbery's carriage, which he did as gently and as silently as he could contrive. When he presented himself at the window, the exhausted traveller had raised herself up to inquire into the cause of the stop, when immediately as her eyes lighted on the face of her son, the blood rushed into her faded

cheeks, and she exclaimed, My Henry! my Henry! is it possible? and was proceeding, when, to save her from unseasonable exertions, he told his story in as few words as possible, omitting for the present the circumstance of his meeting with his father, who remained in his chaise, drawn out of the road at some distance.

He had taken the precaution to secure her quiet apartments in a private house, and having directed her drivers to follow his chaise, he left her, and returned to his father, whom he found in great agitation of spirits. It was agreed between them that Henry should prepare Lady Crowbery, before Mr Delapoe attempted to see her; and as soon, therefore, as he had entered the town he quitted the chaise, and conducted Lady Crowbery's people to the door of the house he had taken for her.

Here she alighted, and between Henry and Doctor Cawdle was conducted to her apartment, which, presenting her with a fine view of the sea, and being, both in point of aspect and interior accommodations, much to her liking, seemed to have the effect of reviving her spirits, exhilarated no doubt by the sight, above all others, of her beloved Henry.

Honest Zachary, little less delighted than his patient at this unexpected meeting, now let out the circumstance, hitherto suppressed by Henry, of the action Cary had had, which he had picked up by report upon the road, but prudently forbore to speak of. This forced our hero upon a narrative of the whole affair, in which he took not the glory to himself that was due, but, in all other particulars, was a very correct relater of facts. Zachary now began his journal, and travelled very circumstantially from London to Falmouth, commenting upon his own sagacious proceedings by the way, to which he very justly ascribed the success that had hitherto crowned his operations; and certain it was, the health and strength of the lady did not appear to Henry's observation, to have suffered much, if any, diminution by the journey. A restorative was now administered, on which Zachary descanted with much learning, and at the same time pronounced, that a repose of some days would be indispensable for her ladyship's safety, before she embarked on board the packet. A fresh supply of certain drugs being wanted, he sallied forth in search of a proper shop, from whence to replenish his stock. As soon as he was gone, the mother being left with her son, threw her arms about his neck, and gave full vent to those exquisite sensations which nature and affection, hitherto repressed, had implanted in her soul. Moments so free and mutually delicious they had never yet enjoyed; they exchanged embraces and mingled tears, till Henry, recollecting that even joy may be too violent, gently extricated himself from her embrace, rose from her feet, where he was kneeling, and having seated

himself at her side, clasping one of her hands in his, she began a conversation, which will be recorded in the following chapter.

CHAP. VI.

Friends long divided meet at last.

I HAVE received a letter, said the Lady Crowbery, from my uncle Manstock, which occasioned me to make a longer stay in London than I should else have made; it obliged me to send down my lawyer, to receive from his hands the packet containing my will and other papers, which I had deposited with him. What particular reasons he had for declining a trust, that he had willingly accepted, is matter of conjecture only; but I suppose they proceed from some suspicion entertained of your attachment to Isabella, and hers to you, for which he is probably indebted to the kind suggestions of his friend Mr Claypole, from whose resentment, upon being refused the living of our lamented Ratcliffe, I have everything malicious to expect. If, then, my uncle will surrender up his understanding to that unworthy guide, can I help it? I have appointed my executor, and shall put into your hands a copy of my will, with full directions where to apply for the original, which I have lodged with Mr G——, of Gray's Inn, a man in whose integrity the most sacred trust may be reposed. But how far this change of opinion in Sir Roger Manstock may affect his amiable daughter is a question of very serious concern; for, if I understand his letter rightly, you are put under absolute proscription; nor do I expect she will be allowed to correspond with me, unless my letters are submitted to inspection before they reach her hands; and as for her writing to me, I do not suppose she will be suffered to do it on any account. You see, therefore, in what light you stand; and, according to your own feelings, must either prepare yourself for mortification and disappointment, if you persist in thinking of her; or, if you can let your judgment overrule your passion, you will divert your thoughts from a pursuit that now seems hopeless; for to attempt at detaching Isabella from the strict observance of her father's commands, is an undertaking as impracticable as it would be dishonourable.

That is an attempt, replied Henry, I shall never make; for that would be to ruin myself both in her esteem and my own. Interdicted by her father, I am excluded from all hope; at the same time, if I know my own heart, I know that time can work no change in its affections; and if I am totally to despair of Isabella, so long as it shall please Heaven to impose upon a wretched creature life bereft of all happiness, so long

I shall, with all the resignation that becomes me, endure the dispensation ; for it is not my nature to rebel against my Creator.

I perceive, said the mother, that your love, my dear Henry, lies deep, and is immovable ; hasty passions waste themselves in vehement asseverations ; the flame burns out, and there's an end to them : but yours is fixed, deliberate approbation, therefore I shall not argue against it ; on the contrary, I must confess to you, that before I parted from Isabella, I confided to her the secret of your birth : I owned myself your mother, and disclosed to her the whole purport of those papers, which I deposited with her father, to be opened only on the event of my decease. She knows you, therefore, for the son of Delapoer, the heir of my estate, and, perhaps, of his fortune, if he has returned, as I am informed, without connexions, and in affluent circumstances. In her heart, therefore, I should flatter myself you will keep your place, unless my uncle should extort from her any promise to your absolute exclusion. In the meantime, I could wish, before I die, to obtain, if possible, an interview with your father, who is unconscious of your existence, and which might have taken place but for the provoking oversight of honest Cawdle, who forgot to give you my note with the ring. Whilst I was in London, I caused inquiry to be made after Delapoer : I was informed he remained unmarried, had preserved an excellent character, and brought home a respectable fortune, very honourably acquired ; he was not in town, nor was it exactly known where he was gone, for he had neither house nor servants in London, and the report was, that he was going out of England, for the winter, to a warmer climate. It occurs to me, therefore, that if he has heard of my being ordered to Lisbon, he may possibly make that his point.

And should you be well pleased if it was so ? demanded Henry.

I confess to you, I should not be sorry, replied the lady, for the reasons I have already stated.

Then I may venture to inform you, said Henry, that he was with me in the chaise when I met you on the road.

At these words the blood rushed into the cheeks of the feeble invalid, her eyes sparkled with joy, and she exclaimed with unusual energy, How wonderful are the ways of Providence ! What an unexpected blessing, that I am now permitted to be a happy instrument of a discovery like this ! Let me see him without loss of time ; let me not postpone, even for an hour, a duty so important, an opportunity so graciously offered. I take for granted, you have not declared yourself to him ?—He assured her he had not.—Then run for him, she cried ; bring him to me this instant ; nature struggles at my heart, and will not be restrained.

Henry was gone whilst the words were on her lips : she immediately gave orders to her

servants to prevent interruption, and then began to collect her thoughts for the awful interview. Whilst she reflected on the extraordinary combination of events that had brought about this unexpected meeting, it inspired her to hope, that Heaven had sealed her pardon for the past offences of her youth, and brought her sufferings to a period. When she endeavoured to put her thoughts into some form of words, and prepare for the discovery she had to make, she found herself incapable of arranging her ideas, and gave up the attempt.—It is in vain, she cried, to meditate on what I am to say ; I must leave it to nature and the impulse of the moment.—And now the voice of Henry in the house warned her of his approach, and soon she heard the steps of two men upon the stairs ; when the door being opened, presented to her view the sickly and emaciated form of Delapoer, leaning on the arm of his conductor, trembling as he advanced towards her, and panting for breath through faintness and agitation. Henry instantly retired : not a word was uttered by either of the parties ; she made an effort to raise herself from her seat, but sunk back, and, putting her hands before her face, burst into tears. There was a chair beside her, in which Delapoer sat down.—How shall I express my thanks to you, he said, after a short pause, for this indulgence ? Providence seems to have brought us together, by the most extraordinary means, in the last scene of our life's sad tragedy, that we may once more exchange a parting look upon the ruins of time before we separate to our unchangeable destinations. Your lot, my ever-beloved lady, I am persuaded will be blest ; you have laboured much, and will reap abundantly. I snatched a sight of you at Cwrbury ; it was too much for an exhausted frame ; I have been sinking ever since ; for I heard you was unhappy, and my heart rose against your tyrant, though discretion stopped my hand. I passed several days about the purlieus of your castle, disguising both my name and habit, lest I might awaken the suspicion of your gaoler : I met that excellent young man, who accompanied me hither, and sent you a pledge by his hands, which I thought you would understand as a token I was yet alive. Ever since the inexorable decree that tore us from each other, I have been struggling with my hard fortune, in the hope of earning, by my sword and services, a competency to enable me to return an independent man ; but alas ! a variety of crosses and misfortunes bore so strong upon me for a course of eighteen years, that, until the last few months of my abode in India, I was toiling against the stream of adversity ; at length one lucky expedition, of which I had the conduct, presented to me the alternative of enormous plunder with a guilty conscience, or moderate earnings with a clear one ; I chose the latter, and am now returned, affluent in circumstances, and, I thank

God, irreplicable in character. Never, during this tedious period, did the eye of beauty, Indian or English, draw aside one thought, one wish, one, even the slightest, regard, from the centre where first love, and the memory of my ever-adored Cecilia, had fixed it for life. The vow that I had made, so sealed, so sanctified, so rivetted into the very heart of honour, was to me a marriage vow—But, I perceive, I give you pain; let me not do that; my expressions, though strong, were only binding on myself; you was not free; you had a father, whom you was forced to obey, and I implore you to believe they were not pointed against your proceeding; I can well suppose your marriage with a wretch like Crowbery was a compulsory one.

It was indeed, replied she, raising her eyes for the first time, and turning them upon him in the most affecting manner; it was imposed upon me, not only as a command, which I could not disobey, but as an atonement for an offence, which I could no otherwise expiate.

Gracious Heaven! he exclaimed; and was my unhappy Cecilia made to atone for an offence, for which I, vile betrayer as I was, am alone responsible? It is I, then, who am the source of all your sorrows; I, to whose unceasing solicitations your kind heart at last reluctantly gave way; I have been the hateful cause of all your sufferings, like the deceiver of our first parents, the father of all evil.

Not so, rejoined she, hastily; say, rather, you have been the father of my only blessing.

What do you mean? he exclaimed, in a tone of impatience and surprise. Speak to me, I beseech you, without reserve; lead me the straightest way to truth, for you have stirred a thought within my heart that will not bear evasion or delay. Am I a father? answer me.

You are, you are a father, she replied, and Henry is your son.

As she spoke these words, Delapoe's senses seemed lost in astonishment; he smote his hands together in a transport of joy, gazed upon her eagerly for a while, then cast his eyes to Heaven; his lips moved, but no voice was heard; then throwing himself back in his chair, he seemed lost in meditation, till, roused to sudden recollection, he adjured her, in the most solemn terms, to confirm the truth of what she had told him by an appeal to Heaven.—I take Heaven to witness, she replied, to the truth of what I have said; conscious as I am that the Judge is at the door, in whose presence I must soon appear, I repeat to you, at the peril of my soul, were I capable of deceit, that Henry is your son and mine.

I am satisfied, cried Delapoe; and, dropping on his knees, broke forth into prayers and praises to the Supreme Disposer of all events. She then imparted to him the purport of her will, and briefly related what had passed between her uncle and herself since her departure from Man-

stock. When he found she had confided the secret to no one but Isabella, except Henry himself and Zachary, who was professionally made privy to it, he paused for some time, and then demanded, why he alone might not stand forth to the world as the father of Henry, without committing her name in any future time.—Let it remain a mystery, he said, or, at most, a surmise. Why should we give that triumph to the malice of Lord Crowbery? why should we put to shame the family pride of Sir Roger Manstock? I have fortune enough to bestow upon my son; and the first lawyer that is capable of drawing a deed of gift shall secure the reversion of my whole property to him. As for your paternal estate, bequeath it in its natural course, so that no suspicion rest upon your memory.

Your suggestion, said the lady, is truly generous; but it is far too important to be adopted without due reflection: my uncle Manstock has but one child, and she a daughter; she is already superabundantly endowed; and to accumulate estates upon the heiress of that wealthy house, is mere supererogation; unless our Henry, who is master of her affections, was as much in favour with the father.

Cannot it be left conditionally, upon her marrying Henry? said Delapoe.

Lady Crowbery shook her head, and remarked, that this would little differ, in appearance to the world, from an absolute bequest to him.—Yet if I could depend, added she, upon her attachment to Henry, or, rather, I should say, upon her father's consent, all might be well; and my son, through her medium, would still be my heir: but there is little reliance on my uncle, whilst he is under influence hostile to my wishes.

Did you not say, he rejoined, that Miss Manstock was privy to the secret of our Henry's birth? If so, it is to be presumed, you have perfect confidence in her honour; you also believe she is attached to him, else you would not have trusted her with an unnecessary secret: how then can this young lady, knowing Henry to be your son, act otherwise by your estate than either share it with him as his wife, or restore it to him as your heir?

There is much argument, she replied, in what you say; and, I believe, more true honour does not exist in human heart, than in my cousin Isabella's; but, after all, we must talk with Henry.

This was the most immediate wish of Delapoe's heart, who was longing to embrace a son justly so dear to him;—and now he recited to Lady Crowbery the whole narrative of the action, dwelling with rapture upon the bravery and humanity of our hero: the sensations it produced in a mother's heart need not be described, and it is well they need not, for I should doubt if they can.

In short, we hold our readers in too much respect to sicken them with our descriptive powers,

convinced that there is no incident arising from this history, or any other of the kind, which may not be referred to their feelings in natural language, without those tedious circumlocutory embellishments, which only serve to load the page. I trust they will not think the worse of my females, if they are not drowned in floods of tears upon every occasion, or fall into fainting fits with excess of sensibility ; for to such as are pleased with these tricks we do not write, contented to devote our labours to the friends of nature, and to them alone.

CHAP. VII.

Our Hero is restored to both his Parents.

OUR readers need not be reminded, that the hero of this history knew Delapoer to be his father before he was called to a conference upon the proposal stated in the preceding chapter. The meeting took place in Lady Crowbery's presence ; and the nameless foundling, whom adversity had so lately crushed, now heard himself acknowledged, and felt the animating pressure of a parental embrace, by turns bestowed upon him, with praises, prayers, and blessings, superadded in abundance.

Son, cried Lady Crowbery, it has now pleased Heaven to let me see this hour, which closes every wish that my fond heart conceived, and blesses me beyond what I have ever merited, or can compute. I have lived to place you in the protection of a father ; I have survived to behold you clasped in his embrace ; and what can I say—but that the transport is unutterable ! A term of life beyond what may suffice to execute the few maternal ties that are yet unfinished, is what I dare not—what I do not pray for. Let us not therefore loiter, for the time is short ; let us work while it is day, for darkness and death are at hand. There is a business to be done, upon which I must consult you. My paternal estate is, as you know, in my disposal ; it is yours : on whom but on my son can I bestow it ?

Not so, replied Henry ; bestowing it on me, you avow me as your son, and bequeath your name to detraction and disgrace. Suppose (which Heaven forbid !) Lord Crowbery survives you, what will he say ? outrageous insult to your memory will ensue : this may be repelled, you'll say ; but what can be opposed to Sir Roger Manstock's discontent ? If he will not suffer you to leave a paper in his hands, upon the suspicion only of my name being found in it, how will he resent a will, that is to make me the heir of your estate, to the exclusion of his family ?

And if Isabella inherits it, said the mother, what then ?

Then she who best deserves it, has it, replied Henry ; and as no earthly blessing can accrue to me, but what originates with her, you put my fate into her hands, who is the mistress of it, whether you so consider her, or not. To her I am known ; by her alone I can be made happy ; if I have any interest dear to me upon earth, it is to recommend myself to her thoughts ; and, therefore, what can best do that, is best for my interest : let the lovely Isabella then possess what she is entitled to, of which, if any share devolves to me, let her bestow it with herself : I cannot be too rich in fortune's gifts, with Isabella to partake of them ; without her, I shall be beyond the reach of fortune ; nothing can lessen or augment my wretchedness.

Oh, my dear son, cried Delapoer, how perfectly you speak my sentiments ! I adopt your reasoning ; nay, rather, I anticipated it ; for it is exactly what I recommended to your beloved mother. I have enough, and all I have is yours.

The business was no farther pressed, for the conference had been long, and Lady Crowbery seemed exhausted : she was silent, but it was a silence that betokened acquiescence. As the business could not be done to her satisfaction without the presence of her confidential lawyer, Mr G——, who was in possession of papers, which, according to this plan, it behoved her to cancel, she determined to write to him by express, and request him to come down to her, if his business admitted of it, in person, else to dispatch some trusty and sufficient proxy, who might act in his place. The intermediate time was not longer than seemed requisite for her case, which now became more and more doubtful ; for Zachary, who began to assume a very pensive aspect, had taken a medical assessor into council, and both joined in pronouncing, that unless some favourable and speedy change took place, the project of embarking her for Lisbon must be abandoned. Delapoer and Henry saw these inauspicious symptoms in the same melancholy light, and drew the most desponding conclusions from them. One evening, when they were in anxious expectation of Mr G——, Henry, perceiving that his mother would be glad to dispense with Zachary's attendance, drew him aside, and, walking down to the beach, began to question him about his patient, expressing himself as without hope of her recovery, and under momentary terrors of her immediate dissolution. To this Zachary replied, that although he saw that sad event in approach, and, in his own judgment, regarded it as inevitable, yet he conjectured that she would have a gradual and lingering dismission out of life, without pain or loss of senses ; and that no rapid or immediate dissolution was to be apprehended.—I hope, therefore, added he, our dear lady will yet find time and capacity to settle her affairs to your satisfaction and advantage, and put you in a si-

tuation to propose for the loveliest girl in England, to whom, I perceive, you are very seriously attached.—No answer being returned to this, he proceeded.—For my own part, I am persuaded there is no love lost between you, as the saying is; and if you have left your heart with Miss Manstock in pledge, you have taken hers away with you in possession; for I am no indifferent physiognomist, and not apt to be out in my conjectures as to the human heart. I had a little private talk with the young lady during our halt at Manstock-house; and, I believe, my friend, I did your cause no harm by what I said on that occasion.

The less you said the better, Henry coldly replied.

Come, come, young gentleman, resumed Zachary, you are too modest, too diffident; it is not the first time you have stood in your own light with the ladies: and that puts me in mind of my poor boozy dame, who has now, I suppose, drunk up her drink, and sleeps in peace. Alexander Kinloch writes me word, and I have this morning received his letter, that she is absolutely at death's door. Well, God's will be done! I must bear it with Christian patience; *Mors omnibus communis*.—Here the Doctor took out his handkerchief, and, in conformity to custom upon such occasions, applied it to his eyes; where, if there had been a tear, no doubt the aforesaid handkerchief would have done its duty and disposed of it.—But I must prepare myself to expect the worst, added he; for if death be at the door, and none but Sawney Kinloch to keep him out, why, 'tis natural to conclude that all is over with my poor dame. To be sure she had her failings, as who has not? but custom familiarized me to them. She certainly made some trips in point of fidelity to my bed, but then she was over partial to the brandy-bottle, and that accounts for her incontinence, you know, very naturally. She was a little over-righteous, it must be owned, and saddled me with the saints rather more than was agreeable; but then her religion was mere hypocrisy, so that I could not quarrel with her on that account. She was something of a terrogant, I cannot deny; told a pretty many untruths, and bred a pretty many disturbances in my family; but then she did the same by all her neighbours as by me, so that I had no cause in particular to complain of her; and, upon the whole, have as much reason to regret the loss of my wife, as most husbands have to lament for theirs.

Well, my good master, said Henry, smiling, notwithstanding all these good qualities which you have counted up, I am in hopes you'll bear your loss with tolerable composure, and that your days to come will not pass the less to your content because you have no longer a wife in existence, who answers to the description you

have been giving; at least, I hope life may be tolerable, though you have neither sot, slut, nor shrew, in your house, to entertain you: and as the time, I fear, is not far off, when you will have a real friend to lament, I foresee that your professional cares will not long survive your domestic ones, and, in that case, you will have to look out for a successor in your business. Should that be the case, and should Alexander Kinloch not be the man that answers to your wishes, I beg you will let me recommend to you a friend of mine, for whose sufficiency, in all respects, I will make myself responsible. The person I speak of is your quondam assistant, Mr William Williams, at present surgeon of Captain Cary's frigate; a man very highly to be esteemed for his private character, and of whose abilities, in every branch of his profession, I am bold to promise, you may be furnished with the strongest testimonials.

To this Zachary replied, that he had a very high opinion of Williams, and, without hesitation, should prefer him to every other propo- nent; not only in respect to Henry's good wishes for him, but on the score of his own merit; as for the old Scotchman, he protested against him in any other capacity than as a cheap drudge at the mortar, if Williams chose to continue him there, which, however, he should not be very forward to advise.

This matter being adjusted to Henry's satisfaction, he now perceived a chaise and four stop at Lady Crowbery's door; and running to it, had the gratification of finding that Mr G—— himself had complied with that lady's request, and come down in person. A short conversation with that excellent man soon opened to him a character, in which integrity is so prominent, that nature, in the formation of it, seemed determined so to place her work, as that no one should overlook or mistake it. It will suffice, therefore, to say, that everything was done, according to the will of the testatrix, which method in business and correctness in form could effect: the same opportunity also served for Mr Delapoor to make his promised settlement on his son, our hero; and this being done, our honest lawyer—and as such, we venture to pronounce him one of the worthiest members of the community—returned to his station in life; where we hope he will long abide, to protect the property of his clients, and enliven the society of his friends.

CHAP. VIII.

A gentle Being drops into the Grave.

A FEW days had passed after the departure of Mr G——, when the Lady Crowbery, percei-

ving her small remains of strength hourly on the decline, communicated to her friends her total abandonment of all hope of stirring from the spot she was in ; at the same time expressing her acquiescence in the call of Providence, and the thankfulness with which she should obey the summons, in the presence of those who were dearest to her in this world. She still found strength, by intervals, to write a farewell letter to her unworthy lord ; also one of a very affectionate cast to her uncle Manstock ; both which she committed to the post. To Isabella she likewise wrote on a subject more important to her than that of taking leave for life, as it respected the future happiness of her beloved son, and explained (in terms, however, the most delicate) her implied hopes and views in the disposition she had made of her estate ; and this letter she put into Henry's hands, referring it to his discretion in what manner, and at what period, to make use of it.

To Zachary Cawdle she bequeathed an annuity of three hundred pounds a-year, chargeable upon her estate, to be paid quarterly and punctually. In small legacies to servants, and charitable donations, a farther sum was involved, for which due provision was made, and direction given. Of Henry no mention was to be found in her will ; but both to him and his father she gave, with her own hands, several little articles, valuable only as tokens of affection and pledges of remembrance. Everything that personally belonged to her in Crowbery Castle, of which she had many particulars, were left to the lord of that mansion ; the residue was bequeathed in trust to Sir Roger Manstock, for the use and benefit of Isabella, without entail, and at her free disposal, when she should attain the age of eighteen years, of which there yet remained some months only before her nonage should expire.

Neither her senses nor spirits seemed to yield at the approach of death ; every morning she was conveyed from her bed to a couch in her sitting-room, which had a pleasant view of the sea and shore. Here she was constantly attended by one or both of her beloved friends, whose tender assiduities cheered her to her latest moments ; she took particular delight in listening to Delapoe's narrative of his adventures in India, which he contrived to render both interesting and entertaining to her, introducing it at such times only as she seemed to call for it, and in such proportions as might not weary her attention, or too forcibly agitate her feelings.—She also, in her turn, had a story to relate, which, though told with great mitigation towards Lord Crowbery, and with the suppression of many cruel circumstances in his conduct, and sufferings on her part, was not always heard with the temper and patience that she wished to inspire.

Delapoe, in spite of all his caution, would sometimes give way to the warmth of his natu-

ral character, and once or twice, to her sensible regret, broke forth into menaces and denunciations. These she would, with anxious solicitude, strive to qualify and repress.—If you love me, Delapoe, she would say, you will remember my words after death, and not disgrace my memory, or disturb my spirit in the grave, by a revengeful and violent proceeding towards Lord Crowbery. Had he been indulgent and kind to me, how severely would my conscience have reproached me ! And if, on the contrary, he has been somewhat harsh and ungentle, cannot you recollect enough, both committed and omitted on my part, to extenuate, if not to warrant, his unkindness ? You'll say my marriage was a compulsory one—'tis true it was so ; but still I was a party, though a most unwilling one, in the imposition that was put upon him. In my heart he never could obtain a place—I paid him obedience—I had no more to bestow.

The last conversation of this sort she had with Delapoe was on the evening preceding the day on which she died. She was fervent in prayer that her errors might be pardoned, and, in the most solemn manner, conjured him to conspire with her in atonement, by giving double diligence to the performance of those duties which their joint offence had entailed upon them, in the person of their son. Whilst she was thus addressing him, Delapoe, who was supporting her as she sat erect on the couch, perceived a convulsive symptom in the muscles about her mouth, which gave him instant alarm ; and the eager look with which he pursued his observation, convinced her that some change had happened in her features to occasion it.—Ah ! my dear friend, she said, I understand your looks ; I am dying ; perhaps I am disfigured ; if so, leave me, I implore you ; do not let the last impression of this face, which you once beheld with pleasure, remain upon your memory with disgust and horror. If I am fit to be seen, let me thus expire, supported in your arms ; if not, farewell for ever ! let my servants be called, and let me not shock either you or my son with an object so distressing.

As she faintly uttered these words, she put her hands before her face, which Delapoe gently clasped in his, assuring her, that her suspicion was unfounded, and that her features indicated no such symptoms as she apprehended. He soon after rung the bell, when Henry entered hastily, followed by Zachary and two female attendants. Henry threw himself on his knees by the side of her couch, and continued for some minutes enfolded in her arms, in speechless agony ; for he also perceived the change, and saw the hand of death was upon her. A convulsive tremor now seized her whole frame, and she sunk down on her couch insensible, while the Doctor exhorted them to leave her to the care of himself and the women. Through the remainder of the night she dozed with short intervals,

in which she appeared to have some degree of recollection, but never uttered a word, or seemed to experience a pain. At an early hour of the morning, she drew her last sigh, and expired. The father and the son were standing by the side of the bed at that awful moment, and the smile, which love impressed upon her features, as her eyes caught a parting sight of them, before they closed for ever, remained after death, as if to tell the beholders that her soul, unwilling to derange the beautiful frame in which it had been incased, had left its peace behind it, whilst it conveyed itself away to the mansions of immortality and bliss.

CHAP. IX.

Our History presents a Scene not very flattering to Human Nature.

WE have now closed the history of the amiable but unhappy Lady Crowbery; and we would fain hope, that such of our readers as are parents, will think the moral of her fate not unworthy of their consideration and reflection.

One of the first duties that devolved upon her afflicted friends, was to give information of the mournful event to her absent connexions. This business was undertaken by Doctor Zachary, who immediately penned a respectful epistle to Sir Roger Manstock; and also one in like terms to the Lord Viscount Crowbery, which were sent off by express.

Delapoer and his son determined upon staying by the remains of their lamented friend, till orders should be received from Lord Crowbery respecting the funeral; and Henry took an early opportunity of making his friend Captain Cary acquainted with the sad event, that had now occasioned him to decline all thoughts of rejoining the victorious frigate. The return of the post brought him the following answer from that gallant officer:—

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“I LOVED and respected my relation, Lady Crowbery, as much as I despise and abhor the wretch who not only shortened but embittered her days; and I lament her sad fate and your loss, from the bottom of my heart. Bear up, however, my brave fellow, and when you are weary of the shore, remember you have a messmate, who, so long as he has a plank to float on, will be proud to approve himself yours on all occasions, most sincerely and affectionately,

“— CARY.”

The messenger, in the meantime, who was charged with the mournful tidings of his lady's death, proceeded on his way with all possible expedition; and, according to his instructions,

first presented himself at the castle of his lord, and delivered his dispatch. It was received and read in the company of the Reverend Mr Claypole and Miss Fanny; the former of whom had deputed himself with all possible address, and enjoyed the satisfaction of contemplating the flattering prospect that every hour brought nearer to his view, from the increasing attachment of that noble personage to his amiable niece. An uncle, more sensitive to appearances, or less persuaded of the purity of the female character, might have proved a troublesome guest to a nobleman of his lordship's irritable feelings at certain moments, when the vehemence of his passion carried him beyond the bounds, which some people of more rigid notions would have thought a little on the outside of discretion; but Mr Claypole was not one of these formal disciplinarians, and accommodated himself to times and seasons with admirable facility. With a soul superior to suspicion, he heeded not those innocent dalliances that passed between the lovers, whilst he had the resource of a book, or a walk, and sometimes of a nap in his chair, to fill up an hour when conversation was suspended, and dumb-show took place of dialogue.

Captain Crowbery was upon a visit to a friend in a distant county, so that the society of the castle was very much confined, and their harmony seldom, if ever, interrupted by the intrusion of unwelcome visitors. Miss Fanny possessed the apartment of the absent lady, and had already made some arrangements in the disposition and furniture of it, which she asserted, and my lord acknowledged, to be very striking improvements. Two or three old domestics, who had considered themselves as appertaining to the lady of the house, were now very naturally regarded as supernumeraries; and, upon a principle of economy, which the Reverend Mr Claypole took all proper occasions to inculcate, were paid off and dismissed. One or two of these, who had belonged to Lady Crowbery's family from their youth, and were past the age of service, were entertained by Sir Roger Manstock, and charitably enrolled amongst his band of pensioners; the others sought their livelihood where they could find it. By an arrangement with the parson of Crowbery, the Reverend Mr Claypole took the duty of that parish upon himself, and transferred to him the service of the church at Manstock; to which Sir Roger very willingly acceded, from motives that in candour we must acknowledge to have had some respect to his own ease and convenience, as well as to the aforesaid Mr Claypole's. No intercourse whatever had in the meantime passed between the allied houses of Crowbery and Manstock; few souls were less akin than those of their owners and their respective associates.

No charge could be laid against Mother Nature for having misapplied her workmanship upon the mould in which she had cast the per-

son of Lord Crowbery ; nay, on the contrary, it should seem she had both tempered and modelled it with the most accurate attention, and harmonized it to the soul which it enveloped with the nicest art. No man of common observation could receive a false impression of his lordship's character from the first glance of his exterior. Nature had not given to him the outward semblance of any one virtue, dignity, or endowment, which he did not mentally possess ; neither was there one moral failing or defect to be found in the journal of his life, which might not figuratively be said to stand recorded in the title-page of that history. In short, if he had had hypocrisy enough to affect the manners of a gentleman, nobody but a fool would have been capable of being duped by him.

This accomplished peer, though not quite fitted in all particulars to fill up the vacancy which Henry had left in the soft heart of Miss Fanny, nevertheless was encouraged by that young lady to believe that he was in absolute possession of it. To develop her motives for deceiving him into this opinion might be an unpleasant investigation ; but when we have said that ambition and revenge were of the party, it is not necessary to search for others to make up the number. This young lady and his lordship were just then engaged in conversation on a very interesting topic, whilst the Reverend Mr Claypole had dropt asleep on a sofa that filled up a recess in the room ; when the servant arrived from Fal-mouth with the letter, which announced the death of Lady Crowbery. His lordship read it with a countenance that did not indicate any of those weaknesses which human nature sometimes is betrayed into upon a sudden surprise. He perused it with a steady eye, folded it up again with a firm hand, and putting it into his pocket, in a tone of voice which abated nothing of its usual energy, coolly observed, that the expected event was come to pass—Lady Crowbery was dead.

Miss Fanny started from her seat, with an exclamation very frequently applied by ladies of her fashion, to express either joy, sorrow, surprise, or any other passion that attacks their gentle spirits unawares. At the same instant the reverend sleeper sprung from his couch, ready prepared to second any emotion that his noble friend might be pleased to express, either of joy or sorrow. His noble friend did not as yet discover to which party he was disposed to incline ; therefore Mr Claypole judiciously kept silence, and held his faculties suspended in a neutral state, till circumstances should determine them.

I guessed how this scheme to Lisbon would end, cried the peer.

Yes, replied the parson ; I suspected it would terminate as it has done, when that booby of an apothecary took upon him the charge of her ladyship's constitution.

A pretty fellow, truly, resumed my lord, to be travelling-physician to a woman of quality ! But I can understand nothing from his letter, but that his patient has slipped through his hands ; therefore, with your leave, I shall step into my library, and try what information may be gathered from the messenger.—This said, he rose from his chair, and calmly stalked out of the room.

The uncle and niece were now set free from all restraint, and soon began to let loose their sentiments upon this interesting event, without reserve.—I judged her case to be desperate, cried the uncle ; she was a lost woman when I saw her at Manstock. I cannot say she gave me any great reason to lament her loss. If I ever had any obligations to her, she cancelled them all by her last haughty treatment of me, when I modestly made suit for the poor favour of succeeding Parson Ratcliffe.

To this the niece made no answer, nor indeed had she paid any attention, as her mind was just then engaged in computing the period of a widower's first mourning ; and, as this meditation involved her in some dilemma, she abruptly appealed to her uncle, whether it was totally out of form for his lordship to be married before he was out of weepers and black gloves ?

That is as it may be, replied the uncle ; some people judge in those matters with more liberality and latitude than others. I am no great critic in forms ; but this I know, that the sooner you bring his lordship to the point, my dear Fanny, the better.

Why, that is done already, cried the lady-elect ; the point is carried, and I have his honour in pledge ; else can you suppose I would admit—

Certainly not, cried Claypole, interrupting her ; I cannot doubt but you know the ground you are upon, and therefore it is that I have never interposed my advice ; but, now that there is no longer any obstacle, I should recommend you to hold back, till he fulfils his engagements. A seasonable reserve may quicken desire,—too much kindness may chance to quell it.

I believe, cried the niece, I am fully capable of conducting myself in this affair without resorting to an adviser. Where there is no passion at the heart, it is not likely there should be any error in the judgment ; and I flatter myself you do me justice to believe, I am not in love with the person of Lord Crowbery. He is not a Henry, to catch the eye or engage the heart ; but he is a peer of England, has a good estate and a noble castle, which when I am mistress of, I confess the triumph it will give me over that provoking chit Isabella, whom I hate and detest at my heart, will not be amongst the least of my enjoyments.

Lord Crowbery, in the meantime, having asked a few trifling questions of the bearer of the letter, dismissed him, and sent for his agent Lawyer Ferret, to whom he dictated the follow-

ing lines, by way of answer to the questions referred to him in Zachary's dispatch:—

“MR CAWDLE.

“SIR,

“I am commanded by the Lord Viscount Crowbery to say, that he has received yours of the 19th ultimo, informing him of the death of your patient on the morning of that day.

“With respect to your farther inquiries touching the burial ceremonies, his lordship bids me tell you he has no answer to give. The heir or heirs of the deceased, whoever they may be, will act as they see fit in the case; you have no instructions to expect from him.

“I am, Sir,

“Your humble servant,

“JOHN JEFFERY FERRET.”

CHAP. X.

The Scene is shifted to Manstock-house.

WHEN the messenger arrived at Manstock-house, Sir Roger was just returned home from the county-town, where he had been unanimously elected representative in parliament. The mournful news caused deep affliction both to him and the sensitive Isabella. The same servant was charged with a verbal message from Lord Crowbery, signifying that he declined interfering with any wishes Sir Roger might have respecting the place of burial, and the disposal of the remains. He added, that when the will was opened he presumed he should have notice.

Sir Roger well understood the spirit of this message, and properly felt both the insult and the meanness it implied. The instant he could compose his thoughts sufficiently for the purpose, he wrote to Zachary Cawdle, requiring him to transmit the body, with all proper decorum and attendance fitting the quality of the deceased, by easy stages to the family-vault of her ancestors, at her paternal seat of Hagley Hall, where himself and his daughter purposed to be in waiting to receive it, and to pay the last honours to the corpse of his most dear and lamented niece.

The business this involved him in, had probably the effect of occupying so much of his time and thoughts, that grief had the less opportunity of fixing upon him; but the tender Isabella, who had not so full a share of those avocations, surrendered herself to melancholy and desponding meditations. In her breast, also, there was lodged a secret of most serious import; and, in the meantime, she had no instructions how to dispose of it. These she expected to receive by some hand or other, but what to wish she knew not; whether they should be to impart it to her father, or still to conceal

it from him, was an alternative that offered nothing to her reflection but difficulties and distresses on both sides. That Henry should be left heir to his mother's estate, was naturally to be expected; but how he could be named or described in her will without a discovery of his birth, was what she could not comprehend. The papers that had been written for her father's inspection after her cousin's death, she knew had been destroyed, and that purpose revoked. She apprehended, therefore, that some order would come to her for divulging it to Sir Roger; and this was a task which, of all earthly undertakings, was most dreadful to her. In the meantime the preparations were put forward for the journey, and servants were dispatched beforehand to get the house in order to receive them, and to set on foot all the preliminary ceremonials for a respectable and splendid funeral.

In this interval arrived Mr G—— with the will; and his coming was most seasonable, for it was on the very eve of Sir Roger's setting out on his journey. This event was immediately communicated to Lord Crowbery; and with the messenger who carried Sir Roger's note to his lordship, returned, not the principal himself, but his representative Mr John Jeffery Ferret, attorney at law, and agent to the noble peer aforesaid.

The arrival of this august personage being announced, the Baronet with his fair daughter, and the respectable holder and maker of the will, assembled in the book-room, and were soon honoured with the presence of Mr Ferret, before whom the seals, after being submitted to his inspection, were solemnly broke open, and the will distinctly and audibly read by Mr G——. The signatures, seals, dates, and every other particular, were minutely examined by the said Mr Ferret, who was asked by Mr G—— if he was satisfied as to what he had seen and heard; to which, after due time for recollection, he gravely replied,—In point of form I see nothing at present to object to; in point of essence I shall decline giving any answer till I have advised with counsel. This lady died in an obscure and distant corner of the island,—the will is also dated not many days previous to her decease,—it will be requisite to ascertain, that the testatrix was actually and *bona fide* of sound mind and judgment at the time of her signing the said will. Understand me not, I pray you, as insinuating anything to the contrary, but being a professional man yourself, you will admit the reasonableness of what I say, which is no more than my duty to my principal requires of me.

I believe your principal, replied Mr G——, received a letter from the testatrix, written throughout with her own hand, since the date of this will, which, if he is not disposed to refer to, Sir Roger Manstock, I am persuaded, has one of as late a date to produce, which will tes-

tify to her capacity, together with other proofs, which will be forthcoming whenever you are instructed to call for them: in short, sir, we shall be ready to meet you in any way you shall think fit to require of us.

During this conversation, Sir Roger sat in silent astonishment to find the purport of the will so contrary to his expectations, inasmuch as the name or description of Henry was nowhere mentioned, nor any bequest whatever specified, that could by any implication refer to him, whilst the agitation it occasioned in the bosom of Isabella was such, that, unable to keep her seat, she rose and demanded of Mr G—— if she might not be permitted to leave the room; which being answered in the affirmative, she lost no time to avail herself of, and hastened away.—I perceive, said Lawyer Ferret, that my Lord Crowbery has no farther interest in this will, than what respects a few personals appertaining to the deceased, left behind her in the castle, of which, perhaps, a query might be made as to her ladyship's right of disposal.

That's a query, cried Mr G——, we have no concern with it; can only affect yourselves, therefore you'll manage it in your own way.

I perceive also, resumed Ferret, with some surprise, here is no mention made of a certain young man, whom we in these parts expected to find remembered by her ladyship at her death, having seen him so much favoured by her in her life-time.—Upon this Sir Roger rose from his seat, and addressing himself to Mr G——, said, I humbly conceive, sir, if this gentleman has no legal observations to state, we are not bound to listen to any others, and may break up the meeting. Mr G—— having made sign of assent, the Baronet departed without farther ceremony, and Lawyer Ferret having put in his claim for a copy of the will, called for his horse and set forward on the spur, to report his proceedings at the place from whence he came.

This business being ended, Mr G—— joined the Baronet and the heiress, who were expecting him in the adjoining room. Sir Roger began the conversation, by expressing himself very greatly surprised at the purport of his niece's bequest of her entire estate to his daughter: Nay, I must fairly declare to you, added he, that I am at a loss how to reconcile myself to the justice of it. The remark which that impertinent attorney made, upon the total silence observed towards a certain young man, who to my knowledge was encouraged to expect a provision, was a very natural one in itself, though out of place in his mouth; and to say the truth, sir, I cannot for the life of me comprehend how such an omission could take place, after the promises and assurances I myself have been a witness to. May I ask you to explain this, and how it came to pass that either he forfeited her favour, or that she forgot to make good her promise?—To this Mr G—— replied, that he could

only answer that inquiry in part, by assuring him, that the young gentleman in question had in no degree forfeited the favour and good opinion of the lady deceased.

Then I am more than ever puzzled to find a cause of her neglect of him, said the Baronet: Permit me to ask you if he saw my niece before her death?

He was with her ladyship, as I believe, to the very hour of her death.

And was he privy to the will? demanded Sir Roger.

I doubt, said the worthy respondent, if I ought in strictness to answer that question; but in confidence I will venture to disclose to you and this lady present, that he was not only perfectly made acquainted with the disposition of Lady Crowbery's property, but also a very active party in the promotion of that measure.

Then, upon my life, exclaimed Sir Roger, that same mysterious unknown is, without exception, the most extraordinary and unaccountable young man now living! This is the second time he has put fortune from him, and voluntarily preferred poverty to affluence.

I protest I do not see any mystery in that, said the other; I clearly understand there are certain sensations he prefers to others, and certain things in this world which he loves better than his interest.

At this moment Mr G——, in taking his snuff-box from his pocket, dropped his glove upon the floor without perceiving it, which the lovely Isabella immediately picked up, and presented to him with a grace peculiar to herself. An attention so flattering naturally drew a return of excuses and apologies from Mr G——, for his inattention in suffering her to condescend to such an office; to which she replied, whilst blushes overspread her cheeks, and gratitude glistened in her eyes,—Anything I can do to shew my respect for Mr G——, will be an office I shall be proud of.—This was pointed in so marked a manner, and introduced with a look so expressive, that it would have been impossible for any common observer, much less for that intelligent person himself, not to comprehend the motive of it; and though Sir Roger gave no sign of his having regarded it otherwise than as an ordinary act of politeness, yet we may risk a conjecture, that he argued from it in his thoughts pretty much in the same way with the gentleman to whom it was addressed.

This little incident did not, however, altogether turn their discourse from the topic they were upon; Isabella ventured to inquire of Mr G—— if Henry was recovered from his wound, which question, he conceiving it to allude to the action on board the frigate, drew him into a description of that fight, as he had heard it from Mr Delapoe. This was in itself an interesting narrative, though not altogether new to the hearers of it, for Cary had written to his

uncle since he came into port, and done justice to his brave volunteer ; but the warmth of his heart, who had it now in narration, and the affection he had conceived for our amiable hero through the natural sympathy of congenial souls, gave a brighter hue to the description, and animated one at least of his audience in so peculiar a manner, that, at the conclusion of it, she was impelled to venture upon an inference which in a more collected moment she would hardly have risked, viz. that where so much courage and benevolence were united, it was no wonder if every action of such a character produced something uncommonly noble, and superior to the views of worldly minds.

An apostrophe, so much above the pitch of Isabella's natural diffidence, would hardly have passed without a comment from Sir Roger, had not Mr G—— been present, or, let us rather say, had it not been justly due to the merits of our hero.

CHAP. XI.

A Gleam of Hope suddenly reversed.

WHAT imprudence have I given way to ! said Isabella within herself, when she retired to her solitary meditations in her own apartment ; I shall certainly receive the rebuke which I have merited from my father ; but, oh ! that I might be suffered to give vent to my respect and gratitude for that charming man, who spoke so warmly of my Henry. Yes, yes, he is all that is good and generous, all that is brave and benevolent, all that is engaging, amiable, and excellent in human nature ; and now I can interpret his proceeding, I can solve his motives for the sacrifice he has made of his inheritance, to preserve the memory of his mother from disgrace and shame : glorious, unequalled generosity, which throws him on my honour for restitution ; and, thank Heaven, that honour glows within my breast as warmly as within his own. Let the consequences be whatever they may, I swear to truth, I will not be a day in possession of the power to do him justice, without seizing the opportunity for performing it : but is that enough ? Is there not another hope at his heart ? Is there not another wish in mine ? May I not believe he loves me ? Have I not heard him tenderly express his feelings, his affections, and what answer did I make ? Oh ! such an one it was as opened my whole soul, without the feeble, the fallacious aid of words. My sighs were vows, my parting tears were seals of love, more sacred, more sincere, than all the bonds that law or language can devise ; and I will keep them faithfully in remembrance ; yes, Henry, whilst I have life my heart can never change ; I may be wretched, false I will not be.

Here Sir Roger entered the room ; his plea was to inquire if she was preparing for her journey on the next morning ; but he sat down, and entered into a discourse that certainly was not calculated to forward those preparations : he began to observe to her how much he had been surprised at the reading of his niece's will ; and asked her, with a smile, how she felt herself affected by the sudden accession of so great a fortune.—I fancy, said he, you did not expect, when we proposed this mournful journey, that you was going to take possession of your own estate ? I can assure you, Isabella, it is a very fine place, and, I am told, has been well kept up, though our poor friend never visited it : I hope, however, it will not put you out of conceit with Manstock-house.

So long as you inhabit it, she replied, no place can rival Manstock in my thoughts.

But when you marry, you may entertain other thoughts.

I will never marry any man capable of an attempt to detach me from a preference so natural, so unalterable.

Then you must not marry any man, said Sir Roger, who has a predilection for his own family seat.

Having already one more than I want, replied Isabella, smiling, I hope you think there is no occasion for me to add to it.

I understand you, said the father, in a tone of good humour, the man to your mind must have no encumbrances of house or home ; he must be without fortune.

I confess, answering quickly, said Isabella, I could readily waive that, if he had virtue, courage, generosity, good sense, and discernment to respect and honour you ; without these qualities I should despise him, had he the wealth of worlds.

But you know no such person, not you, said the Baronet, looking archly at her as he spoke ; you have never met with any lover of this description, and whilst you persist in so many unreasonable demands upon his character, probably you never will.

Not above once in my life, I dare say, answered Isabella.

And once is enough, said he, if you are sure of your man : look ye, daughter, I love fair dealing and confession ; I fancy our friend G—— and you are pretty much of the same opinion in this case, for I observe you seconded his encomiums on a certain person with uncommon ardour ; now I conceive, when a young lady is so warm in the praises of a young man, and both parties are unmarried, it is a strong presumption that there is a liking in the case ; if so, why not confess it ? Seeing I have no other power over your mind, except by correcting your judgment where I think it errs, or confirming your choice where I think it is well placed.

Oh! my dear, dear sir, replied the grateful damsel, I should be indeed unworthy of so much goodness, if I did not meet your candour with the sincerest exposition of my heart and its affections. Yes, my ever honoured father, I will confess to you, and I trust I need not blush at the confession, that I contemplate Henry's character with admiration and delight. I do believe it is a combination of all human virtues; and I ground my faith not upon presumptive partial conjecture, but upon proofs which will bear the strictest examination, which cannot be controverted by malice itself, and to most of which you yourself can witness. Let his conduct be scrutinized from the first moment that fortune threw him upon our mercy, to the present instant. Where can be found an example of such patience, resignation, fortitude; of such benevolence, bravery, generosity? What has he not endured, what has he not forgiven? Who ever made such disinterested sacrifices to a principle of justice and honour, in the most refined, the most exalted sense of those virtues? Neither is he less to be admired for the purity of his morals than for the delicacy of his principles.

Well, well, cried the Baronet; so far, so good. You have gone on briskly with his mental qualities, and I don't know that you have said a word too much; but what is it all if that one thing should be wanting, without which no young lady ever yielded more than her approbation to the best of men? If the person in which all these virtues centre is not agreeable to you, if the form is not elegant, the manners not engaging, the address not captivating, why, then, you know, there can be no love in the heart, and praise is all that poor Henry is ever to expect from your lips.

Ah! my beloved sir, cried Isabella, blushing, yet with eyes that shewed it was the blush of joy; now you are rallying me, because I have forborne to speak of what I dare say you suspect was foremost in my thoughts; but in points of truth and fact there can be but one opinion, in matters of taste there may be many. It appears to me that nature has been as partial to Henry in person as in mind; you may not see him with the same eyes.

Not exactly, perhaps, he replied, smiling; but yet I can see enough to comprehend why Fanny Claypole fell in love with him, why Susan May was distracted for him, and why you, my dear Isabella, do not absolutely dislike him.

Dislike him! echoed the fond damsel; Oh, heavens! I should be a wretch insensible to the finest work of the Creator, if I could dislike him. Surely, sir, nothing in the human form can be more perfect than Henry.

Come, come! resumed Sir Roger, you have made up for all deficiencies at last; more need not be attempted, for more, I think, cannot be said. And now, Isabella, having heard your confession, it is my turn to call upon your at-

tention whilst I make mine. In everything you have said of Henry, I perfectly concur. Greater proof I cannot give you of my very high opinion of his merit and accomplishments, than by assuring you that the reasons I have hitherto had for opposing your attachment to him, are, by recent circumstances, in a great degree removed; and as want of fortune alone would in no instance have been my absolute objection, I shall the less insist upon it in the present case, forasmuch as your means are now so great as to make any farther augmentation of them by marriage, an object not worth attending to. In the place, therefore, of several impediments, I now see but one remaining, and that is my ignorance of his birth and condition. I cannot dispense with obscurity or meanness. Now, although the mystery is not cleared up by the melancholy event of your cousin's decease, yet the terror of it is removed from my mind by the circumstances of her will; for I shall now disclose to you what I should never have mentioned whilst Lady Crowbery was living, that there was something in her deportment towards your friend Henry, that gave me great uneasiness and alarm. Not that I entertained suspicions of the sort which her imperious husband had, or affected to have, of their connexion; no, that was not the nature of my terror; the thought was out of reach of probability; the character of the lady gave no countenance to it; on the contrary, there was such an air of maternal tenderness in her regards, that I protest to you, Isabella, I found myself haunted by an idea, that the idle rumour which was spread about in the neighbourhood after my niece had eloped with Mr Delapoor, might have been true, and that this same youth had been the unlawful issue of that connexion. Under the impression of such an idea, you cannot wonder at the vehemence with which I interdicted your correspondence with him; but now that I see him totally overlooked in her will, I can no longer entertain any suspicion of his standing in so near a relation to her, and with that suspicion of his being her son, I now dismiss my opposition to his pretensions as your admirer.

Had Sir Roger Manstock waited for an answer to this speech, it would have been impossible for Isabella to have disguised the sensations it produced, sensations as opposite to those it was meant to convey, as chilling disappointment is to thankful joy! But he was gone as soon as he had uttered the concluding words, and gone in the persuasion that he had made a being happy, who was infinitely dear to him, whilst she was left to reflect upon a situation now rendered far more hopeless and distressing than it had been in the worst of moments, when his opposition was more open and declared. Whilst she pondered upon this, her bosom heaved with sighs, and her eyes streamed with tears. All those fascinating ideas which her fond fa-

ther's encouraging discourse had raised in her mind, were at once dispersed, and succeeded by a press of thoughts that presented nothing but despair and disappointment to her imagination. What to do she knew not, and how to shape her conduct in a dilemma so full of difficulties, she was incapable of deciding; for if she availed herself of her father's permission for re-admitting him into the family, what consequence could ensue from such a fruitless indulgence, but an aggravation of regret, which every hour of increasing love and approbation would accumulate upon her? On the other hand, what would her father think, after the confession she had made, if she was now to hold back, when she had his leave to advance? What, but that she was the most obstinate and capricious coquette in nature, who was no longer pleased than whilst

she was opposed, and had no wishes of her own when they were found to coincide with his? It was now, for the first time, she lamented the confidence that had been reposed in her by her deceased friend and benefactress; for being intrusted with the secret, she could in no case violate her honour by betraying it; and being now made acquainted with her father's motives for proscribing Henry whilst he suspected him to be the son of his niece, no temptation upon earth could overcome her abhorrence of duplicity or deceit, whilst he should retain a sentiment so adverse to that connexion; and in this she foresaw no probability of change.

With heavy heart, therefore, we must leave the unhappy Isabella to struggle with these conflicting thoughts, and turn to other scenes that are prepared to open the succeeding book.

BOOK THE TENTH.

CHAP. I.

In which the Author confutes himself.

HAVING been so long employed in finding words, according to rule and method, for others, I begin to think I have a right to bestow some according to my own fancy; and that just now prompts me to write without any rule or method whatsoever.

In the first place, then, permit me to say, that I do not allow any man can have a fair excuse for not reading these volumes once, at least, in his life, provided he can read at all. For what is the plea, I would fain know, that he can set up for refusing them a perusal? Is he too wise to be taught anything new?—They do not pretend to have any new thing in them or about them; they boast themselves to be as old as nature; and, as for instruction, if he is too wise to want it, they are not so foolish as to force it upon him against his wishes.

Is he too lazy to be amused by any reading? then let him employ a toad-eater to recite them in his ears till he falls asleep; he cannot purchase a cheaper or more harmless narcotic in his apothecary's shop.

Is he too proud to stoop his genius to the perusal of a trivial novel? my life upon it, his genius is oftentimes more trivially employed.

Is truth his constant study and pursuit? and has he not yet found out that there is truth in fiction; that, by the device of fable, (as the philosopher Saint Pierre well observes,) the soul gradually opens itself to truth? I am vain enough to think there may be many more truths in this poor fable, than he will discover or comprehend in all his metaphysics.

But some may plead business, and business must be followed.—True! and so must hounds; but the man who follows either, be it ever so closely, will still find that he has gone many miles out of his way. Let the man of business recollect how much of his life is spent in being busy about nothing, and he cannot but acknowledge he has had time to bestow upon the reading of these little books, and a hundred others. But all this while he has been accumulating money; if he dies to-morrow, he will die worth one hundred thousand pounds; and if he does, *is he any whit wiser*, (I put the question in the words of the inimitable author of *The Serious Call*,) *is he any whit wiser*, I demand, *than he who has taken the same pains to have a hundred thousand pair of boots and spurs when he leaves the world?*

But hark ye, Mr Novelist, the fastidious philosopher will say, my studies do not lie your way. To him I could answer—then are my studies, learned sir, more complaisant than yours; for, as far as you yourself participate of human nature, so far you come within the scope of my researches; why then may not you deign

to read me, though I do not aspire to copy you? Though your proud castle is barred against my approach, my humble cottage is the seat of general hospitality, and open to you in common with the rest of my fellow-creatures. The simple goose-quill, that can fan one spark of pure benevolence into activity, by the playfulness of its motion, has done more for mankind than the full-plumed philosopher, who, with the strut of the goose itself, cackles out his despicable spleen, and hisses at each passenger as he goes regardless by him.

If but one of all my readers has felt the sympathy of a generous sentiment, if another has experienced the conscious sense of self-reproaching turpitude, and blushed at the discovery, I think I have thrown more light into the world, than the philosopher can dig out of the bowels of the earth, though he may thereby affect to decide upon the world's age, as jockeys do upon horses, by looking in their mouths. What if philosophers have now found out that water is no element? they have neither added to its uses, nor taken any away; and as for me, though, for peace sake, I will forbear to say it is an element, I will not promise them to rest my faith so far upon their dogma, as to say that it is not. The Author of Nature seems graciously to have ordained, that in searching after things without use, our inquiries should be pursued without success, so that no labour might be wasted upon things that cannot profit us: but it is only after these curious nothings that our philosopher is ever on the quest; and yet he pretends to say, that he has no leisure to bestow upon my men and women! Why will he not rather study to be informed of what would profit him to know, and submit to be ignorant of what the Great Disposer of the Universe hath, in tender consideration of his short-lived creatures, buried out of sight? As much truth as man's intellects can admit, is accessible to man's inquiries, but ignorance is given to the soul, as the lid is bestowed upon the eye; it lets in all the light it can usefully dispense with, and shuts out what it cannot bear. And now, no more of the philosopher; whilst I am contemplating the statue, let him hunt after the beetle that crawls at the base of it.

There is, notwithstanding, more for me to do; and as these volumes are my clients, so am I their advocate, and must be prepared for all that may oppose me; the next, however, is a gentle caviller, and approaches in a form that challenges my respect; it is a reader I would not offend and shock for all that fame could give me; she comes with modest blushes on her cheeks, and points to certain pages doubled down in my offending work, too highly coloured for her chaste revolting eye to rest upon. What shall I reply to this appellat? How defend myself from one, who comes into the lists with all the virtues armed in her support? Where now is my impure Jemima? where is Fanny Clay-

pole? where even my benevolent Susan May? Fled out of sight, abashed and self-condemned! What avails it to me to say that they are Nature's children? My reproofing critic does not wish to make acquaintance with the profligates of her family. In vain I urge, that contrast is the soul of composition; that joy and sorrow, health and sickness, good and evil, chequer life itself through every stage; that even virtue wants an opposite to give its lustre full display; she does not think that scenes, which address themselves to the passions, can be defended by arguments that apply to the judgment: I may be justified by the rules of composition; she is trying me by those of decorum. If I shelter myself in the plea, that temptations are the test of an heroic spirit; that I cannot *make bricks without straw*; and that although the said straw be of an inflammable quality, yet I must work with such materials as I have: she will not hesitate to admit the necessity of temptations, but she will resolutely condemn the too profuse and prominent display of them; she would work her shades more tender; mine are too bold: If I say, wait for the moral, she replies, that it is the nature of susceptibility not to wait; the mischief is in the front, the moral is in the rear; the remedy cannot always overtake the disease; and she asks, where is the wit in voluntarily provoking the fang of the viper, because, forsooth, we have a medicine in our closet that will stanch the poison, if we do not slip the time of applying it?

Mark now, candid reader, if I have not wove a hedge about myself, which I have neither cunning to creep through, nor agility to climb; but it is ever thus when I argue with the ladies. If their modesty is of so touchy a temper, as to accuse me of impudence, I know no better way to convince them of their mistake, than by copying that modesty, and making no defence; and sure I am, that such would be their conduct in the case of real attack, when the relation of it only stirs them into such tremors and palpitations; I fear, therefore, that their extreme susceptibility proves too much; those must ride their palfreys with a very loose rein, who are so soon thrown out of their seat upon every little start or stumble that they make.

What I have written, I have written in the hope of recommending virtue by the fiction of a virtuous character, which, to render amiable, I made natural, and to render natural, I made subject to temptations, though resolute in withstanding them: in one instance only my hero owes his victory to chance, and not to his own fortitude; if virtue, therefore, cannot read her own encomium, without catching fire at the allurements of her antagonist, she is not that pure and perfect virtue I was studious to pay court to, but some hypocrite, who has basely tricked herself out in the uniform of the corps, for the opportunity of deserting over to the enemy with her arms and accoutrements.

CHAP. II.

A Peep behind the Curtain at Crowbery Castle.

WHILST the gentle bosom of Isabella was rent with a thousand perplexing inquietudes, the proud exulting heart of Fanny Claypole was anticipating the fancied joys of rank and splendour, and already practising the stately airs of a viscountess elect. Her uncle now began to pass his time not quite so much to his satisfaction as he had done: though his niece still continued to treat him with external civility, yet there was a gracious manner in it, that conveyed the idea of condescension and protection, rather than of cordiality or respect. The restraint which she and her noble paramour submitted to in his company, though as little as decency could dispense with, was still something more than they could willingly spare on certain occasions, and he then began to discover, that all his accommodating complacency did not quite answer their purposes, and that his absence began to be wished for by both parties. This, indeed, was more than insinuated to him by dumb show; for my lord took frequent occasions of inquiring, whether Sir Roger Manstock would not be uneasy at his parish being left without a resident minister; and once or twice asked him, in a natural manner, if he was doing anything at the parsonage, and whether it would require any repairs before it was made fit for his reception, intimating, with much seeming kindness, that if there was anything wanting for his comfort, he would send his own workmen over, and fit it to his wishes; adding, that it would ever give him the most supreme delight to shew any mark of his respect to the uncle of his amiable friend, Miss Claypole. These hints that sagacious gentleman was not slow to comprehend; but it did not just now suit him to put them into practice.

When Lawyer Ferret returned from Manstock, and the copy of Lady Crowbery's will, which he had there taken, had been perused by his lordship, that noble personage, in a manner suitable to his high dignity, expressed a most sovereign contempt for the good things of this world, which it had conveyed in such ample proportion to the fair Isabella, and so sparingly to himself; in fact, it is reasonable to suppose, that as his lordship's expectations were extremely moderate, his disappointment could not be very great, so that he bore the event without any great exercise of his virtues. One thing, however, he remarked with a considerable degree of satisfaction, and this was, the unexpected omission of any legacy to our hero Henry; this circumstance he communicated, without loss of time, to Mr Claypole and Miss Fanny, com-

menting upon it in a style that sufficiently disclosed to them the gratification he secretly derived to himself in talking of it.—You see, cried his lordship, in his usual style of pleasantry, what sort of stuff her ladyship's liking to that young fellow was made of! no longer pipe, no longer pay, was her maxim. He must now sink into his primitive obscurity; all his golden hopes are blasted, and, I dare engage, he is at this moment venting execrations against her deceit, and his own credulity. But he is rightly served; may such ever be the fate of all upstart favourites of married ladies!—Here Claypole chimed in, with an inference or two in the way of retort upon Henry, for his refusal of Blachford's bequest, observing, that the man who, from an affectation of disinterestedness, withstood the favours of fortune when they were tendered to him, generally lived long enough to find himself the dupe of his own vanity, and to bewail his folly in the bitterness of self-reproach and vexation.—I see but one chance that remains for this silly fellow, added he, which is, to betake himself with all humility to Blachford's leavings, and pay his court, without loss of time, to Mrs Susan May, of meretricious memory, by whose favour he may still subsist upon the bread of infamy, and sing psalms with Ezekiel Daw, to some godly tune, whilst the old dame scums the pot. So ends the history of Henry the Foundling, whose adventures, with the help of a little modern garnish, may furnish matter to some paltry novelist, for a scurvy tale, to fill a gap in the shelves of a circulating library; and, if the writer has the wit to make the most of it, he may find out a moral in the catastrophe of his hero, and entitle it, *The Rise and Fall of Vanity*; for such in fact it is.

Miss Fanny threw a different light upon the subject; she confessed he well deserved the disappointment he had met with; but she did not think that was excuse sufficient for the person who disappointed him.—I own, said that candid young lady, I have always accustomed myself to consider a promise as a sacred thing; where I give hopes, I think myself in conscience bound to make them good; and, on the other hand, where they are given to me, I should hold the person base in the extreme, abandoned to all sense of honour, and a wretch, whom, without a crime, we might treat as an outlaw and assassin, who violated the faith he had pledged, and the word of promise he had given. Now, I do not mean to impute this baseness to any person in particular, much less to the respectable object of our present conversation; I only beg leave to observe, that in all connexions between man and woman, where favours have been interchanged, and promises grafted upon those pledges of affection, they are binding in the most sacred sense, and he or she, who breaks from them, abandoned in the extremest degree.

Certainly, interposed my lord; without all

doubt you speak what every person of honour must admit to be true, and what I, permit me to say, feel, and, I hope, practise, in its strictest sense. Put the case, by way of elucidation only, that I profess myself the admirer of a lady of reputation; I am smitten with her charms; in short, I am in love with her. Very well. Believing me to be a man of honour, she allows me to make suit to her; I gain her confidence, we'll suppose, and she begins to favour my suit; she smiles on my humble addresses—Here a soft glance from the bright eyes of Miss Fanny brought his lordship's eloquence to a pause. He gently took her hand, and in a whisper tenderly murmured, Lovely creature, if you look upon me with those eyes, I shall forget every word I was saying, every sense will be lost in ecstasy and rapture.

Go on, go on, said Fanny, smiling; I am much interested in what you are saying, and should be sorry to interrupt you in the most important part of it.

Put me in then, said the peer, for I protest to you I am lost.

Why, you had just gained the lady's affections, replied Fanny; nay, I believe on my conscience you was going on too prosperously for her repose, unless you was upon the strictest honour.

There you are rather beforehand with me, resumed my lord, though, I confess, I was coming to the point: be it so then! Let us for a moment suppose that this lady, in pity to my sufferings, or, if you will, in kind compliance with my importunate and impassioned solicitations, generously concedes those favours, which are the greatest woman can bestow or man receive, can it for a moment be doubted that I am bound by all the ties of honour, gratitude, and justice, to indemnify the reputation of my benefactress? Heavens! I were the vilest wretch that ever breathed, could I do less than tender her my heart, my hand, my name, rank, fortune, everything that I possess on earth, as soon as ever opportunity and circumstances would permit. These are my principles, my dear Miss Claypole, and they are such as, I trust, your worthy uncle, if he has listened to our discourse, will give me credit for, and approve.

Certainly, my lord, replied that reverend personage; there cannot be two opinions on the subject. Were the case to happen as you put it, every man of honour's conduct must be such as you state it; but I must take the liberty to observe, that no woman of honour, who was wise, would put him to the trial.

Ah! my good sir, said my lord, you speak exactly within the line of your profession, and so far you speak right. It is as natural for you, who are a parson, to preach up self-denial, as it is for an apothecary to recommend physic, though nature, in both cases, nauseates the dose, and the finest gratification of the senses is

sacrificed by the prescription. That rigid morality, that would strip life of all its best enjoyments, would also divest our hearts of all their most exalted sensations. What would become of those glowing effusions of love and gratitude, if there was no trust, no confidence, no mutual interchange of honour and good faith? The lawyer, who furnishes my occasions with a loan, and binds me down by the fetters of a mortgage, is a trader in money, who confers no favour on me by the accommodation I derive from it; whereas the friend, who confidentially supplies my wants, and rests upon my promise for indemnification, leaves me under an obligation, that convinces me I was in his esteem, and fixes him in mine. Favours in love are like favours in friendship; the same rule applies to both; to trust is the test of friendship, to be trusted is the triumph of love.

I believe, my lord, said Miss Claypole, we are talking upon a subject that my uncle has not made his study, therefore we may as well drop it for the present.

This being said, a sullen silence ensued; the advocates for the tender passion no longer deigned to maintain an argument with so unequal an opponent, but contented themselves with giving him to understand, by certain plain-speaking looks, that if he had any private studies to pursue, which might occupy an hour or two of his time, they had resources within themselves for filling up the interval. The intelligent observer read their meaning in their looks, and placidly withdrew.

Doubtful as I am, whether some of my readers might not think that there was one dialogue too many in my history, were I to record what now ensued between Miss Fanny and the Viscount, I shall omit the recital, and conclude this chapter.

CHAP. III.

An Excursion from Crowbery Castle.

THE next morning both Phœbus and Sir Roger Manstock had harnessed their steeds, and advanced upon their journey, before the beautiful Miss Fanny broke the soft bands of sleep asunder, and arose to renew her charms at the toilette. Her protracted slumbers had so far exceeded the accustomed hour of breakfast, that she gave orders to her attendant to serve her in her own apartment: polite inquiries were sent up more than once by his lordship, to which excuses were returned of a slight indisposition; in the meantime the following reflections arose in that gentle fair one's mind, upon a review of past occurrences.

Well, to be sure, there is something very captivating in a title, else this same Lord Crow-

bery would be insupportable ; I perceive I shall be most heartily sick of him before the honeymoon is half out : I shall never have the patience of his former lady ; let him beware how he treats me in the manner he behaved to her ; I'll soon shew him that my spirit is at least as good as his own ; he shan't shut me up in his dismal castle, and nauseate me with his surfeiting fondness : sure, of all visitations under heaven, that of a stale doating husband would be the most intolerable. Oh ! Henry ! Henry ! why would you reject me ? Still, still your image haunts me ; my fond heart still doats upon you, and would spurn this odious creature and his titles with disdain, could I but gain your love. But hold ! perhaps your disappointment may have humbled you ; all hopes now blasted, and Isabella thrown by fortune beyond the reach even of your meditations, who can tell but you are now regretting your own obstinacy, and wishing to recall that fatal hour, when, mad with love, and fired with resentment—Oh ! horrible ! I cannot name the rest.—Here she threw herself back in her chair, and bursting into tears, fortunately found vent for a gust of passion, that would else have thrown her into violent hysterics. Again she resumed her soliloquy—What did my provoking uncle mean by saying he must marry Susan May ? No ; that my Henry will never do. His spirit never will stoop to that ; it never shall, if I have influence to prevent it. I'll sacrifice ambition, fortune, everything to love. I have befooled myself enough, too much, with this detested lord ; I sicken at his name ; I'll cast him off for ever.—Stop ! where is my fancy carrying me ? There are some charms in title, rank, and splendour ; they gratify ambition, and do not exclude love. I have gone much too far now to recede ; I were a fool indeed, to pay the purchase, and not reap the profit ; I have him sure, and I'll not let him loose. Viscountess Crowbery will pique the pride of plain Miss Manstock. Oh ! 'twill be bitterness and gall to that old Baronet to see his niece's coronet upon my head : Delicious triumph ! glorious revenge !

Thus whilst her mind was fluctuating betwixt contending passions, my lord announced himself with a gentle tap at the door, and humbly asked admittance. It was granted, and as he approached her, he said,—I venture to assume the privileges of a husband, and come to ask, if you have any orders for the carriages or servants this morning, as I think the day is fine, and promises you a pleasant airing ? Henceforward, madam, you command in this house, and the humbleness of your servants is now in your presence.—This was an address, that merited what it received, a gracious smile, and threw a turning weight into the scale of the addresser and his peerage, that made poverty and Henry kick the beam. This fair beginning was still farther advanced by a very seasonable auxiliary, in

the shape of a handsome brilliant, set in a ring, which his lordship, with great gallantry, put upon her wedding finger. The heart of Fanny Claypole was amenable to so many passions, besides that of love in its common acceptance, that the donor of the ring could not fail to be delighted with the impression it had made ; and as that young lady was a better actress than Lord Crowbery was a critic, it is not much to be wondered at, if, upon this occasion, he mistook artifice for sincerity.

After a few indispensable arrangements at the toilette, which my lord was graciously permitted to be a spectator of, and which were not ill calculated to display her charms in the most alluring attitudes, Fanny signified her intention of taking the air in a little cabriolet, drawn by one horse of gentle condition, having been long in the habit of obeying the hand of a less daring driver, and order was given accordingly. Fanny had a scheme in meditation, of paying a visit to Susan May in the course of her circuit, and, for that reason, chose it should be solitary ; she therefore set out, followed by a servant, leaving my lord at home to meditate on his felicity, or discuss new topics of edification with his reverend guest, as they strolled through the plantations and gardens.

Miss Claypole, after a tour about the park, came upon the village green, and stopped at the gate of Susan's mansion, who soon presented herself, and very respectfully invited her into the house. This was graciously accepted by the viscountess elect, and after a few common questions had passed and repassed, they fell upon the subject of Lady Crowbery's death, and then Miss Fanny demanded of Susan, if she had been informed of the circumstances of her will : upon her answering in the negative, she related to her the leading particulars, and observed, with much assumed concern, that it was a matter most surprising to her, how it came to pass Henry should be so totally forgotten, that even his name was not once mentioned, nor anything that could allude to a provision for him recommended to the heiress, even by the most distant hint.

Susan gazed with astonishment upon her, as if in doubt whether she was to yield credit to the account she was giving of an event so unexpected.—If it is so, she said, and if my young lady is in possession of the estate, and has it at her own disposal, I can only presume to say she has a noble opportunity of being generous to the most deserving man upon earth ; and I can't doubt but she will avail herself of it.

I think of him as you do, replied Miss Fanny ; but our sentiments, my good friend, may not be everybody's sentiments ; they may not be Miss Manstock's ; and they certainly are not likely to be Sir Roger's. Refunding is a pitch of generous self-denial, that is hardly to be found in any other breast, than one of such superior mag-

nanimity as your liberal friend's; if you had such a fortune dropped into your lap, I can readily believe that you would be generous enough to invite Henry to a share of it; nay, I can tell you, Mrs Susan, there are some friends of yours, not far from hence, who credit you for that generosity, even upon your present establishment.

They may safely credit me, replied Susan, so far as to suppose I never can forget to whom I am indebted for everything I possess; I hope, therefore, I am capable of the gratitude they ascribe to me, though not so presumptuous as to annex to it the conditions which they seem to allude to. No, madam, be assured I know him and myself too well, not to know that poverty can never so depress him as to level him with me. The woman Mr Henry marries must not only be pure from guilt of her own contracting, but even from involuntary stains, which, you well know, I am not. I believe, madam, even levity of behaviour, and a forward carriage in the person he might else have admired, would change his liking into disgust, though she had every other charm that could attract him.

Here it is supposed that Miss Fanny would have blushed, if art had not been beforehand with nature, and dipped her pencil in the counterfeited tint of modesty and shame. But though nature was barred from one avenue, she found vent at another; and whilst conscious recollection smote her heart, her tongue betrayed how justly she applied the observation to herself.—I can readily understand, she said, where your remark points, and what person I am to thank as the founder of it; for servants are very apt to retail the scandal that their mistresses propagate. I know there have been very impertinent stories circulated about me, but I would have you, and every one else concerned with you, to be assured, that my reputation is not to be slandered with impunity. I have friends, Mrs Susan, that will make those tremble who attempt it; and, I believe, you will soon be convinced, that if it is your wish to live here, and enjoy your newly-acquired fortune in peace and quiet, you will be extremely cautious how you suffer any expressions to escape you that can be construed to impute the smallest indiscretion to my conduct.

With these words, the lady elect made her exit with all due dignity, and without vouchsafing a word more, or even a look to Susan, who attended her to the step of her cabriolet, where she replaced herself in her seat, and pursued her way towards the castle.

At that instant Ezekiel Daw came forth from his cottage, and turning into the house with Susan, began a conversation, which we shall reserve for the ensuing chapter.

CHAP. IV.

There are more Ways than one of Interpreting a Doubtful Text.

So, daughter Susan! I perceive you have had a visit from that young madam of the castle. You did right to receive her with respect, for that is due to our superiors in condition. But if she came with the purpose of enticing you into conversation about our absent friend Henry, it is to be hoped you had discretion to keep a watch upon the door of your lips, and not to satisfy an importunate curiosity. I have here a letter from our friend Henry, which announces the death of our respected Lady Crowbery. It is dated from Falmouth, which I understand to be the port from whence she was to have embarked for Lisbon. It pleased the Supreme Disposer of all events to call her to himself from this world of sorrow, by a swift messenger. Be it so! we must all obey the summons, some sooner, some later. It is in vain to lament. She was a pious and a charitable lady, and the poor have lost a friend, which, I fear, will not be replaced to them by that young madam at least, who, as common fame reports, is destined to be her successor at the castle. As the Lady Crowbery died in possession of a very ample patrimony in her own right, we may now expect to hear that our beloved Henry is rewarded for his disinterestedness, and made independent for his life. Of this I am sure, that the deceased lady was much too just to disappoint the hopes she had inspired him with, and far too discerning to overlook his merits, and therefore, child, take notice, I predict a very ample provision for our absent friend.

That is a very natural prediction for you to make, cried Susan. I wish I could say it was a true one; but alas, alas! my good Mr Daw, our poor friend has got nothing. Miss Claypole just now informs me, that he is not so much as named in Lady Crowbery's will.

It is a lie! cried Ezekiel, starting from his seat—it is a false aspersion! Miss Claypole is a slut and a hussy, for her pains—a defamer of the dead, and that's a foul and heinous misdemeanour. I pronounce it impossible for the Lady Crowbery to be a deceiver, a dealer in false promises, and a hypocrite at the hour of death, and therefore I reject your information, and abide by my prediction. What! child, will you tell me that I don't know what is in human nature, that I should be made the bubble and the dupe of such a prating minx as that Miss Claypole, who never yet uttered one truth of Henry since she knew him? Don't we know enough of her dark dealings, not to take her word in any case where he is concerned? Did not I tell you that she

came for no good purpose? and now you see I did not speak lightly and without good reason. Learn from this, child, I exhort you, not to trust too confidently to your own rash opinions, but listen to those who have more knowledge and experience than yourself.

Whilst Ezekiel was uttering these words in an elevated voice and upright attitude, a letter was delivered to Susan, which one of Sir Roger's servants had brought over from Manstock. It was from the fair hand of Isabella, and written on that very morning early, before she set out upon her journey. Susan cast her eye over it, and then read aloud to Ezekiel as follows:—

“DEAR SUSAN,

“I cannot leave the country without giving you a few lines on the subject of a melancholy event, of which, as far as your friend and benefactor is interested, I am persuaded you will be anxious to be informed.”—Right! cried Ezekiel, now you will find my prediction verified.—“The sad news of my poor cousin's death will probably have reached you before this comes to hand, and if so, you will be told, at the same time, that he is in no respect benefited by Lady Crowbery in her will.”—There, there! repeated the exulting prophet, you perceive the falsehood had got wind.—Susan made no answer, but resumed her reading.—“It is true,”—It is false, cried Ezekiel; I won't believe it. Susan repeated,—“It is true that his name is not to be found in the will; but, lest you should be tempted in your zeal for his interest to make false conclusions, that would be injurious to the memory of the excellent lady, I recommend to you to wait the event, in the full persuasion, that neither she will be found regardless of her promises, nor your most amiable friend unworthy of her affection.”

No sooner had Susan read these concluding words, than Ezekiel, in an ecstasy of joy, struck the staff in his hand with vehemence on the floor, crying out, I told thee so, I told thee so. Now wilt thou believe me, silly child, that art drawn away with every breath and vapour of false doctrine? Dostn't hear? dostn't understand that all is well, and as we wish it, and that your prattling companion, and her politic uncle, will be confuted in their false sayings? Did not I truly pronounce of the Lady Crowbery that she would not be found regardless of her promises; and dost not thou mark those very words, repeated as it were from my prophetic lips, in the young lady's letter? And now, child, why am I right in my judgment, and these wrong in theirs? I'll tell thee why; it is because I draw my inferences from a clear and perfect insight into human nature, whilst they form theirs upon crude conjecture, upon vain imaginations, with which they deceive themselves. And now I will read thee Henry's own letter. Listen.

VOL. IX.

“Death hath deprived the world of a most excellent being, and me of a friend, whose loss I must ever deplore. Lady Crowbery is dead. Wherever it shall please Lord Crowbery to deposit her remains, I shall take measures so as to be present at her interment, though it may be prudent to disguise my person. When that last duty is performed, I propose making you a visit at the cottage. I have much to say to you, and something for the private ear of your fair neighbour, my valued friend Susan.”

What were the precise sensations that these last words stirred in the gentle bosom of the attentive hearer, we do not pretend to divine; but something there was either in the sound or in the sense of them, that suffused her face with blushes, which Doctor Daw, notwithstanding his prodigious skill and penetration, just then happened to overlook, so that there was time for them to fade away into a deadly pale, which succeeded without attracting the notice of the aforesaid sagacious critic in the human character. How he was employed whilst these changes were in transition, we are not minutely informed; but surely not in the contemplation of one of the most expressive countenances in nature, else the scenery there displayed could hardly have escaped him, though the secret spring that gave movement to it, might have puzzled him to find out.

Now, it had so happened in the reading of Miss Manstock's letter, as it has happened in the cases of many other readings, that her two commentators, Ezekiel Daw and Susan May, had two different methods of interpreting the same text; the preacher making it conform to his own prediction, and Susan construing it according to her own first impression of the fact; whilst the one, therefore, believed Henry very richly provided for, the other persuaded herself he was not worth a doit. Now, the reader perhaps may recollect that Miss Fanny, who communicated the intelligence of his being left out of Lady Crowbery's will, threw out a hint at a report, which saddled him upon Susan for a moiety of her means; and though Susan instantly returned an answer, which, we hope, was proper for the occasion, and well becoming her to make, yet it is not unnatural to suppose that it might raise some ideas in her mind which she did not hold herself bound to communicate, either to Miss Fanny, or even to Doctor Daw himself. Combining, therefore, these ideas with the concluding paragraph in Henry's letter, that he had “something for her private ear,” we may find a clew to the sensations that occasioned Susan's change of countenance at the hearing of that paragraph. As to the consequences which this abstraction of thought on her part had with respect to Ezekiel, they were only those of affording him free scope for talking upon any subject he thought fit, whilst she meditated upon

another ; a privilege he frequently enjoyed in the company of his friends, without finding it out.

CHAP. V.

Our History shifts the Scene.

WE now turn our attention to the lovely Isabella, who, on the second day from her leaving Manstock, arrived with her father at the ancient seat of the Adamants, called Hagley Hall. It was a stately though irregular pile of building, in the Gothic style, but in perfect repair, with a handsome park about it, and a fine command of water. Lady Crowbery had always kept up a sufficient establishment of servants, by whose care everything was in good order to receive their expected visitants, though the melancholy occasion that brought them there kept the neighbours and tenants, whom curiosity or respect would else have assembled, from intruding on their privacy. One old gentleman, the rector of the parish, and well known to Sir Roger, presented himself on their arrival, of which he had been apprized by letter from the Baronet. He had been long the administrator of all affairs at Hagley Hall, and the appearance of the place bore testimony to his care. This worthy person (by name and title Doctor Sandford) was greatly affected at the meeting with Sir Roger and the heiress, whose tears kept pace with his on the occasion : he informed them that a messenger had arrived to apprise him that the body might be expected the next day ; whereupon the day following was settled between him and Sir Roger for the ceremony of interment.

It was about the hour of dinner when Sir Roger arrived at Hagley Hall, and Doctor Sandford had provided for their entertainment. His company was a seasonable relief to the worthy Baronet, who, to his great concern, saw his beloved Isabella much depressed in spirits ; and though he did his best to comfort her, yet, whilst the painful secret of her lover's birth hung on her mind, it cannot be wondered at if all his kind endeavours failed of their effect.

After dinner, however, she kept her seat at the table with her father and Doctor Sandford, with whose company she was greatly pleased ; and, in truth, he was an amiable and excellent man. In the course of their conversation, they fell upon the subject of Mr Ratcliffe's death, whose parish adjoined to Hagley, and whose preferment was yet undisposed of. His parsonage house was still unoccupied, but the duty of the church was executed for the time by Doctor Sandford's son, a young man, educated at the university of Cambridge, and lately admitted into priest's orders. In speaking of the melancholy event of poor Ratcliffe's sudden death, the good Doctor expatiated on the virtues and amia-

ble qualities of his late neighbour and friend with great sensibility, bemoaning the irreparable loss which his parishioners had suffered, but avoiding with great delicacy the most distant hint of any expectation for his son. The strongest solicitation would probably have been less efficacious than this very delicacy, which did by no means escape the observation of his hearers. Isabella expressed a desire of visiting the deserted mansion of Mr Ratcliffe before she left the country ; the contemplation of it, as the residence of so good a man, would impress her mind with melancholy awe and veneration. Sir Roger combined other impressions in his interpretation of this desire ; but Doctor Sandford, who did not dive quite so deep into her motives, proceeded to say, that, much as he lamented the loss of his friend Ratcliffe, there was yet another reason with him, that made it a most gloomy spectacle in his sight.—I allude, said he, to the sudden and unaccountable disappearance of a youth called Henry, who, under very mysterious circumstances, was reared and educated from infancy to manhood by that excellent man.—A look of marked attention from Isabella caused him to apply his discourse more immediately to her, and he proceeded to say, Ah, madam ! to me, who knew this young man, and regarded him as a creature little short of perfection in mind, person, and manners, the loss of him, without any tidings of his fate, is one of the heaviest reflections which my heart can muse upon. He was devoted to his patron and preceptor ; and, at his death, seemed to have vanished like a ghost : whither he went, and what may have befallen him, Heaven only knows ; but if human virtue merits a peculiar Providence, surely that youth, so lost to us, will be the object of Heaven's care.

Your prediction is verified, cried Sir Roger, and immediately turning to Isabella, who was pale as ashes, tendered a glass of water, which perhaps was seldom, if ever, more critically applied.

Dr Sandford, surprised at this alarm, gazed upon Isabella and her father, like a man who perceives he has done mischief, and neither knows what nor how.—I hope, he said, I have given no offence ; it is purely unintentional, if I have.

Not the least, cried Sir Roger ; not the least offence, good sir, but quite the contrary ; we think of this young man as highly as you do ; we know him well, and we love him much.

I rejoice to hear it, cried Sandford ; from my heart, I rejoice to hear that the young man is under your protection. Heaven has indeed been bountiful, in granting him so good a friend !

It was at this very moment that Isabella, though agitated by a variety of thoughts, conceived the resolution of suggesting to her father the nomination of young Sandford to Mr Ratcliffe's vacancy, and to back it with all her in-

fluence. No sooner had she rallied her spirits, than her eyes directed such a glowing beam of gratitude and benevolence towards those of the good old Doctor, that he must have been blind indeed if he had not seen, and dull as death if he had not understood, the language of that look. He was neither void of sight nor sense, but sufficiently quick in both, to perceive that he had given pleasure by his praise of Henry, to one of the most beautiful and not the least sensitive objects in creation ; and he was not slow to conclude, that where so much joy was caused, some affection must exist ; he therefore ventured to inquire where his favourite was to be found. To this Isabella replied by giving a short narrative of his story, which left him at Falmouth ; beyond which, her information did not enable her to proceed.

Then I'll engage we shall see him here, said the Doctor ; and I hope, if he comes, he will gratify me so far as to make my house his home, which will be matter of peculiar joy to my poor son, who has beat the whole country round in search of him, till despair has driven him from the attempt.

I hope, then, cried Isabella, you will lose no time in giving Mr Sandford the information so agreeable to him.—Here she was joined by Sir Roger, who so cordially desired a servant might be instantly sent off to invite him, that the old man, who confessed he was hard-by at the parsonage, consented with no small pleasure to the summons ; and if that fatherly pleasure needed a justification, the appearance of young Sandford, which a few minutes produced, very effectually afforded it ; for he was in person, manners, and address, a son to be proud of.

Isabella's warm heart immediately accorded to him ; he was the friend of Henry ; that was enough. The blaze of beauty that good humour threw upon her enchanting countenance as she welcomed him with smiles, so dazzled him upon his first introduction to her, that his admiration resembled awkwardness, and he scarce knew how to address himself to her ; the charms of her voice, and the encouraging sweetness of her manner, soon put him at his ease, without diminishing his respect. The company now naturally classed themselves according to their ages ; and whilst the fathers fell into discourse upon matters of business, the young people entertained each other upon topics more suitable to their taste.

Friendship for Henry on one part, and love on the other, were not long in agreeing upon what that topic should be ; and it soon became manifest that the history of our hero's adventures was reciprocally the most interesting subject they could talk upon. Isabella again went over the account, enlarging upon it with many more particulars than she had thought necessary to recite in her first narration ; but there was now only one hearer, and to him every cir-

cumstance was new. To say that he heard her with delight, is to do justice to but one of his senses, where there was another at least in full occupation, which filled his heart with rapture, and would have made *the dullest tale of sorrow pleasing*.—What voice do I hear ? said he, within himself ; what vision do I behold ? She breathes through rows of pearls, over beds of roses. 'Tis an enchantment ! She will vanish presently, and I shall start out of my trance.

When Isabella had brought her history to a close, young Sandford remained silent for some time, as if unwilling to take the discourse from one whom he had listened to with such delight ; at last, perceiving that she expected a reply, he thanked her for the entertainment she had vouchsafed him ; every circumstance of which had been very highly interesting to him, whose mind had been so long kept in anxious suspense about the fate of a friend who was deservedly so dear to him.—I always loved Henry, said he, from a boy : and though there were some years between us, yet his manly character, his command of temper, and excellent understanding, gave him advantages which my greater maturity of age and experience could not compensate for. On many occasions I have profited by his better judgment ; not unfrequently by his friendly reproof ; and more than once have been very seriously indebted to his zealous spirit and undaunted gallantry. I hear, therefore, of his behaviour in the fight at sea with much more pleasure than surprise ; for I believe nothing braver lives on earth : but there is withal a tenderness and candour in his nature, that endear him to our hearts, as much as his more brilliant qualities entitle him to our admiration. If ever that day shall come to pass, when the clouds that obscure his birth shall disperse, I am persuaded it will be found that he is of noble descent ; and should the same good fortune raise him to affluence and an elevated situation, I am certain there is no sphere in life so extended, which his virtues will not adorn and fill.

CHAP. VI.

A short Excursion leads to an important Interview.

At the expected time arrived the body of the deceased Lady Crowbery, properly attended, and followed by a numerous company of the tenants and peasants appertaining to the estate. There is no need for us to describe the solemn pageantry of a funeral ; it will suffice to say, that the mortal remains of one of the meekest and most benevolent of God's creatures were committed to the vault of her ancestors, with every ceremonious rite that could mark the respect of her surviving friends, and every tribute of unfeigned sor-

row that could testify their affection. The service was performed by the Reverend Doctor Sandford, assisted by his son, and the body was followed by Sir Roger Manstock and Isabella, chief mourners. A great concourse of spectators were assembled; amongst whom, two strangers, in horsemen's loose coats, were conspicuous for the eagerness with which they pressed forwards at the interment of the body, as well as for the interest they appeared to take in that affecting ceremony: deep affliction seemed to possess them wholly; and as they held their handkerchiefs to their faces all the while the service was performing, none of those whose attention was drawn towards them (and they were not a few) could get a sight of their faces, or learn, by any inquiry, who they were. After the service was over, they separated themselves from the crowd, mounted their horses, and rode off with speed.

There was one, however, in that mournful assembly, whose attention had not been so totally engrossed by his share in it as not to catch a sudden glimpse of these strangers, which led him to a pretty confident conjecture as to the person of one of them. It was young Sandford who made this observation, and upon the first opportunity which offered of his speaking to Isabella apart, he communicated to her his persuasion that he had discovered his friend Henry amongst the crowd, disguised in a clownish dress, and accompanied by another person in the like habit. The probability immediately struck her, though she herself had not made any observation upon the spectators, general or particular.

We forgot to mention in its proper place, that we had a friend amongst the mourners, Zachary Cawdle by name, who had accompanied the hearse all the way from Falmouth in an attendant coach: he was now lodged in Hagley Hall, and it is hardly to be supposed that our fair heroine had failed to make certain inquiries of him, which might now have made any farther questions about Henry's appearance at the funeral unnecessary; but the fact was, that these inquiries had not produced any other information from honest Zachary, except that Henry, accompanied by a gentleman who called himself Smith, had parted from him at Falmouth, disclosing nothing more of his future plan, than that he would be at Crowbery within such a time, and hoped to meet him there upon a certain business. To this Zachary added, under the seal of secrecy, that the self-named Mr Smith was veritably that identical Mr Delapoer, from whom Lady Crowbery was rescued by her father within a stage of Gretna-Green, and who had been ever since in the East Indies, from whence he was lately returned with an affluent fortune.—Here Zachary stopped, and with a sagacious look, eyed the young lady, whose

knowledge of the secret in his keeping supplied all the rest, which he, in justice to his trust, suppressed.

All this Isabella had gained from Zachary within a few hours after his arrival; so that when Mr Sandford imparted to her his supposed discovery of Henry, in company with a person unknown, her own suggestions readily found a name for that person, without resorting to Zachary for any farther intelligence. There was one reflection Isabella drew from this account, that was consolatory to her mind in its present state of anxious suspense—Henry had found a father, and, under all events, was probably secured against any future danger of experiencing distress of circumstances. This consideration also helped her to account in some degree for her cousin's silence in her will—an omission otherwise both inexplicable, and, in her sense of it, inexcusable.

It had occurred to Sandford, and he suggested it to Isabella, that it was likely Henry would be found somewhere in or about the house of his deceased benefactor Ratcliffe; and the probability of this so struck that young lady, as to determine her upon putting her projected visit to that mansion into immediate execution. She accordingly, with her father's consent, obtained his chaise for an airing, and immediately directed it to the point she had in view; fortunately for her purpose, she was alone; and whilst her heart throbbed with the hopes of meeting the dearest object of its thoughts, reflecting upon the difficulties that darkened all her views of happiness, she trembled as she approached the spot, and dreaded what she most desired—an interview with Henry. At the bottom of a little hanging garden, in front of a neat but humble mansion, her carriage stopped, and she got out. A little wicket, in a low shorn hedge-row of horn-beam, was open, and admitted her into the garden; the slope was rather steep, and she slowly sauntered up it, gazing about her on each side, and surveying the small but interesting scene with a pensive sensibility. She was noticed by an old woman, who presented herself at the house door, and asked her commands. Isabella said she wished to see the rooms, and that it was not idle curiosity, but respect for the memory of the late inhabitant, had brought her thither.

Then pray, madam, walk in and welcome; perhaps you belong to the dear young gentleman who is now in the house; and, sure enough, I am the happiest creature living to see him safe and once more amongst us, after being lost so long: he is in the little back parlour, which was my late master's study, all alone; and there he has been these two long hours, forbidding me to interrupt him, though I would fain have come in and kept him company, in hopes to have cheered him a bit; for I know he must be melancholy,

to think of the days he passed in that room with my dear good dead master, who loved him as if he had been the father of him.

This intelligence so agitated the tender spirits of Isabella, that she paused in suspense, and for a while stood musing what to do. At length, having resolved to proceed, she desired to be shewn the room where the gentleman was. The old woman conducted her through a little vestibule, into a plain neat parlour, and there, pointing to a door that was opposite to the windows, she said, That is my late master's study; there Mr Henry is.

Isabella desired to be left; and when the dame had disappeared, she approached the door, and, with a trembling hand, turned the lock, and presented to the sight of Henry an object so welcome and so unexpected, that, starting with ecstasy from his seat, he exclaimed, Good Heavens! do I behold Miss Manstock? May I believe my eyes? Are you alone?

I am here alone, she replied, whilst blushes overspread her face; and I confess my purpose was to find you out. I heard you was present at a mournful meeting: you was discovered, Henry, but not by me.

He approached her respectfully; took her hand, and tenderly pressed his lips upon it. It was visible that he had been in tears; his eyes were red with weeping. He fixed them on her with a look so full of love and transport, as caused the timid sensibility of Isabella to shrink back and retire a few steps, which instantly observing, he recollected himself, and, in the mildest accent, beseeched her to believe he knew the distance he should keep in presence of such purity. But if I had the power, said he, by words to paint to you how beautiful you are, how exquisitely charming you appear, thus breaking forth upon me by surprise, and overpowering all my faculties with unexpected joy, you would in candour own I had some struggles to subdue: yet fear me not; if it were possible to lose myself through an excess of love, it is not here, within the mansion of virtue, you could be a witness to my disorder.

I have no fears, she replied; I commit myself to you with perfect confidence; and gladly seize the opportunity of conversing with you in private, anxious to assure you that my heart remains unaltered, that it sympathizes with you in your sorrows, in your joys; for if you have lost a mother, Henry, I am told you have found a father, and that, I hope, in some degree, will balance your affliction. As to this estate, which I consider myself as holding in trust for your use, I have only conjecture to assist me in my interpretation of my cousin's will, having received no private instructions from her before her death; therefore, I conjure you, Henry, if you know her wishes, impart them to me fully and without reserve: I am confident it could not be

her purpose to pass you over, and heap an useless fortune in your wrong on me.

Ah! loveliest of women, cried Henry, of what use is all this world can give to me, without the hope, on which alone I live? If I am bereft of that, I have more than misery can want already; what matters it how a solitary being languishes out an irksome life? Let me sink into obscurity without a name, which only can disgrace the memory of my unhappy mother, and give cause of triumph to her cruel persecutor, who survives her; perhaps my Isabella's father would be wounded in his pride of family, if I were published to the world the heir of Lady Crowbery and the son of Delapoor.

Henry, cried Isabella, eagerly interrupting him, you strike upon the very circumstance that causes all my terror and distress: my father's feelings are exactly what you suppose them to be; and all the opposition he ever gave to your pretensions, arose from the suspicion he entertained of your being the son of his niece. He now, from the nature of my cousin's will, is persuaded to the contrary of that suspicion, and is become your cordial friend: knowing, therefore, that he is now acting towards you under the impression of a mistaken conclusion, what a situation am I in! To avail myself of his delusion, and carry on a deceit against him, is what my nature revolts from; to deceive him, and reveal a secret I have pledged myself to keep, is what I cannot do: hard indeed is that dilemma which puts me under equal difficulties, whether I resort to silence or confession. Nothing can extricate me from it, unless you are so fully possessed of Lady Crowbery's mind, or have such written instructions in charge, as may either direct me how to act towards my father, or leave me to make use of my own discretion, by releasing me from my engagement. If you have any such, therefore, to report or to produce, impart them to me, I beseech you, for both our sakes.

CHAP. VII.

The Interview is brought to a Conclusion.

WHEN our hero heard himself thus earnestly called upon to produce the letter he was encharged with, though his delicacy would have been better gratified, could he have been absent whilst Isabella read it, yet he no longer hesitated to deliver it to her, telling her, at the same time, that it was written by his mother three days only before her death, and that the contents had never been imparted to him, nor in any respect suggested by him. To this she made answer, by assuring him, she gave perfect credit to his delicacy in the business, and that her only apolo-

gy for reading it in his presence, was her wish to be instructed in her cousin's pleasure, touching an affair on which their mutual happiness depended.—I am fettered, added she, till this letter sets me free, if, indeed, it shall do that; without some clew to guide me, how shall I ever extricate myself from this labyrinth of difficulties, in which I am lost? Oh, Henry! before I open this important paper, let me confess to you that I perceive all which is dear to me in life may be decided by it; and I feel a thousand anxious fears, lest fidelity to a fatal promise, and duty to a respected father, should seal me down to silence, and separate us perhaps for ever.

And would that sad necessity, he demanded, so terrible to me, cause a regret in you? Does my beloved, my adored Isabella, wish to reward her Henry's faithful love? Have I an interest in her heart?

You should know that, she tenderly replied, for you possess it wholly; that fond heart is yours.

Language is nothing: words can give no picture of those soft emotions, which a sincere and virtuous passion, when alarmed by dangers, can, in the crisis of its fate, excite within a feeling bosom. It is then that the soul looks through the eyes, and by its own intelligible emanation intimates to the beloved object thoughts and sensations, which no eloquence can so well describe. Such was the look that, in this interesting moment, glanced from Isabella's eyes to Henry's. He had been more or less than man, had he remained unmoved, and master of himself. Our hero was a man, one of the bravest and the best of Nature's family; but still he was her son, and by inheritance made subject to those sallies and alarms of passion, which mere mortality cannot at all times conquer and repress. Temperance he had, we have given it upon proof recorded in his history; respect he never wanted in the presence of virtue, and virtue was present in the person of Isabella, yet impetuous love hurried him on, and as her fond eyes glanced upon him, he threw his arms in rapture round her beauteous waist, and pressed her ardently in his presumptuous embrace.

I am but Nature's copyist, her scribe, and dare not add or take away without her leave: it is Nature, therefore, and not I, that must explain why Isabella, pure as the untouched lily, did not shrink away and sever her sweet form from Henry's arms; yet so it was, and so I write it down as my responsible directress dictates. The letter was yet unopened, and now the blushing Isabella, having mildly reproved her too ardent lover, and taken her seat at some little distance from him, read as follows:—

“Fully sensible that my last hour of life is close at hand, I write to you, my beloved Isa-

bella, whilst it is yet in my power, a few lines, to be delivered into your hands by my son, when I shall be no more. An unexpected meeting with his father, under most peculiar circumstances, having providentially taken place, I have, at their joint instance, been prevailed upon to bequeath my whole fortune to you, making no mention whatever of my Henry in my will. Their motive for this generous sacrifice has been extreme delicacy towards my memory; and mine for complying with it has been confidence in your justice, and a perfect conviction that my Henry lives but in the hope of sharing life and all its interests with you. If this happy union takes place, all will be well, and my spirit shall rest in peace: if not, alas! no wealth can profit him; nothing that I can give will save him from despair. Duplicity never was my Isabella's character; I therefore die in the persuasion that you love my son; that love will inspire you with the means of reconciling your connexion with him to the feelings of your father, be they of what sort they may. I leave this to your conduct and discretion, and, for that purpose, totally release you from all past promises respecting what in secrecy I have imparted to you: I only think Lord Crowbery should not know it, as his insulting temper may in that case provoke events that might disturb your future peace, and plunge you into serious distress. May Providence direct you in its wisdom, and preserve you in its mercy! Think of me with the candour that belongs to you, pardon my errors, protect my memory, remember my last wishes: You and my Henry will have my dying prayers! Farewell for ever!

“CECILIA.”

Isabella having perused this letter with silent attention, delivered it to Henry for his reading, which when he had done, he said, as he returned it to her,—My fate is in your hands; whether I am or am not avowed to Sir Roger Mankstock, depends on your pleasure; and so entirely am I resigned to it, that if your commands shall be for my immediate departure, painful as obedience in that case will be, yet I will obey, provided I am not banished without hope, but may be permitted to believe that there is one conclusion in that letter, on which all my happiness depends, not falsely drawn, and that the fond *persuasion*, in which my lamented mother died, has some foundation in your heart. There whilst I hold a place, life must be dear to me, and my ambition to deserve at distance some remembrance in your thoughts, will animate me to such efforts, as may happily, in time to come, obtain your father's favour. Behold me, then, loveliest of women, your devoted creature, and pronounce my dooin.

Here Isabella raised her eyes, and turning them upon him, with a look that smiled through

tears, replied,—If 'twas with me to pronounce upon your fate, your happiness would be complete ; for why should I affect to disguise what your own observation must have discovered, that you have all the interest in my heart, which this letter gives you ? Well might the dear lamented writer be *persuaded* of a truth too obvious to escape her, nor doubt of an attachment, which I, so far from striving to conceal, hold it my point of honour to avow. Hypocrisy has ever been my scorn ; I trust that modesty does not need it, and I am certain that your character will ever grace the woman that admires it.

Then I am blest indeed ! exclaimed the enraptured lover ; thus honoured by your approbation, I am fortified against all difficulties ; direct me what to do, for I am ready.

There I am still to seek, said Isabella, and time does not allow for our debating this important point with the deliberation it requires. One thing is certain, whilst you are undiscovered you will be sure to find a welcome from my father ; come to us then with all your former mystery about you ; make your own observations on the spot ; we shall have opportunities of farther conversation on the subject, and those opportunities perhaps will not be totally unpleasant, though they may not produce all the effects that our uncertainty might wish for. We may renew our walks, at least, and you may amuse your fancy with projecting future alterations and embellishments in a place that must at all events become your property. We shall remain a few days in this spot, and though we cannot cheer your spirits with amusing scenes, or lively company, my best endeavours shall not be wanting to dispel the gloom of sadness, or to share it with you in bemoaning our lost friend, and soothing you with all the tender sympathy that a fond faithful heart can feel.

Saying this, she leant her hand on his, and gently pressed it ; the sweet manner of it was so modest, and withal so captivating, that all his senses were absorbed in love.—Now we must part, she said ; my time is out, and these are moments, Henry, that will never stay : but come to us, I charge you, come ; I shall prepare my father to expect you, and let it be this evening.—This said, the lovers separated ; Isabella returned to Hagley Hall, and Henry to his father.

CHAP. VIII.

The Discovery of a posthumous Paper causes great Sensations.

THE death of Lady Crowbery had so deeply affected Delapoer, that Henry saw with concern a very visible alteration in his state of health, and a fixed melancholy, that seemed to take possession of him wholly. Balancing between

duty and inclination, he scarce knew how to decide with respect to Isabella's tempting invitation. Upon discoursing with his father, however, he found him so resolved to take up his abode in the neighbourhood of Hagley, that he immediately began to cast about in his thoughts for some fit place for him to reside in ; and it soon occurred to him that the very house, where his late happy interview with Isabella had taken place, would be of all situations most desirable, if that preferment should devolve upon any person unencumbered with a family ; this idea, by a very natural transition, suggested to him the probability of his friend young Sandford's being thought of for that succession ; and as he entertained a very high opinion of his merit, he determined to employ his interest with Isabella in his behalf.

This idea Henry communicated to his father, and found him so eager to embrace it, and so pressing for him to lose no time in visiting Sir Roger Manstock, that he set out for Hagley Hall without delay ; here he received a very cordial welcome from the worthy Baronet, whom he found alone, and already apprized of his coming by Isabella. Speaking of his niece's death, Sir Roger took notice to Henry of his being overlooked in her will, as a matter that caused some surprise, and which he could not well account for, having heard the deceased more than once declare her intentions of providing for him at her death ; adding, that he considered himself as heir to those intentions, and telling him not to be cast down, for in his friendship he should find a resource against all disappointments.

To this Henry made answer, that the excellent lady alluded to, who always acted from the best and purest motives, had faithfully fulfilled all promises she had ever made him, and that his grateful respect for her memory would never cease but with life itself. He thanked Sir Roger for the offer of his friendship, which he accepted as the highest honour he could aspire to, and which he would study to merit and preserve by every effort in his power ; favours of any other sort he flattered himself he should not stand in need of.

Here their conversation was cut short by the arrival of Dr Sandford, who had not been many minutes in the room before Henry had the satisfaction to hear Sir Roger Manstock acquaint him, that, with his daughter's concurrence, he had determined to nominate his son to the living lately enjoyed by the Reverend Mr Ratcliffe. The good man expressed a lively sense of gratitude on this occasion, and his happiness seemed complete.

Henry, in a private conversation with his friend Zachary Cawdle, revived the subject of Billy Williams ; and as Zachary was now determined upon retiring from business on his annuity bequeathed to him by Lady Crowbery, he very readily engaged to make over his shop and

effects to Williams, upon fair and equitable terms, which should be adjusted when that gentleman should obtain a discharge from his ship, and make his appearance at Crowbery, for which place Zachary intended to set out the next morning. This matter being settled to Henry's entire content, for he was much attached to Williams, Zachary began to speak of matters more immediately interesting; and turning to our hero, he said—In this very room where we are now sitting, I brought you into the world; and surely it is now full time you should assume some proper name and station in society. Life is uncertain; and though, thank God, I feel myself stout and hearty at this present moment, yet we are all liable to casualties, and nobody can say how long it may be before I follow your good mother, in which case you would lose a witness to your birth, whose testimony is most material. You have a father, it is true, whose fortune can in some respect indemnify you for the disinterested, and, give me leave to call it, the wanton sacrifice you have made of this noble property, which had else been yours; but that father also, if I have any skill in my profession, is in a very precarious state of health; his spirits sink, and his constitution threatens swift decay. It behoves you, therefore, my dear Henry, to look about you: if you have put aside your inheritance, in the hope of sharing it with the amiable young lady who now possesses it, methinks you would do well to lose no time in bringing that expectancy to bear; and why you should persist in concealing yourself from Sir Roger Manstock, who seems to be so favourably disposed, and entertains you with such kindness and regard, is what I cannot understand. You'll pardon me for the freedom I take in talking to you on a subject, in which I am no otherwise concerned, but as my friendship and good wishes interest me in everything that relates to you; for in truth, dear Henry, I have a very warm and tender heart towards you, and ever had from the first moment fortune threw you in my way.

Your zeal, said Henry, can stand in need of no apology; and I am free to confess to you, that my situation with respect to Sir Roger Manstock becomes every hour more and more irksome to me, as every species of disguise must be. When I know that I am indebted to a misconception for the kindness he shews me, I cannot enjoy the fruits of it with content. It blights the happiness I should else receive in the society of the loveliest of women; and though I have every reason to fear that the discovery of my birth would be instantly followed by my dismissal from every hope that points towards an alliance with his amiable daughter, yet my conscience so revolts against deceit, that I will sooner meet the worst of misfortunes, and embrace despair, than persist to act the counterfeit, as I have hitherto been compelled to do. You

therefore see, my worthy friend, how entirely my feelings coincide with your counsel; and I am resolved, with Isabella's leave, to-morrow shall not pass without an explanation on my part: let me then request, that you will not set out upon your journey till that event is over, as it cannot fail to happen that we shall appeal to you.

Zachary signified his perfect compliance with this request, and Henry declared his resolution accordingly. An occurrence in the meantime had come to pass, which anticipated all the consequences incidental to that resolution. Sir Roger Manstock, whilst discoursing with Doctor Sandford upon some particulars relative to the living intended for his son, had occasion to refer to some papers of the late Mr Ratcliffe, which the Doctor told him were to be found in a certain old-fashioned cabinet, where he himself had deposited them upon the death of that gentleman, and of which he kept the key. The papers were easily found; but in taking them out, it appeared to Sir Roger, that there was some secret machinery at the bottom of the cell in which they lay, for hiding money or valuables in a small compass; and upon a closer scrutiny, a joint was discovered, which, upon the insertion of a pen-knife, was made to slide back, and in it was found a small packet folded in the form of a letter unsealed. Upon opening this packet, Sir Roger immediately recognized the hand-writing of his brother-in-law, Sir Stephen Adamant, and read as follows:—

Particulars relative to my daughter Cecilia, to be communicated to her uncle, Sir Roger Manstock, after my decease.

This title he read aloud, and here he paused, closing the paper, and observing to his companion, that it was a very extraordinary and to him a very interesting discovery.—I confess to you, added he, my curiosity is highly agitated, nay, so much am I affected by the suddenness of the surprise, that I can scarce command myself enough to proceed with the perusal of it. It seems to have been my brother's purpose that I should be made acquainted with the contents, yet no such communication was ever made to me, so that in honour I am hardly satisfied that I ought to read any farther. Have you, Doctor Sandford, any knowledge of this paper? You was most in the confidence of Sir Stephen: if you have any information on the subject, give it me; if not, advise me what to do.

I have nothing to guide me but conjecture, replied the Doctor; but I should presume there need be no hesitation on your part to read what professes to have been written for your information. The early attachment of our dear lamented lady is well known to every friend of the family; and I should guess the paper may refer to that: there has ever been a mystery conse-

quential of that transaction ; and as it is probably developed in that posthumous packet, I will, with your permission, retire whilst you examine it in private.—So saying, he left the room, and Sir Roger read as follows:—

Particulars relative to my daughter Cecilia, to be communicated to her uncle, Sir Roger Manstock, after my decease.

“ Upon the 14th day of August, 1761, my daughter, then of the age of sixteen and upwards, secretly escaped from Hagley House, in company with a young cornet, the Honourable Henry Delapoe, purposing to effect a stolen marriage at Greta-Green.

“ The young man, I confess, had made fair and open proposals for my daughter ; but I had other views, and positively prohibited the connexion. He was formed to engage a heart like Cecilia’s ; his person was fine, his manners and address were captivating in the extreme. Alas ! mistaken man that I am, I knew not to what extremes her passion was capable of hurrying her, and foolishly expected that my authority could extinguish it. Love and nature set my power at naught, and my child (in every other instance of her life the most dutiful creature breathing) broke loose from every filial tie, and eloped with her admirer. Furious in my wrath, and equally exasperated against both parties, I pursued them along the road with such unremitting exertion, that upon their very last post I overtook and surprised them in a public inn, where they were changing horses.

“ Here I forced them (Oh ! fatal violence !) from each other’s arms, in spite of prayers, entreaties, and even confession, on Cecilia’s part, of an anticipated consummation, that took from innocence its virgin gloss, and, in the course of time, to the dishonour of my house and the ruin of my mind’s future peace, occasioned my poor child to be an unmarried mother, whilst her disconsolate lover had left his native country, and embarked for the East Indies.

“ Early in the month of May ensuing, Cecilia was secretly delivered in my own house of a male infant. Zachary Cawdle, a faithful man, and skilful in his profession, assisted her in that painful extremity.—Heaven and earth ! can I describe my anguish, my remorse, my terrors, in those moments ! What would I then have given could I have recalled the banished father of my wretched grandson ! How did my conscience rack me with remorse for having torn two hearts asunder, pledged to each other by every sacred vow, and virtually, though not legally, married ! Oh ! had I then had mercy in my wrath, had I allowed for nature, for affection, for the weakness of a fond doting girl at sixteen years of age, what misery had I prevented ! what shame had I avoided ! Let no father

henceforth tread in my unwary steps—they will but lead him to remorse and agony.

“ And now ten years are past, whilst I have seen my daughter married to a despicable lord, who is her tyrant rather than her husband. In her my generation, legitimately, stops ; no fruit can spring from such a stock ; her bed is barren, and her heart is broken. Thank Heaven, my grandson Henry still survives ; protected, reared, and educated by the best of men, and of friends the most faithful, I see him fostered into early virtues by the forming hand of Ratcliffe. God of all mercies, bless and prosper the mysterious issue of my hapless child ! Whilst my sad daughter lives and is Lord Crowbery’s wife, I dare not venture to avow the son of indiscretion. Hard fate for him, poor innocent, for my Cecilia, for myself !

“ Is there a friend now left to me on earth, in whose humane and honest heart I can repose my sorrows and my secret ? Let me still hope there is ; surely Sir Roger Manstock is that candid, that trust-worthy friend.

“ To Sir Roger Manstock, to the uncle of my child, in confidence I bequeath this mournful narrative of my errors and misfortunes, imploring him, by all that he holds sacred, to protect and father the last relict of my house, my nameless unacknowledged child, to whom I trust a mother’s love and justice will bequeath that property, which, in this firm persuasion, I have devised to her, and put into her free and absolute disposal, without limitation or restraint. Let Henry then take his father’s name ; I would not leave a stigma on my daughter’s memory. May Crowbery never have to say, he took the refuse of a favoured lover !

“ Sensible that I am hastening to the close of life, I would fain dedicate my short abiding time to atonement and repentance. To you, therefore, sir, my brother and my friend, I address this paper, avowing a full sense of my past errors, and a deep contrition for that haughty spirit of revenge, which prompted me to blast the happiness of two persons formed for each other, wedded in spirit and in heart ; and who, but for my fatal interference, would have blest the remnant of my days. To you, sir, my brother and my friend, I once more solemnly bequeath my grandson Henry : you are yourself a father ; you have a lovely daughter two years younger than my boy ; nature has taught you how to judge of my sensations by your own. To your family my fortune would have devolved had not this son of my Cecilia stood between us : may I not form a distant hope that time and education may hereafter so adorn and grace the work of nature, as to make him worthy your regard and love ? The outset is auspicious ; the promise of his infant years is flattering in the extreme. Should this fair blossom ripen into that perfection, which its early bloom gives hope

of, and should your sweet child, my pretty god-daughter, when time with lenient hand has moulded her soft beauties into womanhood, be touched with tender pity and esteem for my adopted Henry, need I despair of your candour ; or must the want of that last form, that my precipitancy interrupted, haunt him through life, and cast him off from happiness without his fault ? May Heaven inspire your heart with sentiments more generous ! and may he, who mixes blood from no ignoble source with that which he derives from me, merit a blessing great as my fond fancy has devised. Farewell !¹³

CHAP. IX.

The Counsel of a Friend in a Dilemma. More Secrets are brought to Light.

THE perusal of this paper, which pointed out to Sir Roger Manstock the son of his niece in the person of Henry, the admirer of his daughter, threw him into deep meditation, and exceedingly perplexed him how to act in a case, where decision on either side militated against his feelings. The appeal was solemn, that pleaded in favour of the youth ; the objection to his illegitimacy, and even to his proximity of blood, was no slight one ; and Sir Roger's mind was a long time balanced between difficulties. One point his conscience saw in the clearest light—the equity of Henry's claim to the property of his grandfather ; and, according to the high sense of honour natural to him, he interpreted the paper he had just been reading : but how to act with respect to his daughter, whether to oppose or to countenance her attachment, was the question that embarrassed him. On the opposing side, there was a strong repugnance, arising from his habits of thinking, and from a certain pride of family, which revolted from the stain of illegitimacy ; on the favourable side, there was much occurred to mitigate the rigour of these thoughts. The character of Henry pre-eminently pleaded in his behalf ; the fatal consequences of paternal obduracy, so forcibly set forth in the recital of Sir Stephen, was a striking example before his eyes ; and the pathetic adjuration, at the close of that recital, was an affecting appeal to his heart, which was sensibly felt.

'Tis in a crisis like this, when the mind is fluctuating between doubt and decision, that the voice of a friend is most welcome, and then it is that new reasons, or reasons differently expressed and dilated, seldom fail to cut the knot that puzzles us to unravel. Sir Roger rung his bell, and requested the company of Doctor Sandford.

A better arbitrator could not be chosen ; he read the paper attentively, and when called upon for his sentiments upon it, deliberately replied

as follows :—I am not surprised at the discovery, which this paper gives ; for though I was not a party to the secret of this young man's birth, I was ever in my private opinion persuaded of his being the son of those very parents now disclosed to us. Well may the unhappy writer bewail his own obduracy ! I knew the party rejected, and thought him every way deserving of the alliance he courted ; Sir Stephen knew my sentiments, for he drew them from me, and I honestly committed my opinion to his consideration ; it did not tally with his own, and I lost his confidence by the sincerity with which I gave it. Mr Ratcliffe, in consequence of this, had charge of the infant—a better choice could not be made ; a worthier, wiser, more enlightened mind no man possessed—to an education so excellent, the son of your niece did ample justice. Nature never formed a more engaging person, instruction never cultivated a more accomplished mind.

Here Sir Roger interposed, declaring his entire concurrence in this testimony to his merits—But with what face, he demanded, can I hold up to the world the spurious issue of my defunct niece ? What will Lord Crowbery say ? What will the world at large say to an adoption like this ? I should be glad to hear your sentiments on this point of difficulty.

With this paper in my hand, replied the Doctor, I cannot resist the appeal it contains, nor refuse being advocate for the feelings of the writer of it. When I see a father taking on himself the reproach of being sole author of his daughter's errors and misfortunes, and weigh the circumstances that attended their elopement and arrest upon the way, I can hardly be induced to call their issue illegitimate. I should go too far, if I was to deny the right of a parent to restrain, or to direct, the passions of his child ; but Sir Stephen went farther, and exerted more authority than belonged to him, when he compelled a marriage with the Lord Viscount Crowbery ; that is an act of tyranny over the human heart which I hold in abhorrence. What vows were interchanged between your niece and her first lover we cannot know, but we can well conjecture they were solemn and sincere on both sides. Their hearts were married, though the *blacksmith* was not found that would have clinched the chain. Shall then the son of love and promise be disclaimed, because a few hours intervened, and force was employed to tear their hands asunder, and compel them to a separation ? Mark how the parent suffers in his conscience for this act of cruelty ! So would not I, for all this world can give me. Henry is a virtuous youth : affix what criminality you please to the authors of his birth, we cannot so pervert all sense of justice, as to attach their stain to his character, however much we may wish to cover the memory of his mother from the male-

volent attacks of Lord Crowbery and others, who may be basely disposed to blast it. This, I confess, should be avoided as much as possible ; and surely it will be no impossible thing to do that by proper precautions, with respect to Lord Crowbery, at least, so long as he survives, which seems to have been the clear intention of the deceased lady, when she forbore to name her son in her will ; and as you have told me Henry himself was the chief promoter of this omission, I cannot doubt but he was fully acknowledged by his mother before she died.

I don't doubt that, resumed Sir Roger, and I hold my daughter bound to restore him to his inheritance upon every principle of honour, and justice ; but I am not bound to give him my daughter also.

Far be it from me, replied the Doctor, to say that ; your daughter's inclination must precede a step so essential to her own happiness as that.

But am I bound to follow, with my consent, her inclinations, if they should point to him ?

I must decline an answer to that question, being so partial as I am to Henry.

Why that is answering it, replied Sir Roger, to the fullest extent.—Here their conference was interrupted by a servant, who announced a gentleman of the name of Smith, that requested a few minutes' conversation in private with Sir Roger Manstock. Orders being given for the gentleman's admittance, and Doctor Sandford having withdrawn, the father of our hero presented himself to the worthy Baronet, and addressed him to the following effect :—

I am personally unknown to you, Sir Roger Manstock, but am no stranger to your character, and hold it in the most perfect respect : I have therefore solicited a few minutes of your leisure, and you have politely granted it, for which I thank you, and will study not to abuse your patience. I have sent in a name by your servant, which, in your presence, I should be ashamed to wear, being only an assumed one, for reasons that, I trust, you will think not unworthy of a gentleman. My real name is Henry Delapoe, which, in times past, you may have heard attached to that of the loveliest, and by me the most lamented, of her sex ; pardon me, if for the present I can proceed no farther.

Sir Roger started with amaze ; he smote his hands together with more than usual energy, and gazed upon the stranger with intense curiosity—May I believe what I hear ! he cried : Are you really Mr Delapoe, the honourable Henry Delapoe, father— There he stopped short, and checked the words that were upon his lips.

Sir, interjected the visitor, you was proceeding with your speech ; may I request you to fill up the sentence ?

You may, replied Sir Roger, after a short pause ; the words I was about to add were, the father of my niece's son.

My conscience then is clear, said Delapoe ; you are possessed of the secret, and I have broke no trust. Yes, sir, I am that very person ; miserable in the recollection of the bitterest disappointment that ever blasted human happiness, but honoured in the virtues of that son, who is at once the memorial of our misfortune and the relict of our love. I may now say to Sir Roger Manstock all that a wounded heart suggests ; I may speak of my sorrows, of my affection, of my despair, which is now hurrying me to the grave, where my betrothed, my ever-loved Cecilia sleeps.—Here a gush of tears interrupted his speech for a few instants ; he wiped them away, and proceeded—It is now my request, and I hope your charity will grant it, that my remains may be allowed to rest in the vault beside those of that sainted being, who was, by every obligation sacred in the eye of Heaven, my true and all but legal wife. Sir, we were bound together by the holiest ties. Accursed be the breath that dares to contaminate the purity of my Cecilia's fame ! If there was crime in our precipitancy, that crime be on my head, I will embrace the whole of the offence ; let her unfeeling father take on himself the responsibility of our separation ! Sir, I have held it matter of the strictest conscience, ever since that fatal moment, to keep unviolated the marriage bed, and I have religiously fulfilled that sacred duty. One melancholy consolation Heaven vouchsafed : Providence employed the arm of my son to rescue me from death, when I was a prisoner on board a ship of the enemy, and at the last stage of existence ; he brought me to the port of Falmouth ; his piety and care preserved my life ; fortune directed Cecilia to the same spot ; I passed some days by the couch of that dying martyr, and she expired in the arms of me and of my son. Grant me then, I beseech you, my last earnest prayer, and let my corpse repose by hers.

The Baronet, whose long silence had been the effect of his sympathy in the feelings of the speaker, now found himself called upon for a reply at a time when he was much more inclined to give a loose to tears than to words. He commanded himself, notwithstanding, so far as to assure his visitor, that his suit was granted, and to add, withal, that he hoped it would be many years before that promise could be claimed. To this Delapoe replied, with many acknowledgments, that nothing but his conviction that no time was to be lost, could have excused to himself the rude intrusion of so unseasonable a visit.

Here he paused, and seemed preparing to take his leave, when it occurred to Sir Roger as proper to apprise him, that he had possessed himself by chance of a posthumous paper written by his niece's father, which had thrown great light on his state of mind, and which at the same time devolved a duty upon him, on the

part of his daughter, of reinstating Henry in the whole of his grandfather's estate.—This, added he, is an act of justice which I think I can take upon myself to say will be infallibly performed on our part ; and I shall now put the paper into your hands for your perusal : and very highly interesting it is to you, Mr Delapoer, and your representative.

CHAP. X.

Our History records a dreadful Incident.

DELAPOER, having read the paper, returned it to Sir Roger, observing, that although the writer's change of sentiments came too late for redress, it was to be hoped they were in time for the full purposes of repentance. He then proceeded to disclose to Sir Roger the state of his own circumstances in point of fortune, which, being settled upon Henry, would at all events make him an affluent man.—There is but one object in life, added he, can make him a happy one. If I know his thoughts rightly, it is the person, not the property, of the present heiress of this estate, which he would receive as the greatest bounty she could bestow upon him.

To this Sir Roger simply replied, That Henry was certainly a very amiable young man ; and Delapoer, too delicate to press his wishes any farther, politely took his leave and departed. In fact, the mind of the worthy Baronet was by no means made up to any determined measure, and as the recent death of Lady Crowbery secured him from any present call from either of the parties, he very gladly availed himself of the excuse for holding back his opinion till it was more matured by experience and reflection.

Henry now wished to throw aside a mask he was no longer compelled to wear, and to declare himself to Sir Roger Manstock ; but as it was necessary, in the first place, to consult Isabella's opinion in the case, he followed her into the park, where he understood she was gone to take her evening walk. When he had mounted the hill that rose from the house, he caught a distant glimpse of her as she was entering a grove of oaks, and immediately set out towards the spot with all the speed he could. He was yet at some distance, when a female shriek was heard as coming from some one in the grove, which struck him to the heart with the apprehension that his lovely Isabella was in danger or alarm. Already nearly breathless with his exertions, terror gave him all but wings upon a call so pressing, and he sprang forwards towards the voice with an impetuosity indescribable.

Swift as his motion was, our history demands a pause before we bring him to the rescue of the affrighted Isabella, whilst we account for the

cause of that shriek so terrible to the ears of love.

In the near neighbourhood of Hagley House, without the enclosure of the park, there was a lonely mansion, tenanted by a person whose melancholy profession it was to take charge of those unhappy beings who are deprived of reason. One of these distracted objects, and probably the most pitiable in the whole wretched fraternity, was a young man of the name of Saunders, only son of a respectable clergyman, who had bred him in the line of his own profession, and given him an excellent education with that view, both at school and university. The youth, whom nature had endowed with uncommon talents, had more than equalled all the warmest expectations of a fond exulting father. Every honour that moral conduct could merit, every prize that successful genius could contend for, had been fairly gained, and worthily possessed, by this young student ; but strong imagination, and a feeling heart, the natural concomitants of superior genius, had conspired against the peace of poor Saunders, and, by a disappointment in love, had made wreck of a mind full freighted with science, and richly endowed with every noble quality. The object of his passion was unfortunately one, to whom, in point of rank and circumstances, he could not aspire ; and though she felt his merits, and was flattered by his attentions, yet his suit was peremptorily and proudly rejected by her father, who had higher views, and over-ruled the affections of his child with absolute authority. The same fine taste that taught him to select and admire the purest models of classical composition, inspired him with a passion for the elegant and beautiful Louisa Beaufort. His opportunities of conversing with her were not frequent, for Sir Ferdinand, her father, was not easy of access from one so much his inferior, and Saunders was reduced to a variety of humble shifts to make known to Louisa the flame that was consuming him, and gradually undermining the foundations of a solid understanding. The smile, which at some stolen moment she could bestow upon him, was his only hope ; on these reflections he fed, and by the help of a vivid fancy, sketched out dreams and visions of happiness, which in one fatal moment were for ever blasted, by the intelligence of her being married to a titled lover. From this instant his deportment became irregular and capricious. At first he was loud and vehement in his complaints : He talked of the affair to all his friends, professed to treat it with contempt, and railed against the sex in general, venting upon them all the invectives which his memory or imagination could suggest : He ransacked the poets, ancient and modern, for epigrams and lampoons, and had by heart every tag and fragment of satire which made for his purpose, and which Greek, Latin, or English,

could supply. If any one of his acquaintance spoke in praise of a woman, or even toasted the health of his mistress, he was ready with a dash at his folly, which oftentimes would have brought on serious discussions, had he not been very generally considered as a licensed railer, or had his companions been as prompt for quarrel as himself.

This humour being spent, his mind took a sudden turn to the contrary extreme, and poor Saunders was no more to be found in society. Sullen and inaccessible, he shut himself into his college room, and centring all his ideas, hither-to so wild and excursive, in one single point, and dwelling invariably upon that with pertinacious melancholy, the vigour of his intellect began to melt away, whilst his constitution, partaking of the same debility, and attenuated by long fasting, was hastening to decay by actual inanition. A student, late so regular in his duties, could not absent himself from college hours without drawing the attention of his tutor, and other members of the society, upon him; the former of these one day took means of surprising him in his room, where he discovered him on his knees, employed in loud and fervent prayer, to which his presence gave not the smallest interruption, whilst the poor supplicant continued to deplore his wretched state of mind in terms truly piteous and disconsolate, intermixed with petitions most earnest and devout for the preservation of his reason. His pitying visitor was melted at a scene of such distress, and having waited for a proper interval, applied such consolation as his charity could suggest upon the emergency, and instantly dispatched a letter to the father, apprising him of the dangerous condition to which his pupil was reduced. This sad intelligence soon brought the afflicted parent to be a witness of the total ruin of his hopes. He took the poor distracted creature with him to his own house, where, finding no relief to his disorder, but, on the contrary, an increase of every symptom to an extravagance that kept him under hourly alarm, he at last resolved to resign him wholly into the hands of a keeper; and in this house, before described, he placed him, where, for some months, he had been confined under proper regimen, though without any progress towards a cure, of which his wretched parent now began to lose all hope.

It had so chanced this very evening, that with a cunning peculiar to his distemper, he had contrived to elope from his keeper, and, running out of the house at random, had made his way into Hagley Park, escaping the sight of his pursuers, by hiding himself in the grove, where he was lying buried under the thickest of the underwood, when chance brought the beauteous Isabella, in her solitary ramble, to the very spot where he was concealed. A glimpse of her fair form, which his quick eye caught through the bushes, roused him instantly from his lair, and

springing on her like a couchant tiger on the unwary passenger, he seized the trembling victim in his arms, roaring out, in a yell of transport,—Have I caught you then at last, vile perjured woman!—traitress to my love!—murderer of my peace!—False, faithless Louisa, you have driven me to desperation—you have made me what I am, mad as the fires of Hecla, wild as the waves that swallow navigation up! and now, siren, I'll be revenged upon you for my transformation—a beast of your own creation shall devour you—I'll pluck asunder those fine limbs, and scatter them to all the points of heaven. Come, come, no struggling; hence with all this frippery! away with it!—you are but Nature's counterfeit—we'll have her full in sight, and then—

Upon the instant, in that saving momentary crisis on which humanity will not admit of speculation's pause, our hero Henry, breathless, aghast, led thither by that unseen clew which Providence had graciously bestowed for virtue's timely rescue, sprung upon the lunatic, and with a frenzy equal to his own, grasping him in his arms, hurled him violently to the ground, never quitting his hold, but accompanying him in his fall. In the same moment, the dishevelled Isabella, her cloak, handkerchief, and clothes torn from her, dropped inanimate at his side, without uttering even a sigh that shewed signs of life. Distracted with the sight, still he did not venture to let loose his desperate antagonist, who raved and foamed in all the furious excess of frenzy, yelling and gnashing with his teeth, a spectacle too horrible for contemplation. Emaciated as he was, the very spectre of famine, still his madness gave him nerves almost supernatural, and, in their grappling, all the vigour Henry's active limbs could furnish, sometimes scarce sufficed to keep him under, and hold him down extended on his back; at length, the wretched creature gave one desperate struggle, then uttered a direful groan, and swooned upon the spot, stretching his limbs as if in the last pang of life.

Happily, at this moment, the keeper and his follower, guided to the spot by the yells and howlings of their patient, made their appearance, to the unspeakable relief of our exhausted hero, whose terrors for the beloved object, lying breathless by his side, were now become too agonizing to endure. Instantly he raised her in his arms, replaced the scattered fragments of her dress with tenderest attention, arranging it in a manner as decorous as her situation and his own distraction would admit, and calling out to the keeper for assistance in recovering her from her swoon. The man had skill, and was not wanting in humanity; he knew, withal, the quality of the lady who stood in need of his assistance, and was terrified, not less on his own account than on hers, for the consequences of what had happened. Bidding his servant take

charge of the lunatic, by tying up his hands, he applied himself directly to the recovery of the lady, and drawing out a case of lancets, recommended the immediate opening of a vein ; this was eagerly acceded to by Henry, and in a few seconds the pure blood that fed the veins of the fairest form in nature, sprung forth from the lancet, and at the same time, the brightest eyes that ever lover looked upon, unveiled their lids, and fixed their sight on Henry, who, whilst assisting the operation just performed, had received upon his person the full gushing tribute of that sanguine stream so much dearer to him than what fed his own fond heart. The sight of this, to which in his confusion he had not adverted, so terrified the reviving Isabella, that the first sign she gave of recollection was a scream of terror on the discovery, crying out to the operator, Leave, leave me, and stanch his wounds—he is bleeding to death, and do not think I will survive him !

Joy seized the heart of Henry to hear the voice of his beloved Isabella, and to hear it first employed in anxious concern for him ; he eagerly assured her he was not wounded ; that the blood which alarmed her was her own ; and upon these assurances, the stream that had stopped began to flow again, and her senses grew clear by the revulsion. When her arm was bound up, and her mind became composed, her attention was attracted by the disorder of her dress ; surveying the confusion and derangement which her person had undergone, she perceived that certain articles had been replaced by hands not practised in those offices, and the sensation covered her with blushes : the emotion was not lost upon Henry ; he could interpret what was passing in her thoughts, and took occasion, with a delicacy peculiar to himself, to allay and soothe her inquietude. She turned a look upon him that beggars all description ; love beamed in her eyes, gratitude filled them with tears ; then having caught a glimpse of Saunders, as he was under custody of his keeper, turned away with shuddering from the sight, and fell upon Henry's neck, crying out, Oh ! my Henry ! my preserver ! from what horrors have you rescued me !—Let those that have the powers of description paint his transports if they can ; I sink beneath the task, and recommend it to the reader's fancy, if ever he experienced joy like this ; if not, I wish he may deserve it, and obtain it.

The wretched object that had occasioned all this terror now engaged their attention ; he had recovered from his swoon, but so wan and woe-begone as would have extracted pity from the heart of a stone ; he was sitting on the ground, his hands confined with a bandage swathed round his wrists ; he rolled his eyes about in wild disorder, and at last fixing them on his keeper, dropped his head, gave a deep sigh, and burst into tears. He was now at once become

as meek and humble as he had been outrageous, and reason seemed to have revisited his mind with the return of temperance.—I am a very wretched creature, he cried, and sensible of my misfortunes, that sometimes drive me into extravagancies I never fail to repent of : I know it is for my good that this worthy gentleman ties up my hands ; but if he would have the charity to set me at liberty, I would convince him that I am not unfit to be trusted with the use of them ; if he will not grant me this favour, I should be much beholden to him, would he have the kindness to remove a few paces out of sight, whilst I speak a word in the way of atonement to the gentleman I have offended. I have a secret on my mind, which I am desirous of imparting to him, and I can assure him, on my honour, I am at this moment as perfectly in my senses as any man in England.

Here the keeper turned a look upon him, which he quickly understood as a sign for silence, and obeyed : a look no less intelligent was passing at the same moment in another quarter, for Henry, fixing his eyes upon the keeper's follower, recognized the person of the assassin O'Rourke, and perceiving certain indications in the fellow's countenance, which convinced him he was right, he said to him in a whisper, Don't be alarmed, O'Rourke, for I shall not betray you : if you execute this melancholy office faithfully and humanely, you are in a way to atone to society for the crime you have committed.

CHAP. XI.

Which describes the Effects of that Incident, and concludes the Tenth Book of our History.

Poor Saunders being now removed, and the operation of the bleeding having succeeded in restoring Isabella to the full possession of her senses, and in some degree of her strength, she declared herself able to walk to the house, and forbade the proposal of sending for a carriage, as it would create an alarm which could hardly fail of finding its way to her father. With her natural grace and good humour she accepted the apologies of the keeper of the lunatics, Gordon by name, who was very anxious to exculpate himself to the heiress of Hagley, and to tender his farther services, if occasion required. In accounting for the escape of his patient, through the negligence of his servant, he took occasion to observe by the way, that a derangement of the reason, proceeding from disappointed love, was universally experienced to be the very worst species of madness that human nature was subject to ; this, he said, was unhappily the case of Mr Saunders, whom he despaired of as perfectly incurable.

Alas ! cried Henry, I pity him from my soul : I dare say his story is a melancholy one, but we will not trouble you to relate it. This he said as a hint to Gordon, that any farther discourse on the subject, in Isabella's hearing, should be avoided ; and it might be in part from the same motive that she declined his offer to attend upon her home, relying solely on the arm of her protector for her support by the way, and leaving Gordon to resume his melancholy vocation in the mansion of misery, on the skirts of the common, adjoining to the park.

Henry now, for the first time in his life, regretted the length of way he had to measure with his lovely but languid charge, and proceeded slowly and cautiously, regardless of every motion that might disturb her, and directing every step for her security and ease. With hearts full of gratitude to Providence, and glowing with the tenderest affection for each other, they walked silently on till they reached the boundary of the grove, where they came in view of the house, upon an open lawn, that sloped with a gradual descent for the rest of their way. Here they were descried by Sir Roger and Doctor Sandford, as they were walking and conversing together within a few paces of the house : the Baronet observing that Isabella walked slowly, and seemed supported by Henry, on whose arm she was leaning, instantly took alarm, and calling out to the servants, who happened then to be out of the way, was heard by young Sandford, who, bolting out of the hall-door, flew to the call.—Run, I beseech you, said Sir Roger, pointing to the spot, run to Isabella yonder, and tell me what has happened, for I greatly fear some accident has befallen, or some illness seized her !—Whilst these words were on his lips, the eager messenger caught sight of the object they referred to, and, seized with the like terror, sprang forwards with his utmost speed, whilst Sir Roger, trembling with apprehension, caught hold of his friend by the arm, and stood motionless on the spot, in dreadful expectation of the event. In the same moment, whilst Sandford was straining every nerve against the hill, Isabella, taken suddenly with a giddiness and loss of sight, had come to a stop, and, unable to keep her feet, had fallen into Henry's arms, who, with one knee upon the ground, was supporting her whole weight on his breast and shoulder, himself pale as ashes, and oppressed with such agony of soul, as to be almost in the very act of fainting, when Sandford came most critically to his assistance. The house-servants meantime had seen what was going on, and taken the alarm ; a pair of horses had for-

tunately been put to the chaise, and were ready in the stable-yard ; one of the servants had presence of mind to order them to the spot immediately, which was as instantly obeyed. During this operation, Sir Roger remained immovable, a spectacle of pity : Sandford saw his distress, and as soon as ever the chaise and servants came to the assistance of Isabella, ran back with all haste to Sir Roger, making signs, and calling out by the way, that he had good news, all was well and no danger. Two servants had very considerably mounted behind the carriage, and by their help the faint and languid Isabella was lifted to the seat, and placed upon it as much at her length as it admitted of : she now opened her eyes, and cast them round in search of her preserver ; he was sitting on the ground totally exhausted, and in a situation, as it seemed, more pitifully helpless than her own. She would not move without him, and he could not stir without help towards her. Lay me on the floor of the chaise, he cried, and let me expire at her feet.—She heard his voice, but luckily the words did not reach her ear : at that instant she started into life, and recovered as one out of a trance ; the mist vanished from before her eyes, and seeing Henry on the ground, she conjured him to arise and come to her in the chaise. Her father and Doctor Sandford now approached : Sir Roger's agitation, though much assuaged by what had been told him, was still very great, and as he came up to the chaise, the door of which was held open, she cried out, Oh ! my beloved father, be in no alarm on my account ; dismiss your fears for me, and exert all your care for the recovery of my heroic preserver, to whose courage, under Providence, I am indebted for my life.—Henry was now on his legs, and re-animated with the sound of her voice, seemed to have lost his debility with the terror that had created it : as he presented himself to her sight, Isabella exclaimed, Oh ! blessed be Heaven, my protector lives !—Upon these words, Sir Roger turned a look upon him, in which that excess of gratitude, which will not admit of language, was so strikingly depicted, that, as he threw his arms about our hero's neck, he seemed to give him his whole heart with the embrace. His cheeks were wet with tears, he trembled, and was faint ; but nothing could persuade him to avail himself of the chaise ; he peremptorily insisted upon Henry's taking his seat by Isabella.—Go, go, he cried, I will not rob you of the honour you have earned ; with you the darling of my soul is safe ; take the place you so well merit, and let the same arm that saved my child, support her.

BOOK THE ELEVENTH.

CHAP. I.

Describes what our Heroine is, and what we wish our Virgin Readers to be.

THE time is so nearly approaching, when I must close this history, that I am now in the situation of a man, who, being on the point of parting from friends, in whose company he has taken a long and pleasant tour, is anxious to call to mind any faults or omissions he may have fallen into, that he may explain such as will bear a justification, and ask pardon for what demands an apology.

To enter on a review of all my errors, is a task above my hands; but there is one, I apprehend, apparently too gross to be overlooked by any of my readers; I mean that of neglecting to describe the person of my heroine. If this is a crime, it is the more unpardonable, forasmuch as I cannot plead oversight and inadvertency in excuse of it; I have kept her portrait wilfully in its case, and not disclosed even the colour of her eyes, or set to view a single lock of her hair. Fielding's Sophia had locks of glossy black, more modern novels give their heroines flaxen tresses and azure eyes; there is a fashion in beauty; perhaps my Isabella had neither the jet of the raven, nor the ivory of the swan: I would prefix to these volumes an engraving from her portrait, but Henry would not let it out of his hands; and our great artists are so fully employed, that not one was at leisure to go down to Manstock-house to take the copy.

Now, as I have not the vanity to attempt an undertaking, which I believe no author has yet succeeded in, I will not aim to describe what will not bear a description: singularity or deformity may be delineated by the vehicle of words; perfect beauty eludes the power of language. Let it suffice for me to say, upon the faith of an historian, that my heroine was all the most doting lover, when dreaming of his mistress, fancies her to be, and something more than the self-admiring beauty beholds, when she examines herself in the glass. Yet in many things she fell short of some, whom I have heard extolled above the modesty of praise: her eyes could not express what theirs excel in;

when they sparkled, it was with benevolence; when they languished, it was with pity; they were not repulsive enough to look a modest man out of countenance, nor attractive enough to inspire an impudent man with hope; good nature dimpled round her lips, that encased two rows of purest pearls, but scorn never pouted in the one, and the grin of folly never was put on to disclose the other: her voice was melody that kept the middle tones, for it could neither sound the pitch of an affected scream, nor grumble in the base note of a sullen murmur: her motions were the expressive marks that characterized her mind; composed and temperate, rage never agitated them; pride never distorted them; light and elastic when she hastened to the succour of the wretched, she neither aped the languor of sickness, nor the mincing step of affectation: she danced gracefully, but not like a professor; loved music, but was no performer; had an eye for nature, but never libelled a single feature of it by pen or pencil: she had read sufficiently for her years, and profitably for her instruction; she could express her thoughts, in speaking or in writing, elegantly, and without embarrassment; but she possessed in its perfection, the still happier gift of a patient ear whilst others were speaking, and of a polite attention to what they spoke. Being the only child of her parents, the little bickerings of brothers and sisters never irritated her temper, nor did the triumphs of a rival ever fan one spark of envy in her breast: educated entirely by an excellent mother, she had no communication with governesses and servants, nor any friendships with caballing misses. That she was deceived in supposing her heart so pre-occupied by filial affection, as to be unassailable by love, these sheets have sufficiently evinced; but when she found herself surprised into a tender attachment, and fully understood the merits of the person who inspired it, she scorned to mask herself in false appearances, played off no vain coquetties to tease and tantalize her lover by affected scruples and counterfeited fears, but with a candour, that resulted from her purity of thought, gave him to know the interest he had gained, justly conceiving artifice need not be used to smother a confession, which honour dictated, and delicacy might avow.

If I offend against refinement, by describing an ingenuous nature, I make no other answer but by an appeal to the hearts of my readers, as

in like cases I have done to those of my spectators: let them decree! when men of doubtful characters, for doubtful purposes, approach the fair, let the fair resort to their defences; I am no casuist in a case of cunning, nor am I fond of working to my point by crooked paths, or describing the base properties of degenerated nature. If any of my female readers has been taught to think hypocrisy a virtue, by the necessity she has been under of resorting to it, I will not argue against her prejudices for a friend that has been so useful to her; I can only say it is not a virtue I am studious to bestow upon the character of Isabella.

CHAP. II.

A Modest Suitor does not hurt his Cause.

WE left our heroine in distress, we therefore seize the first instant that our history admits of to resort to her again, and now we find her with Henry at her side, under escort to Hagley House, where we commit her to the care of her assembled friends, with every anxious wish for her speedy and entire recovery.

As soon as the superintendent of the insane patients had seen poor Saunders securely cased in a strait waistcoat, and lodged in proper hands, he hastened to make his inquiries after the lady, who had suffered so severely by the negligence of his people, who had let a creature so wild as Saunders escape out of their charge. Interest and humanity conjointly prompted him to pay this mark of respect and atonement to a person, who was now become proprietor of the house and land he lived in. Sir Roger Manstock was accessible to everybody, and, of course, Gordon was admitted: from him he received the whole melancholy detail of Saunders's case, and the providential rescue of his beloved Isabella from the clutches of a raving maniac, inflamed with revenge against the sex, and probably bent both upon violation and murder. What were his obligations, then, to the courage and vigour of her defender, when he heard, with horror thrilling through his veins, this awful narrative of the danger she had been snatched from! His heart ran over with gratitude to heaven, and acknowledgments to Henry.

No sooner was Gordon departed, than Sir Roger sent a summons to our hero, determined to discharge himself in some degree of the weight of obligations which pressed upon his mind, by an instant acknowledgment of him as the son of his niece, and every offer of an unreserved friendship in future.—If then he demands my daughter, he said within himself, can I refuse him the possession of what he has preserved? Could I hold out against a claim so just, and drive him, who has given her life a se-

cond time, into the like condition with that wretched maniac?—Whilst these reflections occupied his mind, the servant he had sent for Henry, made report that he was not to be found, and, indeed, as he had not ventured upon an intrusion into Isabella's apartment, it is not to be wondered at that his search was fruitless. Here his presence was still indispensable, for nothing but the cheering sight of her defender, and his persuasive voice, could yet allay the tumult of her mind. Constitutions less strong than Isabella's might have sunk entirely under such a shock; the ravage it made in her nerves was not inconsiderable, and great attention was necessary to prevent farther derangement. Zachary, whose services were now in demand, of course postponed his journey, and paid close attendance upon his lovely patient. Silence and repose were the great and only restoratives in request; with this view a couch was provided in her dressing-room, and on this was displayed the fairest form in creation, whilst at her side, in pensive mute attention to each breath she drew, sat Henry, whilst a servant, posted without the chamber-door, kept watch against disturbers of her slumbers. And now the gentle power of sleep had visited her senses, descending like the dove of peace with downy pinions on her troubled spirit; one glimmering ray of evening light scarcely sufficed to shadow out her form, and on this the eyes of Henry invariably were fixed, whilst he held her hand fast locked in his, careful to prevent the slightest movement, if it were possible, even of a fibre to awaken her.

In the meantime, the news had reached Doctor Sandford, who, in company with his son, instantly resorted to Hagley House; even Delapoe himself, in the adjoining village, had received the alarming intelligence, magnified as usual in its passage, and he had also joined the anxious group of visitors to Sir Roger. Whilst strict order of silence was observed through all that region of the house, which was dedicated to Isabella, this group of friends waited the issue of her present repose with anxious hope, and Henry's praises were, in the meantime, the general topic of their discourse: even the modest diffidence of young Sandford was overcome by the warmth of their applauses, and he gave his voice to the chorus with peculiar glee, for he loved our young hero, and was beloved by him; he also, at humble distance, adored his lovely patroness, whose grace of giving had the power of doubling every bounty she bestowed, and Sandford's was the very heart to feel that grace in its full compass and extent.

Honest Zachary also joined the company; he communicated to them with cordial delight the favourable situation of his patient above stairs, wrapt in soft repose, and guarded by the preserver of her life. He then expatiated very learnedly upon the dismal effects of sudden frights

and perturbations, with the different modes of treating them, arguing, with great display of reason, that no one process was so efficacious as the soothing attention of some affectionate person best beloved by the suffering object. In the course of this discussion, the learned lecturer got himself so completely entangled amongst the fibrous ramifications of the nervous system, that after many fruitless struggles, and as many plunges into deeper difficulties, Zachary left nothing clear to the edification of his hearers, except that love was one of the strongest of the human passions; that the person best beloved was decidedly the most welcome to the person loving; that sleep was a grand restorer of exhausted nature; and finally, that it was his opinion, the young lady up stairs would sleep the better for Henry's sitting by her, and, of course, that his society would forward her recovery. To all these conclusions, there was not amongst the company present one single opponent, though Sir Roger, whilst he acquiesced in these general deductions, chose to make use of the word gratitude on the part of his daughter, in place of the broader, and, perhaps, more apposite term, which Zachary had employed on the same subject.

There was, indeed, one person in company, whom long experience of the fatal power of love, deep sensibility of its effects, and sufficient eloquence to have descanted on that topic, qualified to speak what would have been worth the attention of the hearers, had he been so disposed; but silence and sorrow seemed to have entire possession of poor Delapoer; still one ray of hope cheered the gloom of his ideas, and that was derived from the prospect now given him, by the declared attachment of Isabella to his son.

Doctor Sandford observed to Zachary with a smile, that he did not wonder if he had found some difficulty, in treating upon love, to preserve a due distinction of ideas, since it was an affection that shewed itself under so many symptoms and descriptions, being in some cases an actual disease, in others an effectual remedy. The medicines commonly applied for the cure of it, were too often ignorantly administered, and few fathers, he believed, were good physicians in their own families.

Very true, cried Zachary; they deal too much in strong repellants.—A deep sigh which escaped from Delapoer, not unperceived by the company, reminded them they were touching upon too tender a subject, and at this moment, to their general joy, Henry entered with a cheerful air, announcing the good news of Isabella's amendment; she had waked from sleep so recovered and composed, that he hoped all effects from her fright would now be done away.—Hold, hold, cried Zachary, interrupting him, young physicians are apt to be too sanguine; old ones

proceed with caution: we must not pronounce upon the cure as perfect, because the symptoms intermit.—Sir Roger submitted to this doctrine, and, though impatient to see his daughter, suffered Zachary to visit her without him.

Delapoer now saw a fair opportunity of sounding the parties present, with regard to his wish of inhabiting the parsonage devolved upon young Sandford; he expressed his intention, with leave of the incumbent, to purchase the furniture and effects of the late Mr Ratcliffe, reserving an apartment to the use of the said Mr Sandford, assuring him that whatever he laid out, either in that or any other way, upon the premises, should remain to his use and benefit; and as his life would be retired and single for the rest of his days, there would not fail to be house enough for them both, whilst circumstances remained as they were at present.—My motives, said he, for wishing to end my days in this spot of earth which covers all that was dear and valuable to me in life, are known to Sir Roger Manstock, and I believe I may add, that any promises I engage for with Mr Sandford, will be guaranteed by this young gentleman now sitting beside me, who, by deed of gift, is heir irrevocable of all that I am worth. To the head of my house, who, with the title, inherits everything that appertains to it, I shall bequeath to the full amount of what I have received,—my sword and my honour; both untainted, and no worse for the wear. Of my great and early disappointment in life I will not speak, for the author of it is gone to his account, and the object of it, alas! is now no more. One wish remains at my heart, which, if I am indulged in, I shall pray for so much life as may suffice for the completion of it; if it is refused to me, death cannot come too suddenly. This I will now explain before the present company, hoping they will second my most earnest suit to Sir Roger Manstock; it is, that I may be permitted to raise some monument of affection and respect, to the memory of that beloved person whom we have lately followed to the grave. I would have it a mausoleum separate and select, and in some degree resembling certain edifices of that description, which I have contemplated with awful veneration in the East. I have marked in my walks about this place, a location, as I think, peculiarly apposite; and I have worked upon a plan, (for architecture has been my favourite study,) which I shall be prepared to exhibit to Sir Roger Manstock, when I have his permission for so doing. The workmen and materials are within my reach, the superintendence of the work will be my task, the last melancholy gratification that my sorrows will admit of.

A request so new and unexpected coming upon the worthy Baronet in this manner, embarrassed him not a little; he was at no time very quick at a reply, but now was more than ordinary deliberate in arranging his thoughts.

Indeed, a suspicion had haunted him ever since his last conversation with Delapoer, that grief and disappointment had in some degree deranged his intellects, and this proposal of the mausoleum very much confirmed him in that notion ; he therefore sought rather to evade the suit than to satisfy it, observing to him, that the manners of the East were different from those of Europe ; that in some few instances edifices of the sort he described had been erected in certain parts of England, but with an effect that did not much recommend them to his taste ; a monument attached to a church he had no objection to, it had a local solemnity, and was seldom visited by the observer but at religious seasons ; whereas a mausoleum built upon unconsecrated ground became, like other ornamental buildings in parks and gardens, a mere spectacle to the curious, and was rarely found to impress the visitor with any portion of that mournful respect, with which the founder of it might be supposed to have been inspired. Besides this, it was to be considered, that Lord Crowbery was still living ; and though his insensibility towards the deceased had been such as to devolve upon her kindred those duties and decent attentions towards her remains which properly belonged to himself, yet this would be an affront that could not fail to provoke his utmost rancour, and expose her memory to the worst insinuations. Upon the whole, he thought it a matter of no small moment, and therefore should not wish to decide upon it hastily. As for Mr Sandford's parsonage house, it was a question entirely for the parties concerned to settle between themselves ; he could have no objection to oppose to a tender of so generous a sort.

The project of the mausoleum being thus adjourned, Delapoer retired with Dr Sandford and his son, to negotiate the treaty for the parsonage, when Sir Roger, finding himself left with Henry, addressed him as follows :—

The service you have this day rendered me is of such magnitude, as no return of thanks on my part can sufficiently express, since there is no object in this world so precious to me as the life, which, under Providence, you have been the means of saving. You cannot therefore tax my gratitude above the value which I put upon your merits, and of course I must refer it to your own choice and arbitration, to name that favour within my power to grant, which will make you happy to obtain, if any such there is : consult your wishes, Henry, and let me know what it is I can do to recompense the preserver of my daughter.

The first and greatest favour you can bestow upon me, replied Henry, is the assurance of your pardon for the seeming duplicity of my conduct, in keeping secret the affinity I have the honour to bear to you, and the presumptuous

love that I have harboured in my heart for your adorable daughter. Obedience to the injunctions of a tender parent, compelled me to silence in the first case, and nature over-ruled the consciousness of my own unworthiness in the latter ; for how could I approach Miss Manstock, and be insensible to her perfections ? how could I see her and converse with her, without surrendering myself up to love and admiration ?

If my pardon, said Sir Roger, be all you have to ask, you would indeed name a very slight return for a very weighty obligation : but let us talk in plainer terms ; by pardon, I presume you mean consent and approbation ; when you desire me to pardon you for loving my daughter, I suppose I am to understand it as a modest way of asking me to give you my daughter.

Henry blushed and was silent.—Why, truly, resumed the Baronet, your diffidence makes a stop without discovering an excuse for it, for whilst you scruple to demand my daughter, you do not hesitate to secure her affections.

If such is my happy fortune, replied Henry, the interest I may have with her is all the merit I can claim with you : to her then I refer my cause, in her is all my hope.

Here a message from Isabella to her father called him suddenly away, and cut short a conference that was becoming very critically interesting to our agitated hero.

CHAP. III.

Love is the grand Specific.

WHILST Sir Roger Manstock attended the summons of his beloved daughter, Delapoer had brought his business to a conclusion with the Sandfords, and had set out on his return to the parsonage : damped and depressed in spirit by the chilling reception he had met with from Sir Roger, in the matter of his projected mausoleum, he turned in his thoughts every mode his imagination could suggest for combating the objections he had heard, and as appearances towards the noble but unworthy widower, seemed the strongest and best founded bars to his proposal, he brought himself, after long debate and meditation, to the romantic resolution of setting out forthwith upon a secret expedition to Crowbery Castle, there to demand an interview with the Viscount, and either by reasoning or other means, if reasoning would not serve, to return with such authority for commencing his operations, as should satisfy the delicacy of Sir Roger Manstock with respect to opposition from that quarter. Thus determined, he put himself in order of march with all possible dispatch, and taking with him a faithful servant in his post-chaise, left a note for Henry, simply in-

forming him that he should be absent for a few days upon particular business, which he would explain to him at his return.

In the meantime, Sir Roger visited his lovely daughter, and had the happiness to find her in a state of such convalescence as promised him a speedy and complete recovery. His conversation with her was tender and gratifying in the extreme, for he talked of Henry in terms of the highest approbation, acknowledging his obligations to him with a warmth of gratitude and affection, that encouraged her to throw off all reserve in speaking of her attachment. To this, in the same strain of candour, he replied, that he had seen enough to certify the fact, which she confessed to, and therefore any attempt to vary from it would be highly disingenuous. It was natural, he owned, that she should be thus partial to a man so amiable in mind and person; and what must that heart be, he said, which was not sensible of obligations so important as those she owed to Henry? Far be it then from him to oppose her inclinations: with two such melancholy instances freshly impressed upon his mind, he should not risk the fatal consequences of exerting his parental authority to prevent her union with the man of her heart, so long as nothing could be urged to the impeachment of his character. But as time, which was both the friend of prudence and the test of truth, must now of necessity intervene before their connexion could take place, he flattered himself, that in decency to the deceased, neither Henry nor herself would take means to shorten it by any abrupt determination: let the season of mourning run out its full date, during which he should impose no illiberal restraint upon either of them, no less confiding in Henry's honour than in her discretion.—My doors, he added, will never be shut against the preserver of my Isabella, till I see, what I hope and trust will never occur, sufficient reasons for so harsh a measure.

To this Isabella made answer, that her recollection did not serve as to all that had passed, but she well remembered, in the midst of her terrors, clinging to the breast of her defender.—In his arms I sought for safety, and I found it; in that terrible moment, the impression of whose horrors will never be effaced from my memory, he opposed himself to the raging frenzy of my assailant, and snatched me from a fate too terrible to think of. Even now my imagination is haunted by visions, which nothing but his presence can dispel; when he is absent darkness falls upon my senses, with his appearance light returns; and should he leave us, I shall never know happiness or health again.

The agitation which accompanied these words so alarmed her father, that he beseeched her to entertain no such desponding thoughts, but assure herself that Henry would continue where

he was till she was in a state to travel, and should attend her even to Manstock-house, if she wished it. With these assurances she seemed pacified, and Sir Roger, willing to prevent any farther irritation, took the opportunity of Zachary's coming into the room quietly to slip out of it, and retire in good time. Zachary soon perceived that her spirits had been disturbed, and wished to prescribe something in his own way to allay them, advising her at the same time to solicit sleep, and exclude all company from her chamber.—Ah! my good sir, she cried, how widely you mistake my case: solitude is my terror; I know not when I shall be able to encounter it; I have a horrid image continually before my eyes, and no one but he, who rescued me from the reality, can fortify me against the shadow. Till I am satisfied that Henry is in the house, and that he will not leave it, I can never rest.—Zachary assured her that he was in the house, and would have been ere now at the side of her couch, if he had not in the most peremptory manner protested against it.—It is not to be told, he added, what difficulty I had to persuade him to stay away from you.—I hope then, she replied, you will, for my sake, as well as your own, never attempt that difficulty any more: why should I resort to art, when nature tenders me a ready cure? What I may be brought to in time I know not, but I have not yet lost my senses, and therefore dark rooms and soporific doses do not apply to my case.

Whilst she was yet speaking, the room door was gently opened, and a ray of light from one glimmering taper striking on the person of Henry, presented an object to her sight worth all the recipes on Zachary's file. The Doctor saw the change that instantly took place in the countenance of his patient; joy now illuminated her lovely features, the blood once more glowed in her cheeks, and Zachary exclaimed—Well, my fair lady, if such cures can be performed without the Doctor's help, 'tis time for me to leave off the profession: I shall begin to think that physic is mere quackery, and a dose of what the heart loves best worth all the compounds in the chemist's shop.—This said, he retired, whilst Henry approached with cautious steps to the lovely convalescent, gently taking her hand, which was held out to him, whilst she said—Don't be any longer alarmed about me; I shall soon recover all the unpleasant effects of this day's misadventure, and remember none but such as gratitude to my preserver have implanted in my heart for ever. Oh! Henry, sure it was my guardian angel brought you to my rescue at that dreadful moment, and endowed you with nerves to combat a creature, whose frenzy seemed to furnish him with supernatural strength. How lost beyond redemption I had been but for you! Surely you will not leave me in this dismal place, where I can

look on nothing but what revives the scene of my terrors: surely you will return with us to Manstock; it is my father's wish; 'tis my request: what says my Henry?

To this tender petition Henry replied with equal tenderness, that he was hers, his whole heart was devoted to her, and that he was prepared to obey every wish of hers, though it should impose upon him the severest trial, and not, like the present one, flatter him with a prospect of the highest happiness he could receive, that of being allowed to attend upon her, in whose presence only he could be said to live. Whilst he repeated this, he gently pressed her hand, which he still held to his breast, fondly regarding her with a look of softest pity and affection; a sympathetic glow of chaste delight beamed on her blushing face; her eyes witnessed the animating pleasure which these endearments gave her; and when she saw him watchful of her emotions, and preparing as she thought to withdraw himself through fear of discomposing her tranquillity, she smiled, and said—I perceive you have been tutored by our Doctor; Zachary has persuaded you that you ought not to be here; but he is no physician for the mind; and you, (Oh Henry! why should I blush to own it!) you are the master of those springs which feed my heart with life and health; at your touch they move; in your presence I revive; when you absent yourself, they stop and relapse into despair.

Whilst she was uttering this, Henry was struggling to repress his transports; with difficulty he refrained from throwing himself at her feet; but recollecting in the instant all the danger of her situation, he checked the ardour of his passion, and with as much composure as he could summon on the sudden, reassured her of his inviolable attachment, promising to be ever ready at her call, attentive to all her wishes, and resolute to devote his whole life to her service. Only be composed, he cried; let me but see this gentle bosom reassume its peace, and all these tremors vanish, who then will be so blest as I!

I perceive, she replied, that you regard me with pity, as a being deprived of reason, and one who, according to Zachary's regimen, should be kept in solitude and silence: it may be so, I am sensible I wander in my thoughts beyond the bounds of reason or discretion, for gratitude perhaps betrays me into too much warmth of language, and sensibility in the excess resembles madness; if so, I must submit, and you must treat me as my malady requires; still I will hope that your compassion sometimes will prevail with you to visit me in my affliction, and if you find that by your process my disorder is aggravated, not relieved, perhaps you then will think it time to try what contraries may do, and favour me with more indulgencies.

A deep-drawn sigh, accompanied by tears, succeeded to this speech; her head sunk upon her breast, and she seemed surrendering herself up to an agony of grief, when Henry, no longer master of himself, and cut to the heart with her construction of his reserve, cast himself on his knees, and enfolding her in his arms, gave vent to all those fond and ardent protestations, which with difficulty he had hitherto suppressed: the act and the effect, like those of electricity, were instantaneous; so quick she caught the sympathy of his transports, it seemed as if one soul had animated both, the gloom that hung upon her spirits vanished in a moment, her mind became collected, and joy diffused smiles over her beauteous countenance. Such was the magical transmutation love wrought in the mind and person of our fair heroine! To follow them in their conversation any farther, is a task we shall not undertake; the language of lovers is apt to be too broken and desultory for regular detail, and their imaginations a little too volatile for sober history; there is also more of action in these scenes than can well be brought into description, and if attempted to be described, are they not open to misconstruction, which might wound the purity so characteristic of those persons, for whose honour we are truly zealous? Let it suffice to say, that though love reigned in both their hearts, honour kept guard over one, and innocence was inherent in the other. Respect tempered the passion of Henry, Virtue herself might have acknowledged the sensations of Isabella.

CHAP. IV.

Rash Enterprizes are apt to miscarry.

WHILST Henry and Isabella were thus enjoying the blessings of a virtuous mutual passion, Delapoer, the melancholy martyr of an unfortunate attachment, like a wounded veteran worn out in the service of an ungrateful master, was pursuing his pensive progress towards the habitation of the Viscount. Deep and dreary were his meditations by the way, and not one word escaped him to the humble companion of his journey: his mind continually pondered upon the object of his expedition, and various were the speeches he compounded and decomposed for the event of their meeting. In all these, resentment was a prevalent ingredient, and the bitter drug of an inveterate aversion to the worthless possessor of his lost and lamented treasure, tainted every composition he devised. Nature had given him, together with a fair and comely person, a most kind and courteous disposition; but the cruel stings of disappointed love had festered in his bosom, whilst his travels and

campaigns in an unhealthy climate, had hastened on a premature old age, and rendered him feeble and decrepit at a time of life when many others enjoy themselves in full health and vigour of constitution. We have already stated the condition he was found in on board the prize by Henry, and his rescue from that dangerous crisis: grief for the loss of Lady Crowbery had since preyed upon him in such a manner, as not only to reduce his feeble constitution in an alarming degree, but, in some measure, to impair his mental faculties, of which this chimera of the mausoleum, and the journey he was taking in consequence of it, were no slight symptoms; his thoughts, by dwelling perpetually upon one single object, rendered him strange and insensible to all other matters, and withal so vehement and pertinacious in the pursuit of his favourite meditation, that neither rest, nor food, nor the calls of health, could awaken his attention; and, in spite of all the remonstrances of his faithful servant, he pressed forward on his journey, though he was evidently sinking under fatigue, and at the same time exhibited strong symptoms of a fever hastily coming on.

These indications were no longer dubious at the conclusion of his journey, and as his chaise entered the village of Crowbery, the delirium had gained upon him to such a degree, that he was no longer capable of giving orders to the drivers where to go, much less of executing the purposes of his expedition. The reader may recollect a certain public house on the village green, under the sign of the George and Dragon; this being the only house of entertainment in the place, thither the drivers conducted our travellers, and there they stopped. It so chanced, that Ezekiel Daw was at this instant perambulating the aforesaid green, enjoying the fresh breeze of the evening, and his customary pipe, when curiosity led him to the alehouse door to inquire who the strangers might be; and probably the idea, that his friend Henry would be found in the chaise, had a share in that curiosity, for, sure enough, the thoughts of that good creature were at that very time employed in meditating upon our hero, whose absence his kind heart very seriously regretted.

Delapoe was still in the chaise, and Martin, his servant, in great distress how to dispose of him, when Ezekiel coming up to the door, discovered the person of the reputed Mr Smith, and no sooner heard, and indeed saw, the sad state he was in, than with the compassion natural to him, he claimed acquaintance with the wretched invalid, and immediately directed the drivers to conduct him to the house of Susan May, where he promised him a kind reception, and all possible care and attention proper for his situation. This was gladly accepted by Martin, on the part of his master, and executed without

delay. Ezekiel strode across the green with such speed, that he was at Susan's door, and had warned her of what was coming, before the carriage got round and drove up to the gate. Benevolence, that glowed in Ezekiel's bosom, was no less warm in those of Susan and her mother; at the call of pity, both parties turned out upon the instant, and, as the chaise stopped, both with the same hospitable voice welcomed the arrival of their distressed and sickly guest. Whilst the women prepared a bed for him, Martin and Ezekiel lifted him out of the chaise, and, with the aid of a proper cordial from the store-closet of Dame May, saved him from a fainting fit.

As soon as they had got him into bed, and provided all things necessary for his comfort and accommodation, Ezekiel advanced to the bedside, and having felt his pulse with due solemnity and deliberation, drew Martin aside, and, in a low voice, said,—Of a truth, friend, I discover very ugly tokens of a febrile quality in the pulse of this poor gentleman, to whom I presume you stand in near degree of friendship or affinity, seeing you have exhibited proofs of so much care and solicitude about his person.

Martin replied, that he was the gentleman's servant, but no less attached to him, than if he had the honour of being his relation.

Be it so! be it so! cried Ezekiel; there is honour due unto all men who fulfil the duties of the station they are in, however humble it may be; and I perceive thou art not one that contenteth himself with eye-service only, as some are too apt to render. Let that pass, therefore, and to the point, which being no less important than that of the life or death of a fellow-creature, demandeth brevity and quick dispatch. I have myself a smattering in the medical art, (I speak humbly as becometh me,) having been early trained to wield the pestle, and compound the drugs of a country practitioner of no mean note; but I presume not to undertake a case of such danger and difficulty, as I much fear this will be attended with; at the same time, I know not whither to resort for better advice in this pressing emergency, for the Æsculapius of our parish is absent at this present, and the substitute, who officiates in his stead, Alexander Kinloch by name, warrants not any great eulogium from me, seeing I cannot witness to the success of his practice in general; in candour, I would say more, if in conscience I was not checked from uttering untruth; had Alexander Kinloch been a cobbler or a butcher, I would perhaps strain a point to recommend a neighbour, but in the skill of the physician depends the safety of the patient, and therefore it is that I speak not in his praise; to be short, he is a very self-conceited, shallow fellow, wilful as a mule, and ignorant as an ass, and woe betide the sick that comes under his care; where he enters, death is at the door!

What, then, is to become of my poor master, replied Martin, if this is all he is to look to? Have you no physician within reach?

We have had doctors in the neighbourhood, said Ezekiel, but our country is so healthful, that it has starved them all out; in fact, there is little or no employ for any but bone-setters and man-midwives. Therefore, if I may advise, we will let Nature have her course for this night, which, with good nursing, and the attention of these kind women, we may hope will pass well with our patient, and to-morrow we will consult what more may be done for Mr Smith's relief and accommodation.

Smith, did you say? demanded Martin; my master's name is Delapoer, the Honourable Henry Delapoer, son of the late Lord Pendennis, and brother to the present; a gentleman of noble family, and great fortune, acquired with high reputation and long services in the East Indies.

Say you so! say you so! interposed Ezekiel.

And be assured, added Martin, he is not a man to let these your kind offices go unrewarded, if he lives to come to a sense of them: my master (Heaven preserve him!) is of a noble spirit, and lets nobody serve him for nothing.

What tell you me of his spirit, cried the preacher, drawing himself up into the stiffest of all human attitudes; there be others who have as much spirit as your master, and will not allow of any recompence to be made for the common offices of hospitality and humanity, which they have both the mind and the means to deal to those who stand in need of their assistance; but I excuse these sentiments in you, which, had they been sooner made known to me, I should not have mistaken your condition as I did.

Here Martin, finding he had roused the pride of his host, began to make apologies, which he had no sooner done, than the spirit of the good creature was instantly allayed, and, with many friendly expressions, and a hearty shake by the hand, he assured him every idea of offence was totally done away; and as he felt, perhaps, that more resentment had been shewn than the occasion warranted, he set about to qualify appearances, by telling Martin that there was not a man in the kingdom less irritable or captious than himself; everybody that knew him, could witness that his patience and forbearance were notorious to a proverb, so long as his motives were rightly understood; but as to them, he presumed every well-meaning man was naturally and laudably sensitive; for, to do eye-service to God, and take wages of Mammon, was to make a stalking-horse of religion, and, in his opinion, a most heinous and despicable piece of hypocrisy.

Ezekiel Daw had now sufficiently developed his own character, for Martin no longer to mistake it; so that having heard this harangue without returning any answer, peace was effec-

tually re-established, and the features of the apostle relaxed from their rigidity. He then proceeded to inquire what friends or relations Mr Delapoer might have in those parts, whom it might be proper to apprize of his situation, or if none such were at hand, what particular call he might have to the village of Crowbery, which caused him to travel with such speed and perseverance, to the sensible neglect of his health.

To this Martin replied, that he concluded it was business of no small importance, which brought his master to that place; but the particular nature of it he was not informed of; however, he understood so much from what had escaped him by the way, as to believe it had reference to Lord Crowbery in person, with whom his master seemed very eager to have an interview.

Enough said, quoth Ezekiel; his business lieth with the Lord Viscount at the castle, and his speed betokeneth the momentous nature of that business: I do recognize his person heretofore in these parts, when he passed himself upon me under the name of Smith; there is a mystery at the bottom, that I am not curious to pry into; nevertheless, friend, it seemed right unto me, that the Lord Viscount should be apprized of his arrival, and also of the malady, with which it hath pleased God to visit him, that so the aforesaid Lord Viscount may aid and assist us in this extremity with his counsel, and thereby lighten our responsibility, in case your master should die, which truly I do greatly fear will be the case.

Having so said, and no opposition being made on the part of Martin, Ezekiel stalked away, and, with hasty strides, bent his course towards the castle.

CHAP. V.

Bellum, Pax rursum.

THE party we left at the castle, consisting of Claypole and his niece, with the lord of the mansion, had passed their time in their accustomed retirement, and received no addition to their number from the curiosity or civility of their neighbours, for the unsocial qualities of the Viscount were well known to all the gentry round about him, and none of them loved or respected him sufficiently to pay him an uninvited visit. Amongst the various causes in nature, which tend to corroborate or impair an attachment, we are not curious to search for that particular motive which had operated to the evident abatement of his lordship's passion for Miss Fanny; but so it was, that his ardour had considerably cooled of late, so as to excite some uneasy sensations in the mind of the sagacious uncle, and, at certain times, emotions of indignation

and resentment in the tender bosom even of the lady herself. Perhaps it would have been prudent in this fair creature, whose personal charms were her chief, if not her only, recommendation, to have husbanded that resource with a little more economy; but as her uncle had, on his part, been as prodigal of advice, as she had been of favours, it may be presumed he overacted his part, so as to force her into measures directly contrary to what he recommended. Certain it is, that she did not love the Lord Crowbery, and therefore we may conclude some passion stood proxy for inclination, in her connexion with that personage; whatever this was, she followed it as a guide to matrimony, though by so doing, she very much dissented from her uncle's policy, who frequently objected to her, in the vulgar phrase of the common saying, that she had put the cart before the horse.

It so happened, that whilst Ezekiel was on his way to the castle, meditating as he walked on the address with which he purposed to introduce himself and his business to the noble Viscount, a tête-à-tête between his lordship and Miss Fanny had taken place, in which some little asperity had mixed with matters of a sweeter quality, that young lady having taken occasion to inquire of his lordship, what precise time he had fixed for making good his promises, by presenting her with a coronet, hinting in modest terms, that this was reasonably to be looked for before she returned the favour, by presenting him with an heir. Amongst various excuses which the peer had ready at hand to palliate his delay, the recent death of his lady was insisted on in a manner that provoked Miss Fanny to advance a few truths upon the meanness of hypocrisy; after so public a breach, she observed, between him and Lady Crowbery, the world could not expect even the semblance of sorrow on his part; that if he had meant to treat her memory with respect, how came it to pass that he failed to shew it to her remains, but consigned them to her uncle for burial? She could not, therefore, regard his plea of her recent death in any other light than as a palpable pretence to evade an act of honour and justice, which it would be more manly in him to disavow at once, and boldly face the consequences of his breach of faith, than meanly fritter away both her time and patience with apologies and excuses that were as frivolous as they were false. And what was this Lady Crowbery, for whom he held himself thus bound to sacrifice to appearances? Upon what terms did they live? In what temper did they part? Did he stir one foot from his door to accompany her on her way, when she departed from his house a dying woman? Had he any love, or respect, or even pity in his heart towards her, then was the time to shew it; but it was notorious he had not; and it was also as well known who had; it was no secret to her, at least, that Henry the adventu-

rer was the object of her fondest affection: that he embarked on board Captain Cary's ship for no other purpose but to give her the meeting at Lisbon; that when that undertaking failed, and illness stopped her short at Falmouth, there he joined her, there he renewed those uninterrupted attentions, which cheered her dying moments, and in his arms she fondly breathed out her last expiring sigh.—Damnation! madam, he exclaimed, do you think I have no feelings, that you sport with them so unmercifully? Do you think I have no sense of honour, of revenge? Can you suppose that villain shall escape my vengeance? And is this a time to talk of marriage?

Say, rather, she replied, is this a wife to mourn for? As for revenging yourself upon her favourite, if that be your serious pursuit, no fear but you will find it: Henry is not a man to avoid an open enemy; if your lordship has the spirit, he will give you the opportunity.

'Sblood! madam, do you doubt my spirit?

Till I have a better proof of your honour, I do doubt your spirit; but as I am persuaded Henry will soon return to these parts, your lordship may soon put that matter out of question, though I should rather think your first discussion ought to be with your lady's first love, Mr Delapoer, who I understand to be returned to England, fraught with the treasures of the East, and loud in his invectives against you.

Against me! cried the peer, sensibly alarmed: what has Mr Delapoer to do with me? Because he thought fit to run away with her before marriage, am I to be called to account by him after her death? If I am to fight my way through all her lovers, I had need have more lives than one for the undertaking. By the alacrity you express in numbering up my opponents, I should almost suspect you took pleasure in my danger.—To this she calmly replied, I only warn you of your danger, my lord, which is the office of a friend, and trusting to your courage, take an early opportunity of putting you upon your guard. I have a correspondent who has informed me of some particulars that perhaps you are unapprized of; I am told that Mr Delapoer had a meeting with your lady at Falmouth, and that he paid the closest and fondest attendance upon her in her last illness; I hear also, that he was present at her funeral, and remains inconsolable for her death; I farther understand, that he speaks of you with less respect than any man of spirit will permit his character to be spoken of. In short, my lord, I should not wonder if a man, whose blood is fired with the heats of India, and who avowedly imputes to you the death of the object so dearly loved, and so deeply lamented, shall be found capable of any measures, how violent soever, or how rash: nay, truly, it would not much surprise me to hear his name announced to you this very evening, as my servant tells me there has been a chaise and four

post-horses arrived in the village not an hour ago, and that the travellers were received into the house of Susan May, which, in your late friend Blachford's time, would hardly have been opened to visitors at that hour, and of that description.—Whilst Miss Fanny was thus speaking, the visage of Lord Crowbery became ruefully aghast; he struggled for words, but passion and pride stopped what fear and cowardice would have dictated. At last, after many efforts and much ridiculous gesticulation, he made shift to mutter out a few broken sentences, by which nothing was to be understood, but that he believed she was in a league with these assassins to attempt his life. With a smile of ineffable contempt, she replied, I am not in any league against your life, for, if I am injured, I know how to redress myself against the villain who betrays my confidence, and violates those promises he has employed to seduce my virtue. Let such a faithless wretch tremble at my vengeance; defenceless as I may seem to be, I have a spirit that will not stoop to infamy, and a hand that can execute the merited punishment on the defiler of my virgin honour.

This ranting menace, uttered with all the emphasis of a tragedy-heroine, might have lost its effect at any other time than the present, when his lordship's nerves were very much deranged from various causes; but now it was heard with terror; and when she rose from her seat with becoming dignity to make her exit, the spiritless and quivering lover earnestly requested her not to leave him in anger, for that he was ready to obey her wishes, and give her every possible proof of his love, honour, and good faith.—This atonement made her features soften into kindness, and whilst she tendered him her hand in token of forgiveness, she declared herself ready to stand by him in all difficulties and dangers, and make common cause against every impertinent that should offer to annoy him.

CHAP. VI.

An humble Visitor meets a haughty Reception.

THE terms that fear extorts, cunning commonly finds means to evade. Lord Crowbery had all the disposition in life to extricate himself from his embarrassments with Miss Fanny, and all the regret that heart could feel for having rashly involved himself in them. The peace he had patched up was of course a dubious one, but at the present moment it was convenient.

A servant now entered the room, and reported to his lord, that Ezekiel Daw was in waiting, and requested to be admitted upon business of importance. It was one of those ill-timed strokes that take a man in the moment of his

weakness. My lord might certainly have refused admission to a poor neighbour of Daw's condition; but Miss Fanny had instantly given her voice in the affirmative, and for him to revoke it was to subject himself to greater inconveniences than his confirming it might lead to. It is probable that the idea of Delapoer rushed upon his mind, when he heard the name of Ezekiel Daw; but a thousand other trifling matters might occur to bring that good apostle to his door, who was ever busy in the interests of his poor neighbours, and forward to stand forth as their advocate with the rich and mighty. Having, therefore, put the previous question of What does the fellow want with me? and received for answer from the servant, that Daw would not communicate his business; the cautious peer directed his message first to Mr Claypole, desiring the favour of his attendance, and then permitted him to tell Ezekiel that he would see him for a few moments. In consequence of these orders, the Reverend Mr Claypole and the untitled field-preacher entered the audience-chamber, where sat the lord of the castle and his lady elect, nearly at the same moment.

Ezekiel made his reverence, and was told to deliver himself of his business in as few words as possible.—I doubt not, replied the preacher, that time is precious to your lordship, who so well knows the uses of it; and I shall therefore intrude no farther on your patience, than a brief recital of my motives for soliciting the honour of this audience will of necessity involve. Benevolence, my lord, as this reverend divine can testify, is a virtue which——

We do not wish to hear you expatiate upon, said Claypole, interrupting him. Let brevity for once be your virtue, Ezekiel Daw, or patience will not be ours, and you will be dismissed without a hearing.

Reverend sir, replied Ezekiel, I will be brief, and not put any virtue of yours to a trial that might perchance be too hard for it. This is my business—A traveller hath this evening arrived in our village, who now sojourneth at the house of Susannah May, of whose coming I held it as my duty to advertise the Lord Viscount Crowbery.

And what is that to me? cried the peer, sensibly alarmed.

My lord, replied Daw, I humbly conceive it is so far forth appertaining to you, forasmuch as the gentleman, whose name is Delapoer, a person as it seemeth of high birth and noble family, incontinently seeketh your lordship upon business, peradventure of no slight importance, seeing he hath travelled with unremitting speed, to the great detriment of his health, and at the imminent peril of his life; which, if I have any skill in prognostics, now draweth fast to a conclusion.

At the name of Delapoer my lord turned pale,

and was visibly in great perturbation : the information with which Ezekiel concluded his speech, was of a more welcome sort. Rallying his spirits, he assumed a haughty tone, and demanded of the preacher, if he knew the nature of the business that Delapoer pretended to have with him.—To this it was replied, that he knew it not, nor was the poor gentleman himself in a condition to make it known, having arrived in a high state of fever, which had seized his brain, and deprived him of his senses.—And where are your senses, said Claypole, who knew enough of Delapoer's story to unravel the whole mystery, to come on such an errand? What has my Lord Crowbery to do with Mr Delapoer and his delirium? Let Kinloch, or Dame May, or any other old woman of the place, (yourself for instance,) put a blister on his head, or nurse your patient after any other fashion you think fit; we have neither doctors, surgeons, nor apothecaries in this family: I am astonished you have the assurance to intrude yourself upon his lordship and the company present with such a tale.

If I am guilty of an indecorum in coming hither, said Ezekiel, I should expect your reverence would be the first to find pardon for my error, seeing it can spring from none but Christian motives of benevolence and charity. The stranger, who now languishes on the bed of sickness, might draw comfort from the presence of a noble person, whom he has sought with such avidity; and that noble person (pardon the presumption with which I speak it in his hearing) might seize the joyful opportunity of succouring a fellow-creature in the hour of distress.

This said, and no answer given, Ezekiel made his humble obeisance and retired. Claypole, who bore him an ancient grudge, did not spare him on the occasion, calling him an officious, canting, methodistical rascal. Miss Fanny, who saw her prediction verified so unexpectedly, kept her eyes upon the peer, secretly enjoying his confusion, whilst he maintained a sullen silence, persuaded that the whole had been a plot of her devising, and more than ever determined to escape out of her hands; for this purpose, he soon retired to his library for meditation, where it occurred to him to write to his cousin Captain Crowbery, whose assistance he foresaw would be necessary to him on many accounts, and on whose courage and counsel he could firmly rely. A short letter, requiring his instant presence, being written and dispatched, he found his mind considerably more at ease; and to cover his designs, carried himself towards Miss Fanny and her uncle with more than ordinary cordiality and good humour. Claypole, though a cunning man in the general, was so effectually blinded by this finesse, and by the report his niece made of the result of her last altercation with his lordship, that he considered her as viscountess elect, and his labours crown-

ed with success. He commended her very highly for her spirit, and observed, that fear operated on her lover's nature as the more powerful passion of the two; but no matter for that, so long as the object was attained, he would not quarrel with the means. He hoped Delapoer was not absolutely in a dying state, but of that he was determined to satisfy himself very speedily, for he regarded him, under the present circumstances, as a very lucky instrument for quickening his lordship's measures, which he should take the first fair opportunity of promoting, by suggesting a temporary secession from Crowbery, during which the knot might be secretly tied, and not only the appearances of precipitation avoided, but also the interview with Delapoer, that he seemed so much to dread: to these ideas Miss Fanny, on her part, very cordially assented.

When Ezekiel arrived at Susan May's, he had the satisfaction to hear that Mr Williams, the surgeon, had surprised them with a visit, and was then in attendance upon the sick person. He had obtained his discharge from his ship, and was now come, upon Zachary's invitation, to give him the meeting upon the spot, and adjust the preliminaries of their treaty for the shop and trade. Nothing could be more critically fortunate for poor Delapoer, than the arrival of this intelligent young man, who had already rendered him such services, and made himself so acceptable to his patient. As for Daw, who esteemed Williams, and despised Kinloch, his joy was excessive; and it was with some difficulty Susan May prevented him from rushing into the sick man's room to tell him so. In the meantime, a bed was appropriated to Williams in her house, that he might be near at hand, and within call at all hours; for he had already pronounced upon the case of his patient as extremely dangerous. His applications, however, had such effect, that before the night was past, Williams had the satisfaction to see a change of symptoms, that augured favourably, and was recognized by Delapoer, with marks of joyful surprise and satisfaction. The meeting between Williams and Ezekiel was very affectionate, nor did his friend Susan fail to give him a reception perfectly kind and cordial. When he stated to them the object of his coming, they were rejoiced to hear there was so fair a chance of his settling amongst them, to the exclusion of Kinloch; and, in truth, Williams was deservedly beloved by all that knew him, being a young man of most gentle and engaging manners, in person very agreeable, and of a well-informed understanding, with everything that could recommend him in the line of his profession. At such times and seasons as his patient did not need his attendance, he gave the whole detail of his adventures, by land and sea, since he had quitted Crowbery; but, in a more particular manner, he recited everything that had passed from the

time that Henry had joined the frigate. This was the most interesting part of his story to Ezekiel and Susan, who listened with admiration and delight to the animated picture Williams drew of their heroic friend, and which he coloured to the height with every warm tint that truth could give, or valour and humanity deserve. Whilst this was in relation, Ezekiel's glowing spirit would break forth into rapture and exultation ; ever and anon he would spring from his seat, erect himself into a martial attitude, and thunder forth his applauses, forgetting sometimes his accustomed sobriety of speech, and launching forth into apostrophes of triumph, which, if they did not absolutely amount to a breach of the statute against swearing, were yet but hair-breadth escapes from the penal letter of the law. Susan's fine eyes, meanwhile, expressed the tenderest sensibility of soul ; now dropping tears of sympathy, now glistening bright with transport, emotions that cannot be thought to have escaped the penetrating observation of the narrator.

I knew, exclaimed Ezekiel, in one of his rhapsodies, that my boy was brave. It was I, and I alone, who first discovered the innate integrity of his heart ; albeit, he was then oppressed under a cloud of accusations and appearances of guilt. It was I, and I alone, who stepped forth in the defence of innocence, and opposed my single voice in arrest of condemnation, against a torrent of overbearing witnesses. This good dame, I confess, took pity on his corporal sufferings, and, like the charitable Samaritan, poured oil and wine into his wounds : I do not aver, take notice, that it was identically oil and wine which she administered, but it was something as good, and served the purpose she intended by it ; the allusion is not less apposite, because it is not literal ; Heaven will consider the mind, and not scrutinize the medicine. He was guiltless, and we rescued him ; friendless, and we protected him ; hungry, and we fed him ; had he been in prison, I would have come unto him even there, for my bowels yearned towards him in Christian charity and compassion : and now, behold, he is brave ; he wieldeth the sword against the enemies and blasphemers of his faith ; he fighteth valiantly in the righteous cause of his king, his country, and his God. Who would not do the same ? Who would not die in such a glorious contest ? I would, for one.—But out upon it ! whither does my passion hurry me ? Do I not forget myself ? Have I not a calling that warneth me from deeds like these ? Am I not a preacher of peace ?

Here Ezekiel sunk down in his chair, confounded and abashed, whilst his lips moved and his eyes were turned upwards in secret ejaculation ; which Williams observing, kept silence for some few minutes, and then, watching his opportunity, threw in a few consolatory remarks, by way of qualifying his self-reproach, which

will be found, by those who think it worth their while to search for them, in the succeeding chapter.

CHAP. VII.

First Love sinks deep into the human Heart.

I AM sorry, friend Daw, that you should seem for a moment to retract the sentiments and expressions which my recital drew from you. What is so natural as to exult in the heroism of a friend ? I protest to you, though my profession has no more to do with the actual operations of the battle than yours has, yet my heart glows for my countrymen, when I hear them applauded for their valour ; and as to this action which I have been relating to you, though our victory was not great in its consequences to the nation at large, yet none could be more glorious to the brave hearts who obtained it ; in which, let me tell you, our gallant young friend distinguished himself in a most conspicuous manner. Had you but seen him, as I did, when he brought Tom Weevil to the cockpit to be dressed, you would have owned you had beheld the perfect model of a real hero. Such a countenance ! (here he turned to Susan,) never in my life did I look upon the like ; why, 'twas what we may form to our fancies for the picture of Achilles ; such fire in his eyes ; but then it was tempered with so much pity and consideration for the wounded object, who had indeed a most desperate cut across the cheek, that he had got in the boarding—

At these words, Susan shrunk back in her chair, and put her hand before her eyes, whilst Dame May eagerly demanded if poor Tom Weevil was killed ; to which Williams answered, that it was a mere flesh wound, in no degree dangerous, and which was just sufficient to leave an honourable scar upon his skin. He then, addressing himself to Ezekiel, proceeded to say,—You, Mr Daw, and the good dame here present, have some experience of these matters ; but you can have little, if any, conception of the horrid cases we have to deal with during the carnage of an action. Of this, however, we will not speak in the presence of Mrs Susan, whose tender heart is ill-suited to such descriptions. The virtues of Mr Henry will be a more pleasing subject to her ears, and of these the catalogue would be in a manner inexhaustible.

Whilst he proceeded to recount a variety of anecdotes to the credit of Henry, particularly his humane exertions for Mr Delapoer, who was found a prisoner on board the enemy's ship, and also his kindnesses to himself in the negotiation with Doctor Cawdle, he read the heart of Susan in her countenance, and perceived, that whilst he was praising Henry, he was recommending

himself ; for this her eyes declared with a sensibility that could not be mistaken. First impressions are not easily obliterated—Williams's soft heart had felt those impressions early in life for Susan, then in the first bud of beauty. Time, that had matured her form, had improved her charms, and though there was something for delicacy to stumble at in the history of her adventures with Blachford, yet there were such mitigating circumstances to set against it, that he began to feel in himself a strong propensity to wave all refinements, and revert with ardour to his first passion. We have already said, that a more alluring person than Susan's was hardly to be met with ; we may now add, that a more susceptible heart than Williams's must have been a rare discovery in nature ; if, therefore, he was not easily revolted by small dangers, it was a consequence of his being operated upon by strong attractions. When they were boy and girl under the same roof, every minute they could rescue from the duties of their service, they devoted to each other ; at a playful age, their love was merely sport and playfulness ; as time advanced, opportunities were more greedily sought, and more ingeniously improved ; inexperienced youth is prone to curiosity, and the dalliance of the sexes is sure to be progressive ; in the path of pleasure, there is no pausing place upon which the foot of the novice can rest, even for a moment's recollection. So was it with this fond pair ; they had no Mentor at hand to break the spell ; Jemima was herself no edifying example to Susan ; Zachary was no rigid moral master to Williams ; prudence was not the reigning virtue in Susan's character ; self-denial was not the best attribute that Williams had to boast of : as their meetings became more delicious, so they contrived to make them more secret ; still they were subjected to repeated interruptions, and the innocence of Susan was frequently indebted to the petulance of her mistress for its timely rescue ; but fortune is not such a friend to virtue, as to work miracles for its sake ; and if there is nothing but chance to save a poor damsel from a false step, I am afraid there is but little chance of her being saved at all. In a soft and yielding moment, Susan's protecting genius being asleep on his post, and love alert and wakeful, Williams *stole unheeded to her chamber*, and, without the church's sanction, was admitted to all the privileges of a husband.

Furtive enjoyments are seldom less fleeting than they ought to be. Our lovers were soon discovered in their meetings, and the consequence was their instant separation. Williams went to seek his fortune at sea, and Susan staid on shore to bewail his absence ; not that he left her like a man who runs away from the mischief he has committed ; on the contrary, he tendered to her every recompense in his power, but nothing cannot be divided, and the proffer-

ed indemnification was of course postponed till better days should enable him to invite her to a better situation. During the whole of his peregrinations, no rival ever detached his heart from its first love ; he kept in faithful remembrance all his own promises and Susan's favours, anxious to seize the first moment his good fortune might present to him for fulfilling his engagements. Three years had now passed away whilst he had been beating the round of service, with little other gain than of experience in his profession. He was now at the age of twenty-three, and Susan had scarce completed her nineteenth year, and within that period events had occurred which stand recorded in this history, that in one sense favoured their union, and in another discouraged it ; but the explanation Henry had given him of Blachford's treachery in the case of Susan's seduction, had qualified his repugnance, and converted into pity what would else have been aversion and contempt. In the meantime, her personal attractions were improved by years, and his sensibility not abated by absence ; the only struggle he had now to suffer, was his dread of being thought a mercenary suitor, (for the balance of worldly wealth was strongly on the side of Susan,) and his discovery of an impression in Henry's favour, which seemed to him to be paramount to all things else in her remembrance. Of this, however, time and future observation could alone give him the necessary assurance ; and, in the meanwhile, his attendance upon Mr Delapoe would in a manner occupy his whole time, and be a sufficient excuse for his delay in entering into any conversation with her that might draw him into a premature discussion of what was passing in his thoughts.

Whilst matters hung in this suspense, the Reverend Mr Claypole, impatient to be informed of Delapoe's real situation, and, if possible, to gain some light into his business, called at Susan May's, and meeting with Williams, was not sorry to hear that his patient was no longer in so desperate a state as was at first apprehended. As to the derangement of his senses, concerning which he was particularly inquisitive, Williams naturally told him that there was no mental debility in Mr Delapoe, except what was incidental to his fever, and even that was considerably abated.

Did he know, Claypole asked, what particular concern he had with the Lord Crowbery, that had brought him in such haste into those parts ?

To this Williams replied, properly enough, that it was out of his line to pry into those matters ; but candidly confessed, that he could collect enough from the rambling discourse that his patient would at times start into, that there was something on his mind of a very irritative as well as interesting nature ; and it was much to be wished that some common friend of the

parties could seasonably interpose for the prevention of extremities.

Claypole, rightly conceiving this to be pointed at himself, said, that, for his own part, he had no commission to enter upon the business; and being a perfect stranger to the gentleman above stairs, as well as to the motives of his discontent, he should by no means choose to thrust himself officiously into an unwelcome office, but wait till he should be called upon, when his best endeavours, as a friend of peace, would not fail to be forthcoming. With this profession, he broke up the conference, and returned to the castle.

CHAP. VIII.

*When Parties understand each other rightly,
Business advances rapidly.*

It was on the evening of this day, whilst Ezekiel was engaged with his pipe, and Dame May employed in affairs of the family, that chance threw Williams and his friend Susan together, in a moment, and after a manner, so pointedly commodious for a tête-à-tête, that they must have been ingenious indeed to have found means of avoiding it, without betraying more disinclination towards each other's company, than either of them in reality possessed. The sick man was asleep; Susan had taken up her work; Williams was seated beside her; the parlour-door was shut, and the hour was sacred from interruption.

Susan kept her eyes upon her work: Williams directed his upon her: both parties were embarrassed, and neither could at once find courage to break silence. A kind of preparatory hum, like the tuning of an instrument, bespoke an effort on the part of Williams; this produced a responsive note in unison from Susan, who, at the same time, raised her eyes from the object they had been fixed upon, and guided them in that direction, as to clash with his by the way; a soft and almost imperceptible relaxation of the muscles, which none but a lover's sensibility of perception could have construed into a smile, struck courage into his heart, as an invitation to hope, and the words found way—'Tis a long age, in my account of time, since we parted, said Williams.

And I doubt you have suffered a great many hardships in that period, replied Susan.

Many people would have thought them such, he rejoined: but where the whole soul is engrossed by one over-ruling affliction, lesser evils are scarcely felt.

That is true indeed, she replied; if such was the state of your mind, Mr Williams, you might well be indifferent to small inconveniences, when so great a sorrow possessed you altogether.

What could be more afflicting, he said, than

the cruel necessity I was under of flying from one I so dearly loved? Trust me, my dear Susan, it was a heart-breaking separation, and that nothing but the hopes of establishing myself in some such way of business as might enable me to fulfil those engagements towards you, which I ever held as sacred, could have supported my spirits through such a length of time; and suffer me to assure you, my sweet girl, that my heart has been steady to its first love, through all changes and chances; it has been ever yours; and if I hesitate at this moment to convince you of its sincerity, it is because fortune has made your scale so much heavier than mine, that I might perhaps be thought to act from mercenary motives, an imputation which I disdain, and disavow from my very soul.

That is an imputation, said Susan, I shall never make against you. But, alas! those very advantages I have gained in point of fortune, must be regarded by you, who know my history, as insuperable objections to any views you might otherwise have had. An unmarried mother will never be your object in an honourable light; and neither you nor I have any longer the plea of inexperienced youth to excuse our frailties, as once we had.—Here she cast down her eyes, and yielded to a suffusion of blushes, that so captivated the enamoured heart of Williams, that, by an irresistible impulse, he caught her in his arms, and, in a transport of love, smothered her with caresses. A negotiation conducted upon these terms, was not likely to be very tedious between parties so tempered as Williams and Susan May.

I protest to truth, he cried, that the wrongs you have suffered from that villainous seducer, only render you more dear to my heart, and more lovely in my eyes: inasmuch as they add pity to affection, and inspire me with the most ardent desire to stand forth as your defender against all the world, who shall dare to breathe a word against your reputation. By my soul, Susan, if I could flatter myself that your heart was untouched by any other passion than that which I first planted in it; if I could believe that no happier lover, superior to me in every point, had effaced the impression I once made on that dear bosom, it is not all the injuries that Blachford, or a hundred such as Blachford, could accumulate upon you, would hold me back one moment from your arms. No, no, I have no such principles by nature, nor have I learned any such amongst my country's brave defenders on the sea, as should induce me to desert the girl that has favoured me with her confidence, because I found her either plunged in the extremest poverty, or suffering under undeserved disgrace.

One of the kindest glances which Susan's fascinating eyes could bestow, witnessed the effect which this gallant declaration had upon her heart: it was a signal of something more than hope to her happy lover, and produced no com-

mon returns of gratitude from him—but it has been more than once made known to the readers of this history, that we are no dealers in description ; to recite what is said, so far, at least, as it refers to the elucidation of events, is all that we undertake for ; it must be left to imagination to fill up the scenes with action and dumb show. After an interval, in which, though the parties were silent, the business did not sleep, Susan candidly explained to Williams the nature of her attachment to Henry, giving him a brief but fair account how it arose, to what length it reached, and where it stopped ; and this account had a farther claim to his entire belief, inasmuch as it perfectly accorded in all points with what our hero himself had told him, in their conversation on the subject. It was natural that such a person as Henry's should attract attention ; it was impossible that a nature so animated as Susan's should overlook it. But as honour forbade her to accept his hand, when the humility of his fortune might have tempted him to offer it ; so the change in his circumstances, and the attachment he had formed, were now become such insuperable bars to hope of any sort, that all danger and delusion were totally at an end. It was clear that nothing had occurred which Susan had cause to regret, and that nothing could occur which Williams had any reason to fear. Doubt and mistrust being thus removed, and a mutual good understanding established, with absolute confidence in each other's honour, Williams renewed his former vows, and Susan scrupled not to confess her former liking. If we had the privilege of the comic poet, who makes marriages a momentary business, we would couple these lovers in those holy bands without loss of time, and the rather because we are not perfectly sure but that they ought to have been married, or acted as if they had been married. But, alas ! we historians are tied down to forms, and dare not do them violence, though they might not be so scrupulously regarded by those whom we have at this moment found occasion to bring together on the scene. Let it be remembered, however, in the way of palliation, that there is no moment so dangerous to female discretion, none so favourable to an ardent suitor, as that in which first love is renewed.

O Nature ! whom alone it is my destiny to follow, when I attempt to paint the characters of my fellow-creatures, why wilt thou not always lead me through pure and unsoiled paths, in the way that I most wish to go, setting up a mark at every resting-place, for morality to steer by, and presenting no one object to my view but what throws a lustre on the history of man, and reflects a bright example to that portion of posterity that shall chance to read it ?—Why wilt thou compel me to record the frailties of thy fairest works, thou mother of all nations ?—How often have I combated thy obstinate authority to the length almost of rebellion

itself, whilst I have been persuading thee to acknowledge some unfriended outcasts from society as children of thine own !—What is it I have not attempted, in my zeal to reconcile thee to the sufferers by prejudice ? But thou art capriciously ingenious in devising models for thy academy, which are dashed with blemishes so cunningly interwoven into the very essence of the work, that he who aims to mend a part, mars the whole. In copying thy productions, so faithful must be the hand of the imitator, that every blot in the original must be reflected in the transcript.

CHAP. IX.

Some People preach over their Liquor.

WHILST sleep was refreshing the exhausted faculties of Delapoer, and love in possession of the whole soul of Williams, Ezekiel's pipe was out, and his meditations at an end ; the fire he had kept up in both quarters was burnt down to the embers ; and, as he was coming from the next door, Susan, who kept a good look-out against a surprise, adjusted her apartment, and put herself in proper trim to receive him.

O woman ! woman ! thou art a curious compound of sincerity and finesse, of candour and cunning ; alert in thy resources when discovery threatens, feeble in thy defences when temptation assails thee ! Love, thou art a traitor, an incendiary, a thief, on whom the hardest name I could bestow would be a term too gentle for thy unutterable wickedness. All the world knows thee, yet more than half of it trusts thee to their cost. Though they call thee a god, it would disgrace the very devil himself to claim kindred with thee. There is Susan, for instance, to whose virtues I would else have consecrated the fairest page in this immortal history, would have been a mirror of all human excellence, but for thee, thou insinuating imp !

Heyday ! exclaimed the preacher, looking her in the face as she met him at the parlour-door ; what a change is here in thy countenance, daughter of mine ! I should guess thou hast some extraordinary good news to tell me, by the liveliness of thine eye, and the lustre of thy complexion. Is thy sick guest on the recovery ? Hath our friend Williams cheered thee with the glad tidings of his convalescence ? And, truly, he also doth appear very sensibly exhilarated. Why, this is well, my children ; this is as it should be ; this is the feast of the soul, which conscience serves up to us when it brings into the review the good deeds we have been doing. This is the fruit of love, my girl, of that love I have often recommended to thee, as yielding the most rapturous gratification to the senses, joys in which thou mayst indulge without stint or

remorse. No fear, my good child, that thou should'st be satiated with these enjoyments, for they are congenial to thy nature ; they flow from thy benevolence, and in sharing them with thy fellow-creatures, thou fulfillest the great purpose of thy creation. And thou, friend Williams, art a young man of goodly parts and endowments ; thou hast done well in thy vocation, working the good work of love in conjunction with this hospitable damsel, and comforting her kind heart with the timely efforts of thy successful skill and experience in the secret powers and energies of nature, with which gift I do pronounce thee to be in no ordinary degree furnished and endowed ; and happy is it, not only for the stranger above stairs, but for all our neighbours, that thou art come to reside and practise in these parts. Now, then, we will sit down and rejoice over the reflection of a well-spent day ; whilst the good dame, our willing caterer, shall provide us a temperate refreshment, with a can of that mild wholesome beverage which our own fields afford. I envy not the vineyards of France, Portugal, or Spain ; I covet not their intoxicating, their adulterated draughts. A tankard of my own native ale, fresh, smiling in my face, and mantling to my lips, whilst both the senses of taste and smell sympathize in the joint delight, is to me a treat which all the vats of the wine-press cannot compare with. Come, my child, let thy good mother replenish the pitcher, and we will pledge each other to the health of the poor stranger above stairs, and to the many and happy repetitions of this gladsome moment.

Thus having predicated, Ezekiel deposited his hat and staff in a corner of the room, whilst Susan glanced a smile at Williams so expressive, and withal so sweet, that the muse of comedy, or thou her second self, inimitable Eliza !* might have deigned to acknowledge it ; then springing nimbly from her seat, she hastened to obey the social proposal.

Reader, to thy heart I dedicate this humble scene ! Let thy fancy fill it up with all those pleasing images that creative genius can supply. Call forth thy benevolence, let every joyous particle that warms thy veins and sets thy heart in motion towards mankind, animate the composition, and then thou shalt paint the dame with glowing philanthropy in her countenance, and the foaming goblet in her hand, entering the room, followed by the jocund miller, father of the brave Tom Weevil, and welcomed by all voices with the glorious all-hail of neighbourly love and cordiality. See them assembled round the board, hand clasped by hand, lip succeeding lip in their salutations to the spirit-stirring tankard, whilst the triumphs of Old England, and libations to the health of her brave defenders,

circulated round the table, and whilst Williams recounted to the exulting father the gallant actions of his boy, not omitting to relate the circumstance of his wound, and the honourable scar he would bring home as a trophy of his victory and fame.

A flood of thanks to Williams poured from the hopper of old Weevil's lips, backed with hearty invitations to the mill, and congratulations upon his settling amongst them, garnished with many oaths and protestations of good will and zeal for his success.—'Sblood ! my dear Billy, he vociferated, in his loudest key, I would not only be contented to fall sick to bring you custom, but, damn me, if I would not even die to do you credit.

Hold, hold ! cried Ezekiel, interposing ; swear not at all, friend Thomas, neither believe that the death of the patient can bring credit to his doctor. Die, if it be required of thee, for thy country's sake ;—die for thy religion, for thy faith, for the defence of thy family ; but, in the meantime, live for thyself and thy friends here present, and drink about for good fellowship.

Ay, by my soul, quoth old Tom, I shall be glad to stop a bit longer amongst you, for I have a heart for my friends, and thou art a true one, Zekiel, I will say for thee, and so is my dear Billy and the good dame, and my pretty pretty Mrs Susan ; damn it—(Hush, cried Ezekiel)—I would fain see the scoundrel that dares wag his tongue to her disparagement in my hearing. Zooks ! I would soon clap a stopper upon his clack ; and I hope I shall live to see the day very shortly when she shall be married to her deserts. A fair creature, friend Williams, and a dainty one, though I say it to her face, as ever the blessed sun shone light upon, is she not?—Here Williams nodded assent, and shook him by the hand, whilst Susan tittered, and looked archly under her eye-lids.

What ! continued the miller, she must not live in this lone house like a mope, when some good fellow may be blest in her arms, and have corn, wine, and oil, in abundance ; why, 'tis against nature, and so the good mother will say, and so says friend Zekiel, for all he looks so grave upon it. Come, doctor, I'll give you a text, and you shall give us a preachment upon it. *Increase and multiply.*

Though levity of conversation seldom passed unreviewed by Ezekiel, especially when it glanced upon sacred topics, yet it so happened that just then Ezekiel was in no disposition for reproof. The exhilarating tankard had given him a flow of soul that would not suffer him to chill the gaiety of his companions ; yet, as far as Weevil's challenge went for a preachment, as he termed it, the good apostle was no flincher, and perhaps never found himself in a much better cue to take up the gauntlet.

* The inimitable Eliza was Miss Farren, now Countess of Derby ; who, besides imparting nameless fascination to every character in which she performed, had embodied several of those in Mr Cumberland's dramatic pieces.

Planting himself, therefore, in his oratorical attitude, with his thumbs tucked into his waistcoat pockets, and his fingers expanded like the claws of a bird, he gave two or three solemn hems to bespeak attention, and began as follows:—When I revolve in my thoughts the wide-wasting ravages of death, I cannot but regard with gratitude and respect those prolific matrons, by whose labour of love the gaps and chasms in creation are filled up and replenished, which sword, pestilence, and famine, are hourly making. Praise be to their patriotic endeavours in an honest way, and much are they to be preferred to those solitary and sequestered damsels, who, shutting themselves up in nunneries and convents, keep their natural faculties inert and lifeless, leaving to others of their sex to struggle under heavy burthens, whilst they go free and partake not of the toil. If all women were of their persuasion, the world must wear out like an annuity, and cease with the present generation; for I believe I may boldly assert, that no way has yet been discovered by the curious in all ages, how such a consequence could be prevented, if the fair sex were one and all to stand out, and no longer lend a helping hand to the work. Again, when I call to recollection that before a single babe can be produced in the world, two rational free agents must be in the same mind to give it life, I am astonished there can have been, through so many ages, such a coincidence of sentiment and good will between the sexes, as to keep the work going; and more praise, of course, must be due to that party on whom the weight bears hardest, which, if I rightly guess, is the woman. I speak under correction, my worthy neighbours, for, having no positive experience to guide me in either case, I will not take upon myself to pronounce, from my own knowledge, on the point in question. Tell me who can, for I profess it is past my finding out, to what secret cause it is owing that the population of this globe of earth is upheld. How comes it to pass that there is no drawing back, no renegation in that quarter where the whole pain and peril of the task falls with such partial preponderance? When I reflect on this, I own to you I have sometimes trembled for the fate of posterity, fearing it should be cut off at once, and the world docked of its entail at a stroke; but when I look round me, and perceive how vain these apprehensions are, and that my fair countrywomen, for whom I have such fears, fear nothing for themselves, but carry the world merrily on, (and, indeed, in many instances with more haste than good speed, as the saying is,) I take heart and believe, that as the hand of Heaven set it a-going, nothing but the same hand will stop it; concluding within myself, that when the commandment was given to increase and multiply, there was something given with it that makes up to those who are at the pains to obey it.

You need not doubt it, said old Weevil; and immediately Williams, who pretty well guessed

how Susan thought upon the subject, started some other topic, and changed the discourse.

CHAP. X.

Four Parties fairly matched at a round Game of Hypocrisy.

AT the castle, in the meantime, all parties were busily employed in plots upon each other. The Reverend Mr Claypole made his best use of the intelligence he had picked up from Williams for alarming the Lord Crowbery, and grounding upon his fears his favourite proposal of a temporary retirement and a speedy marriage. His lordship gave him the hearing with all due courtesy and good breeding, but with no inclination to follow it in any other point but what suited his own purpose; as to quitting Crowbery, they were both of a mind, but so far from turning it to Claypole's views of hastening the marriage, his intention was to employ it as the means of totally avoiding it. Miss Fanny entertained her fancy in devising projects for post-matrimonial amusements; and in these it may well be doubted if his lordship's honour and repose were the ruling objects of her meditation. Privileges of rank, extension of authority, and indulgence of propensities attached to her constitution, had certainly some share of her attention, and, had her system taken place, the wrongs her predecessor suffered might have been amply avenged.

Captain Crowbery, whom my lord had summoned to his assistance, obeyed the call, and, having heard the case, acted as gentlemen in his predicament mostly act, and recommended those very measures which he found his principal predisposed to pursue. It was therefore resolved upon, with joint consent, that it would be advisable for his lordship to take a tour upon the continent, whilst the captain kept guard upon the castle, with full powers, at discretion, to get rid of Miss Fanny and her uncle upon the best terms he could make. And here let it be remarked, for the edification of my female readers, that those very steps which Miss Fanny took to secure her conquest, were urged against her as the first and strongest impediments to the completion of it.

This commission, it may well be supposed, was not in all respects the most pleasant to the undertaker of it, but it was attended with no small bribe to his diligence, inasmuch, as in the event of his lordship's death without heirs, the captain was next in succession to his title and estate; and it was something more than probable, on the supposition of Miss Fanny's marriage taking place, that my lord would not long be childless. The captain was a man of spirit and address, not naturally disposed to put his hand to every mean unworthy job, but too good a politician to oppose his cousin's will, and not so

much his own enemy as to have an unconquerable repugnance against serving him in a case like the present.

It is not to be expected that his coming at this crisis was the most welcome of all events to the uncle and niece, and it certainly required some management to mask the plot he had concerted against them. To Mr Claypole he talked freely on the reasons of his invitation, ascribing them to the alarm that Delapoe's arrival had given to his noble cousin, hinting, in no very distant terms, at his want of spirit, and acknowledging, in conformity to his ideas, that the best thing his lordship could do, would be to step aside for a time, and leave the matter, whatever it might be, to be made up in his absence by deputation, which, he observed, was indeed an unpleasant office, though he was ready to undertake it for the good of all parties, and the rescue of his kinsman's reputation.

This passed tolerably well upon Claypole, who knew enough of Lord Crowbery's want of spirit, to think it perfectly natural that he should wish to have the Captain about him, and as this gentleman agreed with his wishes in advising the same measures for a change of place, he saw no immediate danger of his schemes being traversed, and therefore continued to flatter himself that the promised marriage was in a fair train to take place.

Captain Crowbery had a part also to act with Miss Fanny, and upon this he entered with considerable advantages ; for besides that her character was too open to be mistaken, and her foibles well known to him, he had the requisites of an agreeable manner, a good person, great powers of flattery, and a facility of assuming any species of disguise that might suit his purposes. With her he put on the gay and careless air of a mere soldier of fortune, who considered her as the lady elect of the head of his house, and paid court to her accordingly. This so effectually flattered her vanity, that she seemed never weary of encouraging his humility with the smile of protection, nor was he deficient in humouring her with opportunities for the display of those graces so condescendingly bestowed. He had enough of that faculty of small talk to be sufficiently eloquent upon insignificant topics ; he could point a compliment, or envelope a double meaning with all the readiness of a practitioner in that commodious art, and, indeed, he was not behindhand with any man of modern honour in the true principles of the sect ; for he had courage to justify seduction, and gallantry to despise friendship, whenever the charms of a wife, of a daughter, or (which is more than either) of a mistress, came in contact with his passions, and with opportunity to profit by : with these accomplishments we need not wonder that he succeeded in his efforts to lull the suspicion of a lady not over incredulous ; and had his ambition prompted

him to higher objects than a little inglorious deceit, we may presume he would have been no less fortunate, for Miss Fanny seemed in a very likely train to overlook both his situation and her own.

His lordship's preparations, in the meantime, were put forward with unremitting diligence. As it was necessary for him to provide himself for his tour, and settle his remittances with his banker before he set forward, a journey to town became indispensable, and for this he had only to pretend the customary occasions of consulting his conveyancer upon the marriage settlement, and providing a licence, together with all other necessary appendages to a noble bride. These were pleasant tidings to the parties interested, and his lordship's preparations were cordially seconded by the reverend uncle of the young lady, whose interest was so much concerned in quickening his departure, that she seemed to have forgot the obvious compliment of lamenting it. There was a concurrence of circumstances, that made it in a manner unavoidable for his lordship to invite Mr Claypole to bear him company on this jaunt ; it had its *pro* and *con* in point of convenience, but as it was no difficult matter for him to give that reverend gentleman the slip in such a town as London, the offer was made of a place in the chaise with all seeming sincerity, and accepted with no other hesitation, but as to the point of decorum towards his niece, who in that case would be left to keep house with Captain Crowbery alone ; but as this scruple was with himself singly, and not admitted by my lord himself, or the lady elect, who, indeed, treated all such out-of-date ideas with the contempt they merited, it was withdrawn almost as soon as it was advanced, and the engagement was made.

I think, said my lord to the Captain, on the eve before his departure, this business will be better managed between you and my madam in the absence of the parson, than if he was to stay where he is, and make third-fellow in the fray ; two to one is odds in argument, and Claypole is a plaguy proser, as I shall find to my cost ; but I'll keep the wheels going till I have him safe in London, and then I'll soon bequeath him to his meditations ; a fellow that has treated his own patron with such ingratitude, deserves no mercy. As to Miss Fanny, I don't expect you will find much difficulty in qualifying her anger ; for as love is out of the question, which of all passions is the most turbulent, you will have only to contend with a little dogged disappointment, and when she has spent her fire in abusing me, in which I give you free leave to join her, I predict that you will find her as reasonable and as flexible as you can wish ; only let me escape from her talons, and I have little care what becomes of her afterwards.

That's a happy indifference, cried the Cap-

tain, smiling, and I can only promise you I will do my best to pacify her by every means but marrying her in your stead, which I suspect would not altogether suit her purpose, and mine not at all.

Ladies of her sort, resumed the peer, are not entitled to much delicacy, and, in my opinion, merit little pity; so that you have full powers from me to use your own discretion, which, if it deserves the name, will never suffer you to fall into that snare she had spread for me. She has ten thousand charms as a mistress, but not one recommendation as a wife: the devil of a temper, and an unbounded propensity to play the devil with it; for whatever she may say to the contrary, I am in my own mind perfectly persuaded that she dealt a foul blow to your antagonist Henry in the vengeance of her disappointment, and then pretended he had hurt himself with a knife by accident; therefore, have a care of your ribs, George, for if you should fall into the same fault as he did, it is a chance but you meet the same fate.

'Tis not just the death I should choose, said the Captain, nor am I the man in the world to stand out, like that young Joseph, against ladies who make love with weapons in their hands; I would rather, of the two, meet the favour than the punishment.

Be prepared then, replied the peer, for if I have any guess, you are not unlikely to encounter the alternative: for my own part, I am clear in conscience, and shall die in the persuasion that I am neither the first, nor shall be the last, in her good graces.

Here a gentle tap at the door announced the fair subject of their discourse in person. His lordship in a moment dressed his face in its best trim, to welcome her with looks of love, and with all due regard to truth, declared that it was of her and her alone they were conversing, and that he flattered himself the tender instructions he had been giving to his cousin would be punctually observed.—He will tell you, fairest of creatures, said he, fondly taking her hand in his, for he knows what place you hold in my affections: it is on your account only I submit to be a stranger to my own home for a time, but they will be heavy hours of absence from my charmer; and oh! when we meet again—Here his lordship thought proper to be much affected, and his voice faltered, whilst the gentle Fanny acted all the ceremonials of a tender blush, which wanted nothing but change of colour to make it real, and artifice was thus repaid with artifice: meanwhile, a wandering glance stole its way by a sideway passage towards the Captain, who with infinite gravity of countenance respectfully liberated her hand, that was then held captive by my lord's, murmuring in soft accents whilst he secretly pressed it in his own,—Come, come, my lovely cousin, you must let me part these

hands, so soon to be united for ever; scenes like this will only agonize you both.

CHAP. XI.

Breakfast Table-Talk.

THE next morning our travellers started with the sun, whilst sleep held the bright eyes of Fanny Claypole in his downy fetters, and spared her the painful task of squeezing out a parting tear. At the hour of breakfast, she issued forth from her chamber, armed for conquest. We have already observed, that this young votary of the graces was in the art of undress eminently successful; on this occasion she had by no means forgot to employ that art in such a style of studied negligence, as contrived to display her person in its most attractive points, by a seeming carelessness in those articles on which most care was in fact bestowed; and this we take to be the very first excellence, the grand desideratum, of the modern toilet.

A pensive look, that had an air of sorrow for the absence of her lord, was necessarily assumed, and the Captain could do no less than counterfeit a sympathizing face of pity on the meeting: now we have the experience of human nature to inform us, that when an agreeable young gentleman takes upon him to play the comforter to a tempting young woman in affliction, it is so much like making love to her, that he seldom fails to run one office into the other. The observation was not discredited by the case in point, for whilst Miss Fanny acted her part to admiration, the Captain sustained his share in the farce of hypocrisy with no less spirit and address; her sorrow was just enough to find occupation for his attentions, and not so much as to discourage him from persisting in them from a despair of their effects; in short, she was cheered, and he was flattered by the discovery that his consolation was not lost. In their conversation, which he took care to regulate according to the point he had in view, he did not scruple to glance at the character of his noble relation, in such particulars as might serve to pave the way for his purpose: he stood in admiration at his good fortune, in gaining the affections of a lady so beautiful, so young, and so worthy of a more accomplished lover: he was sorry to confess, but truth could not be disguised, that his cousin did not make the best husband in the world to his former lady; in fact, his temper was not so good as he could wish, his heart was narrow, and his disposition unsocial and morose: a soul like hers, he said, would find itself curbed and confined by rules so rigid as he laid down. What were rank and title if they did not bring happiness with them? and who was there in the kingdom she might

not aspire to? In short, if this was a matter of choice, he begged pardon for what he had been saying; if it was a match of prudence, he wished it might not deceive her expectations in the issue of it.

These insinuations, well-timed and artfully introduced, had their desired effect; they saved Miss Fanny all the pains which hypocrisy would have cost her, inasmuch as they threw Captain Crowbery entirely on her mercy, and put his fate in her hands. Had he been guarded in his discourse, she would certainly have been inexorably imprudent to have trusted him with her real sentiments; but when he had so far committed himself on the subject, she saw no danger in meeting him with the like candour, and vindicating her taste at the expense of her sincerity, for she was ashamed to be supposed guilty of a real liking for so contemptible a person as Lord Crowbery. Not discerning what motive he could have for reposing so much confidence in her, but that of good opinion and zeal for her happiness, she felt greatly flattered by the turn of his discourse, and knowing how absolutely dependent he was upon his cousin, and that he had been uttering words, which, if repeated against him, would never be forgiven, she said, in a style of mock reproof—What a giddy thoughtless soul you are to talk this language to me, and put it in my power to ruin you with my lord!

If ever I deserve to be so punished by you, he replied, I should have no right to complain of being betrayed; but if, without my deserving, you should think fit to do it, the necessity I should be under of ceasing to esteem you, would be the greatest misfortune I could suffer by the event.

That is very gallant, on my word; but why do you suppose I am the one woman in the world that can keep a secret? and what do you think you discover in me, to trust me with your whole fortune?

Shall I answer that question fully and sincerely?

No, she replied, for that, perhaps, would not be to answer it favourably; and women, you know, are naturally fond of flattery. Don't you see what mischief I could make, if I was wickedly inclined to it?

Whatever your inclinations are, said the Captain, looking tenderly upon her, I would have you gratify them, though my insignificant self was made the sacrifice; for, after all, what am I but a soldier of fortune, and what is my fortune but the sword by my side? There is my subsistence, and that my lord cannot take from me, or, if he could, he dare not use it.

Fie upon you, smiling, she replied; you can't suppose but he would use his sword in a good cause?

He would hardly be persuaded, rejoined the Captain, to think any cause was good enough

for that, I believe. He will never let it see the light in anger, with his good-will, else that young Henry would have brought it out of its hiding-place, for he spelt hard to get a sight of it.

That's a brave lad, after all, said Fanny.

I have a right to say so, quoth the man of war; and now this Delapoe, this man of mystery, hangs over us like a cloud: what you may think of this journey to town, my sweet lady, I won't pretend to say, but, for my part, I must think, if all his lordship's fears were out of the question, there would not be much left for his love to boast of.

Oh! you mortifying creature, she exclaimed, if I could believe this, he deserves—

What? demanded the Captain, interposing; what does he deserve? Not the handsomest woman in the creation, I will boldly say; not the transport of being wrapped in those arms, which were never meant by nature to embrace a coward.

Well, well, she rejoined; perhaps it is not the best use I could put them to.

What a pity then, he observed, it should be the only one.

The only one, she repeated, breaking into a loud laugh; surely you draw your inferences very nimbly, my good friend, but am I bound to make them good? Do you think that every marriage presupposes liking? Can you find no other motives for a connexion between a simple miss like me, and a titled personage like your cousin, but a preference that would disgrace my judgment, and a passion that has no interest in my heart?

None, so heaven help me, cried the Captain; in your case I can find no plea for the sacrifice, and I should think myself bound to congratulate you on your escape, if you was never more to see his face.

Oh, you cruel monster! she exclaimed, rallying him, would you break my heart with the very mention of it? Do you suppose a married lady is without resources? is she therefore lost to all the world, or all the world to her? Are there no happy wives but what are in love with their husbands? Nay, let me put the question closer, are there no wives in love with any but their husbands? Come, come, I'll talk with you no longer.—So saying, she rolled up a pellet of the bread on the breakfast-table, and threw it at him in that pretty playful manner, as we have often seen it done by many a fair hand, with exquisite address and good aim.

If a man knows anything of modern breeding, he knows how to answer all attacks like this: the Captain made too much of it, for he swore it had wounded him to the heart; there was a little too much of knight-errantry in this, and he did better when he drew a rose from his button-hole, and gallantly tossed it into her lap, declaring, that no soldier ought to take a blow

without returning it : he had done better still, if he had said nothing, for, at best, this is but the trick and pantomime of coquetry and wantonness. This is the time when wit is not wanted, and action takes the whole scene upon itself.

Miss Fanny, with the sweetest grace in nature, took the rose, and placed it in her bosom, adjusting it with all that pretty difficulty of choice, that riveted the beholder's eyes upon the charming operation.—Blest flower, the Captain cried, to what a paradise have I promoted thee ? Then smiting his hands together, sprung from his chair, and turned to the window, as if to divert some emotion too violent for his control.

Come, cried the lady, rising also from her seat, we have talked nonsense long enough ; let us take a grave walk in the garden, and drive nonsense out of our brains.

Her cloak was in the room, the Captain flew to reach it to her, and in assisting to put it on, made so many awkward blunders, and was treated with so many pretty reprimands, that few

cloaks, perhaps, have given room to more railery, or been less applied to the purposes which cloaks in general are understood to be made for.

To the garden they went, and here we will leave them to ramble amidst shady bowers and love-inspiring grots, not the most innocent pair that ever took their solitary walk in garden or in grove, yet fairly matched in nature as in art, and fitted for each other. Whither they went, and what they did, we are not careful to recount ; for, though the justice of the historian should be equal towards all characters he is concerned with, yet he must be allowed to dwell with more delight, and expatiate with greater felicity, upon the amiable than upon the unamiable ; as far as these prejudices may be deemed excusable, so far I hope I may be indulged in them, and therefore I shall now drop the curtain upon this scene, as I have upon others of the like description, and close the eleventh Book of this important history, now hastening to its conclusion.

BOOK THE TWELFTH.

CHAP. I.

The Author's last Address to his Readers.

WE are now drawing nigh to the conclusion of our history, and if my kind reader has found amusement in his task, I shall not regret the toil and labour of mine. Great must be that author's mortification, who miscarries in a trivial undertaking ; and certain it is, that small matters should never be attempted without strong presumption of success. Something there must be in every man's view, who commits himself to the press ; and as all speculations upon profit are now becoming more and more precarious, there seems little left to animate the adventurer, but a disinterested passion for fame ; I think it is, therefore, to the credit of the corps, that we still continue to volunteer it with such spirit, that no abatement is yet discernible either in our numbers or exertions. When I search my own heart for the motives that have operated with such activity upon me, for resorting to my pen, I find myself impelled by a principle I am

not ashamed of, since it has been uniformly that of doing everything in my power, for keeping alive a general spirit of good humour, and endearing man to man, by bringing characters under review, which prejudice has kept at distance from the mass of society ; I have never failed to lend my feeble hand to theirs, who are benevolently employed in recommending love and harmony to mankind : I love my contemporaries, and detest that language so much in use, which tends to sink the present age on a comparison with ages past ; and as I hold this to be an illiberal and ungenerous propensity, I thank God I have reached that time of life when it is chiefly prevalent, and yet perceive myself more than ever abhorrent from the practice of it.

I must now send my hero into the world to shift for himself ; I have done what I could for him whilst he was under my care, and have bequeathed him nature for his guide at parting. The trials and temptations I have exposed him to, are such as might befall any person in his situation, and not greater than every man of steady principles, without any romantic strain of virtue or courage, may resolutely meet. I have not set his character upon stilts, for senti-

mental enthusiasts to gaze at, but kept him on the plain ground with nature's common stock, studying to endow him with the patient virtues rather than the proud.

To my heroine, I have given as many charms as the reader's imagination shall be disposed to afford her, without being indebted to descriptions, which I reject upon conscience, having so often read them in other novelists with satiety and disgust; and I flatter myself, my Isabella will appear not the less attractive for the very few and slight demands I have made upon her health and constitution, not having been able to discover, amongst all the numerous examples of sickly and tormented heroines, any peculiar delicacy in their diseases, or much amusement in their casualties; in one instance only I have fallen in with the fashion.

I have kept my narrative free from the perplexities of episode and digression, and given the scene to my characters without any intrusion of my own person, which I hold to be an unpardonable impertinence. Of poetry I have made no use, and of quotation, so very sparingly, as scarce to be perceptible. The incidents, I trust, are in no case improbable; and, as to that combination of circumstances, which appears to criminate my hero in the second book, I have, since the writing of it, been told of a case upon record, which so nearly resembles it, as to give my narrative the air of being founded upon fact in that particular, which, in reality, it was not. In point of style, I flatter myself the critic will not find much to reprehend; but in that and every other particular, I am fairly before him; let him strike with justice, and I will not murmur at the stroke.

And now, if this page shall meet the eyes of a certain lady, not less distinguished for her many amiable qualities, than for her exalted rank, she will perceive that I have fulfilled her instructions, and composed a novel, to the best of my ability, in the form she recommended and prescribed. Uncertain of its fate, I forbear to make known whose commands I have been honoured with, content if she alone is satisfied with my obedience, and not entirely disappointed with the execution of a work, which, but for her, I never should have undertaken.

CHAP. II.

The History goes back to the Hero.

THE sudden disappearance of Delapoer, and the state of mind in which he had departed, caused great uneasiness to Henry, and damped those joys he would else have reaped in the unrestrained society of his beloved Isabella, to whom every hour of his time was devoted. Her health was now so nearly re-established, that Sir

Roger had named a day for his return to Manstock, and that was now so near at hand, that Henry was alarmed lest the time should not allow for his father's coming back, and till that event took place, or some intelligence was obtained, duty fixed him to the spot he was in. He knew too well the resentful feelings of his father, and the strong expressions he had repeatedly thrown out against Lord Crowbery, to be at any loss to find a motive for the suddenness and secrecy of his departure, and those conjectures were as painful as they were plausible; not that he apprehended any danger to his father's person from a supposed discussion with that unworthy lord, for he had all possible contempt for his want of spirit; but it was the impropriety of the thing itself, and the unfitness of the undertaker, which struck him so forcibly, and presented so many unpleasant thoughts upon reflection, that he debated very seriously within himself whether he should not set out upon a venture, in the hopes of overtaking his father, and dissuading him from the interview. The practicability of this, however, was made more than doubtful by the time that had elapsed, before he had intelligence of Mr Delapoer's departure, so that when he came to confer with Sir Roger upon the idea which had started in his mind, that worthy gentleman had so many good reasons to oppose against it, and his own maturer thoughts, prompted withal by an unseen advocate, suggested so many more, that he resolved upon waiting the issue of his father's promised return; till after some days anxious expectation, a letter from Williams to Zachary, written after Delapoer's arrival at Crowbery, put an end to all suspense as to the destination of the absentee, but gave at the same time so alarming an account of the illness he had been seized with, that Henry, apprehending him to be in the utmost degree of danger, no longer hesitated what to do.

He had provided himself with two excellent riding horses, and Tom Weevil received orders for making ready without delay. The distance was little more than sixty miles, and it was his purpose, for expedition-sake, to ride part of the way, but there still remained the painful task of reconciling Isabella to the necessity of an unexpected parting. This was a distressful moment, for though a heart like hers could not scruple to admit the urgency of the call, yet love and tender apprehension could not be made to accord, without anguish, to the disappointment. Neither was Sir Roger himself a disinterested party in the discussion of this unwelcome business; for when he saw the struggle it occasioned to the fond, yet candid, heart of Isabella, he offered to set out the next morning with his whole family, if Henry would bear them company; but as Sir Roger's equipage was in the style of ancient times, and bore not the least similitude to a mail-coach, a distance

of sixty miles was to him a journey of two days, whilst our hero's impatience did not mean to appropriate more than six hours to the road; a compromise was therefore struck upon by Henry, who engaged to come back and give them the meeting at the inn where they rested for the night, unless he found his father's situation such as to prevent it. This was eagerly embraced by Isabella, who, at parting from him, with eyes full of tears, and a look of the tenderest affection, said to him,—Go, then, and may success attend you! Remember only you have that in charge, which is infinitely dearer to me than the life you have preserved.

His horses were at the door, duty pressed, time was on the wing; he snatched a hasty adieu, and, light as Perseus, or the equestrian son of Leda, sprung into the saddle, and was out of sight in an instant—He is gone, cried Zachary, who, with Sir Roger and Isabella, had attended him to the door, he is off like a shot; 'tis a rare thing to be young and nimble! but after all, I'm afraid his labour will be lost, and he will come too late, for I augur ill from Williams's account of Mr Delapoer's case.

Heaven forbid, cried Isabella, that any such unhappiness as you predict should befall him!

Come, come, said Sir Roger, we will not anticipate misfortunes;—then taking Isabella's arm under his, walked forth to give his orders to his servants without doors for the next day's journey.

I perceive, my dear child, said he, as they passed along, though your life has been saved by your friend who has just left us, your heart is irrecoverably lost. It behoves us therefore to consider what you have substituted in its place, that so we may compute and strike the balance between profit and loss. If I did not think as highly of Henry's virtues, and predict as favourably of his temper, as an old man like me ought in reason to do of a young one like him, I should contemplate my lovely Isabella's situation with alarm and terror; for though I should not despair but my authority might prevent imprudence, I fear it would not serve to extinguish love: it demands, therefore, all the prepossession that I entertain for Henry's character to bring me to acquiesce, as you may now perceive I do, in your decided attachment to him. I own to you, my Isabella, I once thought no circumstances could have induced me to favour a connexion with him, or any person under his predicament; but it seems as if Providence had decreed, that, in spite of all my prejudices, I should be compelled by the force of facts to be the convert of his virtues, and renounce my opposition to him. How strongly have events conspired to mark this out, since fortune first made him known to us by throwing him in the last extremity of distress upon the unexpected protection of a mysterious mother! What an escape had he from the murderous designs of Blach-

ford, and the desperate rage of that infuriated wanton! What perils did he incur in the boarding of the Frenchman! and what but the hand of Heaven itself could so critically conduct him to your rescue in the last awful instant, that stood betwixt you and a disaster too terrible to think upon! How singular was the chance by which I discovered that posthumous and important writing of Sir Andrew Adamant, addressed to me in his behalf, and which seemed to have lain concealed for the sole purpose of bringing it to light in the happiest moment for his interest and advantage! The very case of that wretched maniac, from whose hands he snatched you, had a moral in the history of his madness, that applied itself to my conviction: but when to these I add the very striking circumstances that attended his meeting with his father, and reflect upon his uncommon generosity in the case of Blachford's will, and again in that of Lady Crowbery, how can I say he is not deserving of your affection, or any longer interpose between him and the happiness he seems destined to enjoy?

Here Sir Roger concluded, whilst his attentive hearer still waited in respectful silence; but perceiving, after a pause, that he now expected her reply, she turned upon him the most lovely countenance in nature, and—Oh! my dear father, she said, think not that I have been silent because I wanted gratitude for your goodness, but because I feel it to an excess that stifles my expressions. I trust I never could act in opposition to your will; but I would fain not entertain even a wish in contradiction to your judgment: had you, therefore, interdicted my attachment to Henry, I must, and I would, have strove to have torn him from my heart, terrible although the struggle would have been; but when I hear his praises from your lips, and receive your sanction to confirm me in my choice, words cannot speak the happiness you bestow upon me, and if I did not sooner make reply, it was because I was loath to interrupt you on a subject I could listen to for ever.

In the meantime Henry, thus ever present to the thoughts of his Isabella, proceeded briskly towards the destination where his duty called him. New affections had been stirred within his bosom by the discovery of his parents; but hard fortune, which had already bereft him of a mother, lost as soon as known, and beloved only to be bewailed, seemed now in the cruel disposition to deprive him of his father also. This and the meditations on the dear object he had newly parted from, were his companions by the way, and honest Weevil, who followed him, had full scope to indulge his own imagination without let or hinderance, till our hero, having measured more than half the way, found himself at the inn, where Sir Roger proposed to take up his rest. Here he left Tom and his horses, and having delivered to the master of

the house the necessary instructions for the reception of his guests next day, he took post, and proceeded with all possible expedition towards Crowbery.

The day had closed when Henry arrived at Susan's hospitable door, and was received by Williams with a cheerful countenance, that bespoke the happy report he had to make of his patient's amendment. Delapoer had quitted his sick chamber, and was sitting in the parlour; great was his joy at the sight of Henry, clasping him in his arms and blessing his good providence, that he had survived to see him once again: of his obligations to Williams, who had now for the second time rescued him from death, he spoke in the warmest terms, and not less gratefully of honest Ezekiel and the kind women, whose tender care and solicitude had contributed to restore him. He confessed the object of his journey had been a sudden resolution of seeking Lord Crowbery, in consequence of the objection started by Sir Roger Manstock, with respect to his projected mausoleum.—And what, added he, might have been the consequence of our meeting, had it taken place, I will not presume to say; certain it is, that second thoughts and a calmer state of mind, have placed that project in another light from what it first appeared in to me, when under the impression of a recent disappointment: I have now renounced it, and think it a lucky circumstance, that the wretch I came in search of is out of my reach, and gone from home to prepare, as it is said, for a second marriage with the niece of Mr Claypole, now residing at the castle.

Unfeeling, shameless profligate! exclaimed Henry, with indignation and astonishment; will he so grossly insult the virtuous memory of his injured wife, as to plot a second marriage before she is scarce cold in her coffin; and with the niece of Claypole would he marry? Is Fanny Claypole, of all women breathing, to be the Lady Crowbery, that so hastily succeeds to my unhappy mother? Be it so! if he is so rank of soul as to set decency at defiance, let him couple with a fury, and may his passion be his plague! I know her well, and if Providence for his sins shall surrender him into her hands, you and I, my good sir, may let our vengeance sleep; his punishment is provided for, the task is taken out of our hands, and the tyrant over others is his own executioner.

The evening was now in advance, and though Delapoer's spirits were greatly exhilarated by the arrival of his son, yet, in consideration of his strength, the conversation was not protracted beyond the time that Williams thought fit to indulge him with; and nothing more occurred between them worth recording in this history.

CHAP. III.

A singular instance of a Journey performed by our Hero and Heroine, without one Casualty by the way.

As soon as Delapoer had retired to his chamber, Susan May and her mother presented themselves to Henry, and were met by him with all the warmth of former affection. The good dame, as usual, was loquacious in her joy, and had many questions and inquiries to be resolved: Susan's sensibility was of a more silent sort, and whilst she greeted him with smiles of gratitude and love, the tear glistened in her eye, and the blush glowed upon her cheek.

Henry saw her emotion, and perfectly understood the cause of it. Making a plea, therefore, of his impatience to see Ezekiel, he cut short the interview, observing, that the evening just served him to snatch a sight of his friend, over his concluding pipe, before he turned in to his cockloft. He proceeded to the cottage, and opening the door without ceremony, discovered the rural apostle seated in his chair of meditation, with his back towards him, and too deep in thought to be roused by so quiet a visitor. Henry stopped and contemplated him for a few moments, with a placid delight: Kind soul, he said within himself, thy thoughts are occupied in benevolence, and thy communications are with Heaven!—Then going up to him, and putting his hands upon his shoulders over the back of his wicker throne, called upon him by name, to wake from thought and welcome a friend. Ezekiel started at the well-known voice, sprung from his chair, and threw himself upon Henry's neck: Praised be Heaven! he exclaimed, praised be Heaven! I am blessed above my hopes in embracing thee once more, thou child of my affection.—He then took two or three strides across the room, rubbing his hands and crying out; What wilt eat? what wilt drink? I warrant thou art fasting, fresh from sea.

Henry smiled at Ezekiel's want of recollection, and stopping him as he was posting to the store where he kept his provisions, told him that the pleasure of seeing him was all the refreshment he stood in need of for the present. The good man now became a little more collected, but still ran from subject to subject, mistaking many things that he might have recollected, and repeating others Henry was already informed of; such as the death of Jemima Cawdle, the arrival of Williams, the reports about Lord Crowbery, and other anecdotes, neither quite new, nor over-interesting in his relation of them; yet our hero had patience for them all, and in the end was repaid for that patience, by hearing that

the wretched Jemima had, by Ezekiel's assiduous remonstrances, been brought to a due sense of her condition, and a better train of thoughts in her latter moments : what money she had scraped together, she bequeathed to her husband, and everything in which Zachary was interested had been faithfully and discreetly administered by Daw himself, with the assistance of old Tom Weevil the miller.

Ezekiel's spirits were now so thoroughly awake, that Henry would hardly have prevailed with him to think it was time to go to rest, had he not pretended that he stood in want of it himself. He found his friends at next door expecting his return, and everything set in order for his comfort and repose, that Susan's hospitable care and attention could provide.

The next morning brought Williams to his bed-side, with the cheering intelligence, that he could now with confidence pronounce his patient to be out of danger. His apprehensions thus allayed, he felt himself at liberty to make good his conditional engagement to Isabella, for which he made the necessary preparations. After devoting the whole forenoon to his father, and declining his generous offers of an immediate establishment suitable to the heir of an ample fortune, he left him highly satisfied with the errand he was going upon, and much delighted with the happy prospect it seemed to open on his future hopes.

Relieved from his alarms about the friend he left behind him, and impatient to meet the beloved object towards whom his course was now directed, our hero, with a joyful heart, whilst the chaise whirled him rapidly along, counted every mile that diminished his distance from Isabella. Sir Roger, with the punctuality that governed all his motions, had calculated, to a minuteness, the time of his arrival at the inn. It was a full hour before this given time when Henry's well-fee'd postilions drove their panting horses to the door. His first care was to examine if the house was in a state of preparation for their expected guests, and it was with satisfaction he saw that all his instructions had been punctually obeyed ; when this was done, and the little derangements of his dress repaired, he found himself at leisure to make the proper inquiries after Tom and his cavalry. The brave lad soon appeared upon the summons, and gave a good account of his charge ; he also informed his master, that part of Sir Roger's suite were arrived, and that the coach was near at hand with all well withinside of it.

At length the much-wished-for moment arrived that brought the cavalcade in view, and Henry, at the coach-door, received a hand in his, whose touch inspired him with delight. All inquiries made and resolved, Isabella now, with Henry seated beside her, all her fond fears dismissed, and greeted with the smile of approbation from her beloved father, felt that tran-

scendant glow of soul which is the exclusive property of virtuous love, and Heaven's best gift to the thrice-blessed few that merit it. No traces of her late disorder were any longer to be seen ; her animated countenance beamed with such lustrous beauty, health, and joy, as made it dazzling to behold. Henry gazed in speechless rapture ; Sir Roger himself sat in fixed contemplation, and the very people who attended upon the guests, seemed to make errands into the room, for the purpose of treating themselves with a glimpse of the lovely stranger. Unconscious of her charms until she saw them in the glass of Henry's face, she no sooner perceived the transport they excited, than she dropped her eyes with modest sensibility, and was covered with blushes.

Enraptured at the sight, Henry could no longer command himself, though in the presence of Sir Roger.—Pardon me, he cried, thou loveliest of women, for oppressing thee with my admiration ! and you, my patron and protector, be my advocate so far, as to confess that her beauty is irresistible.

Why, in very truth, Henry, said the Baronet, if you could look upon that form without rapture, I must think you would not be so worthy as you are of an interest in her heart.

How generous is that apology ! exclaimed the happy youth ;—how flattering to my presumptuous hopes ! By Heaven, I would go to death for the father of my Isabella !

You have done more than that for me, replied Sir Roger, when you preserved my child. She is, under Providence, your gift to me. What can I do less than endow you with that blessing you so gallantly redeemed ?

The gratitude and joy which Henry now felt, were not to be expressed by words. His first impulse was to throw himself at Sir Roger's feet. A motion on the part of that gentleman, which forbade the attempt, and a certain look, which reminded him of the place he was in, brought him to instant recollection, yet he seized his hand with ardour, and pressed it to his lips. Isabella's beauteous and blushing countenance, in the meanwhile, took a deeper tint ; she, too, like Henry, was silent. The good Baronet understood enough of nature to interpret rightly for both parties, and accordingly took an early occasion to relieve their sensations, by starting some topic more apposite to the place they were in ; but a more effectual stop was soon put to all conversation on this subject, by the preparations for supper, and the bustle those manœuvres never fail to produce amongst the waiters of an inn. The joy, however, which our hero now experienced, was too discoverable to be overlooked by her who was the cause of it. How far her own sensations accorded with it, was only to be guessed at by the sagacity of a lover, for modest timidity kept in check all emotions that might lead to observation, and nature only

shewed herself in a complacent smile, and now and then a tender glance, that escaped, as it were involuntarily, and by surprise.

Sir Roger, meanwhile, was in high good humour with everybody and everything. Exercise had given him appetite, and he had a heart to partake of the happiness he had bestowed; he declared his entertainment to be excellent, chatted familiarly with the landlord, praised his house, and promised never to pass it without a call. There is certainly something in an inn, which, by contrast with other scenes, is oftentimes found highly pleasing. It gives an ease and relaxation from those domestic attentions, which, though they may not be irksome in general, are sometimes interruptions to occupations more amusing. It may be presumed Sir Roger felt it at this time, and we agree with him in the following remark—That the man who cannot find contentment in a decent English inn, is a sour unpleasant fellow, and a companion no one would wish to travel with.

Moments, passed thus happily, pass quickly, and our lovers found themselves summoned to their repose before they were sensible of any wish for it. The next morning they were early stirring, for Sir Roger proposed reaching home by dinner-time, whilst Henry, on horseback, took a circuit by Crowbery, under promise of coming to Manstock-house in the evening, if he found nothing to prevent him on his visit to his father. As far as to the point where his road branched off, he accompanied Sir Roger and his beloved mistress, whose look at parting told him how unwelcome the moment was that carried him out of sight; from this intimation he very naturally inferred, that the interval of absence was not to be lengthened by his voluntary delay: no sooner, therefore, had he uttered the word, Farewell! than, giving the reins to his horse, he put him to a pace that made quick dispatch with the solitary remainder of his way.

He was welcomed by Williams, on his return, with the same good news, and had the happiness to find his father advancing fast in his recovery. Williams was still sole manager in office, though Zachary was arrived. The good man was certainly not apt to undervalue his own abilities, but in this case he made no attempt to interpose his advice for any change of system, which probably would not have been accepted by Delapoe, from the first authority in England. As for Doctor Zachary Cawdle, surgeon, apothecary, and man-midwife, though his name and titles still glittered on the sky-blue scroll that bestrode the posterns of his gate, yet had he now touched the happy period that closed his medical career, and delivered him bodily over to ease, indolence, and the gout, for the rest of his days. The annuity devised by Lady Crowbery, and Jemima's bequest, made up a comfortable independency; and it was for the purpose only of introducing his successor

into business with a better grace, that he kept his name in the firm. As to all money arrangements for stock in hand, good-will, or any other description or particulars, Delapoe himself had so generously stood forward in that essential part of the negotiation, that nothing was left to the chance and uncertainty of any after-reckoning between the contracting parties.

Having thus disposed of our honest Doctor, we shall probably find little other occasion to call upon him, in the farther progress of this history, except with our hearty good wishes for health and long life to enjoy the tranquillity and repose which his good fortune has provided for him.

As for Sawney Kinloch, he, by his own choice, seceded from the shop, and beat his retreat to his beloved town of Aberdeen, with a fortune which, reduced into Scotch pounds, made no contemptible display in his own country; an example, amongst many others, of the very extraordinary things which close and persevering economy can effect.

CHAP. IV.

When Marriages are making, 'tis a Sign the Drama is drawing nigh to its Catastrophe.

WILLIAMS now found himself in condition to think seriously of matrimony, without the painful sensation of considering himself as the pensioner of a wife. Susan, on her part, had all due partiality for him, and there can be little doubt but he was satisfied with the proofs of it; yet the arrival of Henry was an incident of some importance, and the effects of it had been watched by Williams with all that attention which wary lovers are apt to bestow upon a new comer, whom they suspect to be in greater favour than themselves. Susan's deportment, however, had been such, that the result of this scrutiny had not been unfavourable to her, or discouraging to her admirer. The same smile was reserved for Williams when they met in private; and if occasionally a cloud was seen to pass over her brow, or a sigh to escape from her bosom, the voice of love soon restored her to peace; he was, therefore, firmly bent upon rivetting the nuptial chain, yet a previous word or two with Henry, by way of preface to the awful deed, was anxiously sought by him; and as our hero's visits to his father were daily repeated, that opportunity soon offered itself, when the following dialogue took place:—

I have fully reflected, said Williams, upon our friend Susan's situation in life, and I think I may say truly and without reserve, that my feelings are entirely reconciled to put up with the consequences of her involuntary connexion with the father of her child. If my mind was

not made up upon this point to a perfect acquiescence for all time to come, I would not do her, as well as myself, so base a wrong as to engage with her on any terms; but, represented as the transaction has been to me, (and I cannot doubt the truth of it,) she appears in heart so innocent, that I confess to you, sir, I feel no hesitation in resolving to propose to her, and I trust I never shall find cause to blush at the connexion.

There is no ground to suspect you ever will, said Henry; you was her first love, my friend, and she, I understand, was yours; a thief, indeed, stole in, and made some pillage of your treasure, but you yourself had first unlocked the chest.

That's true, that's true, quoth Williams, colouring: I owe the debt of honour, and will pay it; yet give me leave to say, I suspect there will be a sort of blank in her heart for a while to come; but what of that? I must trust to her good sense and my own attentions to fill it up before long.

And how can you doubt of either? rejoined Henry.

I will not doubt, replied Williams; nay, I do not doubt, for she has conducted herself hitherto in a manner to my perfect satisfaction, and it would be injustice to suppose she will fail me in future; nevertheless, if I am not asking too great a favour, and intruding on your kindness and condescension farther than I ought, I confess it would be a very singular gratification to me, to know the state of her mind in these particulars from your examination and report of it.

To this Henry made answer, that he saw no reason to doubt of Susan's sincerity, neither was he convinced the method he proposed of putting it to the test was altogether advisable.—Nevertheless, added he, if you are resolved to put the probe in my hand, and insist upon my using it, as it is your profession to understand the application, so it must be your business to stand to the effects of it.

Williams smiled, and replied he would abide by the consequences.

These words were scarce out of his mouth when Susan entered the room, and Williams, glancing a significant look at Henry, left them together. A leading kind of conversation was started by Henry, on the subject of her little boy under his charge, which he contrived to train towards the point he had in purpose to discuss.—I think, Susan, he said, as business will gather upon your hands with the growth of your child, it might not be amiss to look out in good time for some honest and well-tempered man to be your partner in the task.—Susan blushed, but at the same time had a certain arch intelligence in her look whilst she smiled upon him, that gave him to understand she was aware at whom his introduction pointed.—I see you are beforehand with me, said Hen-

ry; but if I am touching upon an unwelcome topic, tell me so with sincerity, and I'll say no more; but if I am still as much in your confidence as I used to be, and you are not disinclined to open your mind to your friend, why should we not discuss this subject together as naturally as any other? and surely none can be more interesting and important.

Certainly, replied Susan, none can be so interesting to a person in my circumstances, nor have I any friend on earth, to whose opinion I shall attach so much attention and respect as to yours: yet I know not how, nor ought I, perhaps, if I knew how, to describe the sensation it gives me, to find myself addressed by you on this subject. In every matter I can lay my heart before you without scruple or reserve, in this only I feel a backwardness and repugnance, which ought not to be there, nor shall it be, if my utmost efforts can prevent it; therefore, I humbly pray you to proceed, and if I misbehave myself by any sudden weakness I am not able to control, let me rather meet your pity than incur your displeasure or contempt.

Fear not, replied Henry, that you can possibly be exposed to either one or the other, nor suffer yourself to believe I have any motives but those of the purest friendship for pressing this unwelcome explanation upon you. You and I, Susan, have been in certain situations, for which I must remain your everlasting debtor in gratitude, and in the course of which the benevolent warmth and sensibility of your heart have been so far interested in my favour, that I feel myself in such a degree responsible for your happiness and secure establishment in life, as to make it a matter of conscience with me, to see you settled and content, before I can enjoy with perfect peace of mind the happiness I myself have so flattering a prospect of. You have known my friend Williams longer than I have, and I need not speak to you of his worth; as little need I say that he loves you to the length of marrying you.

Here Susan demanded if Williams had said that voluntarily, and of his own accord, or if Henry had urged him to it, in consequence of anything that had been talked of in confidence between them.—To this Henry replied, I am free to confess to you, that all I have to tell him he already knows; but as I have had nothing to tell, except what makes for your credit and recommendation, he views your character in its best and fairest light: a soft side perhaps towards the tender passion he may credit you for, but of me he has no right to be jealous, and for himself he has no reason either to glance at what has past, or apprehend for what may be to come. A handsome fellow at all points as he is, can have nothing to fear from an honest-hearted girl like you, whose very first lesson of love was of his teaching.—Susan cast her eyes down, and blushed.—Henry proceeded, He is

now established in a profession, where his diligence and skill will insure success : what can you better determine upon than to join your means with his, and fix for life with an amiable and worthy man, who has a heart to love you, an understanding to advise you, and a spirit that will protect and uphold you under all events of life ?

Thank you for your good counsel, replied Susan, keeping her eyes fixed on the floor ; I have a great opinion of Mr Williams, but—here she paused,—if you are so condescending as to be his advocate in this matter, you will advise him not to talk to me on the subject for some two or three days to come.

I understand you, said Henry ; and rightly judging that a longer pleading would not help his client, hastened out of the room.

CHAP. V.

Some of the principal Characters in this History are winding up their Parts.

WHEN our hero had concluded his conference with Susan, he repaired to his father, and had the satisfaction to hear him say he found himself so well recovered, that he proposed, with Williams's permission, to accept Sir Roger Manstock's kind invitation, and pay him a visit the very next day. If our reader has not heard of this invitation, we have his pardon to solicit, as well as that of the hospitable Baronet, for our neglect to record it. At the bottom of the stairs, as he came down from his father's room, he was met by old Weevil, who came to return thanks for his kindness to his son : Tom was now returned home, to the great joy of his family, who contemplated his scars with triumph, and heard his tale with rapture and delight. His father proposed to him to take on with the trade of the mill, and Sir Roger Manstock had offered to put him into a small farm ; but Tom was a lad of an enterprising spirit, and in his short cruise had contracted a passion for the sea. The cut in his skull had not cooled the courage at his heart, and a sea-faring life was so decidedly his choice, that Captain Cary, at the suit of our hero, had promised him employment : And as we are now more at leisure to attend to his particular history than we shall probably be when nearer to the conclusion of our general one, we shall take the opportunity of informing our readers by anticipation, that Thomas Weevil, through Cary's interest, obtained the lucrative employ of purser to his frigate ; and in the course of a successful warfare, earned enough to provide a comfortable retreat for himself in time of peace.

Henry's conversation with the miller was now cut short by a more consequential visitor ; his

late antagonist, Captain Crowbery, was in the parlour, and requested a few words with him in private. He understood Mr Delapoer had intended his noble relation the honour of a visit, when he was taken suddenly ill ; that his lordship was now from home, and in his absence he wished Mr Delapoer to be informed, that if the business was such as he could execute, or was thought worthy to be intrusted with, he should gladly receive his commands.

Henry made answer, that from what he understood of Mr Delapoer's mind on the subject, he had no present wish of troubling Lord Crowbery or any of the family upon the business in question ; it simply related to a design which he had laid aside : at all events, it did not apply to him, the Captain, and if it should be taken up afresh, he presumed Lord Crowbery would be at home again in a few days. To this the Captain replied, he was sorry to say that was not likely to be the case, as he must confess it was not a very honourable way he had taken of terminating a rash engagement, by running away from it : it could not be denied that Miss Claypole was unfairly treated, for matters had gone great lengths, and now my lord had taken leave of her in a very abrupt fashion, by going out of England without any warning, either to her or to her uncle, who accompanied him to town upon the pretence of arranging matters for the marriage : that Mr Claypole was now come back, having had a letter put into his hand after his lordship's departure, in which he avows his resolution of discharging himself from his engagements upon prudential reasons ; and says he has probably taken leave of England for some years to come.—I have sought occasion of telling you this, added he, because I would fain stand clear in your opinion as to my part in the transaction, which is simply that of being left here in a most unpleasant predicament ; the nearest relation of a man, whose conduct I cannot approve, but whose interests at the same time I must not abandon. My situation will, I trust, apologize for this ; and I protest to you, upon my honour, I have not been his lordship's adviser in the proceeding. I should have expected that decency alone would have kept him out of an engagement so unseemly and precipitate. Whilst that affair was carrying on, I was banished from the castle, to which I am but just recalled, there to be left in trust of his concerns, with the distressful aggravation of being made witness to a scene that beggars all description. And now, having trespassed on your patience with a detail little interesting perhaps to you, I have only to add, that if Mr Delapoer, as your friend, has anything to propose within the compass of my power to gratify him in, I shall be happy in the opportunity of shewing my regard to you, by the attention I shall pay to his commands.

Captain Crowbery, said our hero, I am much

beholden to you for the kindness of this offer. The candour with which you mark a conduct, that cannot be justified by any principle of honour, leaves me nothing to add to your comments on that proceeding. I am sorry for the lady; but as I suspect no other passion but ambition has part in the disappointment, I hope she will the sooner forget it. With regard to her uncle, I am afraid it is not in my heart to find much pity for his mortification: in the meantime, sir, I shall impart to Mr Delapoe the very handsome manner you have expressed yourself in towards him, and I doubt not but he will be duly sensible of your politeness.

This said, Captain Crowbery took his leave, and in a few minutes after, whilst Henry was sitting alone pondering on these events, to his unspeakable surprise, the door was thrown open, and Fanny Claypole herself, without any previous ceremony, hastily and wildly burst into the room.

I was resolved, she cried, to see you once more for the last time; and if you have any pity in your heart for an injured woman, you will not refuse to hear me. That monster Crowbery, that murderer of his wife, has assassinated my reputation; but I have found out his hiding-place, and I am setting out this moment in pursuit of him: villain as he is, he shall rue my vengeance! After the most seducing promises, the most sacred vows to marry me, he has fled from his engagements out of England; and before I follow him, persuaded it will never be my fate to see you more, I cannot go in peace till I have declared to you my contrition, and implored your forgiveness: Oh! Henry, there is one moment of my life I must never cease to think upon without horror! Thank Heaven, you survived it! I was mad and desperate to destroy you.

Say no more of it, replied our hero, banish it from your memory, as I shall bury it in silence; and be assured I cordially forgive you.

I know, said she, you are capable of everything that is great and noble, and I implore of Heaven to reward you in the arms of the best and most beautiful of her sex, your beloved Isabella: I only loved you; she loves, approves, and deserves you.

I have heard, resumed he, how basely you have been treated; but what else could you expect from such a wretch? So far from allowing you ought to regret his flight as a misfortune, it appears to me you should rejoice in it, as an escape out of the hands of a villain, which, to a lady in your situation, is a most providential rescue.

Ah! Henry, she replied, it is my situation that makes him a villain, and the worst of villains; but I repeat to you that I will not be injured with impunity; and when you hear of me again, you shall hear I am revenged. Eng-

land I shall never visit more; and now, before we part for ever, if you are sincere in your forgiveness of me, you will hear with favour this my last request. My uncle, poor deluded man, is broken-hearted on his own and my account; he repents from his soul his ingratitude to Sir Roger Manstock, and his enmity to you; he justly despairs of regaining your lost opinions; but as he has nowhere to resort but to his residence at Manstock, he ardently solicits your good offices to secure him such a reception on his return, as may encourage him to resume his functions with some degree of comfort, and not entirely disgrace him in the eyes of his parishioners. When I am gone, his situation will be sad indeed; my indiscretion, and his own ambition, have destroyed his peace; your benevolence may preserve him from absolute despair. Have you the magnanimity to extend it to him, and return good for ill? I am satisfied you have.

I hope, replied Henry, we both are capable of returning good for ill. No one, who ever tasted that sweet transport, can regret the sacrifice of such a direful passion as revenge. The virtue of forgiveness is in its own nature so lovely, so congenial to man, that if it had not been prescribed to us as a duty, we should have practised it as an indulgence. When we are instructed to forgive our enemies, knowing them to be such, it is a precept that does not take away our sense of injuries, it only abridges us of the privilege of revenging them; and you, who swell with rage against the wretch that has betrayed you, who threaten to pursue him with your vengeance, tell me, is it a pleasurable sensation you now nourish in your heart? Would it not be a happy reformation, were it possible, to change the tempest into a calm with the word of power? Religion has that power, mercy can speak that word; she can breathe peace into your bosom, and purify the heart in which she dwells, till nothing evil can approach it—mercy is that virtue, which offers opportunity to all; for who is there that has not something to forgive, although he may have nothing to bestow? It is general as the sun; no solitude can exclude its emanation. Cast me upon a desert coast, an exile from society, where animated nature does not draw the breath of life, still I can find some object to engage my care; the plant that feebly vegetates for want of soil, the rill that struggles for a clearer channel, will demand my help; and mercy, like heaven's general dew, shall fall upon the naked earth, though not an insect that has life be present to partake of it.

I must not hear you on this subject, cried the relentless damsel; my nerves are braced to the undertaking; my wrongs will not be reasoned with; my heart pants for revenge; the intercession of an angel could not shake me from my purpose. Farewell for ever!—With this

terrible denunciation, she sprung out of the room, leaving our hero to pursue his fruitless meditations by himself.

CHAP. VI.

When the Judge is in League with the Advocate, it is easy to predict the Issue of the Suit.

THE scene last recorded made so deep an impression on the sensibility of our Henry, that when he returned to Manstock-house in the evening, the effect was so discoverable, that he found it necessary to impart to the inquiring Isabella what had caused it. When he had finished his recital, which, though not coloured to the height, was sufficiently horrible to account for what she had remarked, she produced a letter, that day received from the unhappy object of their conversation, wherein she takes shame to herself for her conduct towards Henry, and paints his character in the highest terms of praise: she speaks of Lord Crowbery as a wretch too base to live, and takes a final leave of Isabella, with the warmest wishes for her happiness; recommending, as her last petition, her repentant uncle to pardon and protection, and entreating her to employ her generous efforts for mitigating the just resentment of Sir Roger.—There is justice, at least, said Isabella, in this poor creature's heart, though it is the slave of passion and revenge. Alas! I fear she is desperate enough to execute any dreadful act she meditates; but what is to be done with this poor deluded uncle of hers, whom she recommends to our pity? Methinks it would be hard to refuse him that, now he has seen his error, and smarts for it so severely. It cannot be expected my father should ever entertain the same affection for him as before, nor is it, perhaps, to be wished he should; but I think I may answer for it that he will never shew him any marks of his resentment. I am told he came early to the vicarage this morning, and no doubt it is a heavy moment with him, whilst he is uncertain what reception he will meet from this family, by whose notice or neglect all the parishioners will govern themselves. Poor man! he wants a comforter; I know the tenderness of your heart, Henry, and I wish you could prevail upon yourself to pay him a charitable visit.

May all your wishes be as readily anticipated! replied Henry; I have done that already.

Have you? she exclaimed; how like yourself is such benevolence! I cannot tell you, Henry, what delight I take in everything that does you honour; but what is that but saying every action of your life diffuses pleasure to your friends?

That praise is more than I deserve, said Hen-

ry; for I really sought my own gratification in visiting Mr Claypole, who is so much an altered man, that I got rid of some unpleasant impressions I had received in his disfavour; and when a man has the good sense to see and candidly to confess his errors, so far from being lessened in my opinion, he seems to me a more amiable character than before he had committed them.

I dare say I should think as you do, replied Isabella, if I did not recollect there is one person in the world who has never taken that method to increase my good opinion of him.

That only proves your partiality is greater than your memory, rejoined Henry, looking tenderly upon her; but whilst my whole heart is yours, and every thought which it conceives is inspired by the ambition of approving myself to you, following that impulse, how is it possible I should err?

Ah, flatterer! she replied, if my approbation is your object, that is long since obtained.—In saying this she yielded him her hand, whilst her enraptured lover, pressing it to his lips, dropt on his knee at her feet.—And may I not, he said, presume, upon that approbation, to solicit the surrender of this lovely hand for life? When will the charming Isabella deign to bless her fond devoted suppliant, whom she has condescended so to praise and honour above all that he can merit? Oh! when will that soft heart, so full of pity, yield to my intercession, and consent to shorten my suspense? How many anxious days have I to number betwixt hope and happiness?

Days! she exclaimed; what are you thinking of?

Of you, the first in all my thoughts, the fairest, loveliest object in creation; of myself next, the wretchedest of beings, if, after a few weeks, I must be doomed to bear the pangs of separation from all that is dear to me in life.

And why of separation? she demanded; my father, it is true, will be called up to town at the meeting of Parliament, but you will be with us, Henry; I am sure my father does not mean to part with you; don't you perceive he is never happy without you?

He is very good to me, he replied; but still I cannot look forward to that time without alarm. London is my terror: what can I do in it? I have never been in the habits of a London life, nor can I accord to them. Adieu to the soft shades of Manstock, and our delightful walks beneath them! Farewell our peaceful evenings, undisturbed by noise, uninterrupted by intruders! No more morning rides, amidst flocks and herds and cultivated farms, to visit the improvements of the husbandman and the works of the labourer: no peaceful cottager will be standing at her door to greet my Isabella with a blessing as she passes; no infant children clothed by her bounty, no aged

objects feeding on her bread ; all tranquil pleasures will vanish, and, perhaps, the very senses themselves change with the scene that shifts before them ; the eye may lose its purity of speculation, the ear its chaste abhorrence of unmeaning folly or insidious flattery ; and the heart, surprised by novelty and sapped by dissipation, may in time be perverted from its simplicity ; and these venerable towers, the seat of hospitality and peace, when visited again, may present nothing to the imagination but the gloomy haunts of solitude and melancholy.

Heavens ! what a picture, she exclaimed ; but can these fearful predictions be realized ? No, Henry, I have been trained to domestic habits, and to them I will adhere. My duty leads me to attend upon my father, and to that alone I will devote myself : you shall never have to seek me at public places and assemblies : we will pass our evenings at home, and hold to the old fashions of Manstock-house, till it is our happy destiny to return to it again, and then you shall witness if my spirits sink upon the sight of it.

Would to Heaven that day was come ! rejoined Henry, with a sigh ; or that my adorable Isabella would be graciously disposed to save me from those agonies that parting must inflict.

Again you talk of parting ; where is the necessity for that ?

Because I am a son, he replied ; and have as yet no nearer, no superior duty, to oppose to nature's call upon me. Can I desert my father in his declining state ? His melancholy station, as you know, is fixed, and nothing can allure him from it. How then can I acquit myself to conscience, and be justified to him, unless my lovely advocate will furnish me with a plea to put to silence all opposing claims ? Can the most generous of her sex reflect that she has power to bless me with a word, and will she not pronounce it ?

He accompanied this appeal with a look so touching, and action so tender, that the fond and unopposing Isabella was disarmed and vanquished. The dread of separation on the one hand, and the impulse of all-powerful love on the other, conspired to second and enforce his suit. As she meditated upon a reply, her colour came and went, as alternate emotions succeeded one another. Delicacy suggested some repelling thoughts ; the recent death of Lady Crowbery opposed a strong impediment to hasty measures ; but then she called to mind, two months were yet to pass before her father would be called from home, and then the same objections of decorum would not remain in the same force. She perceived that every hour improved her lover's interest with Sir Roger ; and in two long months there were many hours to mature that interest, till what was Henry's wish might be her father's also, and then her precipitation

would not stand in need of an excuse : in short, these same intervening months were such a resource in her reasonings upon this petition, and love is so ingenious to avail himself of every resource against hesitation and delay, that she did not feel herself necessitated to quash his hopes by a peremptory refusal ; but, on the contrary, turning her eyes upon him with a smile, that would have animated any heart which had not totally forborne to beat, and blushing with a consciousness that she was to speak upon a subject that awakened all her sensibility, she said, she hoped he was more ingenious than sincere in stating an alternative to puzzle her poor wits, and make a choice of difficulties, so artfully devised, that she could only say he had found that one circumstance to alarm her with, more terrible on reflection than all she had to dread by yielding to his importunity.—Oh, Henry ! added she, her sweet voice trembling and sinking into tones the most tender,—it is plain you know the power you have upon my heart, when you menace me with a separation I have not fortitude to bear, and represent yourself in affliction and distress of mind, which you tell me is in my power to relieve you from with a single word, convinced, as you must be, there is no sacrifice I would not make to purchase your release. If in this strait, therefore, you are resolved to hem me in by terrors on both sides, I freely own I have not the heart to make you wretched, and do not want the courage to resort to that alternative, which takes the inquietude from you, and fixes it on me alone.

Henry replied to this with such respectful, but impressive tenderness, and though his heart overflowed with gratitude, he tempered it with such delicacy, that before their interesting conversation was concluded, every objection Isabella's timidity had opposed was removed, and her fond heart became so complete a convert to the rhetoric of love, that when they broke up their conference, it would have been hard to decide, could their secret thoughts have been discovered, which of the two was most impatient for the happy moment that was to unite them for life.

CHAP. VII.

Occurrences upon a Visit at Manstock-house.

THE next morning Henry rode over to Crowbery, and found his father preparing himself for his visit to Sir Roger Manstock. It was a bold experiment, but his heart was so much bent upon the undertaking, that Williams no longer opposed it. At the hour appointed, Sir Roger's horses came over, and Delapoe stepped gaily into his chaise, after taking a most grateful leave of the hospitable women and honest

Ezekiel, who were assembled on the occasion, and with many kind wishes attended him to the carriage. The day seemed to smile upon his enterprize, and he arrived at the gates of the venerable mansion with strength and spirits recruited by the freshness of the air, and the gentle exercise which the vehicle had given him. On the first step before the door the worthy Baronet received his visitor, and welcomed him with that hospitable grace which was peculiarly his own. As he entered the stately hall, through two files of domestics ranged on each side, he was struck with a peculiar delight, in contemplating a scene that so strongly contrasted everything his eyes had of late been accustomed to, and carried his imagination back through centuries past to the times of feudal state and chivalry. He seemed never weary of praising and admiring everything he saw, nor was Sir Roger backward in explaining every object of his curiosity; he knew the owners of each shield and corslet, had the history of their battles by heart, could point out their portraits in the picture-gallery, and elucidate every banner and bearing of the family coat; to all which Delapoe, who was an adept in heraldry, gave a willing and attentive ear.

In the midst of this discourse, when Sir Roger had brought down his narrative so near to modern times as to be just then engaged in relating an anecdote of his great-grandmother, very much to the credit of her beauty, Delapoe's attention was drawn off by the entrance of Isabella, in whose person he beheld a living model of such exquisite perfection, that he could not resist whispering to the Baronet, that whatever might have been the charms of the ancestor, he was persuaded they were outdone by those of the descendant. Sir Roger smiled, and probably was not displeased with the apostrophe, though he still seemed unwilling to give up his great-grandmother, murmuring, in an under voice, that he could assure him Lady Rachel was a famous woman in her time. Isabella's manners were of that natural and engaging sort, that all the graces which others gain by study, she seemed to possess to a superior degree by the gift of nature: how then could she fail to charm a man of Delapoe's sensibility, who at the same time recognized in her fine person a family likeness of that beloved image which sad remembrance had indelibly impressed upon his mind? His figure, though in decay, had still a grace and high-born elegance about it, which neither lapse of years in a debilitating climate, nor the more fatal inroads of corroding melancholy, could so efface, but that there still remained the venerable ruin of a noble form. His address, though certainly not that of the present era, was not so stiffened by oriental forms as to be troublesomely ceremonious; it had all the gallantry and good breeding of the old court, with some slight tints, per-

haps, of its pedantry and precision; this, in Sir Roger's eye, was the very model of a fine gentleman, and no instruments in unison ever harmonized more perfectly than the good host and his guest.

Sir Roger's style, as we before observed, was, in point of open hospitality, that of the feudal ages, and his return to Manstock brought a great resort of the neighbouring gentry to his house, where the board might literally be said to groan with plenty; but the most interesting spectacle to Delapoe was that of the domestics at their dinner, ranged at three distinct tables, according to their gradations and degrees.—This is true magnificence, he cried; this is a princely manner of administering a great estate.—Some venerable personages at the head of the garrison particularly struck him; when a grey-headed senior, who presided at the upper table, giving a signal for silence, rose from his seat, and lifting a can to his lips, proclaimed aloud, "*Prosperity to the house of Manstock!*" which was repeated by all with the like action, and in the like posture; whereupon, the libation being finished, the whole company broke up, and dispersed to their several occupations and employments.

In the great parlour, where Sir Roger entertained his guests, Delapoe was much amused by the series of family portraits, exhibiting curious specimens of characters and dresses in the several fashions of their times; whilst the Gothic windows of painted glass reflected variegated gleams of the prismatic colours, which played upon the faces of the company with a singular and whimsical effect: Zachary Cawdle, in particular, who was one at the table, sat directly in the stream of so broad a glare of crimson light, that he exhibited a most ferocious and resplendent mask of foil, that would not have discredited the hue of Bacchus himself in the gayest of his frolics.

When the ladies had retired after dinner, something was said of Lord Crowbery by a gentleman who sat next to Henry. He might have known it was a topic not very acceptable or polite at Sir Roger's table; and as he seemed going into an account of his attachment to Miss Claypole, Henry, in a whisper, reminded him that there were some present who would be thankful to him if he would change the subject he was upon. The young man was proud, ill-mannered, and irritable; he took Henry's hint as an affront, and, turning to him with an indignant look, said, in a tone that marked his purpose to be heard by everybody round him, I don't know how I have deserved your reprimand, sir, nor by what right I am stopt in my speech, when I was neither addressing it to you, nor about to speak disrespectfully of Lord Crowbery, to whom I have the honour of being related, and for whom I entertain a very high regard and esteem.

All eyes were instantly upon the angry gen-

tleman ; Sir Roger was preparing to interpose, and Delapoer had drawn himself up into a martial attitude, when our hero with the most perfect composure, not elevating his voice, nor retorting the acrimonious tone in which he had been addressed, replied, that he was not aware of his connexion with Lord Crowbery, but since that was the case, he would compromise the matter without any farther interruption to the company—For, if you, sir, added he, will be pleased to say nothing more as to your opinion of his lordship, I will be perfectly silent as to mine.

You will do well, sir, replied Mr Hardham, (for that was the name of the speaker,) to be silent in this and every other company where that noble lord is named.—Then rising from his seat, he said, With your leave, Sir Roger, we will adjourn to the ladies.

Hold, sir, cried Henry, we are both at issue before this good company, and if either of us has received an insult, let him that gave it deliver an apology ; if there is here one gentleman, that pronounces me in fault, I am instantly prepared to make atonement on the spot.

No, no, no ! was echoed by every voice ; and one gentleman added, that he dare say Mr Hardham would apologize.—If that is your opinion, he replied, you will be pleased to tell me, in the first place, for what I am to apologize, and next to whom, for to this moment I never heard what name the gentleman chooses to be addressed by.

By mine, replied Delapoer, by a name which he inherits as my son, and by which he is entitled to exact satisfaction from any gentleman that has the hardness to insult him.

These words were calmly, though pointedly delivered. Mr Hardham paused for a few moments, then addressing himself to Mr Delapoer, said, I am answered ; and from what I felt as a relation of Lord Crowbery, can allow for what you must feel as so much nearer allied to this gentleman. To you, therefore, as his father, I refer myself implicitly, and whatever you in your candour think proper to dictate, that I will repeat.

Then, sir, replied Delapoer, I can be at no loss to pronounce. You have already said enough, and all I have farther to wish for my son is, that he may have the honour and happiness of being better known to you.

Thus, by the timely application of a few patient words, an altercation was put a stop to, which threatened fatal consequences, for Mr Hardham was a young man of a very forward spirit, and had more than once been engaged in what are called affairs of honour : he had, withal, a full sense of his own consequence, being a man of great property in the county, son of the

lately deceased member, and the very person whom his party meant to have set up as a candidate, had not Sir Roger met the wishes of the coalition, and prevented a contest. His petulance nobody wondered at, for that was habitual to him. How he came to be so right-headed in getting out of the quarrel, was matter of welcome surprise to everybody ; but there was a latent motive, which operated upon him for curbing his temper in the presence of Sir Roger : and it was not so much the firm words of Delapoer, as the fair eyes of Isabella, that were the peace-makers on this occasion. He had watched her during the entertainment ; her manners charmed him, her beauty enchanted him ; but there was something in her looks at times, that directed his suspicion towards the person of our hero ; and this, together with a report that had reached his ears of an attachment in that quarter, threw a spark of jealousy upon the combustibles of his frame, which accounts for the explosion that so suddenly took place. The event, however, shews that this quarrelsome gentleman, like others of the like quality, had temper at command, when it suited him to make use of it.

Few things could have given greater pain to the hospitable heart of Sir Roger Manstock, than to have had the peace and good order of society disturbed beneath the sacred protection of his roof. The harmony that now succeeded, was of course grateful to him above all, and he spared no pains to convince Mr Hardham of this by repeated marks of the most pointed attention. After a few cheerful and conciliatory glasses, it was again proposed to adjourn to the drawing-room. Here the pacified gentleman had a fair opportunity of renewing his attentions to the lovely Isabella, without any interruption from Henry, now closetted with his friend Williams, who had galloped over from Crowbery, to impart the glad tidings of his approaching nuptials with his fair betrothed, who had consented to yield (what alone she had withheld) her hand in marriage on the day but one next ensuing. Henry was truly rejoiced at the news, but put as much gravity into his features as the felicity of the occasion would admit of ; all which, Williams, who read his thoughts, understood without a comment. Mr Delapoer was likewise called into conference, not only for the purpose of congratulation, but to undergo certain medical interrogatories, that Williams had to put to him ; all which were discussed to the mutual satisfaction of both parties, for nothing was now wanting but gentle exercise and cautious regimen, on the patient's part, to confirm his recovery, and thereby establish the professional fame of the bridegroom elect.

CHAP. VIII.

A certain Gentleman repeats his Visit.

WHEN Henry returned to the drawing-room, he found nobody there but the father and daughter: the company were all gone, and Mr Hardham the last. His attention to Isabella had been so marked, that when, upon taking leave of Sir Roger, he begged permission to wait on him the next morning, upon an affair of consequence, there was little doubt to be made but that it had respect to Isabella. This was conveyed to Sir Roger in a whisper, as he passed through the hall to his carriage; and the Baronet had now been imparting it to his daughter, with his comments upon it to the above effect. Her own observations also coincided with the same idea, and the point was not long in debate what should be the nature of the answer to the proposal, if it came; for, independent of all prior engagements, Mr Hardham had not the happy faculty of recommending himself to the good graces of either party. Sir Roger, indeed, acknowledged that his pretensions were unexceptionable in point of fortune and family, but he thought him of a proud imperious nature; and when he came to reflect upon his behaviour at table towards Henry, he thought he could discover other motives for his acquiescence than what resulted from pure candour and conviction. Isabella said, she had never found herself so embarrassed by the attentions of any man in her life; his whole address seemed artificially put on to cover a character and temper very different from what he assumed; but of all the persecutions she ever suffered, by being looked out of countenance, none was to be compared with what his eyes had the faculty of inflicting, when she found them for ever fixed upon her. In short, throwing all comparisons out of the question, Mr Hardham was positively, in her opinion, the most unpleasant man she had ever met with.

In this period of their discourse Henry entered the room, and related what had passed between him and Williams. A new subject was now started, and of a pleasanter nature. Henry spoke in the highest terms of Williams, and as his father was now retired to his chamber for the night, he gave an account of all he had done for Williams, and how he had adjusted matters with Zachary on his behalf, by which he had set him out clear in the world, with a fair prospect of success in his profession, and of a happy connexion with the girl of his heart, now comfortably established.—Isabella asked if he was fully apprized of Susan's history?—Henry assured her, he was acquainted with every particular of it, and had little difficulty in recon-

ciling himself to circumstances more imputable to ill treatment than misconduct.—And was Susan very readily consenting to the match? had she no scruples to overcome? was she wholly and solely attached to Williams?

Henry smiled, and, turning to Sir Roger, said, that he appealed to the court if these were questions he was bound to answer.

I can understand, replied the worthy magistrate, that they are questions you wish to evade. However, as Susan was her own mistress, and under no control, we must suppose she had good reasons for the choice she has made; and I think Isabella herself will allow that is a fair conclusion.

Mr Hardham was mentioned, and Henry, in a kind of whisper, asked Sir Roger if he did not think it would be right for him to pay that gentleman the compliment of a visit the next morning?

Sir Roger answered, that he should have thought so, but that Mr Hardham had signified his intention of coming over to Manstock; and, if he conjectured rightly of his business, the ceremony of a visit might very well be dispensed with. Henry took the hint, cast a tender look upon Isabella's blushing countenance, and immediately gave a turn to the conversation by speaking of Mr Claypole. He had been with him that morning, and found him in great affliction, on account of a letter he had received from his niece, by which it appeared she had taken the desperate resolution of pursuing her base deceiver out of England, and was then on the point of embarking in a packet for that purpose.

Is the girl mad, said Sir Roger, to run after a rascal that any other woman would think herself happy to be rid of? What can she propose to gain by such a crazy expedition?

Revenge, cried Henry, if I am to believe her own professions; and, if I may judge from the frantic menaces she vented against him, when she surprised me with a visit at Susan May's, I would not ensure his lordship's ribs from a stiletto, if once he falls within her reach.

A wretched catastrophe, truly, cried Sir Roger, that would be, but a striking moral for tyrants. Mr Hardham will then have to mourn the loss of his respected friend and relation, and this misguided, this unhappy man, poor Claypole, will bring his politics to a miserable end; 'tis ever thus with over-cunning men.

But he has thoroughly repented of his ingratitude, said Isabella, and is now a real object for your pity and forgiveness.

He is welcome to them both, rejoined Sir Roger, and to everything that I can subscribe to his consolation and relief; but what I cannot command, my affection and esteem, them I have not in my power to bestow. When once ingratitude has chilled the heart that glowed

with friendship, who can kindle it afresh? I speak strongly and explicitly to you, my dear children, upon this subject, because I know that both Henry, upon this occasion, and you, Isabella, upon others as well as this, have purposely introduced it with a kind design of reinstating Claypole in my good opinion, by setting forth his sufferings and contrition. The attempt does honour to your hearts—'tis amiable in the extreme, and I rejoice that you are capable of being advocates for one that was no advocate for you, but artfully abused my confidence, and turned what interest he had in me (and that, I own, was not a little) insidiously against you both. Baffled in this project, and disappointed of his malice, he betook himself to a wretch, whose very name is poison to my ears, and there began an infamous cabal, which, having ended in miscarriage and disgrace, he now repents of; but remember, children, it is repentance after punishment, and therefore, when I say that I forgive him, I have said enough. I have nothing more to do with Mr Claypole.

To this no answer was attempted, and probably from this time, till certain circumstances hereafter recorded came to light, neither Henry nor Isabella felt in themselves any disposition to revive the subject. Claypole, in the meantime, kept himself retired from all society, except when Henry occasionally paid him a charitable visit, or Sir Roger cheered him with a civil word, which every Sunday he took care to address to him after divine service, in the sight of the congregation.

The next morning came, and Sir Roger was observed to be more than ordinarily thoughtful during breakfast. His mind was occupied with the expectation of his unwelcome visitor. When he reflected upon what had fallen from him at table, where he was interrupted by Henry, he called to mind so many unpleasant marks of a purposed affront, so much arrogance in his manner, and such indications of a suppressed resentment, even in the very act of atoning for his insult, that he was not without suspicion that the flame of his temper would find some other vent, if, upon the presumption of his proposing for Miss Manstock, he was to meet him with an instant and abrupt refusal. On this account, he was not a little perplexed how to deport himself in the conference, so as neither to irritate him against Henry as a rival, nor encourage him to consider Isabella as a lady he was warranted to pursue with his addresses; and the whole result of Sir Roger's meditations amounted only to this, that he had a clearer sight of his difficulty than of the way to lead him out of it. It was therefore not a little to be regretted, that before he had gained any distinct perception of the line he was to follow, Mr Hardham was announced, and, of course, immediately admitted to a private conference.

Mr Hardham prefaced his more material business by apologizing for words that had escaped from him yesterday in the heat of conversation, which, as far as they alluded to Lord Crowbery, he feared might have conveyed an impression in his disfavour, as seeming to imply that he approved of his lordship's conduct in general, when in fact he only alluded to that part of his character which was uppermost in his thoughts, the steady support which he had always given to the county interests of his family; that he was not then apprized of the just reasons Sir Roger had to resent his treatment of an amiable lady, unfortunately lost to the world; neither was he informed of the late disgraceful step he had taken of flying from engagements, which, though rashly made, could not be honourably abandoned. These circumstances, he confessed, had been candidly explained to him that very morning by Captain Crowbery, and it was but fair to say, that upon that statement he felt himself obliged to give up his noble relation as indefensible on both accounts, and this, he hoped, would suffice to set him straight in Sir Roger's good opinion, if he had unfortunately endangered it from anything he had inadvertently been led to say the day before.—Here he came to a stop, and seemed to expect some answer from Sir Roger.

Sir Roger replied, that it was a point with him to enter into no discussion of Lord Crowbery's conduct, especially with Lord Crowbery's relations. His niece was dead, and whatever were her sufferings in this life, they were now at an end. As to Miss Claypole's case, he had nothing to do with it: it was a story he did not wish to lend his ear to; in like manner, he begged leave to say, that with respect to any opinions Mr Hardham might adopt, in favour or disfavour of the lord in question, he hoped he understood himself too well to interfere in any shape with them, much less was he disposed to revive the mention of a trifling altercation, which was so completely done away, to the honour of both parties, and for that reason should be buried in perpetual oblivion.

Then, if I may indulge the hope, he rejoined, that my condescension in accommodating myself to the gentleman's vivacity was acceptable to Sir Roger Manstock, let me presume to draw one obvious conclusion from it, and take for granted that he understood the sacrifice to have been what it truly was, a mark of my respect to him, and an ambition so to recommend myself to his opinion as to ground some title to his favour and protection in a suit which I have now to make, and on the issue of which the happiness of my whole life depends.

Mr Hardham paused for a reply, but none being made, he proceeded to explain.—I flatter myself I need not dwell upon particulars so much within your knowledge as my family or

fortune. They are such, I trust, as will entitle me to credit, when I assert that neither interest nor ambition have any share in the sincere and pure attachment which I profess to have for your most amiable daughter. No, sir, it is by the heart alone I am attracted to Miss Manstock, and as I hope my character may boldly face the light, and never need the veil of mystery, I hold it fair and honourable to apprise you of my wishes, and request your sanction to the tender of my most humble addresses to your lovely daughter.

Sir Roger paused a while, and then with much gravity, and in a deliberate tone, said,—Your pretensions, Mr Hardham, in point of fortune and family, are, as you say, too well known to stand in need of any explanation. They are such as qualify you to propose for any lady in this kingdom; and certainly, sir, in the attachment you profess for my daughter, I have every reason to believe you guided by no other motives than those of free choice and disinterested inclination. When, therefore, you appeal to me that I would sanction the tender of your addresses to Miss Manstock, (I believe I use your own expression,) I can have but one answer to make, so long as your reference is confined to but one point, and that simply to demand a passport to my daughter. No father, I believe, whatever may be his views for his child, will refuse that to Mr Hardham.

To this he replied,—If I have explained no farther to you on this interesting subject, sir, I hope you will consider it as a very natural wish on my part to owe my success, if I am so blest as to obtain it, wholly and solely to my own interest in the lady's good opinion, who is to constitute my happiness; and as I cannot doubt but Miss Manstock is incapable of condescending to bestow her regards on any man of dubious character, or just emerged from meanness and obscurity, I trust, if I am permitted to approach her, I shall at least not have to combat with a heart pre-occupied by any rival, or, if by any, not by one that will disgrace her preference, and make me feel myself degraded by the competition.

As you put no question to me in the matter, replied the Baronet, briefly and coldly, I am not put to any answer. You have free access to Miss Manstock.

This brought the proud suitor to a pause: he perceived he had gone too far, and carried his language too high; and he saw himself in the necessity of qualifying what he had said with an apology, or throwing up the negotiation at once.—I am afraid, said he, that I have expressed myself too warmly and unwarily; but I entreat Sir Roger Manstock will be assured, that I entertain a most profound respect for his person and character; and if I spared to solicit his good favour and protection to my suit, it

was solely dictated by an ambition, which I hope will be thought both natural and commendable.—Here he turned his eyes upon Sir Roger—a silent bow was all the answer he obtained.—I perceive, added he, I am unfortunate in my manner, and deficient perhaps in something, which, in the character of a petitioner, I ought to carry about with me; but I am new in the predicament, and having failed to conciliate the father's favour, I will not choose so unlucky a moment for requesting an audience of the daughter. I am not quite prepared to receive two rebuffs in the same breath.

With these words he quitted his seat, and Sir Roger rising at the same moment, they took a silent leave, and Mr Hardham mounted his curricule in waiting, highly out of humour with his reception; his proud heart swelling with vexation to find his self-importance humbled; and prepared to vent his spite upon two unoffending horses, whose tender skins soon smarted under the ceaseless lash of their unfeeling tyrant.

Oh! what a wretch is man, when pride and self-importance seize upon his heart! the scorn of every noble mind, the pest of all society, a monster amongst men! Begone from me, thou self-swollen blockhead, who art at once too foolish for my resentment, and too mischievous for my pity. In some by-turn and crossing of my walk in life, when I chance upon thee, (for nothing else but chance can throw me in thy way,) no sooner do I recognize thy staring, owl-eyed visage, than I post down a promise in my tablets, to sketch thy gloomy portrait from the life, and hang thee up to public mockery as satire's lawful prize. But when I stretch the canvass, and begin to daub it with thy ugliness, I soon perceive thou dost not own a single feature that can furnish anything but loathing and disgust; too dull to help my fancy to a jest; too despicable to inspire it with a serious thought, and too hardened to be mended by correction.—I cast thee from my thoughts, discovering thee to be so mere a *caput mortuum*, that no chemistry can extract so much virtue out of thee as would even serve to give physic to a dog.

CHAP. IX.

Why is Earth and Ashes proud?

MR HARDHAM, instead of returning to his own house, drove to Crowbery Castle, to make report to his friend the Captain, and consult him upon the posture of affairs at Manstock. The advice he got here was on the whole very prudent, but he was not just then in the best temper to receive it. Captain Crowbery, as we have before observed, entertained a very high opinion of Henry, and ever since his rencontre with him,

had taken all occasions of doing justice to his behaviour, not only in that affair, but in every other that had come to his knowledge, particularly as to the share he had in Cary's action with the frigate. When Hardham, therefore, spoke contemptuously of him as a rival, and seemed to reproach himself for having stooped to any apology, Crowbery plainly told him that he could by no means be a party in any steps for grafting a serious quarrel on a silly altercation, that had been once fairly dismissed; for his own part, he had been already flagrantly in the wrong towards Henry, and had turned out with him in consequence of it; it must then be a very strong case indeed that would call him out again, either as principal or second.—And was it not a strong case, Hardham demanded, when the character of Lord Crowbery was glanced at in such pointed terms, and in a public company, by a fellow who had no right to use his name, in any place, or on any occasion, but with deference and respect?

I thought, replied Crowbery, that I had opened enough to you in our morning's conversation on this subject to justify the words that Henry used, had they been even stronger than you state them. I can now truly say, that if you and I, as relations of that unhappy man, have any ground left us to stand upon in his defence, we owe it to the candour of the very person you complain of. The melancholy news I received this day, led me to turn some papers over, which, at Blachford's death, were honourably delivered up by Henry, that in some hands would have been arms no mortal could have parried. If he opened them, we are at the mercy of his honour for keeping them secret; if he returned them unexamined, we are indebted to his delicacy for our possession of them. You may believe me, Mr Hardham, that those papers, which I have now destroyed, would have brought to light very dark dealing, and made the title, that has now by a most dreadful accident devolved on me, a title of disgrace and shame.—Hardham eagerly demanded what accident he alluded to?—The death of Lord Crowbery, he replied. His lordship had landed at Ostend, and, from the position of the armies, had been stopped there for some days; in the meantime, a villain found means to assassinate him in the streets, as he was coming home late at night to his hotel: he was taken up by the patrol, mortally stabbed, and incapable of giving any account of what had passed. Every means had been taken by the commandant for discovering the murderer, but hitherto without success; he had strong suspicions in his mind, which pointed to a certain person, who had closely followed him out of England, but these he would not make public, being determined to set out the next morning, and pursue his inquiries on the spot.

I am shocked, replied Hardham, at the ac-

count; and whilst I congratulate your lordship on your accession to the title of your family, I must deplore the catastrophe that has devolved it upon you under circumstances of so melancholy a cast. If I can be of any service to you here in your absence, or even by accompanying you in your journey, I am at your command.

Your offer, said the new Lord Crowbery, is most kind and friendly, and in part I will accept it, as you may be of most essential use and service to me here, if you will consent to put my mind at peace with respect to a family, for whom I entertain the highest reverence and esteem—I mean the house of Manstock. There is nothing lies so heavy on my heart as the treatment they have met with from the unfortunate deceased. I am the last man living that should speak too harshly of Lord Crowbery, my benefactor; but I have been made a painful witness to such things, as make me shudder to reflect upon. I hold it, therefore, my first duty to make all the atonement in my power to that much-injured family; and in doing this, I think I shall approve myself a real friend to the memory of the deceased. And now, my dear sir, suffer me to appeal to you, and put it to your heart, if in honour you have any just cause of animosity against that excellent young man, who, if I am well informed, is firmly engaged to the lady you proposed for. Is he in the fault of that, or are you warranted to affront and decry him, because he is approved of by Miss Manstock, whom you hardly knew by sight, and never thought of before yesterday?

I don't know from authority that he is engaged to Miss Manstock: Sir Roger did not tell me that.

You did not ask him, I believe, replied Lord Crowbery; but the fact is easily ascertained, if you choose to take the direct course of applying either to Sir Roger, or to the lady herself.

I confess to you, said Hardham, it would not be very pleasing to me to be so informed by either of them, though I should not be sorry to come at the truth by any other channel. I am not ambitious to be marked as a rejected suitor to any lady, who prefers Mr Henry Delapoer.

Here a servant came in, and announced the gentleman last mentioned.

Shew him into the saloon, said my lord, and say I will wait upon him immediately.—You have now an opportunity, said he, applying himself to Mr Hardham, of granting me the favour I have requested, if you will condescend to remain here a few minutes, whilst I step out to him, and will allow me to bring him when I return, to take you by the hand, which I persuade myself he'll gladly do: you are both men of honour, and only need to be known to each other to be the best of friends.

I know *you* to be such, replied Hardham; therefore, do by me as you think right, and I will wait your pleasure.

Lord Crowbery hastened to his visitor.

Am I beforehand with my information, said Henry ; or is it known to you that I am now to address you as Lord Crowbery ?—He was informed of the event.—I should have to apologize for this visit, resumed our hero, if it was not purely on a case of conscience ; but I cannot keep a circumstance concealed, that may in any way affect the investigation of a crime so horrible as murder.

Here he recited the conversation of Fanny Claypole, when she forced herself upon him ; and concluded with expressing his regret that he had suffered such menaces to pass without taking instant measures for preventing their effect.

If you have anything to regret on that account, said my lord, how much more cause have I to reproach myself, who was so immediately in the way of her fury, and a witness to the whole torrent of it ! but I considered it as the impotent raving of a disappointed woman, and let it pass.—He then explained the measures he intended to pursue, for tracing it, if possible, to a discovery, by resorting to the spot.—But before I depart from this place, added he, upon that mournful business, there is a matter of a most pressing nature on my mind, which I earnestly request you will so far take charge of, as to pledge me to Sir Roger Manstock in the most respectful terms, for every satisfaction in my power to make, not only with regard to the liquidation of the funeral expenses by him defrayed, but also of my entire acquiescence in the will of the Lady Crowbery, which I suspect there was a meditation of contesting ; and at the same time I shall give orders that every article personally appertaining to that lady in this house, which I am sorry to say were permitted to be put out of their places, shall be brought together and collected for his revision and Miss Manstock's, whom I shall request to make choice of any such things which they may put a value upon, as remembrancers of one so worthily lamented and beloved ; and this I desire you will tell them I tender as the only atonement in my power to make, on the part of an unhappy man, who, if life had been spared to him, would, I flatter myself, have seen his error, and done what I now do in his name, and in honour to his memory.

My lord, cried Henry, rising from his chair, and taking his hand, I thank you ; you have justified the high opinion I conceived of you, and have greatly honoured me by this commission.—Here he stopped, for his voice faltered ; and glancing his eyes upon a picture of his mother, over the chimney, which gave a striking character of her in youth and beauty, nature forced her way, and putting his handkerchief to his eyes, he yielded to the irresistible emotion, and said no more.

We will adjourn to the library, said Lord Crowbery, where a friend of mine is waiting, who wishes to pay his compliments to you. Suf-

fer me only to ask you, before you go, if you think that picture will be an acceptable present to Miss Manstock ; and I name her in preference, because I consider it in effect the same as giving it to you. I persuade myself, added he, I am not premature in supposing her interests and yours are one and the same.—To this Henry made a modest and grateful reply, neither affirming nor denying the assumption above stated ; but said he would report to Miss Manstock his most obliging offer.—Lord Crowbery then informed him who the person was that expected him in the library ; and, after a few words introductory to their meeting, took him by the hand, and ushered him to Mr Hardham, addressing himself to each in turn, with many civil speeches and professions of esteem, hoping it might be his good fortune, as common friend to both, to bring forward such an explanation as might leave no grounds for future misunderstanding on the part of either. Mr Hardham said, he trusted the gentleman could not doubt his readiness to do away affronts, whether justly or unjustly taken up ; and he presumed it was no small proof of his continuing in the same disposition, that he had waited his leisure, for the sole purpose of paying him his compliments in Lord Crowbery's presence. Henry, on his part, assured him, that he had devoted that morning to the honour of paying him a visit at his own house, but had been told he would be from home. He hoped Mr Hardham had carried with him no impressions from their last meeting, that made a second explanation necessary, respecting anything which had there occurred ; if it was so, he was perfectly ready on his part to renew the assurances he had then given him of his entire acquiescence in the manner he had taken for terminating that trivial dispute.

Here the Lord Crowbery interposed ; he hoped there was no intention on either side, of looking back to what was past ; but, on the contrary, by looking forward, to prevent occasion of disputes in future.—And this, he added, may be easily effected where two men of honour meet, mutually disposed to deal candidly with each other, should they find themselves competitors in the same pursuit.

I do not quite pledge myself to that, said Mr Hardham ; as I would not choose to engage in any pursuit where I did not see myself either fairly pitted against any that might oppose me, or well assured of surmounting competition. Much as I respect Miss Manstock, I have no ambition to be pointed at as her discarded suitor ; and great as my opinion may be of Mr Delapour's extraordinary merits, I must own I do not covet the honour of being known as his rival in a struggle for that lady's favour, if he has already secured her affections, and been approved of by Sir Roger as his son-in-law.

And does Mr Hardham expect, said Henry,

that I should account to him for my proceedings, having no desire to make inquiries into his? Would it become me to speak, out of Sir Roger Manstock's family, of what I know or believe to be passing in it? That I will never do; these lips shall never presumptuously profane the name of Miss Manstock, nor will I suffer any others so to do in my hearing with impunity.

Then I must take the liberty to tell you——said Hardham; and was proceeding, when Lord Crowbery, putting his hand upon his breast, said,—Stop, I conjure you, sir, if it be only for my sake, and let us argue calmly, or dismiss the subject. I was the promoter of this interview, and am pledged for the issue of it. Could I have supposed that you, my friend and relation, would have expressed yourself in a style so lofty and so irritating, I would as soon have burnt this house over my head, as suffered it to have been made a scene of quarrel and contention. What Mr Delapoe has said, is not one word too much for the occasion that gave rise to it. How else could you expect a man of honour to reply to such a speech, in which you seemed to make your own self-consequence your whole concern? Methinks, of all men living, Mr Hardham, you should keep a guard upon yourself, and, being so quick to feel in your own person, should be cautious how you wound the feelings of others. I speak plainly, sir, but I have the rights of hospitality to protect; and if you are offended with me for it, I must meet the consequences.

All this while Hardham sat with a contemptuous smile upon his countenance, affecting to receive every reproach as a compliment, bowing with an air of counterfeited respect; when, perceiving that Lord Crowbery had concluded, he replied, I am infinitely obliged to you, my lord, for your extraordinary politeness, and shall endeavour to convince you, that I have not lost one word of your edifying lecture, by the early opportunity I shall take of requesting you to hear the comments I have made upon it.

Lord Crowbery with quickness replied,—Use your own pleasure, sir; I shall be at home for the day. When you are ready with your comments, I shall expect you; and, for security's sake, you may bring a prompter with you.

CHAP. X.

Pride meets its Punishment, and Love its Reward.

LET him go, said Lord Crowbery, as Hardham bounced out of the room; he has the pride of Lucifer.—Henry expressed great uneasiness at what had passed, and strongly contended that the affair was his own. This Lord Crowbery

would not admit, nor did he look to be farther troubled with his angry cousin; he had had many such sparrings with him, which had passed off as he supposed this would, for he never spared him when he was in that vaunting style; however, if he should chance to be just then in one of his fighting fits, (for his courage came by starts, though his petulance was constitutional,) it would not, he owned, be amiss to be ready for him.

Henry hoped he would have no farther trouble with him, felt great responsibility for the consequences, and would hold himself at his call, either in his lordship's house, or at Williams, the surgeon's, so long as there was any chance of his services being wanted.—I will intrude upon you no longer than for two hours of your time, he replied, within which, if our angry gentleman does not make his appearance, I shall think no more of him; if, in that interval, you can amuse yourself in this library, or prefer going to Mr Williams, I will overhawl my artillery in the interim, and put my hand to a few papers, not quite so convenient to be left at the issue of chance and accident.

This said, they parted, Henry taking his course to his friend Susan's, where he found Williams and his betrothed, this being the eve of their wedding-day: here he took the first opportunity of telling Williams, in a whisper, the probability there was of an affair taking place, where his attendance would be most acceptable, which he readily engaged for; he then, with as much gaiety as he could assume, made his congratulations to Susan; and whilst this discourse was going on, as he stood by the window, Sir Roger Manstock's chaise was discovered coming across the Green, and making directly for the house. It was quickly at the door, when he heard himself joyfully greeted by his beloved Isabella, who was seated at the side of her father. They quitted the carriage, and, after a most respectful welcome on the part of Susan, Williams having modestly retired, they were at their own request left in private with our hero.

Sir Roger opened the business, by informing him of Mr Hardham's proposal, and the anxiety thereby occasioned, not only to Isabella, but himself, from the known impetuosity of that haughty suitor's temper, and the dread he had of consequences thence resulting: he would not disguise from Henry, that his sudden disappearance that morning, so quickly following Hardham's unsuccessful visit, had so alarmed his daughter, that at her desire he had come over thither with her, in hopes of finding him, as fortunately they had done.—I let you into this secret, said he, smiling, though Isabella is here present, and hears herself betrayed by me, because, to say the truth, there is now an end to all reserve between us, and my only wish is to put a final stop to all solicitations, by joining

your hands without delay, and rendering my soul's darling into your entire protection : and I pray God to bless you, my dear children, in each other, and me in both !

Henry, who was seated between them, took the hand of each, and pressed it to his heart in speechless ecstasy. Isabella, suffused with blushes of the deepest dye, and not venturing to raise her modest eyes, which sensibility had filled with tears, kept still silent, which was not interrupted till Sir Roger, resuming his discourse, and addressing himself to Henry, said,—Now, if you are questioned by that haughty interloper, tell him you have my authority to say that Isabella Manstock is—(what shall I bid you say ?)—tell him at once, and stop his importunity—she is your wife.—Now ask her if I've said a syllable too much.

The reference was obeyed upon the instant ; —the enraptured lover was at the feet of his mistress, the unopposing mistress was enfolded in the arms of her lover.

After a proper portion of time had been devoted to joy and gratitude on the part of our hero, Sir Roger began to comment on the circumstances of Lord Crowbery's assassination. The deed was horrid, the suspicions it involved afflicting, but the removal of such a worthless being out of life was providential ; he had seen that unhappy man, the uncle of a desperate creature, stained, as he greatly feared, with the blood of the deceased ; he comforted him as well as he could, yet he perceived his mind was immersed in deep despair and melancholy.—Whether he is informed, said Sir Roger, of any circumstances that fix the guilt upon his niece, I forbore to inquire, but I should fear he knows more than he thinks proper to reveal.—Henry perceived that Claypole had been less communicative to Sir Roger than to him, for he had actually exhibited to him in confidence a letter under his niece's hand, exulting in the completion of her revenge, and boasting that she had found a hand to punish perfidy. A Frenchman, who had been lurking about London for evil purposes, and had been warned out of England, took his passage in the same packet with her to Ostend ; she sounded him, and found him the fittest agent for her desperate purpose, being deep in all the massacres that had deluged Paris with human blood : he had made good his escape, and was safe amongst his brother *sans-culottes* ; for her part, she defied pursuit ; she had lodged herself where no search could follow her ; let her uncle, therefore, set his mind at rest, she should never be heard of more, and bade him everlastingly farewell.

Time had imperceptibly slipped away during this conversation, and Sir Roger had just recollected to order his chaise, when Williams came into the room, and whispered Henry that Lord Crowbery expected him at the castle ; in spite of all his self-command, he changed colour at

the summons, and Isabella instantly caught alarm. Honour demanded instant obedience to the call, yet Henry's ingenuity could hardly suggest an excuse sufficient to bear him out ; the best apology he could devise upon the sudden, was, that Lord Crowbery being on the point of setting out for Ostend, and understanding he had had an interview with Fanny Claypole just before her leaving Crowbery, had requested him to come to him without delay.

Tell me only, said Isabella, that you are not going to meet that hateful Hardham, and I shall be at peace.

I have nothing to say to Mr Hardham, replied Henry ; and I conjure you not to think about him.—So saying, he hurried out of the room, and bidding Williams follow him as fast as he could, made the best of his way to the place of assignation.

Isabella's apprehensions were by no means quieted, for his agitated looks, and impatient motions, augured something on his mind more important and more pressing than the cause he had assigned. She ran to Susan May, and asked for Williams.—He was gone with Henry.—This was a circumstance to aggravate her terrors : duels and wounds immediately occurred ; why else should he take a surgeon with him ? Even Sir Roger's equanimity was not proof against this. At one time he would go to the castle himself ;—this Isabella would not hear of—he would send a servant to spy what was going forward—he would contrive a message to Lord Crowbery himself ;—he could neither reconcile his mind to the one, nor invent the other. The chaise was at the door, but Isabella could not stir from the spot, her fears had rooted her ; and Dame May, who foresaw there would be a demand upon her closet, was busied in providing resources against faintings and hysterics : Susan strove to administer the consolation of reason ; but no sooner did the apprehension of Henry's danger seize her fancy, than she ceased to reason against imaginary fears, and, by subscribing her own to Isabella's, aggravated both.

In the midst of this confusion, Zachary Cawdle came into the house. A new-comer in such situations, let him come from whence he will, gives a spring to curiosity, and awakens hope.

Did he know if Mr Hardham was at the castle ?

He saw him pass his door towards Lord Crowbery's not many minutes ago.—It was the sentence of temporary death to Isabella : she fell back in her chair, pale as ashes.—Hell and confusion ! exclaimed Zachary, what devil has bewitched my tongue, that it should stumble on this mischief ?—He then bestirred himself to retrieve the damage he had done, and Dame May was dispatched for the requisites, whilst the father stood motionless and aghast. Zachary had his fingers on her pulse :—Courage ! worthy sir, he cried ; the defection is passing off ; the pulsa-

tion of the artery is perceptible ; we begin to revive.

God be praised ! exclaimed the father, in a transport—When, in the same instant, a voice was heard from without, calling aloud upon Doctor Cawdle ; and in a few moments after, Susan, who had run out upon inquiry, came back with the joyful tidings that Henry was perfectly safe : Zachary's assistance was wanted for Mr Hardham, who was shot by Lord Crowbery in a duel.

Jump into my chaise, said Sir Roger ; and bid them drive to the wounded man's relief as fast as they can gallop.

Fair and softly, worthy sir, quoth Zachary ; I can neither jump nor gallop to his rescue : Williams is on the spot, and is well used to gunshot wounds ; he only wants me as surgeon's mate.—Zachary now, with due deliberation, seated himself in the chaise, and the messenger, having mounted behind it, gave directions where to drive. Hardham was found on the ground, and Williams had just then succeeded in stanching the hæmorrhage ; the ball had entered a little above the knee, and had lodged itself by a slanting course up his thigh, as he stood in a crouching posture when he gave his own fire, and received that of his opponent almost at the same moment. He fell, and fainted on the ground ; when he came to himself, he was earnest with Williams to be taken to his own house, but in this he was not indulged : when Zachary arrived, they found means to convey him into Lord Crowbery's house ; and Henry now, at the earnest wish of his principal, took Zachary's seat in the chaise, and hastened back to the party at Susan May's. Great was their joy at his return, and every countenance (but chiefly that on which his eyes were first fondly fixed) was brightened at his presence. To them he related the particulars of the rencontre, in the event of which, the overweening pride and insolence of Hardham, who was obstinate against all accommodation, was proportionably chastised.

CHAP. XI.

The Drama closes, and the Curtain falls.

HENRY accompanied the chaise to Manstock-house ; and to gratify Isabella no less than himself, was hardly ever out of sight by the way. Hardham, in the meantime, was deposited with all possible care in the house of his antagonist. During six days, Williams, who remained in the closest attention, found no moment when the operation of extracting the ball could be undertaken with safety to his life, which remained in so precarious a state, that Lord Crowbery felt himself obliged to postpone his intended expe-

dition ; and sent his lawyer, properly instructed, to pursue all necessary measures at Ostend on his behalf.

On the seventh morning, Williams successfully extracted the ball, and symptoms became so favourable as to flatter him with a cure. Some time after this, Hardham was carried to his own house, and Lord Crowbery's mind was relieved from its weight of anxious suspense : his journey, however, was now entirely laid aside from the report of his agent, whose attempts to trace the murderer had been entirely fruitless : the body of the deceased was brought over, and committed to the vault of his ancestors.

Williams was in such favour with his patient, that no other surgeon was permitted to approach him. One important business there was, in which the fair Susan had a share, that suffered a postponement by his attendance upon Hardham ; the matrimonial knot was not yet tied : this, indeed, in the present case, was simply the delay of a ceremony ; and the very first leisure morning Williams could with a safe conscience avail himself of, that ceremony was effectually performed ; and Susan took possession of that honourable title, which her fidelity and good conduct ever after maintained, through a series of many prosperous and happy years.

In Manstock-house, Love took his station undisturbed by any cares or interruptions, save only those chaste tremours which the gentle breast of Isabella felt, whilst Time, for ever on the wing, was weaving the soft silken fetters, now almost complete and ready for the hand of Hymen, that artist who too often makes but blind and bungling work, coupling ill-sorted pairs with coarse and clumsy tools. Not such our hero and his fair betrothed—lovely in person, lovelier in their virtues, their soft and tender hearts melted into each other with a coalescence so entire, that soul with soul never more sweetly harmonized : yet sometimes, when the ardour of his looks alarmed her, she would chide him with her blushes ; sometimes she would turn away and hide her face, or bid him go from her and join the company ; this had he done, he would have misunderstood the spirit of the order totally ; instead of which, he had a way of making peace, that nature pointed out, which gained him pardon by repeating the offence.

You are incurable, she would tell him at these times, and I give you up ; another time, I'll lock my door and keep you out.—The minutes still rolled on, and yet the door was not locked ; the offence was still committed, and the menace, though repeated, was never executed.—What are you musing upon ? she said one day, as he sat wrapt in thought.

I am reducing days to hours, he replied, and hours to minutes, that I may calculate each fraction of the interval betwixt this and Monday.

Add to it another year, she cried, and you'll be nearer to the sum. Don't talk of Monday,

I'll not hear about it.—At that moment the porter's bell announced an arrival. Isabella ran to the window, and descried Doctor Sandford coming up to the door.—There, there! she cried, you are all together in a plot against me: I'll not go down to Doctor Sandford; much as I esteem him, I'll not quit my chamber this whole day—I know for what he comes.

He comes to bless your Henry, by entitling him to call the loveliest object in creation his; he comes to ratify the vows that I have made, to honour, love, and serve you with my life; and what is there so terrible in this, that should disturb my Isabella's gentle spirits? What does the ruler of my passions discern in her devoted Henry, that she should shrink from with affright? Command me, task me as you will, and I'll obey, so you do not forbid me to adore you and to doat upon you as I do this moment, have done ever, and to life's latest period ever must. Say, Isabella, are these arms, thus pressing, thus encircling you, bonds that you wish to break, chains that you fain would sever and cast from you? Question my heart, 'tis yours; ask if there's mercy in it for my Isabella; mark if it does not throb with tender pity and compassion for your virgin fears; and witness if the drops that fall from it are half so dear as these which your soft eyes distil. Oh, my soul's treasure! are you not at rest upon this faithful bosom? Do you not feel a conscious satisfaction thus to know yourself beloved, protected, cherished by a friend, who lives but on your smiles, nor has a sense of earthly happiness, but what the contemplation of your charms bestows upon him?

Oh! Henry, she replied, and sunk upon his breast, I render you my heart, and all that it contains; even my terrors are fled from me, and nothing now remains but all-subduing love: your words, your looks, bespeak such mild consideration for your poor trembling Isabella, and I well know there is such mercy in your manly nature, that I am yours this day, this hour, this instant, and for ever.—Silence ensued; what else their thoughts supplied, love found expressions for, more eloquent than words: the minutes were not few; but, rated to their value, they had outweighed years of common price.

Isabella now was not averse to welcome her late dreaded visitor, the worthy Doctor Sandford; severed from the arms of her enraptured Henry, with love in every glance, and grace in every motion, she came forth in beauty's richest bloom, a form to charm all eyes, and captivate all hearts.

Everybody was occupied in preparations for the approaching journey: great as was the sacrifice Sir Roger made to the peace of the country, when he took upon himself the painful duty of attending Parliament, there were some circumstances that qualified the disagreeable necessity at the present moment, as he had affairs of great consequence on his hands with respect

to Isabella's marriage, which could only be adjusted in London. Mr Delapoe, the father of our hero, had also business not less important, and agreed to accompany him; and a house large enough to receive the whole party, and perfectly commodious, had fortunately been secured for Sir Roger, and was already well aired, and occupied by part of his household, sent before him for that purpose. His plan was to have the wedding on the morning of his departure, and as private as possible. The Reverend Mr Claypole, in a bad state of health, was gone to Bath, and Dr Sandford had been invited from Hagley to perform the ceremony. The bride and bridegroom were to take their departure together, and reach town that evening; Sir Roger, Delapoe, and Sandford, were to follow in the family coach by easy stages, and sleep by the way.

On the morning before these events were to take place, Henry rode over to Crowberry, and took a friendly leave of the lord of the castle; he had also a parting conversation with Mr and Mrs Williams and the good dame; to Ezekiel he devoted a full hour, which the good man filled up, after his manner, with admonitory lessons for his conduct in the metropolis, that sink, as he pronounced it, of infamy and corruption. Ejaculations, prayers, and blessings in abundance he cordially superadded; and at last let him depart with this exhortation—That if affluence and prosperity should await him, he would never forget that he had felt the sorrows of poverty and distress; but, on the contrary, if disappointments and misfortunes (which Heaven avert!) should prove to be his lot, then let him take religion to his aid, and place his whole reliance on that all-gracious Master, who never fails his servants in affliction, when they piously resort to him.

The awful morning arrived, and Isabella, beautiful as an angel, and fresh as the dew of Heaven, rose with the dawn; and having attired herself with a simplicity pure as her thoughts, and elegant as her manners, came forth from her chamber, and presented herself to the eyes of her expecting lover: he led her down the stairs to the room where her friends were assembled, and the Reverend Dr Sandford was in readiness to perform the solemn office, and pronounce the nuptial benediction; which service being closed, turning to her father, whilst Henry yet held her trembling hand, she dropt on her knees at his feet, and jointly with her husband, in the like reverential attitude, received his fatherly blessing, accompanied with tears of joyful sensibility and tender embraces: the same suit was preferred to the father of Henry, and the same affectionate return was made to it by that amiable person, in a style peculiarly impressive and affecting. A few old and faithful domestics were admitted: and honest Zachary Cawdle, by claim derived from long attachment, and services as old in date as the first breath

that Henry drew, was present on the occasion ; and now, in his ardent manner, joy boiling over at his eyes, pronounced them to be indisputably the most lovely couple that ever plighted their faith to each other.—And, by the blessing of Heaven, added he, upon their laudable endeavours, I predict they will give being to others as beautiful as themselves.

They now sat down to a hasty breakfast, which being dispatched, Sir Roger again embraced his daughter, and then resigning her hand to its happy possessor, attended them to the door, where their chaise with post-horses was in waiting, which whirled them in their rapid course to London, where they arrived, with happy omens, as the evening closed, and found all things ready for their reception.

The following day, the worthy Baronet, punctual to his appointed hour, arrived with his friends, Mr Delapoe and Dr Sandford, the latter of whom took up his abode with a relation at the other end of the town. Sir Roger was well pleased with the airy situation of his house, and still more delighted with the unremitted attention of his son and daughter, who devoted to him and Delapoe all those hours which some bestow on frivolous amusements, some on less innocent occupations. In the course of their residence here, everything that the sage provision of the law could do for them and their posterity was completed ; and, at Sir Roger's suit, our hero had a grant, by royal licence, to take the name and bear the arms of Manstock, thus becoming the adopted representative of that ancient and opulent house.

When the session was closed, and they returned to the family seat at Manstock, the festivities they had fled from were celebrated with be-

coming splendour, and the hospitable doors were thrown open to their neighbours, both rich and poor. Heaven blessed their days with prosperity, and crowned their wishes with a beauteous offspring. Faithful to Ezekiel's charge, Henry never forgot the lessons of adversity, nor those faithful friends whom his adversity had tried and approved. To Zachary, to the house of Williams, and to Ezekiel, in his humble cottage, he was ever the same grateful, cordial, and unaltered friend. The charge of young Blachford's affairs he devolved upon Ezekiel, with a proper allowance, but still under his own superintendence ; Lord Crowbery also put the good apostle into certain offices of trust, which brought him some profit, and, what was more grateful to his spirit, a situation of some respectability amongst his neighbours. Williams thrived in his profession, and Susan was not wanting to provide him with those that served to keep his house aside and his industry alert.

Delapoe retired to his mansion near Hagley, where he had every year the pleasure of embracing his children, when they visited their maternal mansion and property in those parts.

If perfect happiness was ever dealt to mortals, it was surely the peculiar lot of Henry and Isabella. Domestic harmony that knew no interruption, hearts fondly united, and tempers happily matched, the good-will of all who knew them, the abundant gifts of fortune, and the grateful blessings of the poor, compounded their enjoyments. Meanwhile the beauteous form of Isabella never yielded up one fleeting charm to the wide-wasting hand of Time, but Heaven restored the loss by adding every hour fresh beauties to her mind.

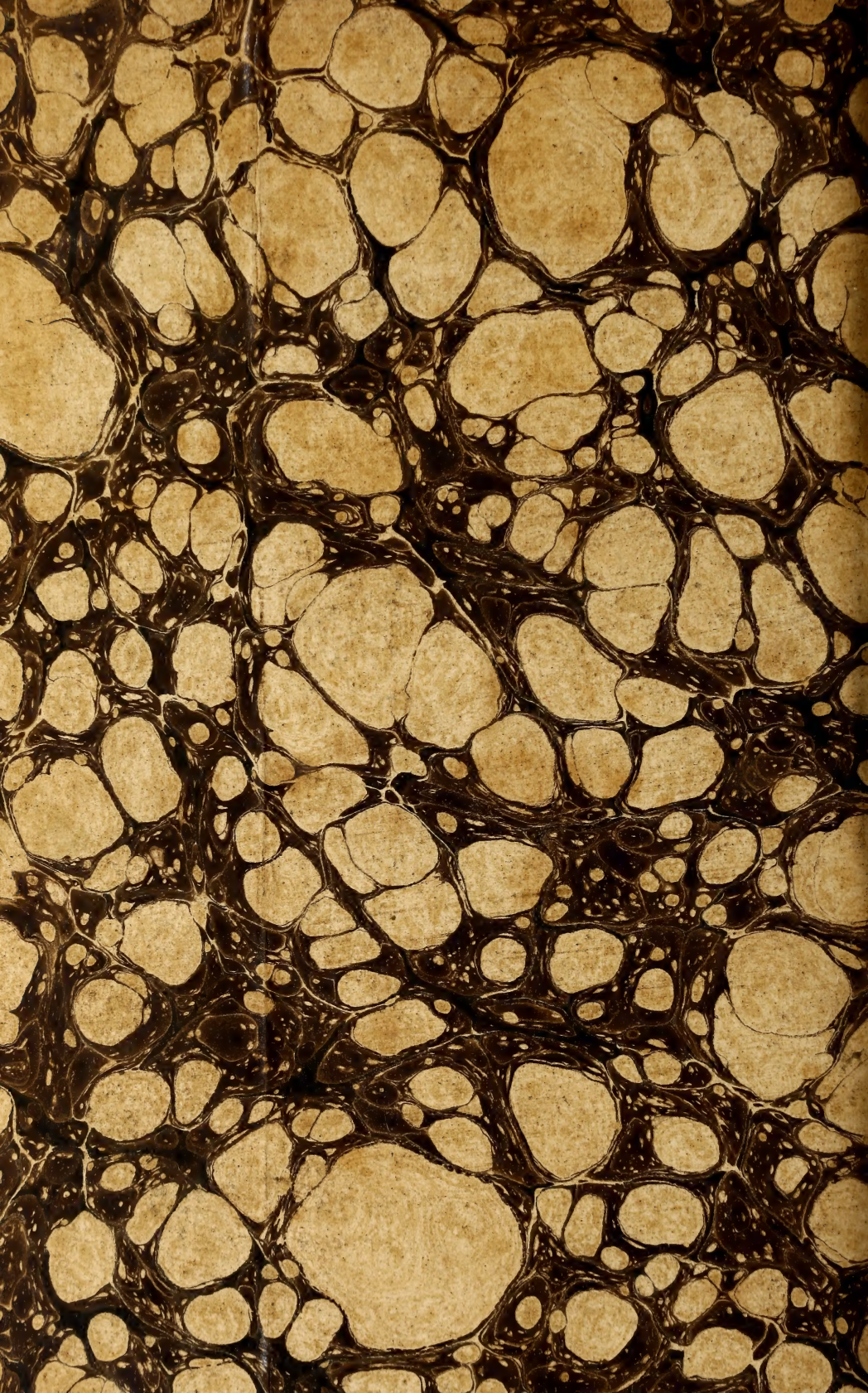
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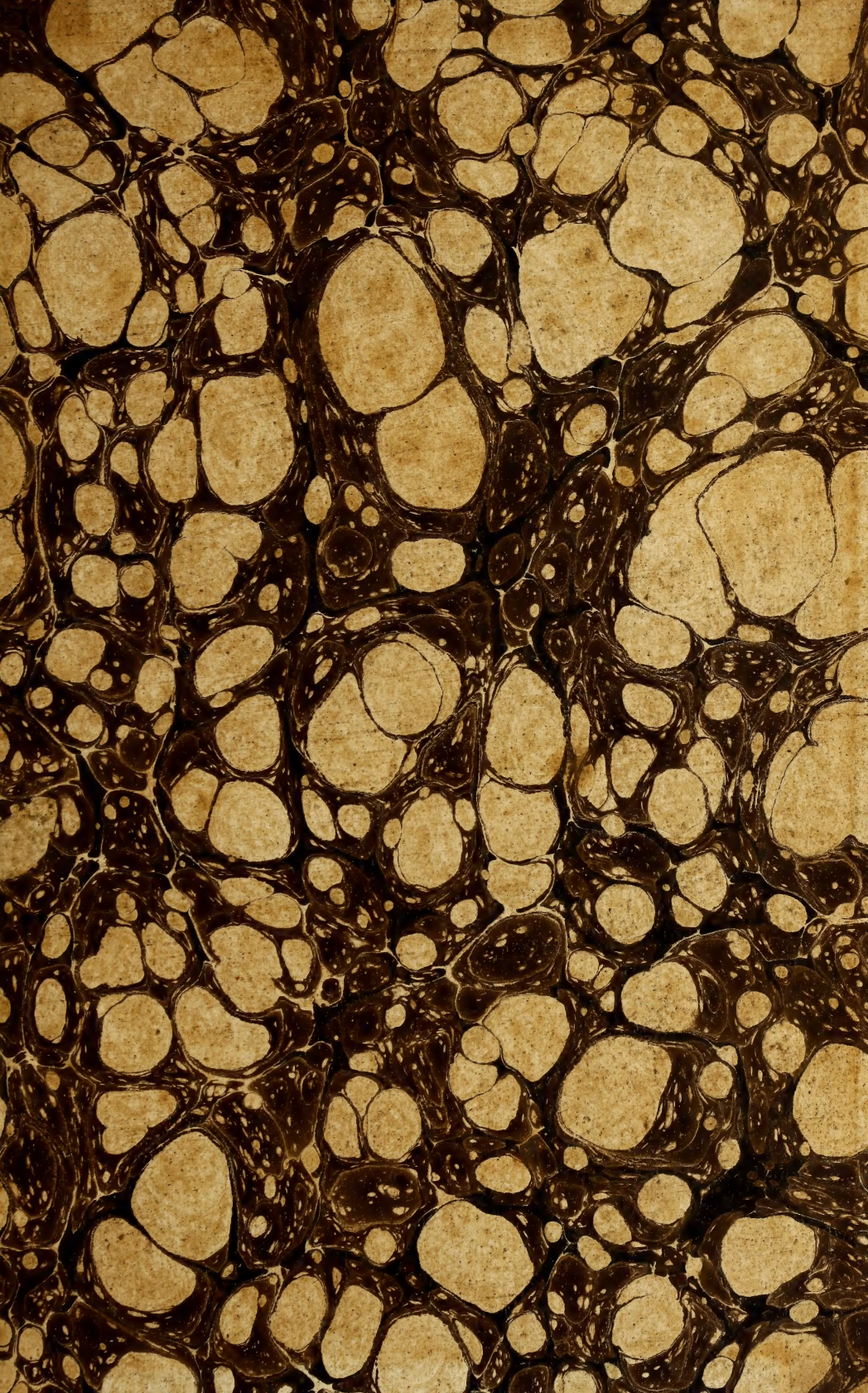
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